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THE
ADMINISTRATIVE
REFORM ASSOCIATION
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



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A BUSINESS WAR OFFICE

EDITORIAL NOTE

[The Administrative Reform Association may fairly be congratulated upon the Report (reviewed below) of the Dawkins Committee on War Office Organisation—the Chairman of which is one of its own members. It proves that the application of 'ordinary business principles' to the public business of the country has already become a factor in practical politics, and to this the action of the A.R.A., in these pages and elsewhere, has admittedly and considerably contributed.]

Mr. Brodrick, to whose energy and initiative the Committee is entirely due, may be confidently trusted to carry its recommendations into effect. Fortunately, they come within his own per-

sonal and official competence; for, as Sir Robert Giffen points out in the subjoined article, 'Almost everything thus recommended is already within the power of the Secretary of State, including the formation of a War Office Board.'

In this fact lies the hope that the Dawkins Report may escape the fate of previous efforts to cleanse and reform that 'Augean Stable'—the War Office 'System.' In the hand of a strong man such a strong implement should prevail, even against the almost measureless '*vis inertia*' which will be opposed to it.

EDITOR *Nineteenth Century*.]

THE Report of the Committee on War Office Organisation is being discussed from many points of view. It attracts attention not merely by its disclosure of remarkable and surprising defects in the conduct of War Office business, but because the whole circumstances of the Committee's appointment and procedure, and the rapid publication of the results, constitute a binding obligation on the Secretary of State to proceed with the improvements recommended. His reference to the Committee contains, in fact, the germ of the conclusions arrived at. He must both have had a clear idea of the defects the Committee were sure to find and the suggestions for remedy that would be made. The report itself, I need hardly add, is a singularly able document, absolutely clear and convincing; while the examination of the witnesses has been well directed, and the whole inquiry conducted in a business-like manner. I desire to offer, as a contribution to the discussion of this invaluable report, a few observations which occur to me on a comparison of War Office organisation and its defects with the business of other Government departments. Not being a military expert, I find various matters in the report which must be accepted on the authority of the Committee, but there are certain other things to which it may be of use to draw public attention, from the point of view of a student of governmental and constitutional procedure, who has had some experience, however little, of actual Government administration.

Government departments in this country are usually organised according to a well-known type, which is fully explained in Mr. Bagehot's book on the English Constitution. At the head of each department is a minister, who changes with the Government, and, beside him, there is a permanent officer, who is called the Permanent Under-Secretary if the department is that of a Secretary of State, and the Permanent Secretary if the department is not under a Secretary of State, but under a president or minister with some such title. The

advantages of this arrangement are that the political chief, who may be changed frequently, invariably finds beside him a permanent official who has all the threads of the business in his hands, and whose function it is to act in the name of the minister as far as he may be authorised, to receive all papers from the department and to prepare them for the minister's decision, to see to the decisions being carried out, and generally to organise the detailed work of the department. The Permanent Secretary, or Permanent Under-Secretary, thus becomes a vice-minister, often in reality more powerful than the minister himself, although occupying a position of comparative obscurity. In no other way, perhaps, could government by ministers responsible to Parliament, and themselves largely occupied with party politics, and with maintaining their party in power, be carried on. Nominally the minister is responsible for everything in his department, but he is, or should be, rather the member of a committee, the Cabinet, which supervises the whole administration of the Government, having one particular branch to supervise, than an actual administrator himself.

But while this is the normal type of a Government department, there are important and interesting exceptions. It is not quite true that every administration of the Government has a responsible Parliamentary minister at its head, with a permanent secretary or under-secretary beside him. On the contrary, it may be said that where the usual type prevails the departments of the Government concerned are not so much great administrations as offices for correspondence, such as the Foreign Office, the Colonial Office, the India Office, and the Home Office, where the business of the department is to give a decision on questions submitted, and where an adequate staff is maintained for that purpose, but where there is no administration like that of a great railway or a great shipping company, with a certain work to be done by means of an enormous staff. Offices like the Treasury, the Board of Trade, and the Local Government Board are also mainly of this type, though there may be a certain mixture of administrative work, which does not, however, trouble the minister very much. When we come, however, to great administrations like those of a great railway, we find the practice far from uniform. In two conspicuous cases—those of the Customs and the Inland Revenue—permanent commissions have been created, who act for the most part independently, only receiving the most general instructions for the conduct of their work from the department, the Treasury, which answers for them in Parliament, and which is really an outside body. In another case, that of the Postmaster-General, who has an immense administration, there is a Parliamentary minister with a permanent secretary beside him, although the department in actual practice is about as much controlled by the Treasury and in much the same way as the departments of Customs and Inland

Revenue. The other two great administrative departments are the War Office and the Admiralty, and the interest of the present report, to my mind, lies very much in the means it affords for the study of an attempt to work a large and highly technical administration as if it were a Government department of the ordinary type.

As the War Office is now organised the Secretary of State is responsible for everything, with a Permanent Under-Secretary to help him. Under them are several departments whose heads are directly responsible to the Secretary of State. These departments are partly 'military' and partly 'civil,' and the War Office is often spoken of as divided into two parts, the military and the civil; but this is not exactly correct. There is no formal grouping, and there is no chief of the military group through whom papers go to the Secretary of State, and no chief of the civil group through whom the papers on that side also reach the same authority. On the contrary, the various heads of the military departments—the Commander-in-Chief, the Adjutant-General, the Quartermaster-General, the Inspector-General of Fortifications, and others (not being a military expert, I find it extremely hard to recollect all the titles and duties)—have all direct access to, and receive orders direct from, the Secretary of State *via* the Permanent Under-Secretary. A good deal is said in the official documents laying down the duties of the different authorities as to the Commander-in-Chief having a 'general supervision' over the other military departments, but Lord Wolseley was absolutely right in his contention as to the limitation of his powers. Such phrases are meaningless when colleagues are on an equal footing as regards access to the chief authority. In the same way the heads of the civil departments, the Assistant Under-Secretary and the Financial Secretary, have access to, and receive orders from, the Secretary of State. The Financial Secretary has under him apparently two officers—the Accountant-General and the Director of Military Contracts—whose position is superficially on a level with that of the heads of the military departments; but, though the departments on the civil side are thus not arranged in quite the same way as those on the military side, it cannot be said that there is any grouping into military and civil respectively.

In other words, then, the Secretary of State directly administers, or tries to administer, the army. That is the type of the administration, as opposed to one in which the business would be committed to a permanent commission or permanent chief, *supervised* only by the Secretary of State, as the Customs and Inland Revenue Departments are supervised by the Treasury, but not directly administered by him. Formerly, it would appear, there was a compromise between the two types of administration in the War Office. The military departments were administered by the Commander-in-Chief, while the Secretary of State administered the civil departments, and merely

supervised the Commander-in-Chief. But whatever was the case formerly, there can be no doubt as to the type of administration which now exists. The attempt is being made to carry on a great administration directly by a Parliamentary minister, with the whole business concentrating itself in the office of the Permanent Under-Secretary, who becomes, by virtue of his position, the real Commander-in-Chief and Governor of the Army.

The interest of the report, to my mind, therefore, lies in the question, not merely what are the main defects in War Office organisation which the Committee have discovered, but whether and how far they are connected with, or result from, the special type of organisation adopted; and whether and how far the proposed remedies will be effective without altering this type. These questions were outside the scope of the Committee. They were instructed to accept as fundamental the constitution of the War Office as laid down in 1895, before Lord Wolseley accepted the office of Commander-in-Chief. This was natural enough in a departmental committee. But there are wider considerations involved. It may not be possible or desirable to contemplate another alteration before long in the constitution of the War Office which has been the subject of interminable inquiries; but we may perceive at least what are the possibilities of the existing constitution, and how the action of the Secretary of State should be guided so as to minimise the evils.

The defects which have been discovered appear to be mainly as follows. I do not follow the formal classification of the Committee; but rather desire to give an impressionist picture of their results. (1) Insufficient decentralisation, causing multiplication of clerical work at headquarters and much friction and correspondence. This is especially complained of in connection with the Accountant-General's Department on the civil side. (2) Insufficient power to commanding officers, and even to the Secretary of State himself, to sanction emergency outlays of small amount. (3) Imperfect delimitation of the relative powers and duties of heads of departments and superior officers. (4) Division of authority between the Director of Military Contracts and the heads of the Supply departments in the matter of purchases for the army, and the punishment of contractors for breach of contract; this division being emphasised by the fact that the Director of Contracts is responsible to the Financial Secretary and not to the heads of the Supply departments. It is a special case of defect No. 3. (5) Confusion in working the mechanical business of receiving and registering letters and distributing them to the different departments, so that there is great congestion, and many papers disappear and are not heard of again. (6) Neglect of meetings between heads of departments for consultation and decision on matters affecting several departments in common. These are the

defects of which one gets a strong impression on reading the report and evidence, and they contain at any rate most serious matter for consideration.

The defects are also for the most part connected with or arise from the type of the organisation adopted for the office, or at least are most difficult to avoid with such an arrangement. This may not be altogether the case with the first two defects—insufficient decentralisation and insufficient power to responsible officers. There is a chronic and mischievous tendency in all Government offices to centralisation. Zealous officers at headquarters always think they can do better than distant outsiders, and there is a premium on creating a new office or enlarging an old one at headquarters, as such changes involve appointments and promotion all round. The tendency to centralise, in our Parliamentary system, is also encouraged by the abuse of questions, creating work at headquarters which would not exist without them. But while these two defects are more or less likely to occur in any Government business, they have not been mitigated in any way by the special constitution of the War Office and the remaining defects specified certainly imply unsuitability of organisation for the work. The bad delimitation of the powers of different departments is a natural consequence of having a civilian Parliamentary minister at the head of a huge technical administration which he could not fully understand, perhaps, even if he had time, and for which his other duties in Parliament, and as a party chief, leave him hardly any time at all. Clear definition of limits depends not so much on a written demarcation, such as can be prepared once for all, but on the constant vigilance of the chief watching over the harmonious working of the business, and checking here and encouraging there so as to keep the whole system in order. This vigilance cannot be applied easily by an overworked Secretary of State. According to theory the Permanent Under-Secretary should attend to this work, but a Permanent Under-Secretary is not well placed in a really large organisation, with some heads of departments under him better paid than himself, and discharging, in reality, more arduous duties. The confusion as to the position of the Director of Military Contracts is specially easy of explanation on the hypothesis of a civilian chief trying to govern the department. To multiply heads and give no one any real power except the minister himself, is the natural expedient of a chief who is placed over a department that he cannot really control, and there are always pleas of economy and the like which appeal to the superficial mind without any gift for administration. The difficulty in the Registry Department has its origin in the same cause. Where the delimitation of powers is not carried out, and can hardly be carried out, owing to the essential structure of the office, it is not surprising that an almost mechanical business like the distribution of correspondence

should go wrong. The last and worst defect of all, the neglect of consultation between the different departments, is even more obviously traceable to the conditions and peculiar position of the Parliamentary minister and the Permanent Under-Secretary. As the power of the heads of departments, especially when they are combined, increases, so does the power of the minister and the Permanent Under-Secretary diminish. If the heads are kept separate, and are resorting separately to the minister for directions, the minister can do as he likes, or rather, as the Permanent Under-Secretary, who has the last word with him, may advise. If the heads can advise with each other and present a combined opinion, that power is at an end. We find accordingly that the drift of an administration of this type is to keep the heads of departments from consultation. The experience of the War Office in this respect is not singular. The same drift is observable in other Government departments, and I have even observed a similar drift in the conduct of other businesses, such as the management of a great journal, where a council of contributors with the editor, and sometimes with the proprietors and publishers, would be expedient, but where, in fact, there is in many cases no council, the editor preferring to interview his contributors separately, and consulting alone with his proprietors. It is all very natural. In a business like that of the War Office, however, the results are mischievous in the highest degree, because it is one where correlation and co-operation between different departments are essential, and, in the absence of a technical chief who can govern all, can only be secured by frequent and regular meetings of the heads. A technical chief who really knows the business would also, in fact, insist upon the meetings.

The report, as I have said, does not deal with the essential structure of the War Office, as that was hardly within the reference. It also dwells upon the irregular manner in which the different departments of the War Office have grown up as accounting so far for the present defects. 'What has been so perpetually changed and refashioned, not infrequently without reference to any ascertainable principle, is necessarily wanting in the element of permanence.' The Committee also state, however, that 'principles of administration and of business have been frequently subordinated to temporary exigencies, or to personal and political considerations.' 'All this simply means that the direction from above has not been good, and tends rather to confirm than otherwise the opinions above expressed, although they bear upon points which were not within the scope of the Committee. There is always, I may add, something fundamentally wrong in an office which is much inquired into, and the War Office is no exception. Changing Secretaries of State with no grip of the business have felt something amiss, or there has been a public outcry, and so inquiry has been piled upon inquiry, while the whole mischief could have been prevented from the first by the

presence at the top of a competent organiser and administrator, such as it is hardly possible to secure according to the present structure of the office.

Passing from the question of the defects themselves to the remedies proposed, it is impossible not to see that all the conclusions of the Committee are most valuable and excellent, and good, it may be hoped, will result. The Committee were precluded from going to the root of the matter, and, as I have already said, it is not perhaps desirable after so many changes that the War Office should again be reorganised without delay in its essential structure. But while stopping short of the one real remedy, the conclusions are all that could be desired.

The remedies mainly are—more decentralisation; more powers to officers commanding, and to the authorities at the War Office itself, as regards small outlays of an unexpected kind; a careful delimitation of the functions of different departments; careful instructions especially as to the relative functions of the Director of Military Contracts and the heads of the Supply departments, the Committee having drawn up regulations of their own on the subject; the appointment of a responsible officer under the Assistant-Secretary to have charge of the registry; and, last of all, and more than all, the formation of a War Office Board consisting of the heads of the different military and civil departments, with the Commander-in-Chief as its permanent chairman and with the special duty devolving on the Permanent Under-Secretary of seeing that meetings are called, that the members are properly supplied with papers, that the committees appointed by this Board meet and carry on their business, and that the decisions of the Board are properly brought before the Secretary of State and his final judgment obtained. Of all this one cannot but express approval.

What I should like to point out, however, is that almost everything thus recommended is already within the power of the Secretary of State, including the formation of a War Office Board. Decentralisation, delimitation of functions, improvement in the registry, and the like changes can all be carried out by the Secretary of State himself, and it is the same with a Board. He has but to direct and the thing is done. The permanent difficulties of the position then are not removed by these recommendations, clear as they are. If the mind of the Secretary of State fluctuates through his having no sufficient grasp of the business or not being able to give his mind to it, both decentralisation and delimitation of functions become difficult, because all papers are received and dealt with, instead of some being referred back for subordinates and the proper officers to decide. By the nature of the position, also, the Secretary of State and Permanent Under-Secretary, on whose support the working of the Board will depend, have

a natural predisposition not to set up a power which might seem to weaken their own. Altogether the situation is most curious. We may hope for the best, as there is no doubt about Mr. Brodrick's reforming zeal, or the good faith with which the Committee was appointed and its recommendations have been in turn accepted. But human nature is human nature, and it would be folly not to recognise that the nature of the position is such as to create difficulties. Success will really mean that the system will be worked as if the War Department were really in commission and not directly administered by the Secretary of State. The results must be carefully followed by everyone concerned. Everything, as the Committee remark, will depend on the selection of officers for the highest posts, especially, I should say, on the Permanent Under-Secretary. Such officials have been found full of self-abnegation, and content to work in obscurity, while others placed more 'in the sun' enjoy the honours and rewards; and there never was greater need of them than there is in the War Office as it stands according to the present report.

These are not the only recommendations, though I believe I have touched on the more important; and there is one minor recommendation on which I should like to say a word, notwithstanding its being a little away from the line of the present argument. The recommendation happens to touch on a financial tradition of some importance. It is a proposal 'to rearrange the Works vote so as to secure greater elasticity, and to carry over unexpended balances in order to prevent a wasteful expenditure at the close of the financial year.' It is the carrying over of unexpended balances which appears rather doubtful. Many years ago it was the practice universally to carry over unexpended balances. A vote remained until it was wholly spent, and there was no voting for a particular year. This system, however, led to a considerable disappearance of public money in the time of the great war with France, and its abolition, with a great many other reforms, was the work of the committees on public accounts and financial reform which sat about seventy years ago. The dangers of not confining votes of money to a particular year are obvious. The complaints as to unexpended balances not being carried over are, moreover, far from new. They were heard of at the Admiralty many years ago, and may be so still. They are natural to zealous officials about whose desire for economy there can be no question; but there is much to be said also for the present practice—there are advantages and disadvantages both ways—and perhaps it would be as well that the matter should be further considered.

There is one other question of great importance not touched on in the report, as it was not specially suggested in the reference, and was not perhaps within its scope, but which appears to be inevitably

suggested by a consideration of the report itself. The Committee assume the existence of an army and the carrying on of a proper routine, but the main question in the organisation must surely be what the army exists for, and how the heads of the departments receive instructions as to the objects of the work. Clearly there must be, or ought to be, communication of some kind between the Government and the heads of the War Office Departments as to what the work of the army from time to time is to be, and what, therefore, should be its minimum preparation and its power of expansion to meet emergencies. This is the crux of the whole business. But there is no reference in this report or in any other similar report, that I have seen, as to how this business is begun and dealt with. It may be said that the War Office will receive all this information from its political chief; but does it or can it quite get the necessary information in this way, or without having direct information from the departments, such as the Foreign Office and the Colonial Office, who may possess indications of value not readily to be appreciated by a civilian without technical knowledge? It may be doubted even whether the technical chiefs of the army can be in a position to do their duty unless they are intimately acquainted with foreign and colonial policy, and are in constant consultation with the heads of those departments. Reciprocally the heads of the Colonial and Foreign Departments should be continually in touch with those of the Army and Navy. Policy depends upon force, and force sometimes requires to be in evidence to support it if peace is to be preserved.

This leads me finally to a suggestion which has often been made, and is always pooh-poohed as unconstitutional, viz. that, in addition to or in substitution for a civilian Secretary of State for War, the army should be represented in the Cabinet by the Commander-in-Chief. A corresponding suggestion would be that the First Sea Lord as well as the civilian First Lord of the Admiralty should likewise be in the Cabinet. The reason is that the business of the army and navy is so important—it is, in fact, the chief business of the Government at the present time, and is likely so to be, I fear, for many years to come—that the whole Cabinet, as it were, should be forced to look at the general business of the Government with a due sense of the proportion of the different parts, which cannot be done without a strong representation of army and navy in the Cabinet both in numbers and quality. No doubt it will be a great innovation to have permanent heads of great administrations not going out and in with the other political personages. Parliamentarians are shocked at the bare idea of such an arrangement. Are Cabinet secrets, they will say, to be communicated to persons who may not even be of the party in office, and do not share the fortunes or misfortunes of the others? As a matter of fact, however, there are certain permanent officials already who are really in the Cabinet as far as their own departments are

concerned and acquainted with Cabinet secrets—the Parliamentary draftsmen, for instance—yet no harm that I know of comes of it. Why may not such officials, if there is real necessity for it, be openly in the Cabinet as well as secretly in possession of Cabinet secrets? Parliamentarians will be equally shocked at having technical men at all in a Cabinet, and not merely politicians like themselves. But there is at least one technical man in the Cabinet always, the Lord Chancellor, who is there by virtue mainly of his being a lawyer and not as a political leader. There can be no reason, then, why a general or an admiral should not be in a similar position because of his technical qualifications. It will be urged again, perhaps, that the Cabinet with four representatives of army and navy will have too many members of one class, and these departments will have disproportionate authority. But the total numbers will not be too large if less important offices which ought not to be represented in a real Cabinet are left out. There are precedents likewise for a single Government department having more than one member in the Cabinet. The Treasury is a conspicuous illustration. The First Lord and the Chancellor of the Exchequer by long usage are leading Cabinet ministers; the Parliamentary Secretary is likewise all but a Cabinet minister possessing many Cabinet secrets, and really participating in Cabinet business; and the Postmaster-General, who is really at the head of a branch of the Treasury, is frequently in the Cabinet too. There will certainly be no disproportion in the proposed representation of army and navy, whose business, as it is concerned with national existence, and recent changes among the Great Powers have had the effect of challenging our position as a State in an entirely novel way, is certainly far and away the most important in the Government. If we are to have army and navy then on a business footing, we must begin at the top and give our minds to the serious business on hand.

ROBERT GIFFEN.

THE 'DURHAM' ROAD TO PEACE

THERE is a problem growing out of the South African war, more terrible, in its possibilities than any other—more fruitful in settlement for good or for evil—which threatens to baffle and to paralyse both the mind and the arm of our Empire. Simply stated that problem is: 'After all that has happened, can English and Dutch dwell together in South Africa, and, if so, how?' It is true that even yet the public of either race is impatient of the question: now and again that imperiousness of our race, whose logical issue is the extermination of another or the driving it from South Africa—that imperiousness raises its head speaking tyrannous words; but the recrudescence of this folly grows rare, and the logic of events is withering it up.

Time was when the co-existence of the two races could be avoided; when the Dutch, loving solitude and quiet, feeling progress irksome, and the inrush of the English little to their liking, could say with Coriolanus, 'there is a world elsewhere,' and could trek. But that time is gone. There is no world elsewhere: inhabitable Africa has been mapped out in colour, sometimes the colour of blood. For the first time in history Dutch and British are face to face. Thence the problem, stupendous, inevitable: facts have made it.

Where shall we find leading in the solution of this problem? I answer, unhesitatingly, in Canada.

No history which has ever been penned and no State paper which has ever been compiled can compare, in many points of analogy with the African case, and in all points of helpful and illuminative survey, with the Report of Lord Durham on the affairs of British North America presented to Parliament in the year 1839. He had been vested with enormous administrative power; he had inquired on the spot. Neither race nor party in the colony could dare to number him among its adherents; for him admiration, love, fear, hostility, respect, scorn—all these sentiments were entertained for him, no doubt, but they were the sentiments which in turn were cherished not by one party towards him, but by both. And his stern impartiality won him mostly, perhaps, the resentment, and at best the sullen acquiescence of the French and English races. Yet that was

the secret of his success and the mainspring of that good government and peace which, after a few years of dissension and of struggle, descended like a benediction upon that fair portion of the American continent.

So instructive is the parallel and so close is the analogy that it is literally true of his Report that if in many of its parts the one word Dutch were substituted for the word French, the record of Lord Durham would become the history of to-day; and his views of the road to peace—those views which events have justified so happily as to place him high in rank among the builders of Empire—would be presented with commanding effect to our generation, the third after that to which they were addressed.

Feud, jealousy, hostility, quarrel, the sense of unrest and of wrong, scorn meeting scorn and hatred hate—we had it all, every part of it, in Canada; and there, as in Africa, we had to trace and to find the common cause. The now acknowledged trivialities—franchise and the like—explained and explain nothing by themselves, although by themselves at one time they might or may adorn the ostentatious parade of a *casus belli*. Deeper down Lord Durham went, as to-day our nation must go.

I expected [says he] to find a contest between a Government and a people: I found two nations warring in the bosom of a single State; I found a struggle, not of principles, but of races; and I perceived that it would be idle to attempt any amelioration of laws or institutions until we could first succeed in terminating the deadly animosity that now separates the inhabitants of Lower Canada into the hostile divisions of French and English.

Is it not so in South Africa at this hour? Until the animosity of race is terminated, is not all other expedient, all other attempt, idle? If we be confronted with this obstacle, unless we surmount it or remove it, we may turn hither and thither, but our movements will be the movements of folly or despair. We think of the vast meeting at Worcester; of the Boer commandoes finding themselves in the Cape Colony among men of the same race, who treat them as deliverers or as comrades; we remember the complaints of the Uitlander. A thousand-and-one symptoms of the racial question crowd upon the mind. Was there ever the like of it before? Yes; and in British North America the disease was, if possible, more acute.

The national feud forces itself on the very senses, irresistibly and palpably, as the origin or the essence of every dispute which divides the community; we discover that dissensions which appear to have another origin are but forms of this constant and all-pervading quarrel, and that every contest is one of French and English in the outset, or becomes so ere it has run its course.

But it is not only that there were the two parties ranked in racial and political hostility: the very features of each party as described by Lord Durham in British North America seem to be reproduced for us to-day in British South Africa. Do we not recognise this picture?

They cling to ancient prejudices, ancient customs, and ancient laws, not from any strong sense of their beneficial effects, but with the unreasoning tenacity of an uneducated and unprogressive people. Nor were they wanting in the virtues of a simple and industrious life, or in those which common consent attributes to the nation from which they spring.

As for the English, they appear in both continents to answer the same identical description. They are intellectually superior, impatient of inferiors, full of push and all for progress, and heartily hostile to everything in Nature or in man that stops the pace. But look at this stroke :—

Every measure of clemency, or even justice, towards their opponents they regard with jealousy, as indicating a disposition towards that conciliatory policy which is the subject of their angry recollection.

This might have been written by an eye- or ear-witness of the proceedings, say, of any loyalist meeting in Cape Town which was watching for the halting of Sir Alfred Milner or Mr. Chamberlain. Yet such thunderings are laboriously remitted to Blue Books as a moral against clemency or an omen of despair! Have we not read our history ill if we find in them either the one or the other?

But the parallel, which thus covers the racial animosity and the very characteristics of the divided parties, does not stop there. The seed of such hostilities being sown, the same crop in either continent appears, of which crop the ready and notable samples are these: mistrust there, misguidance here, and misunderstanding everywhere. Even with a censored press Africa, we are told, is the 'land of lies.' Do not let us be alarmed. Here is what happened in similar circumstances before, and in the other continent the same seed produced the same weed with the same abundant growth.

It is scarcely possible [says Lord Durham] to conceive descendants of any of the great European nations more unlike each other in character and in temperament, more totally separated from each other by language, laws, and modes of life, or placed in circumstances more calculated to produce misunderstanding, jealousy, and hatred.

And so the record—the same lamentable record—proceeds:

The entire mistrust which the two races have thus learned to conceive of each other's intentions induces them to put the worst construction on the most innocent conduct; to judge every word, every act, and every intention unfairly; to attribute the most odious designs, and reject every overture of kindness or fairness as covering secret designs of treachery and malignity.

Among men of all parties will it not stand conceded that this judgment might to-day be pronounced with truth and to the letter upon the South African situation?

It is difficult to conceive the perversity with which misrepresentations are habitually made, and the gross delusions which find currency among the people; they thus live in a world of misconceptions, in which each party is set against the other, not only by diversity of feelings and opinions, but by an actual belief in an utterly different set of facts.

Could words describe more vividly the fundamental trouble—that which, preventing accurate diagnosis, makes a hazard or a danger of the attempt at cure? To belong to one of the contending parties is *ipso facto* to run the risk of dwelling in 'a world of misconceptions.' In resolutely resisting this temptation, to which the feverish applause of the side taken is the ready allurements—in resisting that lay the secret of Lord Durham's success; in yielding to it will lie the secret of the failure of all other men. No ability, no power, no character, can atone for or undo so frightful a mistake.

Let us push the analogy home. What, upon this party feud and racial trouble, had been the effect of actual war? Even while hostilities proceed, can we not see how history has repeated and is repeating itself; it is the same ghastly panorama that is again unrolled:

I will not dwell on the melancholy scenes exhibited in the progress of the contest, or the fierce passions which held an unchecked sway during the insurrection, or immediately after its suppression. It is not difficult to conceive how greatly the evils which I have described as previously existing have been aggravated by the war; how terror and revenge nourished, in each portion of the population, a bitter and irreconcilable hatred to each other, and to the institutions of the country.

Granted only that the period of exasperation and of wounded pride is past, the moral is as plain as day. Like causes, like results; like diseases, like cure. Lord Durham did not at once bring the whole and perfect cure; but on the points on which he failed time and experience have been the teachers, and have shown us the better way. Do not let us shirk the lesson. There are in human nature and in events forces more masterful than the wilfulness or the ambition of any nation, or of any leader; let us listen to the voice of history while we may, and with docility and with courage let us bear ourselves like men. To defy these forces and to mock that voice will leave us exhausted and baffled, with a suspicion in our own breasts that we had brought ourselves to that pass because, perhaps, instead of the part of a man, we had played that of the wild beast or the fool. This language is with warrant: we lost America.

Desiring honourable peace, we ask the road to it; and again we find illumination and answer in the Canadian precedent. Three points arise as queries and claim our judgment, and to each the precedent applies. First, a present policy, likely to win peace; secondly, a settled policy, fit to preserve peace; and, in the third place, a policy which while it moulds will make for the consolidation of the Empire. And of course the peace we mean is one not only with the double dower of blessing, but one which brings in its train concord, contentment, and prosperity. It is a peace of life and force, not a peace of death or of decay.

In the forefront of a present settlement, as the condition or

prelude to the laying down of arms, stands the familiar inquiry as to what is to happen to the persons and the property of those with whom we are at war. And we cannot settle even this by a military or a diplomatic *tour de force*. The short cut, the long way. To offer nothing is to settle nothing; and on these preliminaries, person and property, amnesty and restoration, issues as serious as war and peace, or the disruption or consolidation of an Empire, may depend. Take the point of amnesty first. The deliberations of Lord Kitchener and General Botha show to us how full of hope the situation might be made. On the 28th of February, 1901, Lord Kitchener notes a 'long interview with Botha, who showed very good feeling and seemed anxious to bring about peace.' The terms on the head under discussion are thus recorded: 'Amnesty to all at end of war. We spoke of Colonials who joined Republics, and he seemed not averse to their being disfranchised.' On the 3rd of March, Lord Kitchener put before Sir Alfred Milner a communication which he proposed to send to General Botha, and the words used are well worth scrutiny. His Majesty's Government were to be announced as prepared

to grant an amnesty in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony for all *bona-fide* acts of war committed during the recent hostilities; as well as to move the Governments of Cape Colony and Natal to take similar action, but qualified by the disfranchisement of any British subjects implicated in the recent war.

Here, then, we stood within measurable distance of agreement. But Sir Alfred Milner and Mr. Chamberlain took a different line, drew the distinction between foreign enemies—those in the Republics, and rebels—those in the colonies, Sir Alfred saying plainly, 'The amnesty of rebels is not, in my opinion, a point which His Majesty's Government can afford to concede,' and Mr. Chamberlain dwelling upon such a thing as an injustice to those who had remained loyal.

Now, the object of this paper is not to argue the point, but to show that the whole of this sad theorising has been traversed before. In the case of Canada, Lord Durham proposed to amnesty all the rebels, with the exception of a few leaders, whom he transported to the Bermudas. In a trice the outcry arose of truckling to 'rebels,' of injustice to loyalists; and the sequel was significant. Lord Durham, seeing how enormously the advantages of a policy of clemency outweighed all others, held firm: his successors, in spite of protests and of threats, and of some disturbance, held firm. Stranger than all, the expatriation to Bermuda was discovered to have been *ultra vires*, the exiled leaders were recalled, *every rebel was amnestied*; and through these and other acts of mercy Canada was saved. Dare we remain blind and deaf to this teaching?

But the strangest, the unique feature of the story is this: that

the precedent of Canada has been appealed to by the colonists of South Africa; and the despatches of Lord Durham and Lord Glenelg in the year 1839 are actually incorporated in the despatches of the Ministry of Cape Colony in May 1900. There is nothing like this known. It is an appeal for wisdom and for mercy, an appeal made by a colony to the mother country, and an appeal founded on the conduct in an enlightened time of the mother country herself. It is the cry of one of the children for treatment like another of the same family. Have the ears of the parent grown deaf and the heart grown hard with age?

This head of the argument submitted by the Cape Ministry is thus compendiously stated by Sir Alfred Milner :

(3) Example of Lower Canada in 1837-8, when moderation of policy adopted very conspicuous, and attended by happiest results. Cape rebellion of milder type than Canadian rebellion, which was attended by dreadful murders and outrages. Ministers conclude by pointing out agitation and unrest due to uncertainty as to the fate of those who have taken part in rebellion.

The appeal was made in vain.

Mr. Chamberlain definitely refused it ; and the war has taken its course. And after another year of that course run, dare we not have the courage to listen now, to reconsider that refusal, and to declare that what was found so magnificently blessed in Canada may surely be followed for good in our South African dominions ?

It is the same as to the property of the enemy and the appeal for its generous restoration ; the precedent again stands for guiding and for help. Why is there not restoration ? The answer is, For the very reason that was urged in Canada. That reason was found hollow, and was dismissed there, and yet to-day we are citing it as solid, and are acting upon it. Again Mr. Chamberlain brings in the loyalist : ' It may appear to treat enemies better than loyalists.' ' No encouragement, no pay for rebels ;' even in Lord Elgin's time in Canada, ' loyalist ' crowds yelled that as they burnt the Government House in Montreal and stoned him in the streets. Yet the properties *were* restored, and with them peace.

The suggestion by Mr. Chamberlain to ' take into immediate consideration the possibility of assisting by a loan ' does not count. It was opposed by Sir Alfred Milner, and ' Kitchener,' says he, ' was even more strongly opposed than I : ' it was not even a firm offer, and it was not business. On these preliminaries of amnesty and restoration, on the way to win an early peace, the appeal is made, it has been made by the Colonists themselves, from our bitter present to our better past. By that precedent we saved for the Empire a vast and a splendid Dominion. Let us follow the precedent now.

And, to pass to the further point, it is not merely a present peace that Britain anxiously longs for ; it is a settled and enduring peace,

under which, to repeat it once more, the two races can live contentedly and prosperously together. Let us assume for a moment the war over, actually over, and over by force of arms, but without that last condition achieved. It is most curious to reflect that that would be exactly the situation which Lord Durham had to face when he reached the Canadian shores. The first great outburst of the rebellion had been quelled, and the war was over. The English were supreme, as to-day let us assume them in Africa to be, having conceded nothing, and by force of arms alone. Assume, further, government as a Crown Colony. Grant, in short, the strange but fashionable policy of the hour to have been accomplished in fact. Then I propose these as the picture of the result: they are pen-and-ink sketches, still from the Canadian collection. How as to this one?

Removed from all actual share in the government of their country, they brood in sullen silence over the memory of their fallen countrymen, of their burnt villages, of their ruined property, of their extinguished ascendancy, and of their humbled nationality. To the Government and the English they ascribe these wrongs, and nourish against both an indiscriminating and eternal animosity.

Or take this other:

In such a state of feelings the course of civil government is hopelessly suspended. No confidence can be felt in the stability of any existing institution, or the security of person and property. It cannot occasion surprise that this state of things should have destroyed the tranquillity and happiness of families; that it should have depreciated the value of property, and that it should have arrested the improvement and settlement of the country.

Or, finally, listen to this prognosis:

Without a change in our system of government the discontent which now prevails will spread and advance. As the cost of retaining these colonies increases their value will rapidly diminish. And if by such means the British nation shall be content to retain a barren and injurious sovereignty, it will but tempt the chances of foreign aggression by keeping continually exposed to a powerful and ambitious neighbour a distant dependency, in which an invader would find no resistance, but might rather reckon on active co-operation from a portion of the resident population.

This, on the assumption stated—the fashionable assumption, to doubt which is in certain quarters the mark of high treason—this will be our fruit of victory, our Imperial spoil. ‘A barren and injurious sovereignty;’ a weakness, not a strength; instead of security, a menace and a strain.

We are thus warned, and driven to conciliation for the sake of reconciliation, and so of a peace which can remain. On this head, of course, the form of government set up is all-important. Here, if that were possible, the interest in and the value of the Canadian precedents deepen still further. For human nature and events even

mastered Lord Durham, and that in the strangest of ways. His principles have been conspicuously vindicated, and where his own practice did not carry his principles into effect, that has failed, and in the course of years these have triumphed. His principles were representative self-government and no manipulation or distortion of opinion; yet in his practice he combined Upper and Lower Canada, so forcing the balance as to weight the scale. And exactly herein he failed, amid so many successes; and the prolonged agitation—an appeal as it were from Durham to Durham—was at last successful, and the Provincial representative government which accompanied the magnificent confederation of 1867 formed the crowning tribute to his ideas and forms a lasting lesson to the world. With much frankness, to begin with, he made his avowal:

It needs no change in the principles of government, no invention of a new constitutional theory, to supply the remedy which would, in my opinion, completely remove the existing political disorders. It needs but to follow out consistently the principles of the British Constitution, and introduce into the government of these great colonies those wise provisions by which alone the working of the representative system can in any country be rendered harmonious and efficient.

And his condemnation of a Crown Colony administration among a white and civilised population is hearty and wholesale. It would not content the people; it would not train the people; it would not produce stability; and, in short, 'there is every reason to believe that a professedly irresponsible Government would be the weakest that could be devised.' This is plain enough, and it is sound; moreover, do not let us forget that it was written by a man who came upon a scene such as we witness in the Transvaal and the Orange River Colony to-day, a territory in which self-government and the constitutions had been suspended, and the arm of the law was stretched from London.

We anticipate the double rejoinder which is made. Do you not see, it will be said, that even Lord Durham shrank from the application of these principles; and, further, does your proposal involve that we immediately grant self-government to a distracted and depopulated country, and right on the back of an inflammatory and a devastating struggle? To the first inquiry the answer is that, in so far as Lord Durham shrank, there he failed. To the second, one well worthy of grave attention, we reply that a complete and immediate grant of self-government is not involved, but this, and this assuredly ~~is~~ involved—that we *immediately make a beginning*. Furthermore, this is not startling; it is not even novel. Lord Kitchener thought it; General Botha thought it. *They had almost agreed about it*; when from the Colonial Office came a declaration which blocked the way of peace. Make a beginning! We were actually doing it; this is proved by the record of the interview with Botha under Lord

Kitchener's own hand. The fateful paragraph reads thus (the italics are ours):

Firstly, the nature of future government of colonies asked about. He wanted more details than were given by Colonial Secretary, and I said that, subject to correction from home, I understood that when hostilities ceased military guard would be replaced by Crown Colony Administration, consisting of nominated Executive, *with elected Assembly to advise Administration*, to be followed after a period by representative government. He would have liked representative government at once, *but seemed satisfied with above*.

Yet we would not suffer even that pale and ineffective shadow of self-government, an elected body, though advisory, and nothing more. We refused, or rather the Home Government refused. And what a reflection upon Crown Colony administration itself, what an illustration of the baleful mischances of Colonial Office control! Lord Durham's opinion has touched that sore also; and it reads like the record of a prophecy fulfilled:

It would be performing more than can be reasonably expected from human sagacity if any man, or set of men, should always decide in an unexceptionable manner on subjects that have their origin thousands of miles from the seat of the Imperial Government where they reside, and of which they have no practical knowledge whatever; and therefore wrong may be often done to individuals, or a false view taken of some important political question, that in the end may throw a whole community into difficulty and dissension, not from the absence of the most anxious desire to do right, but from an imperfect knowledge of facts upon which to form an opinion.

So it may always chance to be while non-representative institutions are maintained among a white and a civilised race.

But the terms of Botha and Kitchener were at least a present sign that we on our part were willing to concede, though it were ever so little, a something that as peace and loyalty advanced might grow from form to substance in self-government—a pledge and hope for the Dutch race that they might by-and-by be our fellow-subjects in right as well as name. The refusal destroyed the chance of peace; and then came the Proclamations which have shocked the world. Thinking of them and of the destruction of property that followed them, we ask ourselves with Spenser:

Is this the joy of arms? Are these the parts
Of glorious knight-hood?

In declining a general and generous restoration of homesteads, and in refusal of the sign of hope for self-government, to which we have referred, we have strayed from the way of peace. To restore, to recall our refusal, and so again to find the road, these surely are the dictates of our better, our dispassionate judgment, if we prize the concord of two races and value our honour and our name.

THO. SHAW.

THE MISSIONARIES AND THE EMPIRE

AN APPEAL TO THE MISSIONARY SOCIETIES

THE Chinese revolt being an impatient and outrageous ebullition of what nevertheless is a national movement, and the Christian Powers having succeeded in nothing so much as in satisfying the Chinese and themselves that the revolt has a future, China and Europe stand to each other in new relations. We are so much occupied with our South African embroilment that we find no leisure to think of what has happened in China; yet the sum of it is no less than this. China has learned that, fairly united and engineered, it may withstand Europe. Europe has learned the same thing, and also that a China sufficiently organised to engulf and defeat invasion is just as probable as a united Europe untiringly resolved to subjugate the country. Whether well or ill conceived, that is the lesson which the European troops bring back from Peking, though not, of course, as if Peking were a Moscow exactly. And we need not doubt for a moment what the lesson is as interpreted by the Chinese. Seen through their spectacles, the history of the expedition to Peking doubly justifies their hatred of the foreigner, proves that he can be resisted, and shows by what Fabian tricks it can be done.

How these consequences affect the other Powers remains to be seen; but we know enough already to be sure that the English and American Governments will be glad to regain liberty of action, and that both desire to follow a revised policy in dealing with China. Were I obliged to answer in a single sentence the question, 'In what way revised?' I should say, In such ways as would give to China, without awaiting further developments, something more like the treatment accorded on compulsion to Japan. Something more like that treatment, I say, without going farther; but speaking under a strong persuasion that our Government, stripped of the illusions which gave China the look of being disabled, derelict, anybody's country, sees the policy of allowing the Chinese some claim to national independence.

In most respects, England and America are better able to afford this concession than any of the other Powers; in all respects but one, indeed. But there they are faced with a most formidable difficulty.

If they could but venture the regulation of missionary enterprise half their trouble with China would cease at once. But neither in England nor in the United States does the Government dare to speak of the regulation of missionary enterprise, even by way of advice. The statesman suspected on the lightest evidence of wishing it anything but more adventurous and more persistent than it is might as well have committed an unpardonable offence. Sir Robert Hart writes with unequalled courage of the obstacles to peace between China and Christendom; but though he touches again and again on the missions difficulty, using plain terms, he does so in the undisguisable spirit of one who knows that what he says will hardly be endured and is unlikely to be forgiven. However, Sir Robert takes his chance, which no British or American Government can be expected to do in a matter of such extreme delicacy. Yet, seeing how much crime and what wholesale misery are involved, it is a matter that ought to be considered. It can never be in greater need of consideration than now, when the armed forces of Christendom retire from a campaign of punishment in China which plainly fails in its main purpose—intimidation; and that being seen, who could debate this grave matter more profitably or more properly than the great missionary societies of England and the United States? The Governments will never ask them to do so, but what then? The societies well know why they are not asked, and the reason is one which enhances rather than detracts from the tremendous responsibility that devolves upon them. How tremendous it becomes they must feel who undertake it in full knowledge, however much they may succeed in putting away their hearts' misgiving. For, as we shall presently see, it is not as if there were really any question here of 'betraying Christ,' which is the dread formula of their fears, or even of stinting missionary effort. The point for their consideration may be accurately expressed in these terms: by taking a certain course a thousand murders may be averted, a thousand crimes prevented, repetition of an ensavaging war of reprisals forestalled, and yet not a soul be lost to Christianity. The societies are free to take this course if they can but see how entirely its wisdom of this world is untainted by unrighteousness. The Governments of which we speak are not free to command it, whatever they may think or however great their desire.

Unwillingness to reconsider the conditions of missionary work in China might be reasonable were the Chinese objections to the Christian missions affected, perverse, and likely to be overcome without further massacre on either side. And, apparently, the societies cling to this idea of the facts, though the past gives up an increasing array of evidence to the contrary, and though there never was a moment when the future promised so much more of the same hideous description. This, however, may be said, that the Chinese objection

to the missions is not religious, or only animated in a comparatively slight degree by the religious prejudice and passion which in other times made a shambles of European cities. Christianity found easy entrance into China, its teaching was unmolested for generations, and even at this day, when we hear its teachers accused, the tale is usually such an one as is told in France and Germany against the Jews: some ritual horror is believed in because the priest is hated. Part of the truth is, therefore—or so it seems—that the preaching of Christianity is not so offensive to the Chinese people as their politicians and the literati make it out to be. But we have to deal with the whole truth; and that includes an angry conviction, ever spreading and strengthening in China, that the missions are a social and political solvent. This complaint is not new. It was raised officially more than twenty years since. Ten years ago a Chinese statesman repeated it in an English pamphlet published at Shanghai, protesting against the injury of forcing upon China a propaganda which loosens the authority of the Government, and plants about the country communities of Chinamen who act as outlaws and are sustained in doing so. What this means should be explained for the unheeding and recalled to those who have forgotten; it may be done briefly in the language of official remonstrance.

By the Tientsin treaties foreigners in China are not amenable to the Chinese authorities. If they commit an offence their own authorities are to punish them according to their own national laws. But foreigners claim more than this. They interpret the extraterritorial privilege as meaning, not only that Chinese officials must not punish their offences, but that they may disregard Chinese regulations with impunity: such regulations as are imposed, for example, by municipal authority. The working of the extra-territorial privilege was not understood, it is alleged, when it was granted, China having no experience and no previous knowledge of any such thing; and good government suffers not only by its extension but its usurpations. . . . 'Recognising that the object of all religious systems is to teach men to do good, China has by treaty assented to missionaries coming into the country to teach their doctrines, and has guaranteed protection to them and their converts. But among the missionaries are some who arrogate to themselves an (extra-territorial) official status' which, quite without warrant in itself, works for the benefit of converts who look upon Christianity as releasing them from obedience to Chinese law, and who also refuse to obey the rules which are binding on their neighbours. In short, being Christians, they, too, take the privileges of extra-territoriality, and are sustained in doing so by the mission to which they belong. That is the official complaint, and not that the people are turned to a strange religion. Sir Robert Hart tells us much the same thing,

and speaks of the anger and disgust of the people at these native apostates from more than religion: they break away from social law and obligation, which are as much considered as any law. Calumniously or not, it has now become a common accusation even amongst foreigners that bad Chinamen are drawn to the missions by immunity from Chinese control. Licence is what they seek. '*Soi-disant* converts join the mission congregations to get protection against the consequences of misconduct, or else to make use of Church connection to influence local litigation,' or sometimes as idle hangers-on for what they can get. And so, it is said, the native Christian communities which dot the country are not only hated by the official class as renegade subverters of authority, but in many cases by the disgusted people among whom they dwell.

The justice or injustice of these representations is of great consequence from some points of view, of small importance from others. There is truth in them, but it would be strange if the mistakes of the missionaries, the offences of their converts, were not exaggerated by such prejudice as exists in China. But even though we could prove to ourselves that the Chinese have no aggression, no intrusion, no interference of any sort to complain of, and that the wounding of their immense self-pride is all a fancy, it would make no difference to them. They would still burn with anger and humiliation, still act as if their injuries were real and compel us to take 'active measures' accordingly. And that, in effect, is the present situation. The Chinese are on fire with all their grievances at once; and the missionary grievance as above described (but yet not fully, as they conceive and complain of it) is one of the most visible and to them most provoking. It was so before the Boxer outbreak and the massacres, and is so still.

Then what should the missionary societies do at this most critical and anxious time? The formalities of peace, we may expect, will soon be re-established; the formalities of peace, but very little more. None can have watched the evolution of affairs in China during the last twelve months more closely, with greater interest, with keener intelligence, or with better means of interpretation, than the sounder minds in the directorate of the English and American missionary societies. And considering what they have seen in that time, how the invasion of the European Powers has been met and what the end of it is, I cannot suppose that they believe to-day in a cowed and truly submissive China. A year ago that was looked for universally as a matter of course; but what the much-concerned missionary societies behold to-day is something quite different. China has been as heavily punished as it well could be, and is not touched. All Christendom sallied forth to crush the revolt, and the revolt is encouraged by the outcome of the enterprise. The hope and aim of the expedition to Peking was to strike a resounding blow of intimi-

dation. The blow has been delivered, it does not intimidate, and the expedition returns. It set out with every appearance of the unity and concord which for Chinese statesmen (who are not all absolute 'Boxers,' but are all for liberation from foreign control) is their greatest dread. It returns in what harmony we see, after the campaigns and the diplomatizings—so significantly unfinished—that we know of.

To come to the point, then, is this a time—I mean now, this year—for reinstalling missionaries in those provinces of China which were swept with riot and massacre so lately? If the attempt is to be made, is it to be made as if nothing had happened, and without regard to the provocations or irritations which are felt to be unbearable, whether with much reason or with none? This is the question which the great missionary societies have to answer; and that it has to be answered immediately enhances the fact that no unofficial body of men in the world has so grave a responsibility before them. There is no obscurity in the conditions amid which they are to decide. If there was ever any doubt as to the stronger instigations to the murder of missionaries and their converts in China, there is too little now to count for anything. Christ's teaching, the dissemination of which is the proper business of the societies, is not among those stronger instigations; they are to be found in accidentals unrelated to religion, and in abuses which have still less to do with it. If it has been supposed hitherto, in spite of the warning outbreak ten years since, that Chinese enmity to the missions could be overawed by gunboats till it died away, that assumption has no longer any ground to stand upon. The warning of 1891 has been too well fulfilled in 1901 to permit the continuance of any such calculation. It has to be abandoned provisionally at the least. Its place is taken—provisionally also, may be, but certainly—by a group of facts the chief of which has been already stated: namely, that an armed European expedition, so high in its demands that there were thoughts of decapitation and banishment for the reigning family, has been baffled upon nearly every point of an 'irreducible minimum.' And the explanation? Because China has been misunderstood as a conquerable country; because an Empire believed to be so 'rotten,' so denationalised, that it was in danger of falling to pieces too soon and too much at the touch of the spear of Christendom, is alive with the spirit of outraged nationality and capable of asserting it. These are considerations for the missionary societies no less than for the Governments of the West. They affect them in the same way and to the same purpose. If as a consequence of the events, discoveries, presages of the last twelve months China and Europe stand to each other in new relations, so do the societies and China. At the same time the societies stand in new relations with their own Governments, and that is especially the case with the

great English and American societies if it be true (as we have said with little fear of denial on either side of the Atlantic) that the British and American Governments desire to follow a revised course of policy in dealing with the Chinese Empire.

Of course I know, and understand not without sympathy, the answer which this statement invites. 'What have we to do with policies and political relations?' is the reply of the dauntless saviour of souls. The rejoinder must be heard, for this is no light matter. The truth is—though less true of the American societies than of our own, probably—that the missionary system in China has been governed very much indeed by the political attitude of the Christian Governments in that country. To go a little nearer to the truth, the political relations of the foreign Powers with China being based on an assumption that it is out of the pale of civilised Governments, and cannot be dealt with according to the rules in use between civilised States, the missions have gone upon the same idea; and it is in reliance on certain confused abnormal *political* relations that they have committed what seem to the Chinese their most injurious trespasses. Therefore it cannot be said that the missions have nothing to do with policies and political relations; and if not, it should be no offence to ask them to conform to the changed position of their Governments when either or both of these things happen: (1) The Governments are unable to extend or even to maintain for themselves and the missions the privileges of an *imperium in imperio* without risk of murderous vendettas running to illimitable anarchy. (2) The Governments being rid of various illusions, and having learnt other lessons from the beginning and the ending of the joint expedition to Peking, desire to continue their relations with that empire on a less aggressive footing.

But what, then, is considered the 'less aggressive footing' upon which the mission societies should accommodate their labours to the political exigency, or convenience, of their respective Governments? Are they to turn from the command which is the inspiration and the law of their being, to play the broker between Christ's behests and the demands of a political programme? Is it proposed that, yielding to most un-Christian fear, or on calculations which eliminate the working of God's will, they shall abandon that vast field of labour and all that has been reclaimed within it?

I do not say so, nor does the merest political worldling, with wits, believe that any such sacrifice need be asked. Whatever the disposition of the two Governments toward China, no one imagines that they propose to surrender any of their just rights, or any estimable point of honour; yet they may desire to bring their relations with that country into nearer accord with such as exist elsewhere between one independent nation and another. And nothing more can be asked of the mission societies than a corresponding change of

attitude and conduct.¹ Yet if it be stooping to policy to abstain from sending missionaries into the lately ravaged and more violently insurgent districts—now, I mean, when the smart of the punishment is keenest; when any interpretation may be put on the dissensions of the Powers and the retirement of the troops; when their unwillingness to return at once to the business of punishment may be a Boxer calculation; and when, as at Peking and its environs, popular rage against the native converts as pandars to the looting of the invaders must be extreme,—why, then, I say, the mission societies should stoop to policy.

And if instead of venturing such heroic but immensely hazardous provocations, the directors of the English and American missions would take occasion to consider in agreement at this critical time all these accusations of offence, to see which of them can be extinguished without detraction from the missionary service of Christianity, I verily believe that they could do no better thing. It is not written on the skies that they will ever again have a sufficient opportunity; and, evidently, a China quite upset by revolt would not be a place for many Christians to live in, white or yellow. What, then, for example, are these outcries against the arrogation by missionaries of authority beside or above the law, and the irritating, disintegrating consequences of that assumption? The protection of converts from the spitefulness of their neighbours is alleged in explanation—warrantably, no doubt. But there is also warrant for thinking that while the remedy aggravates the evil it breeds others which reflect on Christianity itself; and usurpation for dignity's sake, if that explains anything, is no part of the evangelist's commission. I read of 'an arrangement by which missionaries were to ride in green chairs, and be recognised as the equals of Viceroys and Governors'—of course to the offence of every beholder; and I wonder if wisdom would not discountenance all such gauds, knowing what we should think of a like appropriation here. Or some inland mission insists—gunboats dimly visible behind the claimant—on building a church where it is believed to bring ill-luck upon the whole neighbourhood. Now is the time to consider such matters as these, and what they have to do with the command of the Prince of Peace: 'Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature.' Who also said, 'Render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's,' meaning gunboats and green chairs as much as anything else.

But though they have grown to great importance, these are but small matters of consideration when compared with some others. No

¹ Though I speak here and elsewhere of 'the two Governments,' and of the mission societies in England and America, it will be understood that I do not imagine that their history in China or their present position there is identical. Much that I say is mostly or altogether applicable, of course, to our own Government and people.

time should be lost in determining—I hope by agreement between the English and American missions—that missionaries to China shall do without wives unless stationed within access to the ships. Far better indeed it would be to forbid the despatch of mission-women to China—to have no married missionaries there. The women may do good Christian work in the intervals between one outbreak and another, but even upon that there are grave drawbacks—much prejudice, much possible damage to the reputation of Christianity, so strange and suspect to the Chinese are the little communities where men and women ‘keep house’ together. However, that qualm might go but for the evidence that provocation or excuse for massacre arises out of the native suspicion; and since it is so clear that provocation or excuse for murdering Christians has increased, is increasing, and ought to be by every blameless means diminished, women should be withdrawn where they provide a superfluity of victims, and horrors, and the madness of exasperation thereat. It is not woman’s work to be murdered where a man may take her place, supposing either to be needed there. I do not deprecate the risk of self-sacrifice in a great and holy cause—God forbid. But economy of the risk where it must be taken, economy of provocation, of possible horrors, of the fury of reprisals and the baleful issues of the fury, that is not un-Christian; and though I know that many a fervid soul starts at the word ‘economy’ in such relations as from a temptation of the devil, let him look at it again and say whether he can find a word more serviceable for propagandism itself. And I think it should be remembered that women are apt to take upon themselves the greater hazards of a more dreadful sacrifice not with the steady contemplation of the man. That should be considered, and the right to submit little children to alarm at savageries which they do nothing to provoke, and to cruelties which they no more understand than consent to endure. The man knows his duty and his risk—let him go to them; and if he falls, he falls. But women—no! But children—no! no!

Of course, when I speak of considering these things it is with the knowledge that they have been considered many times, and, willy-nilly, must be now and with greater anxiety. But signs are plentiful that hitherto there has been a strong predisposition to combat reflection upon them as tempting to unfaithfulness, and the fear is that the far louder call to counsel which proceeds from late events may be regarded as another and more importunate temptation. But just as the outbreak of 1891 foretold the vastly more expressive and calamitous revolt of 1900, so does this last explosion foretell and even prepare, by the wider inflammation of vindictive passions, a more violent rising yet. That is at any rate the prospect, and it loads the combating of reflection with responsibilities which I dare to think are not untainted by wickedness. With this prospect in

view, what of clinging to such poor arrogances as the riding in green chairs? What of a confirmed determination not to withdraw women from inland stations, and still to expose little children to terrors which do not even make martyrs of them; for they know not why they suffer, and they die unwillingly. Or, looking to more tolerable resolutions, what is signified by the despatch to Shansi in these days—to Shansi, scene of the most terrible massacre, headquarters of the revolt and secure from a retiring punitive expedition—of nine or ten missionaries to replace the murdered? So the newspapers say, with great probability.

It is here where they are most unwilling that reconsideration should press upon the mission societies; and if they will but face it, it seems almost impossible but that they should change their plans of operation. If they must needs see, as I think they must, that to sanction the retention of women and children in many parts of the China of to-day is beyond Christ's injunction and out of His meaning, what else it is becomes dreadfully apparent at once. If from that they will go on to ask with open minds how many provinces there are in China, how many or how few of them have caught the flame of anti-foreign insurrection, how many millions of souls there are in each, how many Christian evangelists can be sent among those prodigious multitudes, and, lastly, whether it is better to save one soul than another, they will then see what that policy signifies which seems to have been renewed in Shansi. The provinces of China are many, the more violently infected provinces are few, all Christendom could not over-supply one of them with missionary labour, and there is no appointed choice in the saving of souls. But though this vast and equal field of action lies open to the Christian missions, wherever one of their devoted servants has been killed they must send another, for two two, for three three. The motive for doing so is more than intelligible to every courageous and steadfast mind. Persistence is a high point of honour, and it is a duty to show that the preachers of the Christian creed believe their work worth dying for. But even the obligations of a rule like this may fail and change by change of circumstance. In China there is a vast change; and before the missions determine to reinstall their servants in wider and more threatening fields of danger, close attention should be given to such questions as these:

Is it their religious teaching that brings massacre upon the Christian missionaries? and if not altogether, by how much is the calamity due to political offences in which they had no part, or to outraged prejudices and disturbance of the social order for which the missionaries are not blameless?

If these questions cannot be answered favourably, is there no legitimate reason for suspending missions where the Boxer movement is most threatening?

In all such districts the native converts (who have been murdered in thousands, it seems) are too probably marked for destruction. Is it a religious work to make such converts where they cannot be protected, but where they exist as provocation to the most dreadful crimes?

Does it give no point to this question that the missionaries sent elsewhere would be permitted to live, that full as many converts would be brought into the Christian Churches (or more, for they would not go in fear), and that these men would fulfil their lives instead of perishing when made so many incitements of the most devilish passions?

And all these questions being frankly answered, I would ask whether it is not true that by taking a certain course in China a thousand murders may be averted, a thousand crimes prevented, brutalising reprisals forestalled, and yet not a soul be lost to Christianity?

FREDERICK GREENWOOD.

THE ROMANISATION OF IRELAND

THE forthcoming census of Ireland contains at least one unexpected fact. Amid the general decrease of population in the island, there seems to be a somewhat larger decrease of Roman Catholics than there is of the various Protestant Churches.¹ This fact about the decrease seems to me nearly as misleading as the decrease itself, and much more dangerous to the spread of the truth about Ireland than the astonishing figures we are likely to get about the diffusion of Irish speech throughout the country. The mere decrease is pounced upon by certain politicians as indisputable evidence that Ireland is not thriving, whereas it may really be a clear sign of the very opposite. Congested districts are still considered the least prosperous in the country; it seems odd that a congested country—the Ireland of 1840—should be cited by anyone as more prosperous than the Ireland of to-day, with half the population and perhaps one hundred times the savings. But with this question I am not now concerned. It is far more important and practical to consider what the history of the last generation teaches us about the progress of the creed of Rome, and whether the facts disclosed by the census are sufficient to contradict or modify these lessons. Do the facts prove that, after all, Protestantism of some sort is making way at last, and likely to spread peaceably over the country in which it was so long enforced and protected by the State with very ill success?

The problem is one which cannot but occupy the politician and the theologian; but both of them may condescend to listen to what the historian has to say. From him they may expect a calm and dispassionate survey of what legislation has done, and what the Churches have done, towards the moulding of Ireland in the nineteenth century. Accordingly this paper is an attempt to consider the position of the Roman Church as a mere matter of fact in Ireland, as the necessary result of certain conditions, which are still working and with accumulating force. It is not the office of the historian in such a case to dispense praise or blame, to express hope or to chronicle

¹ Among these latter I of course include the Disestablished Church of Ireland, for whatever objection Anglican Ritualists may have to their great Church being called Protestant, there are few Irish Churchmen who do not glory in the name.

squire, now finds his way through the bogs or along the rivers barred by the keepers of English strangers, who have hired the sport, and reserve it for themselves, or else the poacher reigns supreme.

This change is indeed acting quite irrespectively of creed. In Galway, for example, of which Lord Morris spoke, the majority of the local squires are Roman Catholic. But when we embrace all Ireland, it is certain that the vast majority are Protestants of the Irish Church. In the struggle of creeds, the loss of Roman Catholic is to that of Protestant squires like the exchange at chess of a couple of pawns for the castles, bishops, and knights of the adversary.

There are, of course, many who think that the abolition of the smaller landlords cannot but be a gain to the country. They harp upon the idleness, the want of mutual confidence, the apathy of men who saw their rights assailed, their incomes threatened, and could not combine in any common effort to resist the spoiler. These charges are but too true. The squireen and buckeen only cared for their own amusements, the quieter and older men dandled themselves in the fond illusion that the Conservative party in Parliament, if secure in office, would protect their interests. They are now reaping the bitter fruits of their simplicity, apathy, and want of public spirit.

Still the bulk of the Protestant squires were distinctly an influence for good in their respective counties. This was proved when the grand jury system was put upon its trial, and practically abolished by Parliament two years ago. In the first place the opponents who clamoured for its abolishment could find no stronger argument against it than the very shadowy one that it was *antiquated*. They had sought eagerly for grave abuses, and had failed to find them. Secondly, the management of criminal business was still reserved for the grand juries, as a safer body to administer this important field of justice than the nominees of the local electors. But I find myself digressing into a vindication of the class to which I too belong, and this is not the task I have undertaken. The fact I seek to establish will not be denied. The disappearance of the lesser landed gentry means the disappearance of an important Protestant influence throughout the counties of Ireland.

These considerations have brought us face to face with Mr. Gerald Balfour's Local Government Act.² We have already discussed its effects upon the squires, and hence upon the Protestants of that class. We will now consider its influence upon officials, shopkeepers, and the professional classes in Ireland.

As a matter of course the great body of County and District Councils are composed either exclusively of Roman Catholics, or of a

² I call it Mr. Gerald Balfour's Act because he has claimed it as his own, and has desired that he may be allowed whatever credit it deserves.

large majority of Catholics, with some Protestants. In such cases, the majority naturally disposes of the patronage, and all the county officials will soon be of the predominant creed. That is especially the case where the parties are nearly balanced, as in many northern towns, and where accordingly there is the excitement of a canvass, a contest, and the pleasure of a disputed victory. Probably in such places the Protestant candidate has less chance than in the purely Roman Catholic districts, where an occasional Protestant may be granted a place by way of favour, or because of his exceptional fitness, by people who have it in their power to displace him without trouble. Accordingly, the class in the country towns which aspired to these posts—local solicitors, engineers and the like, will find no prospect before them. If they differ in creed from the majority they will emigrate to find elsewhere more favourable scope for their talents. Even the shopkeepers will suffer in the same way. A natural preference for fellow-creedsmen, apart from any persecution or boycotting—though these two may not be wanting—will lead to Protestant tradesmen getting less patronage, and finding their prospects less and less promising. In one little town that I have known for half a century all the respectable shopkeepers forty years ago were Protestants of some kind. Most of them made money and went away, selling their goodwill to the highest bidder. Their shops are now held by Roman Catholics. There was in this case no tyranny, no oppression, it was merely the working of a natural transformation in the social condition of the people. The Protestants who have made money think it pleasanter to move away into a neighbourhood—say in Down or Antrim—where the great majority is still Protestant. Those who are beginning life prefer to go with them because the chances of success in their old homes are no longer the same. So the business passes into new hands.

The action upon one of the learned professions has been far more rapid and striking. All the local medical officers are now appointed by the Councils. It is a matter of notoriety that, with the rarest exceptions, no young doctor has the smallest chance of election if he is not a Roman Catholic. But that is not all. If he has been trained in any of the great medical schools, save the one patronised by the Catholic clergy, his highest distinctions and testimonials are useless. Under this protection, and with this vast patronage, the Catholic school is rapidly devouring its older and more distinguished rivals.

It is not part of the present argument to show that the medical profession in Ireland is suffering from this process, that one meets in the country ignorant practitioners 'of the lowest of the people'; the fact remains, apart from all such inferences, that only a Roman Catholic student has any prospect of official appointments in Ireland, and that the non-Catholic schools will have to train their students

'for exportation only.' The present generation of Irish medical students, trained by eminent men in schools of old traditions, will no doubt find room for their talents throughout the Empire. But they will not educate their sons to live in the country which refused them their lawful rewards, and so another class of intellectual men will disappear from Catholic Ireland.

The case is by no means so clear with the law in its various branches. The prizes at the Bar, which exceed the prizes of all the other professions as the Himalayas exceed the Grampians, are in the gift of the Crown, or of judges nominated by the Crown; and hitherto the Crown has either selected men for their real eminence, or has adopted the expedient of balancing the creeds, so that Protestant young men still retain their chances of the huge emoluments of that profession. But surely according as the Catholic hierarchy, Catholic religious houses, Catholic corporations increase in power and wealth, they will naturally employ Catholic solicitors, and these again will prefer to employ Catholic barristers. Thus the bulk of the practice at the Bar, which is the real source of eminence in that profession, will pass into Roman Catholic hands. Of course exceptional men will hold their own against the majority. A client or patient in danger of losing a property or a limb will not be so far dominated by his creed as to avoid employing an eminent Protestant lawyer or surgeon. But such cases are, happily, exceptional, and eminence is not to be gained in waiting for such occasions. The body of general practice will follow the social influences attending upon the creeds, and so even where the Crown strives to hold a just balance there will be a gradual pressure brought to bear against Protestant promotions.

Thus in the course of the next fifty years it seems inevitable that well-nigh the whole country will pass under Romanist influences.

Possibly if any Belfast man has time or inclination to read such speculations as these, he will turn from them with contempt, and say that in Down and Antrim, at all events, Protestantism is safe, and that even if Dublin relapses into Popery, Belfast will become the capital of Ireland (if it be not so already) and maintain the superiority of the Reformed Faith, as the creed of honest business men. This security seems to me false. Granted that in thirty of the Irish counties, one creed, and that an aggressive creed, is dominant, is it likely that in two counties, however prosperous, the existing Roman Catholics will not be so strengthened by immigration as in the time to alter the balance? The workmen must be recruited from the poor of the neighbouring counties, and that class is notoriously prolific among us. Amid the higher classes of northern Protestants there are also tendencies favouring Roman Catholic advancement, which cannot but have their fatal effect. So bitter is the jealousy with which many Dissenters regard the Irish Church,

that they frequently make alliance with Roman Catholics to overcome Church influence. They have indeed felt the sting of persecution from the Irish bishops in former days more intensely than their Catholic neighbours, for these latter were conscious of their own disloyalty to the British Crown, whereas the Dissenters had in them all the hereditary loyalty of English and Scotchmen, till it was choked by indignation at the incredibly stupid injustices of the Anglo-Irish bishops. But as it was in the decade from 1790, so it was, in a milder degree, in the decade from 1890—a sort of league or understanding that the once dominant creed must be stripped of every vestige of its old position in the country.

It is the obvious policy of the Roman Church to acquiesce in this alliance, which is one rather of sentiment, of mutual support in elections, than of formal contract. But do the Presbyterians imagine that, if the Irish Church were weeded out of Ireland, the Church of Rome would not at once open a crusade upon the remaining heretics? Can they not realise the famous motto *Divide et impera*, which is being used against them? A prominent English politician observed to me lately that he thought the most melancholy feature in the Ireland of to-day was the rancorous jealousy existing among sects of Protestants. Anyone who has places to give away is assailed upon every vacancy, not with proofs of merit, but by the claims of creeds to secure salaries for their respective candidates. The success of a compact majority against these jarring minorities is only a matter of time.

The historian will not turn aside to dispense praise or blame in reviewing these facts. It is least of all his duty to blame the Roman Catholic policy, which by steady political pressure, accentuated by occasional rebellions, and frequent violations of order or of imposed law, has converted a once oppressed and long-unprivileged majority into the almost dominant power. The spread of democratic reform made this change not only easy, but inevitable. Put the voting power into the hands of Catholics guided by their clergy, and who can blame them if they use these votes to wrest political and social power from their former oppressors? Only a bigot would be satisfied with the retort that all injustices under which Catholics laboured are long abolished. The memory of them is not abolished. The social distinctions they created are not abolished; and the majority is one, not of Stoic philosophers, but of men and women full of passion and of prejudice. No just man can say they are to blame, except in mistaking the interests of Rome for the interests of Ireland.

Even when we turn to the politicians, who have brought about this result, or allowed it to develop itself, we can hardly blame them except for stupidity. Whether they saw the consequences or not, democratic changes were inevitable, and with them the change in the balance of creeds. But if they did see the consequences, as none

of them could hope to reverse the natural course of things, they had only two alternatives before them. Either they could hasten the transition by legislation, so as to make the Romanisation of Ireland possible within a generation, or they could seek as far as possible to retard it, so that it might require a century.

The sanguine politician might adopt the former, and for the following reasons. He would argue that the Irish people, promptly put in possession of their internal affairs, and entrusted with the management of public money and local patronage, will apply their natural quickness, which might serve them instead of longer education, to finding out the best men for directing their counsels, and the best means for carrying out these counsels economically. 'When the last vestiges' (he would say) 'of class ascendancy are gone, the poor elector lays aside his jealousies, his envy of the richer classes, and is more ready to trust the gentry with a partial control. The flames, too, of religious bigotry will subside. The Roman Catholic and the Dissenter will presently lie down together like the lion and the lamb, and not indeed a little child, but their material interests will lead them. They will discover that jealousies and bigotries interfere with prosperity and therefore with happiness; and they will turn to industry and commerce to make themselves and their country rich, and therefore respected. The ex-dominant classes, so far as they are enlightened, will fit themselves to their altered circumstances; so far as they are ignorant, and therefore irreconcilable, they will disappear. The energies now directed to political agitation with a grievous waste of public time will find their proper scope in promoting social and industrial reforms. Let us have all this consummation and bliss as soon as possible, and seek to educate the Irish poor without delay by putting as much power as is consistent with public safety into their hands. We do not believe that the Popery credited with such baleful effects upon ignorant societies will stand the light of education and of discussion. Like the other dominant classes just mentioned, Romanism must either accommodate itself to modern democracy or it must disappear. Its obscurantism is to be overcome by turning upon it the search-light of free education. If creeds and sects still quarrel, let them settle their conflicts without interference of the Imperial Government. They will soon come to look on such quarrels as foolish and vulgar.'

In this way the sanguine view of a Roman Ireland may be justified.

But there is also a desponding view of the situation. We need not now inquire whether the peculiarities of the Roman Catholic populace are due to race, to creed, to former political servitude, or to lack of education. All these causes probably contribute to the result, though, according to the creed or temper of the critic, he is likely to assign to one of them the whole result. Nevertheless upon

this general result many calm observers agree. The Irish Roman Catholic peasantry, and even the classes superior to them, are indeed above the corresponding classes in England in general intelligence, in social charm, in quick sympathy, in cheerfulness and versatility under difficulties. But they are inferior in honesty, in diligence, in lawfulness, in sturdiness. It is only by means of these latter qualities that local self-government can ever be successful. To grant privileges in the expectation that they will create the necessary virtues which deserve them, is putting the cart before the horse. It is, indeed, not certain whether a long and gradual system of education in politics will ever turn the Roman Catholic Irishman, when he has the whole field to himself, into a law-loving thrifty citizen. Even on the new soil of America, while the Protestant emigrants from the North have proved a great accession of strength to the United States, the Roman Catholic emigrants, crowding together in the cities, have been a source of grave political disorder. The possession of ample privileges *there* has not yet cured them of their defects. Is it likely to do so *here*? Most probably all the education in the world will not change these features, and to the end of time Ireland will only be truly happy and prosperous under the control of a single leader—a king in reality, whether he be crowned or uncrowned. In any case, the people in its present condition is wholly unfit for self-government.

Such is the dark view of the situation which is expressed by many intelligent people in Ireland.

Here then is the problem set before the governors of Ireland in the near future. They will have to deal with a Roman Catholic Ireland. The help they have got from the former loyal classes will disappear. They will have to deal with a dominant Romanism. And, most unfortunately for politicians, they cannot expect to be judged by the honesty of their intentions. They cannot justify themselves by declaring that they have acted according to their conscience regardless of consequences. The most pious and well disposed of men, if he promote a policy which ends in disaster, will be condemned by public opinion to the nethermost hell. The veriest knave who foresees the future, and provides for the expansion and prosperity of the Empire, will be exalted by the same opinion into a popular hero. If we could be sure that the Irish Roman Catholics, lay and clerical, would turn out like their leading English brethren, the Norfolks, Denbighs, Abingdons, loyal to the Crown and to English institutions, all would be more than well. We might, then find even Home Rule no bugbear, but a far more practical and intelligent government than that of English officials. The old conflict of creeds would be laid at rest, and if the Protestant remnants were not only tolerated but protected, their high qualities might still shed lustre upon their country. Even now many intelligent Protestants

would rather serve under purely Roman Catholic control than under that balanced control of rival creeds which is for the moment the fashionable compromise of distracted politicians. The verdict of the historian upon such a settlement could not but be favourable, and the statesmen who brought it about might fairly claim to be regarded as great public benefactors.

On the other hand, let us suppose the Protestant minority exterminated or subdued, while the majority retains its present leaders, its present watchwords, its present sentiments. In the first place, the small number of educated and cultivated Roman Catholic gentlemen who would counsel moderation, and the protection of the valuable remnant of Protestants willing to stay in Ireland, would be silenced. They would be scouted as lukewarm patriots. The small number of free-thinking Nationalists, who have emancipated themselves from the influence of their clergy, would be set aside. They would be discredited as opponents of religion. Every competition would be restricted, so far as possible, to Irish candidates, however incompetent. A knowledge of the Irish tongue, real or pretended, would frequently replace all solid qualifications for important public appointments. Emigration would if possible be stopped, and the poor be scattered over derelict estates, which most of them would not know how to till, and would gladly sell to the nearest gombeen-man. There would certainly ensue all over the country a totally mistaken appreciation of the quality of local products, whether mental or material, owing to the habit of exaggerated praise of things Irish, which is even now with difficulty kept in check. I have seen a novel by a popular politician, which had no literary merit, and disappeared in a few weeks, lauded in the local Press as a masterpiece which neither Walter Scott nor George Eliot could have produced. It was declared to be the book of the age. I have seen a respectable Irish poet compared in the same way with Homer, Æschylus, and Shakespeare, and, with a public wholly ignorant of these great masters, the comparison had a fine sound, and seemed to come from a person who had made poetry his study. If there were no Imperial influences, no Anglo-Irish public to check these falsehoods by its ridicule, and by the production of work which commands the attention of Europe, the country would be in imminent danger of having all its standards of merit reduced or falsified, all its ideals of work lowered, so that a boastful and self-contented mediocrity would mar Irish work and degrade Irish society.

It is this mediocrity which is the most serious symptom of the health of many modern societies. There are divers ways of discouraging or crushing originality and independence of thought. You can do it by competitive examinations, or by compulsory patriotism, or by the terrors of a religion, or by the favours lavished on menial

literary labour. Independent thinking is like some delicate plant, which refuses to live in the protection of a hothouse, and yet cannot bear any extremes in the open air. It will die of parching or of damp; of chilling blasts or burning sun. But in some unlikely nook will it grow and thrive, perhaps among weeds or in poor soil, to the astonishment and delight of the gardener. There is now a belief in Ireland that this plant would be quite common, if it only found its congenial place. Every day you meet broken-down shabby idlers, the very personifications of failure, whose friends describe them with the compassionate formula: 'that man could have done anything.' But when the Protestant competition is gone, and all the resultant patronage is devoted to giving these creatures posts and incomes, can anyone imagine that their duties will be efficiently done, or that the public service will not suffer enormous damage?

So far I have only considered the possible effects of the Romanisation of Ireland upon that country itself. I will add a few reflections upon the Imperial aspect of such a change.

The somewhat violent statements in the King's formal declaration upon his accession have suddenly brought back to the memory of British citizens the forgotten fact that the English sovereign and the Pope were for a long time at deadly enmity—an enmity quite peculiar, and not like the ordinary conditions of war with any other power, which might alternate with peace, and even with mutual respect. The recent protests of eminent and loyal English Roman Catholics against this declaration were received with much sympathy by many English Protestants, who thought it was barbarous and insulting to the feelings of their worthy fellow-countrymen. Very few, however, seem to have known that this declaration was originally no wanton attack upon Popery, but a reply to, and a protest against formal declarations of more than one Pope, that it was no crime for Roman Catholic subjects of the British Crown to refuse their allegiance to any Protestant king of England, to depose him, and to fight against him as against the Turk. This question of the refusal of Roman Catholics to take the oath of allegiance agitated the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles the First, and even the compromise to 'render unto Cæsar the things that be Cæsar's,' and to the Pope the things that be his, was rejected by the Roman Church. The adherence of that Church to an outrageous doctrine, which has never been formally disavowed, drove the leaders of Protestant England at the settlement with William the Third to maintain the reply of the King among the ceremonies of his accession. I will not argue that this historical reason for the survival of the declaration justifies its retention, for, in common with others, I feel the force of the temperate protest of the English Roman Catholics. But I will note it as characteristic that the protest of the leading Nationalist organ in Ireland was so villainous that the mildest of Irish Governments was obliged

to suppress it. The old and traditional doctrine, taught to the Irish people by generations of persecuted priests, that no allegiance was due to the Protestant king of England, was there still alive and in full vigour. The homage of an English cardinal was branded as the surrender of a great principle.

We may, therefore, well ask, when all Ireland becomes Roman Catholic, who will be regarded as its real sovran by the people—the King of England or the Pope of Rome? We will not be put off with the old distinction so often offered as a compromise, that the one will command in things temporal, the other in things spiritual. This distinction appears to me mere rubbish. Are temporal and spiritual separated by such a dividing line that they stand clearly apart? Does not the spiritual, and has not the spiritual a right to, interfere whenever it chooses with all temporal questions? And when a direct conflict of opinion, and of direction, arises between the temporal and the spiritual sovran, is there any doubt which the subject of both will choose? Is there any doubt which he ought to choose? ‘No man can serve two masters, for either he will hate the one and love the other, or he will hold to the one and despise the other.’ And so when the Protestant minority is crushed out of Ireland, there is a danger that the moderate and loyal Catholic minority who hold with their English brethren will be silenced, and that Ireland will become actively hostile to British and Imperial interests. The leaders will refuse to contribute soldiers and sailors to the Imperial service; they will support by sentiment, possibly even by subsidies of men, if not of money, every active enemy of England, especially if he be of their creed; they will strive by every means to widen the gulf which still subsists between England and Roman Catholic Ireland.

It is only just to quote against this gloomy forecast the instance of the province of Quebec, where the French population has been allowed to retain not only its religion, but its language. Though there is an active and outspoken anti-British press in Quebec, the current war, which brought out such offensive declarations of Irish disloyalty, only once, so far as I know, sounded the same jarring note in Canada. There were, we hope, among the Canadian troops so distinguished in South Africa, many from Quebec. If Ireland, through better education and longer practice of liberty, can attain to the same reconciliation with England, all may be well. It must, however, be added that the only alternative to British rule for Quebec is the rule of the United States. If Spain with its Most Catholic King were the adjacent Power, would the loyalty of Quebec be so assured?

Let me not be told that considerations, of interest are, after all, paramount, and that the Irish people, however devoted to the Pope and his creed, will not in the long run ignore their own advantage. I will not deny that there is much selfish and sordid dealing in Irish politics, and even in Irish national life. But there is also this peculiar feature

which disturbs vulgar calculation. At any moment ideals—they may be false or foolish, but still they are ideals—may reassert themselves. While they are there, no considerations of interest will stand against them; they dominate the Irish mind. This is probably the chief reason why the mutton-headed Englishman is ever telling us that he finds Irish problems insoluble.

P.S.—While these words were being printed, there occurred in Belfast an outrageous attack of Protestant upon Roman Catholic workmen, which was brought up in Parliament, and so published throughout the Empire as an example of Protestant intolerance. Such it undoubtedly was, but the Empire has not been similarly informed of the events which were happening in Limerick at the same time, and which were a potent stimulus to the outbreak. I quote them in the words of the principal sufferer, whose statements have not been controverted.

[Letter to the Daily Express for June 16, 1901]

On Friday, May 31, my daughter being ill, I sent for Dr. Long. On that night the door of my room was broken in by a mob, who crowded up the stairs from the street. This is a tenement house, in which we are the only Protestant family. The only window in the room, containing twelve panes of glass, had five panes broken by stones thrown into the room. Our baby, four months old, was sleeping in its cot beneath the window, and has since been lying beneath the broken window. When my wife went out on Sunday to get some water she was stoned and her can smashed. There were, I understand, two arrests made by the police. On a recent evening a Roman Catholic priest came into my room and remarked, 'Well, is it you who is causing all this annoyance?' My wife told him it was not; that she did not know why the annoyance was being caused. He then said, 'It is a nice place you have nested yourselves amongst my people.' I told him if they were his people they were a disgrace to the clergy of Limerick. He said, 'Be cool, my buck, you will only have half of it, and you won't have the best of it.' I went to the door and asked him to leave the room, that we did not belong to his religion, and did not want him. Instead of going out he went over to the window, and said he would stop as long as he liked; that Dr. Long was not a proper person to bring amongst his people. He asked 'How long were we Protestants?' I replied since we were born. He then left the room. On June 4, I received a letter from the landlord, who had asked us on Monday morning to leave the room by that night. In that letter he says:—'Don't place much reliance on the police for protection, as what can a few men do in face of a large mob? If you take a friend's advice you will leave the locality as soon as you can. . . . You know you can have no pleasure in remaining where you are. You may as well be in prison as stay there. . . . If the doctor calls again all the people will say you are defying them, which will make matters a thousand times worse, and I fear something serious will happen.'

[There follow more details of the same kind.]

I will thank you to make these facts public. I am only a working man, but now am deprived of my earnings owing to my illness.—Your obedient servant,

HUGH M'CABE.

19, Broad Street, Limerick, June 8, 1901.

This case illustrates very clearly the dangers which I had pointed out as probable in the future.

J. P. MAHAFFY.

THE RECENT NEW STAR IN PERSEUS

No more remarkable astronomical event could have marked the first year of the new century than that which occurred on the 22nd of February last. At twenty minutes to 3 A.M. Dr. T. J. Anderson, of Edinburgh, saw a New Star shining brightly in the constellation of Perseus, where his accurate knowledge of all which are visible to the unaided eye at once assured him that none of anything like such brilliancy had been previously seen.

This startling apparition was of rather more than the third magnitude; or, in other words, about twenty times as bright as the faintest star that can be seen without a telescope. There was therefore no doubt about the observation, although the position of the constellation, which was about to set below the north-western horizon, made it somewhat difficult.

The next evening this wonderful star was brighter than Aldebaran. On the 23rd it even rivalled Capella, well known for its great brilliancy in a neighbouring part of the sky. Besides Sirius, the brightest in the heavens, Arcturus was the only star that at all surpassed it among those that are visible in the latitude of London.

But there was no trace of its presence, only twenty-eight hours before Dr. Anderson's discovery, upon a stellar photograph taken by Mr. Stanley Williams of Hove, which distinctly showed very faint stars down to about the twelfth magnitude. The New Star had therefore undoubtedly increased nearly 10,000 fold in its light in twenty-eight hours, or less. And some other photographs taken at the Harvard College Observatory, U.S.A., indicated that the increase was probably 100,000 fold in the course of about three days.

After attaining to so wonderful a maximum on the 23rd of February, the New Star's brightness fell through four whole magnitudes in the course of the three following weeks. During this time, however, a certain amount of rise and fall occasionally produced a fluctuation in its light, which interrupted a decline, otherwise steady, to a magnitude about half-way between the third and fourth. Then, on the 19th of March, an especially sudden fall of about one-and-a-half magnitudes occurred. This involved a diminution of about three-fourths of its then light, and brought it down to a

minimum equal to that of a fifth-magnitude star. But in the course of the next two days it rose once more to magnitude three-and-a-half. And a repetition of this large and rapid change took place three or four times in succession, with very remarkable regularity, at intervals of about three days.

During the next month (after which the star's position and the longer daylight hindered further observations) its light continued to decline, until it was at times too faint to be seen with the naked eye; but the oscillations just referred to still proceeded, although with less regularity, and with a longer period of about five days in duration.

At first the New Star's light was bluish-white. After a few days it began to show an orange tint. By the 3rd of March it was claret-red. Subsequently it varied from red to orange, the redness sometimes being very intense, and in general most noticeable when its light was brightest.

Such observations, attainable without instrumental help, were certainly sufficient to indicate that something very stupendous had occurred. The appearance of a New Star, and especially of one so exceedingly brilliant, must always be of the highest interest; an interest enhanced by the mystery in which the greatest astronomers and physicists have still to confess that any such occurrence is shrouded.

This being so, it would seem most natural to employ the best telescopic power available, in the endeavour to fathom the mystery. But, if this be done, it is found that the telescope fails. It reveals nothing further of importance. No fresh knowledge of any value is gained by its use. It simply enables us to follow the changes of the star's light, in their colour and amount, when it is too faint to be seen by the naked eye. It prolongs the time throughout which such observations may be made, but it does very little more. The observations remain of the same class and character as those made by the unaided eye; except that the accurate measurements of position which can be effected with a telescope are sufficient to show that New Stars are situated far away in the stellar spaces amongst the other stars. They are not apparitions, which appear to be very bright because of their especial nearness to us; but are at distances which are practically immeasurable, like those of the stars in general. The telescope brings us no nearer to any knowledge of the *cause* of the wondrous sight at which we gaze.

Happily, however, one more instrument can be added to the telescope. The spectroscope gives the help we need. By its aid the New Star's light can be spread out into a spectrum, or coloured band, in which details are seen full of the deepest meaning, involving wonders almost past belief; details which, however, in many respects, puzzle the student increasingly the more they are studied; while every augmentation of the efficiency of the spectroscope used seems

to reveal something fresh, which no hypothesis as yet formulated can fully explain.

The explanation of the phenomenon of a New Star is, therefore, a mystery still unsolved. Nevertheless we hope it may be of use and interest to state some of the more important results attained in the observations of the recent New Star in Perseus, and of other such stars previously seen. We shall also endeavour to show, without entering into any minuter details, how far the various suggestions, as yet put forward, have afforded any probable explanation of the origin of so startling and vast an outburst of light, of its rapid fall, and still more rapid previous rise.

New Stars are rare. From their transitory appearance they are also called Temporary Stars. But it seems best upon the whole to call them New, as astronomers designate them by the Latin adjective *Nova*; the technical name for the recently seen star in Perseus being *Nova Persei*. Either name, New or Temporary, is not, however, used in an altogether absolute sense. A star, New to the naked eye, or in a small telescope, may have been previously visible as a very faint object in a large instrument; or may so remain subsequently, as in certain recorded instances.

Before the invention of the telescope about eighteen New Stars are mentioned. Some three or four of these are of a somewhat doubtful character, as they are only found in ancient Chinese records, which give few details, but term them 'Ke-sing,' that is guest-stars, or stranger-stars amongst the others. In at least two other cases a tailless comet has probably been put down as a New Star. But most of the instances tabulated seem to be authentic, and three deserve especial notice.

The earliest in the list was seen 134 B.C., according to the Chinese records of Ma-tuan-lin. It may with all probability be identified with the star whose appearance astonished Hipparchus. According to a statement of Pliny, it led Hipparchus to form the Catalogue of the stars, and of their places, which he left behind him as an invaluable legacy to all succeeding ages; and which he is said to have made in order to facilitate the detection of any other similar apparition; or of the disappearance, or change of place, of any star.

Passing over about fifteen other instances of less importance, we come to 1572 A.D., when the most brilliant New Star ever seen suddenly burst forth in the constellation of Cassiopeia. It is especially associated with the name of Tycho Brahe, who observed it very assiduously. At its brightest it was visible in full daylight, and surpassed the maximum light of Venus. After about seventeen months it faded from view.

The next in date was also the next in order of brightness. It appeared in 1604 A.D., and is generally named after Kepler, who wrote a learned treatise upon it. It was seen for about eighteen

months and rivalled Jupiter in its light, although not visible like Tycho's in the daytime.

The first noticed after Galileo had introduced the use of the telescope was discovered by Father Anthelm in 1670 A.D., but it was of much less brilliancy than the two preceding. Then followed a long and barren interval of 178 years until 1848 A.D.; when Mr. Hind (at Mr. Bishop's observatory in Regent's Park) found the next New Star in the constellation of Ophiuchus. It was at that time rather too faint to be seen without a telescope, although it shortly rose to somewhat above the fifth magnitude, or one magnitude higher than the lowest visible to the naked eye. But, in accordance with our previous statement, very little advantage could be gained from the telescope, either in 1670 A.D., or with the much improved form to which it had attained in 1848 A.D. Consequently nothing of importance was discovered by its use as to either of these stars, or as to another seen in 1860 A.D. by two experienced observers in the midst of a Nebula in the constellation of Scorpio.

We now, however, arrive at an epoch of remarkable interest in the observation and study of New Stars, when the wonderful powers of the Spectroscope were applied to the investigation of their light, revealing detail after detail full of information with regard to their physical condition. The next New Star appeared in the constellation of the Northern Crown in 1866 A.D.; and Dr. (now Sir William) Huggins forthwith examined it, in conjunction with Dr. Miller, in the Observatory at Tulse Hill, with the stellar spectroscope which had recently afforded the first proof of the gaseous constitution of a Nebula.

Before, however, we endeavour to explain the spectroscopic observations then and subsequently made, it is necessary to premise a few elementary facts with regard to the nature of the instrument used, and of the spectra formed when various kinds of light are transmitted through it. With a spectroscope, an examination of the effect produced, by transmitting a beam of light through a prism, or a series of prisms (or wedges) of glass, can be accurately made by means of lenses, some of which are used to magnify the details seen. Before the beam of light falls upon the prism (or the first of the prisms, if more than one are used) it is made to pass between the parallel edges of two plates of metal, which are very close together. The beam at its incidence is thereby reduced to the form of a fine straight line of very narrow breadth. Or, by a suitable arrangement, the light from the otherwise point-like image of a star is similarly brought into the form of a fine line.

If the light to be examined be ordinary white light coming from some white-hot *solid* substance, so heated as to be luminous (or it may be from a white-hot *liquid*), it is then found that the narrow bright line is spread out sideways, by the effect of its

passage through the prism, or prisms, in both directions. The line is changed into a lengthened band of rainbow colours, the tint being red at one end, and violet at the other end, while the intermediate tints are usually termed in order, orange, yellow, green, blue, and indigo. This band of beautifully coloured light, when the source of light is as above stated, is free from any gaps, or breaks, in the whole of its length, and is termed a *continuous* spectrum. In reality it extends much farther in each direction than the eye can perceive, because the eye is only sensitive to wave-lengths in light which lie between the greater length of those which produce the light visible at the red end, and the shorter length of those which are seen at the violet end. But that one of the two invisible extensions which lies beyond the visible violet end is of much importance, inasmuch as it possesses a power greater even than that of the visible part to impress itself and its details upon a photographic plate.

The spectrum produced is not, however, always a continuous one. If light from a luminous *gas* (under any ordinary conditions of temperature and pressure) be sent through the prism (or series of prisms) an entirely different effect, or spectrum, will result. Instead of an unbroken coloured band, a limited number of narrow isolated coloured lines appear, separated by dark spaces from one another. Each is a repetition, or image, of the incident line of white light, but each is coloured with the tint that would be found in the corresponding part of a continuous spectrum such as we have previously described. The light derived from any given gas, or vapour, always produces the same series of brightly coloured isolated lines; and each such line always occupies its own definite position relatively to the rest, and to the whole length which would be occupied by a continuous spectrum. The individual lines may, however, vary to some extent in regard to narrowness or greater thickness; or, as it is often expressed, the lines may be more, or less, fine or broadened.

Further, if such a luminous gas is not seen by itself, but a luminous solid, or liquid, giving out such light as would form a continuous spectrum, is situated behind the gas, let us enquire what the conjoint result will be. It proves to be different, according as the gas is hotter, or cooler, than the light-giving substance upon which it is superposed. If the gas be the hotter, the isolated bright coloured lines from its spectrum will shine out, at intervals, upon the continuous spectrum which comes from the light of the solid substance, intensifying the brightness wherever they occur. If, on the other hand, the luminous gas (or vapour) be cooler than the underlying luminous matter, not only will the bright lines belonging to the vapour disappear, but each individual bright line is changed into an exactly similar dark line. The vapour in fact absorbs and destroys just those portions of the light from behind it which pass where its own bright lines would be situated. The result is that the cooler vapour, when in

front of such a source of light as would otherwise give a continuous spectrum, produces, in that continuous spectrum, a series of gaps, or dark lines, the positions of which will always be the same, if caused by the same vapour, and therefore indicate what vapour has produced them.

If, then, a certain set of bright lines are at any time seen by themselves, or are seen superposed upon a continuous spectrum, we say—They must come from a certain gas or vapour, in a luminous condition, shining in the former case by itself, or, in the latter case, shining in front of some incandescent matter, which is behind the vapour. And this matter which produces the continuous spectrum must be at a lower temperature than the gas in front of it.

If, however, we see a similar series of dark lines across the coloured band of the continuous spectrum, we say—The same gas must produce them, but it must be at a temperature which, although it may itself be high, is certainly less than that of the incandescent matter behind.

It should further be mentioned that various sets, both of bright, or dark, lines, corresponding to the presence of several different gases, may be visible simultaneously. Also that the bright lines are usually termed Emission Lines, since they are due to the light emitted by the gas, or vapour. The dark lines are termed Absorption Lines, because they are produced by an absorption of the light passing through them from the luminous matter which they overlie.

We are now in a position to understand how important may be the meaning of such lines as we have just described, when seen in the spectrum formed from the light of a New Star. They have been found in every New Star that has been examined with the spectroscope from the year 1866 onwards. When, on the first opportunity after hearing of the appearance of the New Star of that year, Sir William Huggins and Dr. Miller tested its light, they saw a band of colour crossed by certain dark lines, or bands, which indicated a considerable amount of absorption by cooler vapours. But they also saw five bright lines clearly shining forth, the positions of two, or three, indicating that they were due to hydrogen gas. It was therefore proved that much of the light of the star was derived from vast quantities of Hydrogen, and other luminous vapours. The first step was achieved towards the discovery of the actual physical condition of such stars, and of the nature of the processes operating upon them.

Ten years afterwards, in 1876, another New Star appeared in the constellation of the Swan. By that time several skilful observers were provided with more powerful and efficient spectroscopes, which revealed various bright, and dark, lines of importance in the star's light, in addition to those seen in the Nova of 1866. As the light gradually faded some of the bright lines vanished, while other additional ones

appeared. Their intensities, doubtless, altered in connection with the various processes which were going on upon the star. Nevertheless, comparatively little additional information was gained, except that it was perceived that some of the lines, although due to substances unknown, were the same as some of those found in a certain well-known and remarkable class of stars of limited number which are termed Wolf-Rayet stars. In some of the later observations of the star, it was also thought that the bright line which remained most persistently visible, after others had faded, was the same as the chief line seen in the spectra of gaseous Nebulæ. Both in the star of 1866 and in that of 1876, there was therefore an intermingling of bright and dark lines in the spectrum.

Only a passing mention need be made of another New Star which appeared for awhile (like that of 1860) in the midst of a nebula in 1885, viz. almost in the centre of the great nebula in Andromeda. This star seemed to be of a somewhat unusual character, showing very slight indications of lines in its spectrum, and is therefore of little interest in our present discussion.

Then seven more years elapsed, until, on the 1st of February, 1892, the same Dr. Anderson to whom the honour of the discovery of the star of last February is also due discovered a New Star of the highest interest in the constellation of Auriga. This Nova of 1892 (or, as it is sometimes termed, of 1891, since it was subsequently found that it had imprinted itself as a New Star on stellar photographs taken in December 1891) was only of the fifth magnitude. Notwithstanding this, the increased spectroscopic power applied to it, especially by Sir William and Lady Huggins, and in America, effected a new revelation in its light. In addition to the simultaneous appearance of bright, and dark, lines due to the vapours of Hydrogen, Calcium, Sodium, and other elements, a novel, but unmistakable, feature appeared, never clearly (if at all) perceived before, the study and interpretation of which are likely to lead to some really satisfactory interpretation of the phenomena of these wonderful bodies.

This new feature of the star of 1892 consisted in the appearance, *side by side* with many of the bright lines which shine in the star's spectrum, of dark lines, which, from their close proximity to the bright ones, seem as if they must in some way be due to the vapours of the *same* substances which produce the bright lines. The effect is that of a series of brighter lines drawn at intervals across a fainter band of colours, at various positions in its length, with a dark line drawn at the same time close alongside of each bright one.

If any such pair of bright and dark lines be due to masses of the same vapour, differing in their temperatures, it would of course follow that both the lines could not be exactly in their normal positions where that vapour would ordinarily produce them, otherwise each

such dark line would fall exactly upon its bright companion, instead of at its side. Each pair would be superimposed, and more or less obliterated, the resultant effect appearing to be brighter, or darker, according to which of the pair might be the stronger and master the other. Careful measurements presently showed that both sets of lines were notably displaced from what should accurately have been their legitimate places, the bright lines being shifted somewhat towards the red end of the spectrum, and the dark lines, somewhat more decidedly, in the opposite direction, towards its violet end.

Here it should be noticed that this appearance was not only seen by the eye when applied to the spectroscope, but it had become possible, by this time, to obtain photographs of such a spectrum on plates suitably fitted to the instrument. These photographs exhibited a greatly increased length of spectrum beyond the violet portion visible to the eye, viz. that further unseen portion which, as previously stated, possesses much photographic power. And the additional length of the spectrum, thus recorded, not only showed additional bright lines of much interest, but also exhibited numerous additional pairs of bright, and dark, lines situated side by side, as in the visible spectrum.

It was at once perceived that a most valuable discovery had been made. Its importance has, however, since become far greater than at that time could have been anticipated, owing to the fact that the same feature has reappeared in three other New Stars, and that in all four cases the dark companion lines have invariably been seen on the *same side* of the bright lines, *i.e.* upon the side leading to the *violet* end of the spectrum. This unchangeableness in their position is very full of meaning.

Two of these three New Stars which we have just mentioned, as well as four others, in the spectra of which less detail can be detected, have been discovered during the last few years in a very remarkable manner. At Harvard College Observatory, U.S.A., a long-continued series of stellar photographs have been taken. These are not simply photographs in which the stars appear as minute *discs* on the plate, but an arrangement is made by which the *spectrum* of every star whose light is sufficiently bright is photographed. This is done by placing a prism in front of the object-glass of the telescope, through which the light of each star passes. For the purpose of photographing a number of such spectra at the same time, this method is superior to that in which the prism is placed in a spectroscope at the eye end of the telescope. The spectra thus photographed, when examined under a microscope, have shown details sufficient for the discovery of many very interesting stars of various classes, and amongst them of six New Stars, whose spectra have appeared for a short time and then vanished away.

Of these, one was photographed in 1887 in Perseus (so that the

recent New Star may more properly be termed Nova Persei No. 2); one in 1893; two in 1895; one in 1898; and one in 1899. All six have been detected by Mrs. Fleming in her long-continued and very skilful examination of the photographic plates at the Harvard Observatory. And in the spectra of at least two of the six—viz. in that of 1893 in the constellation of Norma, and in that of 1895 in the part of the constellation of Argo termed Carina—the side-by-side appearance of pairs of bright, and dark, lines was again noticed.

The same remarkable feature was therefore anxiously looked for in the spectrum of the very brilliant New Star of last February. It was at once distinctly seen, especially in the lines of Hydrogen, on and after the 24th of February, both in the visible spectrum observed with the eye, and in numerous photographs obtained in England, Germany, and America. At the same time some of the bright lines were exceptionally brilliant. They were also in general of an extraordinary breadth; and it should further be carefully noticed that they seemed, so far as measurements made of their estimated centres indicated, to be very little displaced from their normal positions, while the sideways shift or displacement of the dark lines was very considerable. We may also be allowed once more to repeat that it was found, as in the three previous cases in which a similar appearance had been noticed, that any displacement of the *bright* lines from a normal position was invariably towards the *red* end of the spectrum, while that of the *dark* lines was invariably towards the *violet* end.

Until quite recently there seemed to be only one possible meaning in such a shift, or displacement, of these lines. If it were towards the violet end of the spectrum it was considered that it must be due to a movement of approach in the source of light relatively to the observer, for the waves of light received by the eye would then enter it somewhat more rapidly. They would therefore produce the effect of waves of a somewhat shorter wave-length. But it can be proved that the waves, or undulations, which produce the variously coloured portions of the spectrum become gradually shorter and shorter the nearer they are to its violet end. The *approach* towards the observer of a source of light, producing a shortening effect upon the length of its waves, would therefore cause any bright, or dark, lines derived from it to be somewhat displaced, or shifted, towards the *violet* region. In like manner, if the source of light were *receding* from the observer, the corresponding shift in the position of the lines observed would be towards the *red* end of the spectrum, while the extent of any such displacement would in both cases depend upon the velocity of the approach or recession. The theoretical principle involved in this is generally termed the Doppler principle, Christian Doppler having first drawn attention to it in the year 1842.

When, therefore, such a shifting of bright and dark lines, in

opposite directions, as gave them the appearance of pairs, side by side, was noticed in the spectrum of the Nova of 1892 in Auriga, it was at once suggested that two bodies must be present in what appeared, owing to its distance, to be a single star. One, it was said, surrounded by a vast amount of brilliantly shining gas, must be that which produced the bright lines in the spectrum; and that body must be receding from us, because those lines were shifted towards the red end of the spectrum. The other body must be one which would produce the dark lines by the absorption of cooler vapours; while their displacement, towards the violet end, indicated that it was rapidly approaching towards us. Presently it was even suggested that more than two such bodies, possibly four or five, might be involved; because, in parts of the spectrum, more than two such bright and dark lines were found close together, side by side.

Before long, however, it began to be recognised that this last supposition was very improbable, and that some of these juxtapositions of lines might be produced by masses of certain vapours, surging up with varying velocities from a brilliant and highly heated surface beneath them, and in different physical conditions at different altitudes. Bright lines superposed upon dark lines, or dark lines upon bright ones, supposed to be due to a mass of vapour varying in temperature and density in its different portions, and sometimes several such lines side by side, are also seen from time to time in the light of the Sun when passed through a spectroscope, and are technically termed reversals.¹ It was therefore suggested that some portions of masses of vapour rushing about in tornado-like and cyclonic storms upon the New Star might be approaching the observer, while at the same time other portions of the same gas might be receding from him. If so, they might, by their opposite velocities, produce lines displaced in opposite directions in the spectrum so as to appear side by side, some of which might be bright lines and some dark.

Thus the necessity for the co-operation of the light of two bodies in the spectrum of the star became somewhat less assured. And recent researches have very decidedly tended in the same direction. It has been shown by Humphreys and Mohler, Wilsing, and others, that great pressure may exert a slight check, in a way never previously realised, upon luminous vibrations, which is sufficient to produce a certain amount of shift in spectrum lines; and, further, that, in such a case, a double set of bright and dark lines side by side may originate in one and the same mass of vapour. In the most recent experiments, vapours are rendered luminous under very great pressure, by electrical

¹ Strictly speaking, a reversal is the development of a narrower dark line in the midst of a broader bright line, or *vice versa*. Although only two lines are thus involved, the *appearance*, referred to in the text, is that of three, alternately dark and bright, side by side. A second reversal, in the midst of the first, in like manner produces the appearance of five lines, side by side.

discharges which take place under water. In these circumstances double lines are seen, dark and bright, so shifted as to appear side by side, in close resemblance to those which, as we have stated, have formed the most notable and characteristic feature of the four successive New Stars in Norma, Auriga, Carina, and Perseus.

The foregoing statements may help us to judge whether any conclusions with regard to New Stars can at present claim to be received with any degree of certainty, and to appreciate the greater, or less, value of some of the hypotheses by which it has been attempted to solve their mystery.

Whatever has happened to cause the appearance of a New Star, it may surely be termed a catastrophe: so sudden and tremendous is the outburst of light, and of the heat which doubtless must accompany it. The 100,000-fold increase in the light of the recent New Star, in the course of not more than three or four days, is a sufficient proof of this. The suddenness of the effect has been compared with that of the pull of a trigger. But the question at once arises—What starts the process? What gives the pull?

A collision between two previously dark, or nearly dark, stars, of large mass, if both were moving with rapid proper motions of their own through space, would generate a vast amount of light. Their momentum would in fact be transformed into both light and heat, even as the blows of a hammer make a piece of metal hot, or the impact of a cannon ball upon an armour plate produces a flash of light. It has been suggested that such a collision would easily cause all the sudden intensity of light seen in a New Star. But a simple mathematical calculation, depending upon the total amount of light received from all existing stars, is sufficient to show that individual stars are in general so far separated from one another that such an almost direct approach as would involve the actual collision of two stars is exceedingly improbable.² Moreover, if they so collided, and the sudden outburst of their light were so great, it is very difficult to conceive that the subsequent fading of the light could be so rapid as has frequently been observed.

It has, again, been suggested that two dark stars, without coming into actual collision, might much more probably come into somewhat close proximity, and rush past one another with great velocity. While so passing they might set up great disturbances of a tidal character in the fluid interior of one, or of both; and thereby, it is supposed, cause vast eruptions of intensely heated matter, much of which would be in a gaseous state. If two such bodies were of similar constitution, but in a condition of different temperature and density, owing to a difference in the stage to which they had attained in the process of their development, it is quite conceivable that the same vapours, being much hotter in the one body than in the other,

² See, for example, an article by Mr. Edwin Holmes in the *Journal of the British Astronomical Association*, vol. xi. p. 276.

might produce in the one case a series of bright lines, and in the other case exactly the same series of dark lines.

Then, as we have previously mentioned, if the one body, surrounded by the hotter vapours, were receding from us, and the other approaching to us, the two series of lines would be respectively shifted towards the red and violet ends of the spectrum. They would not fall upon one another, but be seen in pairs side by side, exactly as in the four New Stars which have exhibited this feature.

But there is a great difficulty involved in this hypothesis. The measured displacements showed a shift of the lines sufficiently great to necessitate velocities of approach and recession, in the two bodies, so enormous as to be hardly credible. In the case of the Nova in Auriga the hypothesis would involve a speed of 250 to 300 miles per second for the bright-line body; and of about 400 or 450 miles per second for the other body. And in the case of the recent New Star in Perseus (in which, as we have mentioned, nearly all the shift of position appeared to belong to the dark lines) a speed approaching to 1000 miles per second would be required for the body in which they originated.

A further important objection to the hypothesis is afforded by the fact that the displacement of the bright and dark lines remained almost unaltered during several months in the case of the star of 1892. It is exceedingly difficult to conceive that the velocities of any two bodies, thus sweeping violently past one another, should remain for so long a time so little altered as regards approach to or recession from us. Again, therefore, it would seem to be more satisfactory if the spectrum seen can in any way be attributed to any process, or processes, affecting the light of some *one* body.

Nevertheless various modifications of the hypothesis of the derivation of the spectrum from two sources of light have been maintained with much persistency. The passing through one another of two swarms of meteorites, one composed of smaller members which would become more highly heated than the larger ones in the other swarm, has been suggested. In that case the bright lines would be attributed to the vapours of the hotter set of meteorites, the dark lines to those of the cooler. The passage of one group through the other might be due to a casual *rencontre*, or to a revolution of one relatively to the other in an oval orbit of long period, in which they would, once in each revolution, come especially near together. But, if so, the violent outburst of the star's light, although the intermediate intervals might be very long, ought certainly to be periodic. And such a recurrent appearance of a New Star as this would involve has never yet been observed. The swarms would also have to be of exceedingly large dimensions in order to produce the long continuance of the effect seen in some of these stars.

Again, it has been proposed to attribute the appearance of a New

Star to its passage through a nebula. The star would be greatly raised in temperature by the transit. Vapours would rise from its heated surface, absorbing some of the light emitted by it, and producing dark lines in its spectrum. Particles of the nebula, it is said, would rush towards the star from all sides, and be converted into intensely heated gas, which would afford a bright-line spectrum. The process might last for a considerable time owing to the vast size of nebulae; and, for the same reason, it would be much more probable that a dark star, in its onward course through space, might meet with a nebula than with another star. On the other hand, the process might be very brief if the star merely passed through the outer fringe of a nebula. Or again, if it passed through successive sheets, or folds, of the nebula, or through portions of varying density, more than one rise and fall in the light evolved, or even a very considerable re-invigoration, might occur from time to time, as has actually been observed.

There appears, however, to be one almost insurmountable difficulty involved in the acceptance of *any* of these theories, which involve the united effect of the light derived from two bodies. It is this—Why should the body producing the dark-line spectrum have invariably been that one of the two which is *approaching* to us, in the case of all the four stars in which the double set of bright and dark lines has been seen? It is most improbable that this should be so in four consecutive instances.

It is therefore all the more gratifying to find, as we have to some extent indicated in our previous statements, that recent progress in spectroscopy increasingly indicates that there are two ways in which the spectrum which has been shown by these four stars, and which is probably a distinguishing characteristic of all such stars, may be produced by the vapours of a *single* body; while both the processes to which we refer may very probably act conjointly. The spectrum seen may in part depend upon the effects of very great pressure in the vapours of the star, in accordance with the recent investigations of Wilsing and others, in which, as we have said, a spectrum showing a similar appearance of double lines displaced side by side has been experimentally produced. And, secondly, it may be that the effect seen is partly—perhaps mostly—due to the movements and varying temperatures of the vapours involved. Hotter masses of vapour would produce bright lines in the spectrum, and cooler masses dark lines. And opposite movements would produce displacements of the lines in opposite directions.

There would still be a difficulty in explaining why the cooler vapour producing the dark lines should in every case be that which is approaching to us, unless it be supposed that the velocity of that which is erupted from the part of the star which is facing towards us is always so great that it has time to reach a distance from its surface

where it cools sufficiently to produce an absorptive effect *before* it has lost its onward velocity towards us. But it is surely not unlikely, if a vast eruption of heated vapours upon *one* star is the cause of the remarkable spectrum seen, that we should be able, if we really understood the action of such an eruption, to show that a similar distribution of hotter or cooler vapours, and of varied velocities, combined with similar effects of cooling, would probably repeat themselves in star after star.

It is certainly not within our power at present to solve the problem satisfactorily, especially in its details. But we are decidedly disposed to believe that eruptive outbursts of great intensity, by their effects of pressure, density, temperature, and velocity (especially when bursting forth from different portions of a star's surface in all directions), may produce not only those main features in its spectrum to which we have drawn special attention, but also other details, such as the broadening of lines, and the occurrence of maxima and minima of light in different parts of broadened lines, including those effects which are technically termed reversals.

Nor do we think that there is any difficulty in regard to the violence of the eruptions that would be required. If, upon the earth, such an eruption as that of Krakatoa, a few years ago, could occur, apparently without any especial predisposing cause, and exhibit greater violence than any recorded in historic times, vastly greater effects of a similar kind might surely be possible upon some far larger globe. If, upon the Sun, eruptions occasionally exhibit velocities of 300 miles per second, why should not others on some of the stars possess velocities of 500, or even 1,000, miles per second? Such eruptions, it has also been suggested, might be accompanied by chemical dissociations, or combinations, involving heat, and light, and flame; as well as by great electrical disturbances, of long continuance and excessive brilliance.

It may also be noticed that such outbursts might easily start undulatory movements in a star's molten interior, which might involve a more or less regularly periodic effect for a while. This might produce a renewed eruption every few days, whose period would naturally tend to lengthen, even if its intensity were not greatly lessened. This would exactly correspond with the variations, and their periods, observed in the recent New Star's light from the 19th of March onwards.

We have not, however, yet mentioned that, in the case of the recent star, it was possible, during the first day or two after its discovery, to effect spectroscopic observations at Harvard Observatory, where the sky was fortunately clear, at a time when the light of the star was still upon the increase. Such observations had never been made before. It was then found, on the evenings of the 22nd and 23rd of February, that the spectrum was of a character entirely different from that which appeared only one day later, and subsequently continued. In spite

of the great brilliance of the star's light, the bright lines had not begun to shine forth. Their great broadening had not taken place. No pairs of lines were seen, but only a number of fine dark lines across the continuous band of colour. We may probably have to wait for further similar observations, upon some other New Star yet to appear, before we shall be able to understand all that this different preliminary form of spectrum may teach us, as to what is occurring at the actual time of such an outburst, or immediately after it has taken place.

It were to be wished that these stars would appear more frequently, and also of sufficient brightness to attract attention to their observation during the earlier part of their *rise* in light. There may probably be many such cases, among telescopic stars, that altogether escape notice. If so, the study of their faint spectra, even if they were detected, might be very ineffective. What is needed is a succession of New Stars of great brilliance, affording spectra whose details can be fully studied. There is, however, no doubt that the many observations that have been made of the recent New Star will lead us onwards, when fully discussed, towards the solution of the very difficult problems involved.

Our previous question nevertheless still remains unanswered. Even if the process is chiefly eruptive, even if the features seen in the spectrum are due in the main to the *light of one body*—What pulls the trigger? Is it simply the inherent action of the star's interior and surface conditions? Is it the crushing of a shrinking crust, or the accession of oceans to molten matter within the star? Is it the star's passage through a nebula, or its grazing with some outlying portions of such a gaseous mass? Is it the near approach of some other body producing much more disturbance than it experiences itself? For it is quite possible, even if the light which we perceive be derived wholly, or almost wholly, from the vapours of one body, that some other independent body, or some companion star revolving in an orbit involving, at the time in question, close proximity, may have started a disturbance which, once set going, may develop enormous intensity. Or, as we have said, it is conceivable that a star, all by itself, might start its own disturbance.

Without in the least attempting to dogmatise, we think that the hypothesis of the transit of a star through a nebula has upon the whole more reasons in its favour than any other. The transit might so disturb the star as to heat it into intense incandescence. The matter of the nebula itself might produce little of the light which we see. But it is by no means impossible that the star itself might in the end be changed into a partially nebulous condition.

E. LEDGER.

BACK TO THE LAND!

The Old State of Things.—One hundred years ago the squire lived on and often farmed his own 500 or 600 acres; there was a small number of freeholders, the old yeomen, with about forty to fifty acres; a common field for agriculture; and an open common in every parish. Here the cottager could get fuel in the shape of peat or dead wood, with a turn-out for a cow, pig (if there were beech-mast or acorns), donkey and geese. There were also large wastes by the roadside, which, like the common, belonged to the lord of the manor, but were used free for grazing, &c., as aforesaid. Moreover, the lord was wont to allow a man to build a cottage on the waste and enclose a bit of land for garden and orchard on a copyhold or lifehold tenure at 2s. 6d. a year. This sort of squatter dwellings still exists in the neighbourhood of the New Forest and in many other places. It is true that the labourer remained on the land, but he was uneducated and received a very low wage, supplemented by certain perquisites of corn and harvest money. He also threshed all through the winter on the barn-floor, and did other hard work which the modern labourer would not touch for love or money.

We want to keep the labourer on the land, but I very much doubt both the possibility and the desirability of attempting anything like a restoration on the old lines.

The Cause of Failure.—The Small Squire.—Cobbett, in his 'rural ride' through Wiltshire in 1823, lamented the empty mansion in every village, as a great blow to the agricultural labourer, and put the withdrawal of the 11. note as the cause of the failure, reducing the circulating medium. It may have had something to do with it. But the heavy repairs and the portions for children could not always be met by the sale of oak timber, even at the high prices then received; and then, as now, the man who holds land, without the help of other investments, can never provide for his children and keep his estate in proper order; and unless the heir marries an heiress, or brings in money by his own exertions, these small properties must go to the hammer, and be swallowed up in the large properties which those who have made money elsewhere are purchasing on every side.

The Small Yeoman or Freeholder.—The last of the small freeholders in my neighbourhood was a respectable and sober yeoman; he lived in an old timbered farmhouse, and farmed his forty acres of grass land. The eldest son asked for some money to start him in life—he raised it on mortgage, and his ruin began. The cows went, the pigs went, the geese went, the pasture resolved itself into its natural grasses; and if the mortgagee, in his own interest, had not put the house in repair, the yeoman and his daughters would have been buried under the ruins. When he died the two daughters were saved from the degradation of the poorhouse by a friend providing them with a free cottage on condition that the Guardians gave them an outdoor allowance.

The End of the Lifehold Cottage.—It is true that for a time the old lifeholder obtained *permanency of tenure*, but the cottage was never large enough or properly built; often the downstairs rooms had only an earthen floor; there was no money to renew the lease, or to comply with sanitary requirements, or to keep the cottage in repair; and when the lifehold expired, and it fell into the hands of the landlord, he had to pull it down as unfit for a habitable dwelling.

The Enclosure of the Commons and Waste Lands.—When the freeholder and lifeholder had disappeared, the commons and waste lands became of very little good to any one, and, under the then pressing demand for turning everything into corn land, it was considered a righteous thing to swallow up the commons and waste lands. But the substitution of charity fuel clubs for free fuel, and of cottages held at a month's notice in lieu of the leasehold cottage, was not conducive to independence, and took away from the labourer the chief pleasures of a country life.

Impossible and unwise to attempt a Restoration.—It would be undesirable to attempt to restore the old state of things, which at the best, though somewhat poetic, was not invigorating, or tending to raise men in their own esteem, or to induce them to improve their social position.

It is, I believe, a fact that the family who took *William Rufus's* body to Winchester on their two-wheeled cart and forest pony still live around the same hearth; they have the same kind of cart, the same number of ponies and cows, but they have not risen up to twentieth-century ideas.

Prospects of Improvement.—If we are careful to take a lesson from past failures, there surely must be some way to stop the depopulation of our villages and to restore the labourer to the land.

The Removal of the Incubus of Drunkenness.—The improved position of the people as to drink is a bright spot, calling for renewed efforts. The drinking at the manor house, with the rules of compulsion to drink in the squire's dining-room, found its echo in the general love of drink among the freeholders and labourers, and in

the drinking laws which prevailed among the woodcutters of the parish, who might otherwise have benefited by a winter's harvest.

Too much thanks cannot be given to those, whether Churchmen or Dissenters, who have endeavoured to enforce temperance, however extravagant the form in which some would advocate the reform. Under their efforts the landlord's private tap has nearly died out, the custom of giving people money to drink your health has gone by the board—beer and cider money is given instead of beer—and the requirements of the teetotaler have been generally respected.

The Savings Banks and Friendly Societies.—Then a great deal has been done to encourage thrift. The Post-Office Savings' Banks are invaluable. The friendly societies have been brought to the people, while a slight increase in wages has enabled many to insure for higher rates.

A Solution of the Problem.—I had never enclosed my common, and, to solve the problem, years before Jesse Collings proposed three acres and a cow I had carried it into practice. I cut the last of the freeholders' land into three-acre grass allotments at about 2*l.* 10*s.* an acre—I doing the fencing and putting up the cowsheds.

My Cow-lands.—I added to this half an acre of arable allotment on a light soil and a cow lease on the common. For twenty years I have had the rents regularly paid. I have never had to subscribe towards replacing a dead cow, and I have a constant demand for more cow-lands.

Other Small Holdings.—In addition to the cow-lands I have other small holdings in the same parish :

48 acres with homestead and turn-out in common	at 70 <i>l.</i>
60 acres " " "	at 50 <i>l.</i>
44 acres " " "	at 70 <i>l.</i>

varying according to the quality of the land ;

87 acres, with homestead, of rough land	at 75 <i>l.</i>
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This last is a poultry farm. To feed and collect eggs from 1,000 hens would take one man's work. They are folded on the land on three acres at a time, surrounded by wire netting. They pick out the bad grasses, and their manure brings up the clover.

Then I have two arable farms of light land—96 acres at 90*l.* and 45 acres at 45*l.* This last is occupied by a shepherd who had saved money. You should be careful, according to the character of the soil, to regulate the quantity let. When I let 30 acres, which would be more than one horse could manage, I was asked to add 15 more, which would fully employ two.

The Cause of their Success.—I consider that the fact that these rents are willingly paid shows that it is worth a trial elsewhere ; for most of these holdings have been managed without a scientific knowledge of the best mode of management or the use of the

best sort of stock, and without any combination for insuring stock against loss, and without any arrangement for securing a good general sample of butter. The success I attribute to two causes: the security of a good market, and, as few labourers are employed outside the family, the security of a *good day's work* for a *good day's* pay.

The Larger Farm.—I have four large farms with a good amount of water-meadow in the Avon Valley; these are always sure to let (it is the upland farms without water-meadow that are the great difficulty). But in these large water-meadow farms there is a demand for *cow-lands*, as all the dairy produce is sent at once to town.

How the Cow-land can be Tried.—To start twenty cow-lands in a village of 1,000 inhabitants, it would require sixty acres of pasture, ten or twelve acres of allotments, and a thirty-acre pasture field for taking the cows at 1*l.* a head during the summer months, while the three acres are laid up for hay.

What has the Cow-land done?—But it will be said, What has the cow-land done? I have only four regular agricultural labourers; but I have kept the butcher, the carpenter, and other tradesmen in the place, who would otherwise have drifted into the towns. And I have had a policeman retired on his pension, who has settled down, comfortable and happy, with the help of his cow-land in addition.

I think it might be possible to fill up our depopulated villages with the pensioned sailor or soldier, who with the cow-land would be happy; he would be able to work for the farmer in the summer months, and his son would settle in the place. I do not say that these things would succeed in stopping the exodus from our agricultural villages, but past experience would lead me to think they would go a great way towards this end.

But of this I am certain—that nothing will stay the exodus unless you can offer the labourer: (1) A good cottage in good repair; (2) a good wage for a good day's work; and (3) some permanency of tenure.

(1) *A Good Cottage at a Paying Rent.*—To secure a good cottage it is necessary that a cottage should be let at a remunerative price. It would be impossible to build two good 3-bedroom cottages with proper outhouses at less than 400*l.* To make this remunerative the rent should be at least 3*s.* a week, or say 8*l.* a year for each cottage—4 per cent. on the 400*l.* outlay, with a margin to cover insurance and repairs.

At the first sight this requirement may be thought to make shipwreck of all my proposals. But without good cottages you cannot keep the people on the land; and without securing a proper interest for first expenditure you cannot get good cottages built, or be sure, when built, of keeping them in good repair. And these

remarks apply equally to the case of the man who secures his own freehold and builds his own cottage, or to the man who rents under a landlord or a building society.

The Rent of Cottage regulates the Wage.—It is not generally understood how the rate of wages in each county is regulated by the rent of the cottage. When comparisons are made, to secure any real statistics on the subject the general charge for cottage rents should be entered at the same time, and the *average* price of wages will be seen to vary very little when the two things are considered side by side. Let me give two illustrations:

1. For three years I rented a small house and garden at Parkstone, and paid the under-gardener 18s. a week; at the same time I was giving my own under-gardeners at Trafalgar 14s. I could see no difference in the work done, but the Parkstone man was paying 6s. a week for his cottage, the men at home 1s. 6d., or at the most 2s.

2. Some years ago Lord Romney was staying with me, from Kent. His first question was, 'What are the average wages?' 'Twelve shillings.' 'Oh!' he said, 'we give sixteen shillings.' 'But what is the rent of your cottages?' 'Three shillings and sixpence a week'—when mine were only one shilling and sixpence to two shillings. I got a good dressing, and was shown pretty clearly that the low rate of rent not only prevents good cottages from being built—except by way of charity, and therefore directly pauperising the labourer—but it has a direct effect in lowering the rate of wages given in the district.

(2) *A Good Day's Work for a Good Day's Pay.*—This brings me to the importance of securing a good day's work for a good day's pay.

The difficulty of good cottages is at once solved if we get better wages for the labourer; but we must get better work for the money. Just as the rent of the cottage equalises the general wage, so the work done very soon explains why higher wages can be given.

Where higher wages are given better work is given also. This of course is true of piecework everywhere; but there is a pretty general complaint on the part of the farmer that the men now do not do half the *regular* work they used to do for a lower wage!

To this end a very sensible letter was written to the *Standard*, and reproduced in the *Rural World* of the 27th of April:

I think many of your correspondents are mistaken in attributing the gravitation of the countryman to the towns entirely to the lack of possibilities and attractions in village life. The true cause and root of the matter is that the English farmhand is quite behind the rest of the world as regards the amount of work done individually. In threshing, for instance, in England sixteen men (or more) thresh four hundred to five hundred bushels of wheat per day. In Canada eighteen men thresh over two thousand bushels in the same time. Sowing in England demands two men and a boy; in Canada one man only drills far more. In England I have seen four men engaged in building a stack which in Canada would most

likely have been completed entirely by one man. In ploughing, harrowing, hay-making and harvesting it is just the same thing.

If the Englishman will do the same amount of work per man, and allow his machinery to produce the same amount as his competitors, he can have the same pay they have; and not only will farming then become prosperous, but people soon will be attracted from the towns again; but so long as the production per man and per machine is about half what it might be, it is idle to suggest remedies.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

(Signed) HERBERT PORRITT.

There is another point about wages. If the farmer is to give higher wages as an appreciation of intelligent work done he must be freed from the poor-rate. In his wage-book now he counts these rates, and to bring them down employs incompetent people to keep them off the rates; and this prevents him from giving the higher wages which an experienced and good labourer is worth. This was clearly manifested in a farm near me which comprised the whole parish. With good machinery and expensive manures, the carelessness and stupidity of a bad labourer may cause much loss; but men will not give their best for inferior pay. There is a story of a parson taking a cure in a high-paid district. He was surprised at the wages asked by a man whom he wished to employ, and said he had never given more than 12s. 'Oh,' said the man, 'I will willingly give you 12s. worth of labour as long as I have nothing better to do!' But it was nearly half what he would have done for 1l. a week. Farming must be treated on business principles, or it will never pay.

(3) *Security of Tenure*.—Next to the comfortable cottage and higher wage we must have security of tenure.

The shepherd, the head carter, the dairyman, and the engineer must occupy cottages attached to the farm.

The Farmers' Tyranny.—But there is an almost universal custom for a tenant farmer renting farms of from 600 to 1,000 acres, not only to take all the cottages on the farm which he rents, but all the cottages in the neighbourhood that he can lay his hands upon. These have given him a fearful engine of oppressive control over his labourer in many ways.

Women's Work in the Fields a Mistake.—From the scarcity of labour this tyranny was often brought to bear to induce the labourer to send his wife and daughters into the fields. It may apparently increase the wages for a time, but it is not good for the family: it costs more in clothes and broken health than the extra money brings in; it makes uncomfortable homes, and keeps the elder girls from school to do the mother's work of looking after the children.

The Tyranny of the Shop.—There is another tyranny—from the village shop—which can only be overcome by co-operative societies for the sale of goods or for advancing small loans at reasonable interest. I offered once to free a woman from the shop by paying

the 6*l.* which kept her bound to it. I showed her that I gave less for my best tea than she did for hers, and I offered to take her into the town once every week to buy things at cash price. But she could not afford to break with the shopkeeper; on falling sick her husband could not immediately go on the parish, and 'unless the shop gave us credit we must starve.'

This gives an idea of the state of thralldom under which the free and independent agricultural labourer, who rejoices in the franchise and a seat on the parochial council, now lives if he chooses to remain in the country.

I remember when I was mobbed at Brighton when presiding over a meeting to encourage emigration. I remember the old machine riots of 1830. But education and railways and the penny postage have done away for ever with this state of things; and you must not be surprised that the young men hurry off to the police, to the railways, and to other work in the towns, where, if they have to pay more for their cottages, they get higher wages, greater independence, and better opportunities of improving their condition in life.

From the statements given above it will be gathered that the state of the agricultural labourer is not a pleasant one. But we are in a transition state. The old plan to get control over the labourer has failed, and the relationships between the tenant farmer and the labourer have become so strained that the tyranny is all on the other side; if the farmer finds fault, or makes any extra demands upon his labourers, he does so at the risk of losing their services altogether.

The whole future of farming depends on good relationships between landlord and tenant and between tenant and labourer. The old system of paying all labourers alike must be boldly departed from; there must be a higher general wage for the best men, over and above payment by piecework. There must be engagements for longer periods, to give the men more interest in the care of their gardens and cottages, or some system of profit-sharing to give them a greater interest in the work of the farm, or more confidence between the tenant and the labourer to remove the remembrance of the old state of things, which has done so much in the past to introduce those strained relationships.

If you want to stop this exodus and to restore the people to the land, you must restore their lost independence, and provide some inducements which may make the country preferable to the towns.

There are many schemes for providing labourers with means for purchasing small plots of land and building their own cottages, but all these proposals are premature, and therefore sure to fail. If they have the land, they will cling to it as the old freeholder did, and raise a mortgage upon it—which, by the bye, many of these schemes begin by insisting on,—for when they have to borrow the

money the labourer might just as well pay the rent, for as soon as a cottage is mortgaged the freedom has gone.

Cheap Registration of Land.—The first thing is to secure cheap registration of land ; this will bring a number of small lots of land into the market, and then the labourers will know that if for a time they have to abandon the original purchase, they can buy more. The more sober and the more thrifty they become, the better chance there will be of their complete independence. But a mortgagee is as great a power as an irresponsible landlord or farmer. And so at first they must be content to rent under a landlord or co-operative land society, under rules which might secure fixity of tenure so long as the rent is paid and the buildings are kept in repair and are under proper sanitary supervision.

I regret to see that the Ecclesiastical Commissioners and the Woods and Forests have a tendency to bring everything into large farms. My experience shows that small holdings are a success, though they give more trouble ; they are a direct means of keeping the labourer on the land and making him more independent. But the good cottage, good wages—which to be permanent must always depend upon *good work given*—and security of tenure are essential elements in solving our problem.

NELSON.

Trafalgar, Salisbury.

'THE CAUSE OF THE CHILDREN'

'We must, one and all, fulfil our due part in the great national duty of providing, not for our sons and daughters only, but for all the sons and daughters of our country, the noblest education, the best training and the finest discipline that the wit of man and the love of God can together produce and inspire.'

IN writing my views on the new Education Bill and its relation to the present chaos in education, I wish that I could feel that the Government were sincere in their latest attempt to introduce order. But education is a topic on which I feel acutely, and it is impossible for me to be cheerful over the reforming zeal of the noble Duke and his satellites. I believe that the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst are honestly anxious to promote the education of the mass of the people. Unfortunately their methods are not commensurate with the zeal they profess. They need a little more courage in grasping the nettle. Nothing could be more inspiring and generous than the words which are quoted at the head of this article—memorable words uttered by the noble Duke when opening the exhibition of work from elementary schools at the Imperial Institute more than a year ago. But the recent Bill, which the Vice-President brought before the House, does not breathe their spirit of reform. Does either the Duke or Sir J. Gorst really think that this Bill meets the educational needs of the times? Mr. Balfour has been careful to explain that it is not meant to do so. 'We cannot,' he said in a letter to a correspondent the other day, 'regard our educational system as properly organised.' 'So long,' he added, 'as the present want of system is allowed to last, some conflict of jurisdiction, some avoidable waste, some unnecessary friction is certain to occur. There is,' he concluded, 'no pretence that the Government scheme is a complete scheme.'

Precisely! and Mr. Balfour's words are perhaps the best condemnation of the new Bill, which positively increases the conflict of jurisdiction, adds to the avoidable waste, and makes the unnecessary friction all the more acute. Even Sir J. Gorst's manner in introducing the Bill was not reassuring. It was anything but serious, as, with eyes that gleamed satire through his spectacles, he seemed

to suggest that he himself was laughing up his sleeve at all this solemn parade of a hollow reform!

But, apart from President and Vice-President, and all our other vaunted democratic leaders, whom I will deal with presently, there is another cause which is supposed to strike even deeper at the root of real educational reform, and this is the so-called 'apathy' of the people. Now, I believe this is one of the cant phrases used by political leaders to cover their own blindness and negligence. I admit that a good deal of indifference as to the education of their children exists among the lower classes, but to call this 'widespread apathy' is a gross exaggeration, and to one who knows the people as I know them, there are many signs of an awakening which will before long astonish the world. Even outsiders can learn from the action taken by trade-unionists and co-operative societies much of the popular interest which is taken in educational matters. I would advise any one who doubts this to consult the reports of the Parliamentary Committees of the Trade Union Congress and Co-operative Union. Both these committees, representing many millions of working men, made most urgent protests against the threatened destruction of the continuation schools by the Cockerton judgment.

The Royal Arsenal Co-operative Society made an offer of 25% towards the cost of the second appeal, which the School Board once thought of making against the judgment. The Gasworkers' and General Labourers' Union also sent a resolution to the London School Board with an offer of pecuniary help, while the trades' councils generally took up the matter with an amount of earnestness which astonished even those who have their finger on the pulse of popular feeling. I remember being present at a great meeting of protest that was held at the end of March by the Southern Co-operative Educational Union. A resolution moved by Mr. Lyulph Stanley protesting against any attempt to curtail the scope or efficiency of the work of the London School Board was passed with great enthusiasm. But the liveliest cheers were perhaps roused by the concluding paragraph of this resolution, which called upon the organised workers of this country to combine in making every effort to bring the highest educational opportunities within the reach of all. A fortnight later the joint Parliamentary Committee of the Co-operative Union and Wholesale Societies sent a memorial to the Duke of Devonshire, earnestly urging that immediate steps should be taken to place evening schools on a legal basis. The committee pointed out that co-operative societies in the United Kingdom spend 60,000*l.* a year on education, and therefore had a right to make their opinions known. They followed up this letter by joining the Trades Union Congress in a joint deputation to the Duke, when Mr. Mather, M.P., Mr. Sam Woods, and Mr. Ben Jones voiced the appeal of some millions of working men on behalf of the threatened schools.

One of the most lively debates of the Co-operative Congress, held at Middlesbrough at the end of May, was on a resolution against the Government Education Bill, which resulted in an emphatic condemnation of the Government scheme. The Congress unanimously called for an Act to legalise the work of evening schools, and were against any scheme for handing over the powers of the School Board to an 'irresponsible and largely nominated body.'

But these are only isolated instances of the lively interest taken in the Cockerton case by the representatives of a so-called apathetic people. That cant phrase must therefore be taken with a considerable pinch of salt. The British workman has no longer any contempt for his foreign rival. He is alive to the fact that, if the German and the American take the bread out of his mouth, it will be due to their superior skill and perseverance, and he is gradually coming to the conclusion that the only way to meet this competition lies in a more efficient system of education. Let him once demand this in clear and unfaltering voice, and there is no Government in this country that will be able to stand in the way of a thorough overhauling of our education. But until that happens our political leaders, however 'democratic and advanced' they may call themselves, and however learned, high-born, and influential they may be, will continue to tinker the machine and play with reform. I could write a good deal about the cowardice of successive Governments—especially those with a big Tory majority—in handling the subject of education. I need not dwell on the fate of the Bill of 1896, which was withdrawn by the leader of the House, with the humiliating confession that he was only a child in these matters. This and the next Bill, with its grants to the voluntary schools, were a desperate attempt to bolster up the private subscriber at the expense of public efficiency. This scheme merely resulted in the demoralisation of the voluntary school supporter, and the last state of these schools is even worse than their first. This problem becomes more acute every day, for it means the yearly sacrifice of a great number of children to a totally inadequate system of education, over which there is no public control. In fact, the only chance left for the continuance of this rotten compromise lies in the ignorance of the great mass of the people. Is this fulfilling the great national duty of 'providing for all the sons and daughters of our country the noblest education and the best training'? The present Bill does not attempt to grapple with this problem, and half the schools of the country are still to be left in a half-starved and totally inadequate condition. I sometimes think that when another Education Bill is brought forward, and proves to be another sham, the 'Upper Ten' as a whole are perfectly willing that the present serf-like condition of the 'Lower Ten' should be perpetuated.

The nineteenth century has proved one thing to us, and that is that men will not rest content in the positions in which they were

born. But every man has not yet equal opportunities of developing his talents. Any satisfactory Education Bill should aim at supplying this great need, and the present Bill makes no attempt to advance a step nearer equal opportunities for all.

It is no argument to declare that the present Bill is not meant to deal with elementary education; for, if you do not see that your foundations are sound, there is little sense in adding another rickety story to your house. To do so is especially absurd in view of the well-grounded belief that the Government intends to transfer the supervision of elementary education to the new local authorities as soon as possible. If the Government mean, therefore, to set their educational house in order, they should have begun at the basement, and they ought first of all to remove those rotten planks in the structure—the ignorance and inefficiency of the machine-made, Government-certificated teacher, who is one of the greatest obstacles to educational reform. Not only is the ignorance of these teachers colossal, but their influence in the political and educational world is enormous. In London there are 10,000 such teachers under the Board, whose rigid, iron-cast methods, and total blindness as regards the real science of education, have a deplorable effect on the training of the children committed to their charge. These teachers form a very large proportion of the members of the Board, and I give it as my opinion that the majority of the Board are more or less ‘bossed’ by them. As a crowning instance of their power, they nearly succeeded in ousting Mr. Lyulph Stanley at the last election, and was it not in Birmingham that their candidate had as many votes as all the rest put together? They aim at setting up a teacher’s tyranny, which would restrict the highest educational appointments to those who have been trained and certificated in elementary schools.

Of course the teachers would be satisfied if the present training colleges were increased in number; but that is not enough. The authorities know the system to be absolutely bad, and they ought to face it. The present colleges, with the exception of those under University control, ought to go, and a thorough liberal system of education should be substituted in their stead. Above all, the present system of herding together those who are working for one branch of one profession ought to be put an end to, especially as the teachers come largely from one class. On this point there is a very strong feeling on the part of trade-unionists and co-operators, and the evil is too great to be met by a side-attack.

What is more disappointing, the Bill does not take us one step nearer Sir J. Gorst’s ideal as set forth in his speech to the deputation of the 13th of May. Sir John then said that his idea of a proper system of education was that the industrial classes should have access to all the schools, colleges, and universities in the land. He thought

that the best boys and girls from the ranks of the people should have access to the secondary schools, and through them to the Universities, and that they should have the best opportunities for making use of their talents. He also denounced (although he was careful to state in the presence of the Duke that he was only 'speaking his own personal feelings') the present system, which shut up one class of society in schools by themselves where they could not meet with other classes. Sir J. Gorst's ideas are excellent, for this caste system is the curse of education in this country. But he does not lift a finger to remove the curse.

Those who support the present system will perhaps reply that there is already a scholarship ladder by which the poorest child may climb to the highest distinctions. But I should like to challenge Sir John to say what percentage of working-class children climb this ladder. From the returns which I have consulted they are few and far between. They are the exception rather than the rule. The fact is that very few of the right children win the scholarship that alone enables them to get a footing on the rung of the ladder. How can the ordinary labourer, earning 25s. or 30s. a week, hope to compete with the parent who is in receipt of double as much? And yet the Junior County Scholarships can be competed for by children whose parents are in receipt of 3l. a week. Now a three pound a week parent can afford to pay for special instruction, and he will recoup himself if by so doing he can get in return 20l. for two years for free tuition. But what about the child who must be a wage-earner out of school-hours and has none of these special advantages, or is in a poor school where there is no scholarship class? He is of course terribly handicapped, with the result that the scholarships fall to the children of the richer parent, and the class to whom I think they should be given is left behind in the race.

It would be easy to enlarge on other absurd anomalies of a scholarship system which in one district gives special facilities to a child while in the next there are no such advantages. This is part of that overlapping in one place and absolute deficiency in another which make the confusion of our present educational system worse founded. And I do not think the Bill, by setting up additional local authorities for the supervision of secondary education, will do anything to decrease the waste and friction that already exist. It is folly in these circumstances to talk of an unbroken ladder from the primary school to the University, open to all, when only in extremely rare cases can the working-class child avail himself of it.

So far from the Bill fulfilling this idea of continuity, it puts an absolute check on the work of evening continuation schools which are one of the great stepping-stones to higher education. Now a great deal of misconception exists as to the character of work done in these schools. Some time ago a leader in the *Times* said that in a

great many cases tuition of a kind was given to qualify for high University honours. This, of course, is nonsense, and the writer, who is presumably an educated man, must have known so. At any rate, his ignorance might have been removed by the expenditure of 4½d., which is the cost of a copy of the Government Code of regulations for evening schools. By far the greater part of the tuition is in elementary subjects, and of the teaching which qualifies for high University honours there is practically none. It would puzzle Mr. Justice Wills, who gave the Cockerton judgment, and the Master of the Rolls, who upheld it on appeal, to draw a strict line between the elementary subjects in evening schools, which the law allows the School Board to support out of the rates and the school fund, provided no adult is taught, and the secondary subjects ear-marked for the grant of the Science and Art Department that are banished from these schools by the learned judges.

As far as the recreative side of these schools is concerned, which drew down such unmerited scoffing from Sir J. Gorst, there is distinct provision made for it in the official memorandum drawn up for the guidance of evening continuation school managers. The schools are to be rendered as 'attractive' as possible, and the memorandum proceeds to specify what these attractions should be. It specially mentions 'lantern illustrations, music, gymnastics, and other employments of a more or less recreative character.' 'For many of these purposes,' adds the memorandum, 'grants of public money cannot be given. But provided that the managers take care that at least one hour at each meeting is devoted to the teaching of subjects mentioned in Article II. of the Code, and the instruction is systematic and thorough, every arrangement for making the school attractive should be carefully considered.'

It is a pity that Sir J. Gorst did not state in the House how far the Code has been infringed by the young people he found engaged in a 'ball.' His remarks suggested they had no right to enjoy themselves in this way at the public expense. Subsequently being tackled on this point by the Rev. Stewart Headlam, he wrote a letter to explain away the carping criticism that he made. He was bound to admit 'the obvious good effects' upon the class of this recreation. He did not, he said, wish that any criticism should be passed on the teacher in charge of the class, especially as the physical exercises were obviously not disadvantageous to the general work of the schools, being limited to a small portion of the time-table, having also been approved by the inspector. 'He merely wished,' added Sir John, in his airy way, 'to draw attention to some of the attractions which among other things may have tended to the increase of the London School Board evening schools attendance, and possibly to the depletion of other evening classes.'

In the light of this letter, Sir John's attack on this school in the House becomes all the more disingenuous. The fact of the matter

was that he yielded to his besetting sin of raising a laugh at the expense of the great public department over which he presides. Nothing could be more cheap and unworthy of a public official than to play the jester in this fashion. The attack in this case was especially cruel, for the school to which he referred was the St. George-in-the-East Highway School, which, according to H.M. Inspector's report, 'is a large school in a difficult locality admirably carried on.'

What was Sir John's object in making this gratuitous attack on the recreation given in evening schools? In the eyes of a great many people, who regard him as a responsible Minister, his ill-timed satire has had a most disastrous effect in discrediting the work of these schools. Does Sir John, who no doubt from his nocturnal visit to the East-end school knows something of slum life, think that the young people would be better employed holding a ball outside a public-house to the tune of a barrel-organ? Perhaps he has admired the graceful movements of the growing girls who may be frequently seen footing the latest music-hall step in these gay parties. But surely it is better for our young people to be taught to dance decorously under the guidance of a teacher, and in the sympathetic presence of the managers of the schools, than outside the public-house! And if a small portion of the hour devoted to the ball should be part of the time paid for by Government grant, is none of our public money put to worse use? The fact is that this dancing has been ridiculously exaggerated, and that largely by Lord Hugh Cecil's nominees, with their usual object of thwarting the work of the School Boards. Perhaps Lord Hugh thinks it wrong to dance!

Just as unreasonable are the criticisms levelled at play-acting in London board schools. As if there were something pernicious in the endeavour to foster a taste for good dramatic literature, and as if we did not owe a great debt of gratitude to Mr. Stewart Headlam and his committee for having started such a movement. The subject for dramatic competition in the present year was the Trial Scene of Queen Catherine from *King Henry the Eighth*, and I am glad to say the Fossdene Road School, Charlton—one of my schools—won the prize. The award was made by Mr. Ben Greet, who declared that such exercises inculcate the art of correct speaking, and teach the young people a 'lot of firmness and confidence in their businesses in life.' No 'judgment' has yet been pronounced against such attempts to go outside the narrow spirit of elementary education in the board schools. Why then should the right of the continuation schools to introduce a little culture into their code be made a subject for 'agreement' between the School Boards and the new local authorities? The worst feature of this Bill is this inept attempt 'to temper the wind to the shorn lamb.'

As the law stands at present, School Board authorities which possess buildings and equipment for carrying on evening continuation

schools under the Science and Art Department are under a legal disability to undertake it, even if the schools can be shown to be self-supporting. Such a prohibition even the *Times* called unreasonable, impolitic, and financially extravagant. But the Education Bill makes no attempt to remove it. It falls back instead upon a compromise between the new authorities and the old. The County Council committees are to have 'concurrent powers' with the School Boards in the matter, and the future working of the evening schools must be submitted to their judgment. It is all very fine to talk of 'concurrent powers,' but the new authority will be able to control the expenditure of the old. The County Councils will have the whip-hand which supervision over expenditure gives. It seems to me that such a scheme will cause endless friction, and in the end will prove unworkable. No one knows how the agreement will work in practice. Is the whole expenditure of the evening schools to be subject to it, or only the deficit, not covered by the Government grants, and therefore drawn from the school fund or the rates? What again is to be the procedure in the case of the School Board under-estimating the expenditure? Will there be a system of supplementary estimates? This will inevitably lead to swollen balance sheets in the first instance. To my mind the precious 'agreement' will lead to such friction, waste of time, money, and temper, that the whole machinery of evening schools will be brought to a standstill. The Bill provides that the Board of Education may be appealed to for the settlement of differences. I am afraid that even a board of archangels would find them impossible to solve. What the Board will probably do is to take advantage of the legal fiction, which brings the evening schools to an end at the close of every summer session, and requires the sanction of Whitehall for their renewal. What easier escape out of the difficulty than to refuse this sanction to the School Boards, and to hand the evening schools bodily over with all their machinery to the new authorities? In due course, the same fate will, I suppose, be meted out to the School Boards themselves. Already the Government hint at a new grand scheme of reorganisation to place elementary or secondary education under one authority, and some such solution will be inevitable owing to the hopeless and inextricable confusion into which the Bill will throw, not only the evening schools, but our entire educational system. But why deal with a great question in this partial and slipshod fashion? I am driven to the conclusion that this present Bill is simply a Machiavellian attempt to discredit the School Boards altogether for the purpose of gaining popular support for their final absorption by these new local authorities. How much wiser it would have been to have passed a short enabling bill for the Cockerton schools, giving the School Boards the necessary power to carry them on for another year, and then to have brought in the new scheme

of reorganisation. As it is, neither Parliament nor the country will have a fair chance of considering the new scheme of reorganisation on its merits. The idea of one central authority may be excellent, but I am not sure that the new and raw authorities will be an improvement on the old, or adapted to this end.

For the moment, however, my chief complaint against the new Bill is that it only deals with machinery, and that in a most unsatisfactory manner. It does not grapple with any of the real obstacles to educational reform, and leaves all the urgent questions of education untouched. It only affects the School Boards on the one issue of the Cockerton judgment, and on that point the immediate results are likely to be entirely mischievous. The Bill does not increase the efficiency of the teacher; it makes no attempt to deal with the urgent problems of rural elementary education or school attendance. It perpetuates the bad system of dual control in big towns. It leaves the voluntary schools in their present disastrous position. It does nothing to remove the absurdities in the so-called scholarship ladder. So far from settling the religious difficulty, it actually introduces it into the secondary schools by its new conscience clause. The Bill also gives no security that public money should not be spent on sectarian and charitable institutions, while it provides no adequate public control for such expenditure. In this respect it imitates the 'hole and corner' methods of the Technical Education Board, and turns its back on the healthy spirit of publicity that prevails under the School Board.

In furthering the principle of indirect as opposed to direct election, it plays into the hands of the reactionaries and wire-pullers and party politicians, who are a great danger to education. In fact, the Bill only adds another chapter to the chaos and disorder of our present system. It even leaves the scheme for the formation of new authorities to be the plaything of local jealousies and rivalries, subject to the ill-defined control of the Board of Education.

The only one thing certain about this nebulous enactment is that the majority of the members on the new authorities must be appointed by the bodies which establish them. A nominated element, male or female, is to be added. This will prove disastrous to the representation of women, for they will be rarely, if ever, co-opted, as past experience convinces me. On this point I would make an emphatic protest, for, in aiming a blow at women members of educational bodies, the Bill puts a drag on educational progress. Women are acknowledged to be the best workers in this field. They talk less than men, have no axe to grind, and stimulate a real interest in education. The men, as I have found them, are mostly parsons, dissenting ministers, or young politicians. Parsons, by eloquent speeches, hope to increase their chances of preferment. Dissenting ministers may get better 'calls.' The eloquent young politician

must practise to get him into better training for the House. None of these are likely to develop the educational side of the labour movement; but an educated woman, if she be supported by the trade-unionists, is certain of a seat on an elective body, and she will do excellent work for the cause of the children. I need only mention such names as Mrs. Bridges Adams, Miss Margaret Macmillan, and Miss Honnor Morten.

Many of the present obstacles to education might be removed if educated people with leisure would come forward. The personal courage and faith in the people necessary for this task has been splendidly exemplified on the London School Board; but indirect election will prove a great barrier to such disinterested reformers and will, I fear, be fatal to the valuable work that women might do on these new authorities.

A striking instance of the readiness of the people to acknowledge and appreciate zeal for their children was shown by the Gasworkers' Union the other day. They would not take a refusal from Mr. Lyulph Stanley to speak for their deputation on the 13th of May, in spite of their differences on other questions. These unskilled labourers regard Mr. Stanley—wrongly, I believe—as an enemy to trade-unionism, but they put aside their class feeling and class hatred to secure a spokesman in the cause of education. Mr. Stanley has earned much confidence by noble and disinterested service. Let others of his order follow his example, and there would be no reason to fear direct election.

As for 'those others' and their dread of a democracy that can use its brains, they had better be philosophical. 'The old order changeth, yielding place to new.' It would be a bad look-out for us if it did not. The time has come when we must bestir ourselves. For England stands at the parting of the ways, and on the education of the present generation depends the great question whether she shall take a step forward or backward. There is a grand work which we can all do, in helping 'the people to know their own, take their own, and use their own.' We can all do something by our personal influence, work, or vote, to awake the Government from its present lethargy. At present the platform and the pulpit are used to manufacture 'Mafeking and C.I.V. mobs.' True patriotism is to educate the people to become good citizens, and not to launch them on the wild seas of reckless Imperialism. When the present blatant Jingo crowd have burnt London, and ruined the trade of England, it will be too late to say, 'Well! who would have thought it?' In all seriousness and solemnity, it is no longer safe to deprive the toiling masses of this country of the hope for their children which this Bill does not give.

FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK.

THE PUNISHMENT OF CRIME

If the crime article which appeared in these pages in February had been written in order to attract notice in the newspapers, its success might be deemed phenomenal. But as a matter of fact it has failed in great measure of its real purpose, which was to enlist a larger force of public opinion on the side of an intelligent treatment of law-breakers. In these days of hurry and rush busy men cannot, I suppose, be expected to read an article before reviewing it in the press or criticising it on the platform. And so I have in certain quarters been represented as advocating a system which I have always condemned, and against which my protest was specially aimed. I am supposed to have urged a return to 'unreasoning severity of punishment,' whereas my purpose, as expressly stated in the article, is exactly the opposite of this. To quote my own words, 'All I wish to plead for is the introduction into our methods of dealing with criminals of a little nineteenth-century intelligence and common-sense, now singularly lacking.'

So far from urging that all crimes should be punished with increased severity, I hazarded the opinion that the whole system of 'punishing crime' is 'false in principle and mischievous in practice.' Under this baneful and stupid system some offenders who might fitly be handed over to the care of practical philanthropists are committed to gaol, and others who ought merely to be deprived of the liberty they abuse are sentenced to the severest punishment our prison administration allows. Between these two classes there are numbers who are rightly treated with exemplary severity. But even in the case of these—for to this rule there should be no exception—punishment should be inflicted not, as too often at present, aimlessly, and therefore in a sense wantonly, but with a definite and intelligible purpose.

All this, which may seem enigmatical to some, I will explain in the sequel. But first I wish to clear myself of the charge which the *Times* has preferred against me. The statistics on which my conclusions are supposed to have been based are declared to be 'incomplete, fallacious, and misleading.'

In these days of 'personal journalism' the evolution of a crime

Professional crime has several phases, but the burglar is essentially a professional, and his crimes always appeal to the popular imagination. Let us, then, take the burglaries. As we have seen, the felonies relating to property were nearly 6,000 less in 1899, with a population of $6\frac{1}{2}$ millions, than in 1868, with a population of only $3\frac{1}{2}$ millions; but the burglaries actually increased from 345 to 447.

Now, the element of 'burglaries in unoccupied houses' is not a speciality of experts in lunacy. Scotland Yard is alive to its importance. After 1874 I took special note of all such cases, and I found that they averaged about sixteen per annum. The actual number in 1899 was fifteen. I am quite willing to revise the above extract in the light of these figures, and to make Dr. Nicolson and the *Times* a present of the correction.

But though the proportion of the burglaries committed in unoccupied houses was so small as to be a negligible quantity, this cannot with fairness be said of the house-breakings. How, then, does this consideration affect my argument? I will test the matter by taking 1877 instead of 1868 as the starting-point. In 1877, the year of the new classification of crimes (the change was not a temporary one, as the *Times* supposes), the burglaries, house-breakings, and shop-breakings combined numbered, as we have seen, 1,253. In 1899 they had increased to 2,443—that is to say, they had almost doubled. And yet the total number of felonies relating to property fell from 20,281 in the former year to 16,149 in the latter. If the offences against property had increased in the same ratio as the population of the metropolis, the number in 1899 would have been 30,172 instead of 16,149; and if the felonies in the three categories above specified had decreased in the same ratio as the other offences relating to property the number in 1899 would have been 997 instead of 2,443.

In view of these facts and figures I confess that the reproof which the *Times* has based upon what Dr. Nicolson supposes to be a discovery beyond the ken of Scotland Yard leaves me impenitent. I adhere to the position I have assumed, that, while crime in general shows a most satisfactory decrease, certain crimes of a specially bad type are as definitely on the increase. And I go further and maintain that the indisputable fact of the general decrease is proof that the disease is of a kind that 'yields to treatment,' and that it ought to be an incentive to special efforts to effect a more thorough cure. Some people may think I am in a better position than my critics to estimate the relative importance and volume of professional crime as compared with crime in general. But if they consider that I have overstated the actual amount of crime of this character, the correction should supply a fresh stimulus to intelligent and sustained efforts to suppress it altogether. Every objection that has been taken to my appeal on this score would apply with greater force to the

continuance of the measures in operation to stamp out epidemic disease.

The *Times* was not always of its present mind on this subject. The very same reforms which I have now proposed I advocated ten years ago with similar arguments and on similar grounds. But the very conclusions which the *Times* now rejects it then commended as 'precise, cogent, and startling.' The editorial re-statement of my views is so apt and so admirable that I will take the liberty of quoting it. After noticing the 'remarkable decrease in the amount of crime,' upon which, then as now, I in part based my arguments, the article in question goes on to say:

But the rate of decrease is slow, and we make little impression upon the standing army of crime, the men who habitually break the law, just as others habitually keep it, who are the victims of no sudden temptation, but who carry on a systematic warfare against society, and to whom a life of vice and crime, notwithstanding all its risks, is fascinating. We imprison them again and again, but to no purpose. They continue to tread the same round—enter our gaols in due time, quit them after a period, long or short, re-enter them, quit them again, and so on while life lasts, leaving behind them progeny which will pursue the same course of alternate seclusion and ill-spent liberty. The time was when the highest duty of the philanthropist was to be the advocate of leniency—to seek to eradicate from criminal law the idea of vengeance, to labour for the reform of a brutal criminal law, and to make prisons no longer habitations of cruelty and schools of advanced, finished wickedness. We shall not be going back, we shall be advancing along the same path, if we recognise that if we are not to be cruel to the weak, unjust to society, we must not be mealy-mouthed in regard to certain criminals, especially the hardened offender, who, as Dr. Anderson says, is 'as really a professional man as the doctor or the engineer,' whose training is special, who is 'a real enthusiast at his business,' and who 'has a thirst for adventure' and 'a soul above working for his living.' The inveterate criminal, the head centre and parent of many of his kind, is as real a personage as the man who, by stress of circumstances and against his better instincts, slides into crime. 'After a somewhat varied and not very brief experience,' Dr. Anderson declares, 'I am as certain as anyone can be in regard to a question of this character, that organised and systematic crime might be stamped out in a single generation.' But how is this beneficent result to be accomplished? By a frank recognition of certain plain truths; not by spurious pity, or by clinging to the ineffective system which sells to the hardened, hoary offender, in consideration of so much incarceration, a licence to begin again his old course of depredation and violence, but by acting upon the principles long ago enunciated by pioneers in criminal reform, such as Mr. Frederick Hill, and now solemnly enunciated by Dr. Anderson. 'The weakness now shown to hardened and inveterate criminals tends to encourage crime and to bring the administration of the criminal law into contempt. When a man who boasts of having committed a hundred crimes escapes with a sentence which turns him loose on society after a few months' or years' imprisonment, is not the whole proceeding an utter farce?'

The refutation of strictures such as those I have cited above is a duty I cannot shirk. But attacks of another kind I will not notice. Any one who hits hard should be prepared for blows in return; and, having lashed out at the clique of agitators whom I somewhat contemptuously described as 'humanity-mongers,' it is

¹ The *Times*, the 3rd of January, 1891.

not surprising that the pack turned on me in full cry. I expected it. They are the friends of all those who are criminals by choice and calling, but the worst enemies of that large class of persons who, being betrayed into the commission of offences, become the victims of our present system of 'punishing crime.' But these agitators have influence. In a small community the faddist is ignored; or if he degenerates into a nuisance he is suppressed. But when hundreds become thousands and the faddists are numbered by tens they become a coterie. In a population of millions they become numerous enough to form organisations with Press organs and representatives in Parliament. And just as in the sphere of company-promoting honest men blindly lend their names to rogues, so in this sphere men of eminence and wisdom thoughtlessly allow their names to be paraded by the faddists. But while the vast majority of men are content to give an undemonstrative assent to what they approve, the agitators, like Edmund Burke's grasshoppers in a field, are active and noisy. When for example, some miscreant receives his deserts, ninety-nine people out of every hundred are pleased, though they do not express their feelings by holding mass meetings or signing petitions to the Home Office. But a petty minority of dissentients will do all this and more; and it is nobody's business to expose them as mischievous 'cranks.' Thus it is that in England public opinion is so largely stifled by the influence of minorities. Just as the political totalitarians, though powerless to attain their ends, are strong enough to hinder useful reforms of our abominable drink code, so in this sphere a Minister who proposed reasonable changes in dealing with criminals would be opposed by the advocates of unreasoning severity on the one hand and of unreasoning leniency on the other.

This year's 'Annual Report of the Executive Committee of the Romilly Society' affords a good illustration of my remarks in the preceding paragraph. Here is an extract from it:

Some stern thinkers denounce sympathy with outcasts as sentimentality to be repressed and scoffed at, and one of their number, Dr. Anderson, late Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, as Chief of the Investigation Department, has with ingenuity but doubtful taste coined a new description for those who differ with him, that of 'humanity-mongers.' . . . He is a type of the hardening process which a man undergoes whose duty is the prosecution only of crime, and who now finds himself in retirement, at liberty, perhaps impelled, to have a last fling at those whose fate he can no longer influence.

'The greater the truth the greater the libel: judged by this test, these words are a very poor libel indeed.'² As regards both

² I should not condescend to notice the slander at all were it not that the Romilly Society enjoys the patronage of some distinguished men—their names appear on the cover of the Report—and I wish to afford them an opportunity to make me the *amende* which, as men of honour and gentlemen, they will no doubt be desirous to offer.

myself and the department over which until a few days ago I presided, they are entirely false—false within the knowledge of every one who has the smallest wish to know the truth. The article on which they are ostensibly based refutes them. And not a few of the agencies for assisting criminals would testify that they have received more encouragement and practical help from the Criminal Investigation Department than from all these doctrinaire societies combined.

The style and language of my February article give proof that it was addressed to the general public, and nothing has surprised me more than the amount of notice it has received from 'men of light and leading.' The personal element must necessarily be prominent in an *apologia*; but it would savour of egotism on my part were I to quote here the expressions of approval my paper has evoked from persons of weight and influence on the subjects of which it treats. One testimony, however, is of such a character that the omission to notice it would be unpardonable. I refer to the letter from Mr. Justice Wills which appeared in the *Times* of the 21st of February. The letter is expressly declared to be an appeal for 'prompt and effective inquiry' on the subject of my article. It begins by distinguishing between different classes of criminals in order to make it clear what the writer means by 'professional or habitual crime.' As a whole, it is vastly more important than any words of mine, and I could wish that it were allowable to set it out *in extenso*; but I must content myself with a few extracts. After speaking of those who commit crimes only under pressure of hard circumstances, and of those who, though they take to crime with a zest, are not strangers to honest labour, and therefore not hopeless, Sir Alfred goes on to say:

But there are others who follow crime as the business of their lives, who take it as a profession, who calculate and accept its risks, who have entirely ceased to work, if they ever did work, and never mean to do so. Such men are really hopeless. No punishment will alter them, and the moment they are released they begin to practise crime again. They are teachers of crime both by precept and example, and their exploits often throw a kind of halo of romance over crime, which does infinite mischief. The worst burglars, many of the blackmailers, most of the coiners and passers of bad coin belong to this class.

What is to be done with them? For my own part I emphatically agree with Dr. Anderson when he says that the primary object of punishment is the protection of society, and that the reformation of the offender, though most important if it can be effected, is still only secondary to the primary object.

Jura inventa metu injusti fœtare necesse est,
Tempora si fastosque velis evolvere mundi

is the maxim of that wise old philosopher Horace, and it seems to me to indicate the true justification for penal legislation. This, however, is mere theory, and, however much thoughtful men may differ as to the foundation of the right to punish, practically most are agreed that the reformation of the offender, a due warning to others, the avoidance of everything that shall shock the public conscience and tend to set the sympathies of unprejudiced people against the law or

its administration, are objects to be borne in mind and duly considered whether in legislation or in the apportionment of sentences.

In my opinion, however—and here again I find myself in complete agreement with Dr. Anderson—in dealing with the really professional criminal, the protection of society requires stern measures; and such measures are really merciful if they can be made effectual towards the stamping out of habitual crime. Sometimes even severity may be of use, despite the objection many well-meaning people have to it. No crimes have been punished with more uniform severity than coining and blackmailing. There has been a great diminution in both. There can be no doubt that in respect to habitual crime heredity plays a large part, and it would be of great consequence could we prevent such criminals from becoming the parents of children who both from heredity and from parental influence and teaching, should they be exposed to it, are certain to become criminals in their generation. The real difficulty in the way of dealing effectually with such persons is twofold. The public in general, I am sure, do not fully appreciate what a source and centre of mischief the habitual criminal is. The means of ascertaining whether a man belongs to that class or not are imperfect and not always trustworthy, and it rests with the judge whether an offender is to be treated as belonging to it or not. What appears to be a severe sentence, when nothing is considered but the individual case or cases for which a man is indicted, is apt to raise on behalf of the offender a false and unwholesome sympathy which would never be extended to him (except in so far as every instance of wickedness deserves in a general sense pity as well as condemnation) if the true character of his life were known.

Save on one technical point, I will not presume to comment upon these wise and weighty words. I deem it important to distinguish between the 'habitual criminal' and the professional. 'Habitual criminal' is a technical term. Speaking popularly, an offender who after a 'previous conviction' is again convicted upon indictment comes within the category. And if we considered the *criminal*, instead of setting ourselves to punish the crime, some such might be saved from the gaol and restored to the ranks of honest labour.

And this distinction explains the title of my former article. For that title I am not responsible, nor did I see it till after publication. But I should have thought its meaning was made clear by the pages it headed, and notably by Sir John Bridge's *dictum*, which I cited so prominently, viz., 'I have nothing to do with punishing crime; that rests with a Higher Power. My business is to protect the community.'

And now, taking leave of my critics, I proceed to recapitulate and restate my main theses. This will involve a certain amount of repetition, but that is unavoidable.

I am no visionary. I cherish no wild dreams of making England a Utopia in which crime will be unknown. But yet I am convinced that a considerable proportion of the crimes against property which appear in the statistics is entirely preventable, and that no small share of it is the direct and natural result of the system I condemn. 'The short-sentence craze'²—as the *Times* called it

² 'If the short-sentence craze is to grow in favour, where is the use of identifying criminals at all?'—The *Times*, the 19th of March, 1894.

before it changed front upon this question—operates in two ways to promote crime. It leads to undue levity in committing chance offenders to gaol, and it fails to protect the community against the depredations of the habitual. The law ought to be 'a terror to evil-doers'; but we teach them to hold the law in contempt. The *Vicar of Wakefield* says truly and well, 'The work of eradicating crime is not by making punishments familiar but formidable.'

But some will tell us that we should trust for the diminution of crime to the effects of better education, improved sanitation, and other general influences of a similar kind. In his *Shifting Scenes*, Sir Edward Malet records a lesson once taught him by a housemaid in an Italian hotel. On his return to the house after a walk, the woman followed him to his room and reproached him for leaving his money lying on the table. I will let him tell the story:

She sank upon a chair and burst into tears. 'Think of me, *Signore*; I am very poor; I have six children to keep, and a husband who can do no work. This money would make me rich, and you leave it on the table—the golden pieces—all loose, to dazzle my eyes, and to put the devil into my heart. Through your thoughtlessness I might go to gaol, my children starve, and my husband die. Ah, *Signore mio*, never do it again. Think of the poor; be merciful to us. Do not put temptation in our way.'

A philosopher would, of course, be above listening to such an appeal. He would tell us to rely on education and other kindred influences to raise the moral tone of housemaids, and thus place them above the temptation level. The wisdom and efficacy of such views and methods will, I have no doubt, be triumphantly established in the millennium. But in the meanwhile practical men will take a practical view of the matter, and applaud the decision arrived at by the distinguished Ambassador I have quoted. For he goes on to say that he profited by the lesson, and never forgot it.

I must say I am amazed at the blindness and inconsistency of those who maintain that influences of a general kind, such, *ex. gr.*, as education, will certainly make their mark upon the criminal statistics, while they refuse to admit that other influences, which operate more immediately in the same direction, will produce similar results more rapidly and in a greater degree. Those who refuse to sanction reforms aimed directly at the diminishing of crime or the mitigation of the evils of drunkenness ought to persist in exposing their valuables to the weakness and cupidity of servants. But fortunately men's selfish interests sometimes supply a useful check upon the mischievous effects of false theories.

To return to Sir Edward Malet's story, let us change the *venue* from Milan to London, and suppose that the servant has yielded to the temptation thrown in her way, and stands convicted of the theft. The question arises, What shall be done with her? 'Crime must be punished' is the answer some will give. I am reminded of the

French judge's reply to a prisoner who excused his crime on the plea that 'a man must live.' 'Pardon me,' was the cynical rejoinder, 'but I don't see the necessity.' I give the same answer here. A court that sentences a criminal on the ground of an obligation to punish is guilty of the sin of Korah: the act is the usurpation of a Divine function. But it will be said, the necessity is of a practical kind: the criminal must be punished in order to deter others from crime. If so, then we should bring back the gallows, for an execution is a public event, and every one comes to know the details of the crime which leads to it. But the housemaid's case would be known to no one—not even to the servants next door; for she of course would be anxious to conceal her fall, and it would be nobody's business to publish it.

When a crime is committed, society has an absolute right to punish the criminal with whatever measure of severity its interests may require; but there exists no abstract obligation to exercise that right. In the case under consideration the circumstances make it clear that no public good would result from imprisoning the woman. And so she is discharged from the dock, and in due course another situation is found for her. This is in accordance with recent legislation and present practice.

Now let me add a second chapter to the story. The woman is tempted again, and once again she yields. Owing to the 'previous conviction' she is sent for trial; and now, being convicted on indictment, she becomes a 'habitual criminal.' Were the *venue* in France, the Court would take cognisance of the whole story of her life. But the only *dossier* of which English law takes notice contains nothing but the record of a prisoner's crimes. If the accused have means and be well defended, everything that can be urged in mitigation of punishment will, of course, be brought before the Court. But what chance has the friendless housemaid, crushed and silent as she thinks of the husband and children whose needs tempted her to commit the crime which must now bring ruin upon them as well as upon herself? If all the facts and circumstances were known, a 'strong' judge might give her another chance, 'habitual criminal' though she be. But neither the law nor the procedure of our criminal courts makes any provision for such an inquiry.

But this is a hypothetical case. Let me cite a real one. And none will suit my purpose better than the crime mentioned in my previous article, of which, some eighteen years ago, I myself was the victim. The thieves were three in number. The first was my cook. She had lived in my service for years, and was thoroughly trusted. No. 2 was also well known to me. I had got for him a berth in one of the Government departments, and for years he had borne an excellent character. But under the influence of No. 3 he had fallen into bad ways. For No. 3 was an old thief of the most dangerous

type. He had already suffered two long terms of imprisonment for felony ; and, though able to earn his living as an auctioneer's porter, he used his business as a cloak for thieving. At his instigation No. 2 had already become involved in a small larceny, for which he was summarily convicted ; and he now induced the man to join him in robbing me. Together they plied my servant with drink and then drew her into the plot. All three were brought to trial and convicted, and the question is, What ought to have been done with them ?

First, as to the woman. If crime must be punished, and punishment is to be apportioned according to the moral guilt of offenders, no sentence could well be too severe in her case. But the very elements which made her crime so specially heinous are regarded nowadays as affording ground for leniency. And yet her conduct upon arrest was bad ; for, with the idea of screening her guilty lover, the No. 2 in the plot, she refused all information both to myself and to the police. But notwithstanding this it seemed to me then, and I am more strongly of the same mind to-day, that, in all the circumstances, the interests of society did not require her imprisonment. And I was able to lead the Court to take this kindly view of her case and to hand her over to the care of a 'Home.'

I put in a similar plea for No. 2, but without success. The man was honestly penitent, and had done everything in his power to make reparation for his crime. He was weak rather than wicked ; and, if the scoundrel who had traded upon his weakness to draw him into crime were out of the way, he might redeem his character and return to an honest life. For No. 3, of course, I asked for an exemplary sentence. There was nothing to be said in his favour. He was not only a thief by deliberate purpose, but a trainer of thieves, a corruptor of the innocent. But in the eye of the law both men stood on the same level as 'habitual criminals.' So the one was sentenced to the maximum term of imprisonment with hard labour, and the other to the minimum term of penal servitude then allowed by statute. I do not dispute the propriety of these sentences as judged by our present system. But I believe there is not a judge upon the Bench who, if all the facts and circumstances known to me and to the police were placed fully before him, would not agree with me in thinking that both sentences were indefensible and wrong ; that society profited nothing by the prolonged imprisonment of the one man, and that it was not adequately protected by the sentence imposed upon the other. Cases sometimes occur in which a judge puts back a prisoner, and holds a patient and searching inquiry into the story of his life and the circumstances of his crime. But such cases are extremely rare. The usual practice is for the Court to call upon the subordinate police officer in charge of the case to state what he knows of the antecedents of the prisoner, and upon

that statement the sentence is awarded. The proceeding is seldom satisfactory; and if the result be unfavourable to the accused, it is scarcely in keeping with English notions of justice and fair play, for no adequate opportunity is afforded him of answering what is urged to his prejudice.

But here I am traversing ground already covered in the previous article. I will only repeat my demand that a conviction for a crime shall be followed—to quote Sir James Stephen's words once again—by 'a formal public inquiry' into the career and circumstances of the criminal; and that instead of apportioning punishment to the specific offence charged, the offender's fate shall be decided by the result of that inquiry.

This would be entirely in the spirit of modern legislation, and it would be the death-knell of 'our absurd system of punishing crime,' a system which, in spite of modern legislation and more enlightened procedure, still continues as a survival of the days when the convicted felon went to the gallows. The sentence has been changed, but the principle on which sentence is awarded remains practically the same.

If the interests of society clearly demand the imprisonment of the offender, the question remains, With what definite object is the imprisonment to be imposed? A person committed to gaol for safe custody pending his trial is treated differently from a prisoner under sentence: is it unreasonable to suggest that an offender committed with a view to his moral education shall be subjected to a discipline specially designed and fitted to reform him? But this is one of several incidental problems which I cannot discuss here. I come to the crux of the matter—the treatment of the professional criminal. Criminals differ from one another as much as do the members of any other class of the community; but for my present purpose I will deal with two types which I may loosely describe as the utterly weak and the utterly wicked. At present, under our cast-iron system of 'punishing crime,' no distinction is made between them. But is this right? The weak may be quite as mischievous as the wicked, but have they not a claim for special consideration and pity? The progeny perhaps of the sort of criminals that are the pets of the sham philanthropists, they are the product of a system for which the community is largely responsible. Born and bred in a criminal environment, they have no power to resist temptation. They take to crime as a drunkard takes to drink, though in their better moments they deplore their weakness. Not infrequently persons of this class commit offences with the avowed object of getting back to prison in order to escape the demon which enslaves them. But at present we have to make choice between the farce of shutting them up for awhile and then turning them out again to prey upon the community, and the barbarity of consigning them to penal servi-

tude for a prolonged term. Here I will quote Mr. Justice Wills again :

A second difficulty, and a very great one, is the continuous and (with modifications scarcely worth noting) the unrelaxing severity of penal servitude—the only punishment the law allows for any period beyond two years. Dr. Anderson pleads for something more sensible and less rigorous, but which should be capable of great prolongation. I am entirely with him. Over and over again have I been compelled to make a sentence far shorter than in my opinion the safety of society has demanded, and with a full conviction that the moment the prisoner should be released he would be at his old evil work again, because the long-continued application of such great severity is in itself almost too much punishment for any crime, and would be certain to cause something of revolt against it, which is a great evil in itself.

I plead, therefore, for the establishment of what I call asylum prisons, in which those who give proof that they cannot be trusted with liberty shall find a suitable home. Discipline should, of course, be enforced, and industry too, for a prison ought to be self-supporting ; but any reasonable indulgence consistent with industry and discipline should be permitted. That this scheme is feasible experienced prison governors will testify. One serious practical difficulty besets it, but it is of such a nature that a discussion of it would be unsuitable here. Suffice it to say I am not the only person who has considered it, and who is ready for its discussion.⁴

But in dealing with this great problem of crime we must keep, as the Americans phrase it, a level head. While refusing a hearing to the advocates of unreasoning severity on the one hand, we must also decline to be influenced by the fads and follies of the humanity-mongers and doctrinaire philanthropists on the other. If I plead for consideration and pity for certain classes of criminals, it is not because I yield to the maudlin sentiment that warps the judgment of many in all that relates to crime. Crime is heinous and hateful, and the criminal is the enemy of society. And any influence which denies or conceals this tends to deprave the public conscience. But I remember the sacred words, 'Of some have compassion, making a difference.' So much for the 'utterly weak.' Now I turn to the 'utterly wicked.'

When I was appointed on the Prison Commission twenty-four years ago shot-drill was practised in some of our gaols. It consisted in carrying cannon-balls from one spot to another in the prison yard, and then carrying them back again. It was a pitiful waste of muscular power. Shot-drill has now been abolished in prisons ; but the energies

⁴ I am merely recapitulating the main outlines of the scheme I advocate. I would refer to what I have previously written on the subject ; and here I will only add that in my opinion very many who are rightly sentenced to penal servitude, and who ought to be detained for prolonged terms—some of them for life—might fitly be transferred to an 'asylum prison' after a certain period. But a convict's transfer to, and remaining in, the 'asylum prison' would of course depend on good conduct and industry. .

of the most highly trained police in Europe are being expended in ways to which shot-drill bears a striking resemblance. A crime of a certain sort is reported. An oil-painting, for example, has been stolen in the night from a public gallery. 'Sherlock Holmes' would sit down with a wet towel round his head and think out the problem of finding the thief. 'Sherlock Holmes' himself was no doubt a genius, but people who follow his methods are apt to fasten suspicion upon several different persons, not one of whom probably had anything to do with the crime. Scotland Yard sometimes arrives at the desired result by a process akin to that by which experts of another kind can tell us who painted the stolen picture. Of course, if a man leaves his doors and windows unfastened, any other man, though as great a fool as himself, can break in and steal. But the crime we are dealing with was evidently the work of a trained and accomplished burglar. The men competent to plan and execute it are limited in number and definitely known. Some of these, however, are in seclusion at present, 'doing time' for similar offences in the past. They will be back at work in a year or two; but for the present we may ignore them. Then, again, A, B, and C are known to be out of London in the course of their business, and D, E, and F are proved to have been at their registered addresses on the night of the crime. The list thus becomes reduced to working dimensions, and it is not difficult to go on eliminating one name after another till the thief is discovered. If evidence is forthcoming he is arrested and brought to justice. Previous convictions are proved; sentence, five years' penal servitude. In less than four years he is back at the practice of his profession. After another good run, in which he commits some ten, twenty, fifty crimes, enjoying what schoolboys term 'a high old time,' he is caught again, and the same farce is again re-enacted. This is the shot-drill of the Criminal Investigation Department. Well, the police are paid for their work; the criminals are delighted with the system; and, if the public are satisfied, who has a right to complain?

Who has a right to complain? The victims of the crimes of these miscreants have a right to complain. If it be recognised that criminals are entitled to live at the expense of the community, the community should be taxed to provide an income for them, or, at all events, to compensate the sufferers. The time was when kings could pounce upon individual citizens and arbitrarily seize upon their property. It is only professional criminals who are allowed to do this to-day. What would raise a revolution if attempted by the King is practised by the burglar at his pleasure. And if the aggrieved householder cries out for relief or demands justice, the criminal statistics will prove him to be unreasonable, and the humanity-monger will denounce him as vindictive and cruel. Here I am repeating myself; but there are some things that need to be repeated again and again. When a man feloniously seizes his

neighbour's property, no means which a civilised society may use should be spared to enforce restitution. If for this purpose we refuse to have recourse to thumb-screws and the rack, it is consideration for the community and not for the thief which restrains us.

Who has a right to complain? Is there to be no pity for the unfortunate relatives and associates whom these 'human beasts of prey'—I repeat the words with emphasis—seek to drag down to the level of their own degradation? None for the wretched children whom they are allowed to beget and to train up to walk in their ways? 'The tender mercies of the wicked are cruel': so also truly are the tender mercies of the doctrinaire philanthropists.

In all that I have written I have been dealing only with crimes against property. And in treating of habitual offenders I have made but a very brief reference to the *elite* of the criminal profession. Of these I have a good deal to say; but here and now I will only remark that in England the men who are competent to finance and organise crimes are so few that the floor space of the room in which I am writing would suffice to seat them comfortably. But we have always a section of them at large to keep the business going; it would collapse if all were shut up at once. Crime there will ever be; organised, systematic crime is the creature of our present methods. With the doctrinaires these men are units in the statistics of the criminal classes. With the police—the victims of the shot-drill I have described—they are real, living persons. Indeed, they are as well known as our Cabinet Ministers; nor is this wonderful, for possibly they are not more numerous. And to those who know these men, their habits and histories, our treatment of them seems to savour of lunacy.

But the doctrinaires will tell us that crime cannot be suppressed by punishment. I dislike this term 'doctrinaire,' but I use it to describe those who act upon theories without reference to facts, and for the word in this sense I can find no Saxon equivalent. 'Fool' is quite too general—it represents an entire species—and, moreover, it is not polite. I am not surprised that those who propound such a dictum are unable to understand the strength of my position or to appreciate the inconsistency of their own. If criminals are dead to the influences which control the actions of ordinary men, if neither the fear of punishment nor the infliction of it can avail to restrain them, then all punishment is barbarous and law-breakers should be treated like lunatics. But though we do not *punish* lunatics, we do deprive them of their liberty; and, if the doctrinaires are right, the criminals should be shut up for life. All who have practical knowledge of criminals recognise that *some* of them are within the category. And my suggestion is that such should be treated accordingly, but that those whom punishment will deter should have enough of it to make it efficacious.

But what is our present system? The medicine is good for some of the patients; for others it is wholly unsuitable. But, as we do not diagnose their cases separately, and have only one treatment for all alike, we limit the dose lest those who ought to get none should be harmed by it. The result is that those whom the physic suits do not get enough of it to benefit them. This is the short-sentence punishment-of-crime system reduced to a formula!

I have already exceeded reasonable space limits, and, though I am conscious that I have only touched the fringe of my subject, I must close. This much I will add. The reforms I advocate are in the direction towards which the thoughts of those who are best fitted to deal with these problems are turning. Indeed, they are but the logical development of the principles which underlie modern penal legislation and recent prison reforms; and in one important respect they would merely give legal sanction to what our best judges and our humane prison authorities are now seeking to effect. Moreover, they are certainly coming, and when they come their beneficial results will quickly declare themselves; for the diminution of crime will then be rapid and continuous like the fall of an ebbing tide.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

THE STRANGE ORIGIN OF THE 'MARSEILLAISE'

MOST curious has been the fate of the famous French national hymn or, more correctly speaking, revolutionary war song. Few are, perhaps, aware in what darkness its origin has been enveloped—a darkness now lifted in a great measure by repeated and careful research.

The impressive melody and its orchestration are so well known, and probably looked upon by most men as so permanent and unalterable, that many will have heard with astonishment from Paris that a new orchestration had been officially decided upon. The task was committed to M. Théodore Dubois, the Director of the Conservatoire, aided by M. Duvernoy, Professor at the same Institute, and by M. Parès, the musical Director of the Garde Républicaine. The Minister of War is said to be enchanted with the result of their labour. Others—perchance anti-Wagnerites—declare it to be an amazing and terrible noise of a battery of drums and other deafening instruments.

In the first years of the last century, various orchestrations of the *Marseillaise* were alternately in vogue at public festivities. It was asserted then by many French composers that the author of the song, Rouget de l'Isle—or Rouget de Lisle, as others will spell his name—was by no means a good technical hand at music. Consequently there arose a great competition in transforming and embellishing the original melody. At last Berlioz appeared with a new instrumentation, and this, for awhile, was looked upon as its definite shape for all times to come. The desire for changes being, however, so great in France, where the saying is, 'Tout passe, tout casse, tout lasse,' M. Ambroise Thomas, a former Director of the Conservatoire, was commissioned to effect a new orchestration. The eternity of his work was, nevertheless, cut short, and the present Director of the Conservatoire was once more entrusted with the task of musical transformation.

But now, who was the original composer of the *Marseillaise*? The usual statement is that Rouget de Lisle, when dining and staying one evening at the house of Herr Dietrich, the burgomaster at Strasburg, was asked to write, and to set to music, a war song for

the volunteers who were to start next day. The feat, it is said, was accomplished during the same night, both text and music being produced. A difficult performance on the face of it, considering the length of the text, which alone would occupy a good deal of time in the way of production.

Here a letter of Mr. George Augustus Sala may be quoted, who wrote about eight years ago to a London paper:

The eminent French musical critic, M. Castil-Blaze, in his work entitled *Molière Musicien*, published in 1862, absolutely denies that Rouget de Lisle composed the music of the *Marseillaise*. He asserts that it is a German canticle, imported into France by Julien, the elder, *alias* Navoigille, who played it in 1782 at the concerts of Madame de Montesson.

This is French testimony from a competent source. The truth is: there once lived at St. Omer, in the department of the Pas-de-Calais, a modest old musical Director, who wrote hymns and anthems, also an oratorio, during his years of office, when he had the control of the music at the cathedral from 1775 to 1787—many years before the Revolution. When he retired—two years before the taking of the Bastille—he drew up an inventory of all his works and deposited it, with his manuscripts in the archives of the town.

Now, in the introduction to the oratorio he had written, that very hymn was lately discovered to which Rouget de Lisle set the words of his war song, five years after that musical Director of St. Omer had withdrawn from his office. It need scarcely be said that, in making use of the Church composition in question, a quickened tempo was introduced for the purpose of martial effect in a battle song. A quickened tempo, or a slowing one, alters, of course, the character of music correspondingly.

It will not create any surprise, after what has been stated above, that the tune of the *Marseillaise* has long ago been claimed in Germany, and proved to be originally a German Church melody—namely, the tune of the Credo of a mass. Johannes Scherr, the historian, one of the men of 1848, who lived in Switzerland after the overthrow of our Revolution, says in his work—*Blücher, His Time and His Life*—that the original of the mass which was composed in 1776 by Holtzmann, the 'Kapellmeister' of the Elector of the Palatinate, was discovered by Mr. Hamma in the musical library of the town's church at Meersburg.

Scherr adds that this discovery awakened in his own mind a strange recollection. As a boy he had sung, in a Catholic village church of Swabia, a new Christmas cantata in a choir. On his coming out from church, an old soldier who had served during the revolutionary campaigns and the Napoleonic wars from 1804 to 1815, said to Scherr: 'Do you know what you have sung? Why, it is the *Marseillaise*! I observed it from the very first bars.'

The same old soldier having often before told the boy Scherr what significance the *Marseillaise* had, the youngster spoke to his

father about what he had just heard. Now Scherr's father was the organist of that village church. And his answer was: 'The *Marseillaise*? What do you think? Why, the music to which I set the new Christmas cantata is a piece of an old mass!'

Here, again, the proof is complete. The *Marseillaise* tune was a piece of an old mass. From the Palatinate, where Holtzmann had composed the latter, it is not a far cry to Alsace; and from Alsace that music easily got into other parts of France.

As to the adaptation of Church music, with a quicker time, to a war song, it is a well-known fact that, in an inverse way, the tunes of love songs, hunting songs, drinking songs, and so forth, were transformed by Luther for Church purposes. They now pass as solemn religious hymns. 'I do not see,' Luther said, 'why the Devil should have all the fine tunes to himself.' In the same way, many years ago, an adventurous young friend of mine—a brother of the distinguished physician Professor Kussmaul—who had left his German home to take part in the war between Mexico and the United States, amused himself by playing on church organs in Mexico similar amatory, jolly, and carousing songs with a slower tempo, much to the edification of the natives, who were not aware of the trick. He was a free-thinker, and enjoyed this sport hugely.

At first, Rouget de Lisle's poem was called the *Battle Song of the Rhine Army*. When the so-called Federals of Marseilles brought it to Paris in 1792, it was rebaptized the *Marseillaise*. Owing to the enthusiasm it created, the poet Klopstock, who, like Schiller, Kant, and Humboldt, was an admirer of the French Revolution and remained long so, observed to Rouget de Lisle, on meeting him at Hamburg: 'Through your poem, 30,000 brave Germans have fallen.' Rouget de Lisle, in a one-act play given last year on the London stage, was represented as dying during the early part of the Revolution. In reality he was near losing his life under the guillotine, but was freed through the overthrow of Robespierre. He fought under Hoche, was wounded, and lived until 1836. Under the Empire and during the Restoration his poem was treated as an anti-Government demonstration, and therefore forbidden. It recovered its place of honour under the government of Louis Philippe, who offered a pension to Rouget de Lisle, which was, however, declined.

Great was the effect, again, when in 1848, under the Second Republic, Mlle. Rachel rendered the poem on the stage, holding the 'tricolore' in her hand. After the overthrow of the Republic by the midnight *coup d'état* of the 2nd of December, 1851, the *Marseillaise* was once more tabooed until the war of 1870, when Napoleon the Third in vain sought to use it for the purpose of conquest. Then the *Wacht am Rhein* had it all its own way. Such has been the variegated fate of the French battle hymn, the tune of which, at any rate, was 'made in Germany.'

KARL BLIND.

LABYRINTHS IN CRETE

THERE are islands in the Mediterranean which may lay claim to greater natural beauties than Crete, but none ranks higher in myth, legend, and romance. Poets, painters, and historians have culled some of their finest themes among its fertile plains and noble mountains, and recent archæological research points to it as the cradle of religion, law, and art in ancient Greece. It behoves the amateur to walk warily amid the multitude of contentious theories which lie in kaleidoscopic variety across the path of even the most casual traveller. Famed in classic days for the labyrinth wherein dwelt the monster Minotaur, to whom the Athenians of old paid their annual tribute of living victims, the island is itself a labyrinth of puzzling paradoxes. The legendary birthplace of Zeus and the dwelling of Minos, that celebrated ruler who received his laws direct from his father the king of all the gods, the tales of the Minotaur, Dædalus, Theseus, and Ariadne proclaim its mythical past: its subsequent submission to Athens, followed by 500 years of Roman supremacy, an early conquest by the Saracens, the purchase of the island by the Venetians at the time of the fourth Crusade, its recapture by the Turks after a lengthened resistance, and the ensuing centuries of disorder and misgovernment afford material for a history of greater length than can be condensed into a Review article. From these bygone annals, however, springs a present full of interest.

The town of Candia, towards the north-east, is perhaps the most important in the island. It can scarcely boast of a road into the interior, but it has direct communication with the Grecian mainland by sea, and a service of steamers to the other ports along the coast. The little harbour seems insignificant in comparison with the magnificence of the fortifications which the Venetians erected in the Middle Ages to protect the most valuable of their possessions against the ravages of the Turks. These massive ramparts recall the towns of the plains of Lombardy, and the lengthy tunnels which formed the only gateways are still in use, and testify to the solidity of their masonry. The Venetians were great builders in the days of their maritime supremacy, and the Lion of St. Mark has left many

signs of his power throughout the island, as well as his image on the walls of the town of Candia. Round the harbour the ancient galley-houses, in which the fleet was docked, are utilised to this day as warehouses for grain and oil. For twenty-five years, from 1644 to 1669, the Venetians defended Candia by sea and land against the besieging forces of Turkey; and when they were at last forced to abandon the town they retired with all the honours of war. A piazza with a lovely fountain of carved stone and two or three fine brick public buildings are remnants of the departed glory of their dominion. The town throughout is a strange medley of East and West, the picturesque types and garments in the crowded central thoroughfares tending more to Eastern than Western customs. The principal streets are wide, with small open booths or shops on either side. The owners sit within on low stools in Oriental fashion, some in fez, some in turban, and some in imitation European costume. For the rest, long, narrow, winding alleys prevail, infamously paved if paved at all, and running between high walls and almost windowless houses, save where here and there a latticed projection showed the residence of a Turkish family.

The guarantee of the five Great Powers for the autonomy of Crete under the suzerainty of the Sultan of Turkey provided for the occupation of the island by their respective troops, and the English contingent is quartered in huts along the ancient Venetian ramparts. The chief evidence of their presence is to be found in the well-cleaned pavements and a general air of healthiness and cleanliness—not to speak of a military band which plays in the piazza on Sundays, and golf links on the sea-shore outside the town. There has, however, been a considerable exodus of Turks from Candia. Three or four years ago, at the time of the disturbances, there were about seventy or eighty thousand; now not more than thirty thousand are left. The Government of the High Commissioner does its best to persuade them to settle down, but, in addition to the fact that they cease to be the direct subjects of the Sultan, there is doubtless a certain obstacle of pride which would be set against their contentedly sharing their power with those over whom they had been accustomed to rule.

This altered condition was specially apparent at Easter-time, when I was staying in Candia. It was only for the second time since the island was wrested from the Venetians that the Greek Church had been allowed to celebrate the customary ceremonies of the Orthodox Easter Day. So dense was the crowd that filled the large new cathedral and open square in front that one was tempted to think it represented an entirely Christian town. All through Passion Week interminably long litanies and services had been sung, but on Good Friday the whole day was passed in prayer beside the symbolic bier of Our Lord. Throughout the day, men, women, maidens, and children reverently approached and laid their tribute

of flowers on the coffin, or humbly kissed the pall in token of love and submission. Towards midnight the cathedral became more and more densely thronged with people, each of whom carried a lighted taper. Some of these stood for hours, listening to the chanted prayers, until the appointed time for the funeral procession to leave the church, when, followed by the archbishop and the chanting clergy, the bier was borne through the narrow streets to proclaim to all the central doctrine of Christianity. Unlike Roman celebrations of the Crucifixion, there was no representation of the Passion, no figures of the sacred story, nothing but the solitary coffin amid the flaming torches. It was said that some Mahomedans were this year seen to throw flowers on it as it passed, and the thought arises, Did this proclaim a new era of toleration, or was it only in deference to the powers that be? Throughout the whole of Easter Eve no sound of bell or call to worship was heard, but everywhere men in varied costumes stood about in groups; some in charge of small flocks of lambs, some occupied in buying them, but perhaps most of them already in possession of their Paschal feast. It was a picturesque sight, which recalled old frescoes in the catacombs of Rome and of the early Christian Churches—here a sturdy townsman carrying a lamb thrown round his neck, and there a shepherd holding one by its forefeet as he silently wended his way towards his home. The Greek Lenten Fast in Crete is no mere pretence. There had been forty days of real privation, now drawing to a close, and these strenuous peasants would well understand the Easter Morning greeting, 'Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us, therefore let us keep the Feast.' At night the ceremonies of Easter Eve are most impressive. A vast concourse of people, all once more with lighted tapers, illumines the large space around and in front of the cathedral, which becomes a quivering sea of tiny flames as the crowd makes way for the archbishop, who, in gorgeous vestments, followed by a train of bearded priests, descends the cathedral steps and crosses the piazza to a raised dais beyond. Here he reads aloud the Gospel message of the resurrection, and each one turns to the other in joy, while the rockets shooting up simultaneously from the cathedral roof sparkle through the darkness of the night. The effect produced is perhaps the more striking from the thought that through long years of cruelty and oppression these people have held fast to the forms of their ancient religion, until at last it has been once more accepted as the religion of the State. Doubtless they are, and will remain, a turbulent race of mountaineers, whom it will be no easy task to govern; but they need time to develop and to learn anew the duties and responsibilities of free men.

At present the population is insufficient for the cultivation of the island, and all over the country there are remains of villages burnt and ruined during the troubles. The olives have been cut

down, the fields left untilled, and the irrigation neglected. This year, owing to the long drought of the winter and early spring, many of the crops are destroyed and useless. While Western Europe was drowned in floods of rain, not a drop fell in Crete for several months, and some distress must therefore be expected before another year elapses. The records lately unearthed by the excavations of Mr. Evans and Mr. Hogarth prove the island to have been most wealthy and prosperous when Minos' famous palace of Knossus, near Candia, was the capital of a great Power which held sway throughout the Ægean Sea some four thousand years ago, and traded with all the nations of the East long before the Phœnicians carried purple dyes from Tyre. In the storerooms of King Minos stand rows of mighty jars—ancient receptacles for oil—and there are sunken chambers which would seem to have contained treasures of gold and precious metals. The ancient palace or labyrinth at Knossus covers about two acres of ground, and was originally built of stone and wood, covered over with plaster. To the uninitiated it somewhat resembles a rabbit warren, with its confused multitude of narrow blocked corridors and small square chambers, which fully correspond to the accepted idea of a Labyrinth. A great portion has yet to be dug out, and money is still required to complete the excavation. Much of what has been accomplished has been paid for by Mr. Arthur Evans himself, who has recently published an account of the work, and the reasons which gave him the hope of making historical discoveries of importance upon this site. The principal apartments in the Palace were decorated with frescoes, and these were still brilliant with colour when first they came to light. They are now preserved under glass in a museum at Candia, but they are already fading, and do not all show the same artistic skill. Some of the most interesting and boldest for scenic effect decorated the gallery leading to the council chamber, and here is the gypsum throne of Minos, with the seats of the councillors ranged along the walls.

It is from the varied life depicted in the frescoes that some of the most interesting details of the civilisation of that period may be gleaned. Opening direct out of the council chamber are unmistakable little supper chambers, where one imagines that Minos, in the intervals of deliberating on the mysteriously transmitted laws, retired to refresh himself from time to time with a chosen few. It is perhaps difficult to believe that the ladies of his Court attended these supper parties in the low-necked gowns of to-day, with frilled skirts, puffed sleeves, and their hair waved and dressed as if by the most modern of Parisian *coiffeurs*. Yet this is how they are here drawn and painted on the walls, and thus handed down to a remote posterity. There are other evidences of considerable artistic sense in this prehistoric period which equal, if they do not surpass, that of Mycenæ or Egypt, such

as the modelling in low-relief of a life-sized bull in painted terracotta; a head of a lioness, beautifully sculptured in marble, and various little objects worked in gold and bronze. That the skill of the workman of the period was not confined to painting and modelling is evident from the interesting pottery and finely engraved seals, and it is mainly from these that scholars are able to fix the approximate date of this palatial building. Large paved courts spread out in front of the entrances, and the palace occupies the whole surface of a low round hill, the ground sloping downwards on one side to a stream at the base, and stretching away on the other to the distant spurs of Mount Ida, which was one of the traditional birthplaces of Zeus. The cave has, however, now been localised on the mountain of Dictæ, to the south-east of the island. Mr. Hogarth, who explored the cave some sixty feet into the side of the mountain, unearthed multitudes of native offerings in bronze at the shrine of the great god which he there found. These are also to be seen with the Knossus treasures in the newly arranged museum at Candia, as well as many examples of the Labrys or double battle-axe of Zeus, which gave its ancient name of Labyrinth to the palace of Minos and the home of the Minotaur. The Italian excavations under Mr. Halbherr at Phæstos further inland have laid bare an even more extensive palace, which contained among other records an ancient code of laws inscribed on stone, and scarcely a week passes without some new and interesting object being brought to light in one or other of the sites which have lately been opened.

But for the genuine archæologist the most valuable and interesting of the discoveries are the numberless clay tablets found by Mr. Evans at Knossus inscribed with a perfect linear type of prehistoric writing hitherto unknown. It is not Semitic, though it may be derived from Egypt, and it can be proved that the Cretans were possessed of a script anterior to and of a character other than that of the Phœnicians, who have until now had the credit of introducing the earliest writing into Europe. Here, then, in this small island, almost equidistant from Europe, Asia, and Africa, we find the three origins of all progress—religion, literature, and art—existing on a basis of their own and different from those of Assyria and Egypt. We have, moreover, a complete picture of the wealthy, orderly, and prosperous community, using gold and bronze in an antiquity probably more remote from those Greeks for whom Homer sang than the histories of the Trojan war are remote from the legends of King Arthur.

All these revelations of past history indicate a close connection with the ancient races of the Greek mainland. After the prolonged siege of Candia, when Crete virtually became part of the Turkish Empire, the Venetians contrived for some time to maintain themselves at Suda Bay. The republic was apparently quite of the

opinion proclaimed by Napoleon, that the possession of this splendid anchorage would mean paramount power in the Mediterranean. Suda Bay lies about three miles from Canea, the present seat of the Government of the High Commissioner of Crete, Prince George of Greece. It is a long, wide inlet from the sea, well sheltered and of great depth. When the Great Powers of Europe stepped in to keep the peace between the Mussulman Government and their Christian subjects, after the massacres and insurrection of three years ago, the British and allied fleets were stationed here for the purposes of the blockade. Since order has been proclaimed and maintained the flags of the protecting Powers as well as the standard of Turkey are hoisted at the entrance of the bay, and each nation has usually a man-of-war anchored inside as well as a contingent of troops on the island; the English, as before mentioned, are quartered in Candia; the French, Russians, and Italians in Canea. The Cretan gendarmerie, commanded by Italian officers, are a magnificent body of men, wearing a modified native uniform which does full justice to their fine physique and appearance, and the whole island is perfectly peaceable and safe for travellers, which can hardly be said of all parts of the Turkish Empire.

Canea lies amid groves of olives and vineyards fringed by the sea, and with a range of snow-capped mountains as background. The town is less picturesque and Oriental than Candia, but it has a service of omnibuses, electric light, and paved streets. Here also is a diminutive House of Representatives, where the first assembly elected since the establishment of the new Constitution in 1898 met on the 1st of June, the deputies waving Greek flags in token of their Greek proclivities. Many questions of administration and finance require immediate attention, and although there is no lack of officials the practical work seems to advance but slowly. It is perhaps hardly to be expected that it should be otherwise until it is decided by Europe under whose Government the islanders are eventually to live. At present a Cretan has no nationality; he has ceased to be a Turkish subject, and he can claim to belong to no other nation. He cannot even get permission to land at any Turkish port in the Levant, nor is he able to carry on trade in any part of Turkey. - It is not worth while to plant olives or vines, nor to rebuild the houses burned and destroyed during the troubles, until it is certain that they will not pass back to the Mussulman or other invader. Some ambitious spirits are inclined to take advantage of the feeling of unrest produced by the uncertainty of the present settlement, and have started intrigues in favour of Crete for the Cretans. It is obvious that this would mean a recurrence of all the former internal struggles, though such a scheme would doubtless find favour in the eyes of any Power who might desire supremacy in the Mediterranean. The island would quickly become the prey of the highest

bidder, and the sums spent by the Powers who now maintain the garrisons would be money thrown into the sea. The provinces of Bosnia and Herzegovina have made rapid strides in progress since they passed under the government of the Austrian Empire, though still belonging to the dominions of the Sultan. Some such arrangement would seem the safest solution of the Cretan problem. The Sultan would continue to be the nominal Suzerain, and the Cretans would have self-government under their own prince and at the same time would become Greek subjects, and be protected against future Mussulman government by the Christian kingdom of Greece—a boon for which they have been struggling for more than half a century. The warships and troops of the Powers might then be withdrawn in safety, and the energies of the people directed towards the development of the wealth and fertility of the island. But meanwhile the task of the High Commissioner of the Powers in threading his way through the labyrinth of European designs and jealousies is at least as difficult as that of Theseus of old, and there are many who will suggest that Greece is not the Ariadne who holds the thread to guide him through the maze of finance to fiscal triumphs. The pecuniary sacrifices made by the Greeks for their Cretan brethren are misconstrued and overlooked, and the aspirations of the Greek-speaking populations of the Mediterranean to constitute themselves the guardians of Christianity in the Levant will always be regarded with disfavour by those who covet the distinction for themselves.

MARY A. A. GALLOWAY.

THE LATE BISHOP OF LONDON

A PERSONAL IMPRESSION

BISHOP THIRLWALL once told a friend whom he met at the Athenæum that he had spent the whole day in writing letters. He had written thirty. 'Three of them,' he added, 'were important, and it was necessary that I should write them. The rest might have been written by my butler.' That great intellect, which had no superior, if indeed it had an equal, on either the episcopal or the judicial bench, was frittered away on an infinite deal of nothing, and an interminable series of nobodies. Yet Dr. Thirlwall had a comparatively small diocese, containing a very large proportion of Dissenters. It did not kill him. He lived to a green old age, and died in an honoured retirement. Far different was the fate of Dr. Creighton, who broke down as a race-horse would break down if he were put to draw a coal-truck. Sydney Smith's favourite nightmare was to be preached to death by wild curates. One might say without flippancy that Bishop Creighton was bored to death by fussy incumbents. For in all seriousness there can be few things more tragic than the spectacle of fine and rare mental gifts, which might have been employed in building a monument more durable than brass, wasted upon trifles to which no sensible and educated man would voluntarily give two thoughts. Dr. Creighton was among the ablest and most learned historians of the century. The work which he did before he became a bishop—I mean his *History of the Papacy during the Reformation*—will long outlast the fruits of his episcopal labours, important as they were. And yet it is hard to say that such a man should not be a bishop. Dr. Creighton had all his life a strong interest and belief in the Church of England. He regarded the Church not merely as a spiritual body, but also as a national institution, inseparably connected with the growth and development of the English people. He believed in bishops, and in their power to do good, as well secular as religious. By universal consent he ruled two dioceses with conspicuous ability and success. A man must die somehow, and he died nobly, a victim to duty. His wonderful faculty of organisation, his social influence, his tact and brilliancy in addressing

audiences of every class, would never have been discovered if he had remained a Canon of Windsor and gone on writing books. He might have become, like Dean Wellesley and Dean Davidson, a bishop-maker. A book-maker, even in the literary sense, he could never have been.

A bishop's life ought to be anything rather than trivial, and it was certainly the last thing which Dr. Creighton would have desired his own life to be. But he could not emancipate himself from the thralldom of *das Gemeine*, the common, and he died, as he might himself have said, of blessing hassocks. I am not an ecclesiastical reformer. I have no suggestions to make on utilising suffragans. What concerns me is the premature close of a great career, and, as a corollary, the reason why Dr. Creighton is not, under Providence, alive now. It is simply because he would not and could not confine himself to essentials, and leave secondary things in the hands of secondary persons. The only consolation is that he died in the plenitude of his physical and intellectual vigour, before any sign of weakness, of decadence, or of approaching age could be detected by the keenest observer. I suppose everyone who knew Dr. Creighton would agree that his vitality was the most striking thing about him. His spare figure, his rapid walk, his elastic step, were in perfect harmony with the range of his interests, the quickness of his apprehension, and the readiness of his replies. Like many short-sighted men, his hearing was particularly acute, and it was observed that he never heard better than when he seemed to be asleep. He was always ready to talk, and, like most really good talkers, he was also a good listener. He was incapable of missing the point, and he could not be obscure. He was not specially famous as a sayer of good things, and no man's speech was less formal. He liked plunging into a conversation just as he found it and saying the first thing that came into his head, which was not infrequently some outrageous paradox. The correct thing to say of Dr. Creighton is, I gather from what I have read, that he was 'too paradoxical.' That is, of course, a matter of taste. A paradox must contain an element of truth, or it is simply ridiculous. Its value consists in its being at once true and contrary to received opinion. 'He that seeketh his life shall lose it, and he that loseth his life for my sake shall find it,' is a paradox. But Christians regard it as a truth. I do not say that Dr. Creighton's paradoxes were always serious. Sometimes they were, as when he said that all knowledge was opposed to common-sense—which will repay a good deal of reflection. Most often they were audacious fun; gravity agreed as little with Dr. Creighton as with Sterne. The peculiar carriage of the body, intended to hide deficiencies of the mind, was abhorrent to him. In church no one was more reverent, on public occasions no one more episcopal, than he. But he never assumed pontifical airs in private. He had a good deal of the under-

graduate in him to the last. He talked incomparable nonsense to children, and sometimes, it must be admitted, to grown-up people, who thought that the Bishop was wanting in respect for their intelligence. He certainly did not underrate the number of fools in the world; perhaps he overrated it, for people are not always so silly as they seem. But the Bishop's own irrepressible gaiety and youth of heart were accountable for most of his quips. Then he wanted to stir his company up, to rouse their combative instincts, to make them talk. He could not bear dulness, and he was the life of every society into which he came. He did not spoil conversation by monopolising it, but he kept it going, he never let it run dry. There was hardly anything about which he could not, or would not, converse. His memory, though more substantive than verbal, was wonderfully comprehensive. He would pass from classical scholarship to social gossip, from mediæval history to Italian inns, with perfect ease, always avoiding shop by the way. He prided himself on knowing Italy as well as any Englishman, and he appeared to remember every picture in every church he had seen. He never, I should think, knew what it was to feel shy. He made a point of getting into conversation, as the phrase is, with all classes in all countries wherever he went, being in the first place a good linguist, and in the second place not much caring how he spoke a language so long as he made himself intelligible. And somehow everyone wanted to talk to him, his geniality was so irresistible.

As a rule, a man who seems always serious is never serious, but merely trivial. I do not think that Dr. Creighton had the slightest touch of the profound and melancholy humour which distinguished Swift and Carlyle, nor even of the half-cynical, half-sentimental humour which belonged to Thackeray. He was the most cheerful of men, full of high spirits, and enjoying every moment of his life. But about things for which he really cared, such as, to take only secular examples, history and local institutions, he was more than serious, he was earnest and enthusiastic. He would poke fun at them, but it was all in the way of affection. Not long before his death he became a member of the governing body for the University of London. He was already burdened, as the event showed, beyond his strength. But he entered with the keenest zest into these new duties, and was constantly meditating schemes for making the university serviceable to the people. Yet he would be as likely as not to tell a casual acquaintance that the worst thing to do with people was to educate them, because it was ten to one they remained ignorant, and only became conceited. It cannot be denied that he gave annoyance, and that not merely to stupid or pompous people, by these fashions of speech. They thought he was showing disrespect for their mental powers, and perhaps they were justified in thinking so. But it was not the fact. The causes of the Bishop's inveterate love

for paradox were, I should suppose, mainly two. In the first place, it was the habit of Oxford common rooms in his day, and few men changed less than he. In the second place, it saved time and trouble. The Bishop was a very busy man, who saw a great many people, and he could not be always suiting his conversation to his company. We all know what Sir Robert Walpole did in similar circumstances. The Bishop's was at least a cleaner shift. The most silent and sluggish of mankind are roused to combative loquacity when they hear their most settled convictions boldly denied, and their pet platitudes turned inside out, or upside down. Dr. Creighton did not aim, like some great talkers, at gathering round him a silent circle of admiring listeners. He liked to make others talk, and he almost always succeeded.

Dr. Creighton's taste was not perfect. No man's is. He was, I think, while he extolled character above intellect, a better judge of intellect than of character. Free as any human being has ever been from envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness, he was full, though not so full as he seemed, of friendly contempt. He sometimes failed to realise that a man who did not understand chaff, and would not play the game with him, might nevertheless have a sound and penetrating judgment which made his simple words of more value than many epigrams. I do not mean to say that this was so in all cases. I know what he has written about Sir George Grey and Lord Lilford. But I do mean that he habitually measured men (not women) too freely by an intellectual standard. On the other hand, he never imputed motives; he put the most favourable construction upon conduct; there was no bitterness in his satire. He had no reverence for other people's idols, and very few idols of his own. As Matthew Arnold says of Socrates, adopting the language of the Hebrew prophet, Dr. Creighton was terribly at ease in Zion. No disrespectful word of any moral or religious principle ever, I am sure, fell from his lips. But he would not enlarge the objects of his devotion to suit susceptible feelings. He sometimes, for instance, made one consider that, whatever Mr. Gladstone's political blunders may have been, there were more reasons than one why a Christian bishop should speak of him with respect. But Dr. Creighton was the opposite of a hero-worshipper. He had an almost passionate belief in liberty, and disliked, except perhaps in Russia, the spectacle of men blindly following a leader. Being a thorough Englishman, he was, nevertheless, only too delighted to have an opportunity of shocking insular prejudice by pointing out the most prominent defects of the British character. But in nothing was he more English than in his love of freedom. His own independence of character was almost startling. In public he looked, perhaps, the most episcopal man on the bench. In private there was nothing of the bishop about him except his clothes. But in public, as in private,

he was always Mandell Creighton, more like himself, so to speak, every year he lived, and not caring a halfpenny stamp what anyone thought of him. That he liked people to think about him was possible. He was intensely human.

Dr. Thompson, of Trinity, complained that much of his life was occupied with 'that worst kind of trifling called business.' Dr. Creighton was, of course, overwhelmed with it. Besides his episcopal functions, he was an Ecclesiastical Commissioner and a trustee of the British Museum. He never neglected anything, except his own health and the necessity of regular meals. He would sit, as I have been told, at the Museum writing letters incessantly, but not missing a single point in the discussion, and taking part in it from time to time. No other face that I have seen had such an expression of concentrated energy. The Bishop seemed to have in him twenty lives, and it may be said that he died of compressing twenty into one. And yet nobody could lay aside work more easily, or enjoy a holiday more. Although he did not get much exercise in London, he kept up to the last the habit of taking long walks in Italian valleys and in the North of England, where he spent so many years of his life. He must have walked many scores of miles in the spacious garden at Fulham. Those who went to see the Bishop there on a Sunday afternoon always found him, if they found him at all, leisurely, chatty, hospitable, and apparently without a care in the world. There was the family tea-table, and there were the eternal cigarettes. The Bishop must have paid a fortune in tobacco-duty. The occasion was never improved. Anything, or any person, that came up was treated with perfect freedom, but at the same time with kindness, if sometimes with irony. I made many attempts to discover what the Bishop's politics were, but I never once succeeded. He professed for politics, I think, more contempt than he really felt. For, after all, politics are the making of history, and the Bishop was nothing if not historical. In one of his last public addresses, the lecture on the Italian Renaissance at St. Paul's, he laid down the principle that he who claims to speak in the name of God should never, as Savonarola did, attach himself to a party. But it was not merely as Bishop of London that Dr. Creighton shrank from parties, nor was it only parties that he eschewed. What he really disliked, one might say hated, was the confidence without knowledge which he saw, or thought he saw, in politicians.

Comparisons have been drawn, very little to the purpose, between Mandell Creighton and Samuel Wilberforce. Except for a love of society, which after all is not very rare, the two great Bishops had nothing in common. Bishop Wilberforce's sincerity was, perhaps wrongly, but at least widely suspected. Bishop Creighton was sincere to a fault. His loathing for cant sometimes drove him into

the other extreme, and made him appear far more cynical than he was. Dr. Wilberforce, though a brilliant orator, a witty talker, and full of showy accomplishments, was shallow, inaccurate, and superficial. His criticism, or what he meant for criticism, of Darwin exposed him to the ridicule of all scientific men, whether they were Darwinians or not. Dr. Creighton had the most profound respect for knowledge, and minute accuracy was characteristic of all he wrote. Style, I think, he undervalued. He seemed to regard it as concealing or distorting the truth, and a more single-minded worshipper of truth never lived. He was quite capable of appreciating the best style, and he used to say that Plato had carried the art to the utmost limit of human perfection. But in his *History of the Papacy*, which I am quite incapable of judging, except from the outside, he sacrifices everything to accuracy and to directness of narrative. There are no purple passages in the book. It is dry in the best sense, like champagne. Dull it never is. There is throughout it a sense of movement, the action never flags, and the characters of the Popes become as familiar to the reader as if they were contemporaries of his own. The book is wholly free from the vice of moral indignation. Even the career of Alexander the Sixth is described with scarcely an epithet, and the worst of his crimes are disproved by a few simple statistics. There are no flings at the Scarlet Lady, from which Wilberforce could not, for twenty pages, have refrained. Wilberforce's doctrinal orthodoxy was unimpeachable. It endeared him to Mr. Gladstone, and to others. About his devotion to truth there were at least two opinions. He was, however, undoubtedly a consummate man of the world, despite his odd, awkward, and singularly unsuccessful attempt to convert Charles Greville; and Dr. Creighton, with all his cleverness, was hardly that, though he was the most interesting and delightful of companions, especially if you were alone with him. He always knew what to say. In the more difficult art of knowing what not to say he was less proficient. He was intentionally unkind to no one. But he sometimes unconsciously gave pain to people who thought that a bishop must mean everything he said.

Samuel Wilberforce came into the world with great advantages. His father was equally and most justly respected in political, philanthropic, and evangelical circles. Mandell Creighton had his own way to make from the beginning. He owed nothing to anyone. His own intellect and his own character were all that he had to work with from his birth at Carlisle to his death at Fulham. This is no attempt to sketch the course of his life. I did not know him until he became Bishop of Peterborough, and I did not see much of him until he came to London. I did, however, spend one Sunday with him at Peterborough, when the only other male guest, except the present Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, was the late Professor Sidg-

wick, perhaps the most exact reproduction of a Greek philosopher that our age has seen. A conversation on Purcell's *Life of Manning* comes back to me in fragments as one of the most amusing I ever heard. Mr. Sidgwick was the more brilliant talker of the two. He had just that amount of hesitation in his speech which enhanced the effect of his pungent remarks; and, though he was the least pedantic of men, he never said anything which could not have been taken down in writing, and used in his favour afterwards. The character of the Cardinal underwent a searching and exhaustive analysis, a task which Mr. Purcell's labours undoubtedly facilitate. The Bishop had no love for the Church of Rome, and Mr. Sidgwick had no prejudice in favour of any Church. At last I found myself the Cardinal's advocate, and I said, rather feebly, that his asceticism must have been sincere. Mr. Sidgwick's quite unexpected reply may perhaps be quoted without impropriety. 'He was a (pause) prudent man with a (pause) bad digestion.' The Bishop and Mr. Sidgwick differed, I suppose (I do not pretend to speak with knowledge), almost as widely as men can differ upon fundamental subjects. But Dr. Creighton did not care two straws what a man's opinions were. He liked a clever man, he loved a good man. That was all he cared about, except that within the restraints of Christian charity he hated a bore.

One of the finest and most penetrating of all Dr. Creighton's personal criticisms is to be found in his account of Luther's attitude towards the Peasants' War. Luther on that occasion took the side of the powers that were. 'The man who had cast away the bonds of ecclesiastical authority felt himself compelled to assert the binding obligation of civil authority with all the greater vehemence because he had been himself a rebel. *No man is so certain as he who draws a fine distinction because it is practically necessary.*' Dr. Creighton would probably have disclaimed a reference in these words to any statesman living when he wrote them. He would have considered that to degrade the functions of history. But it is impossible not to perceive that he was expressing his opinion of practical politics. He disliked them, not, as the Marquis of Halifax did, because they were a rough thing compared with the fineness of speculative thought, but because they were empirical, because they did not rest upon knowledge. He was incapable by nature of being a party man, though, if he could have sat in the House of Commons, he would have made an excellent debater. The House of Lords did not seem to suit him, and his clear ringing voice was seldom heard in it. It is, no doubt, a depressing audience. But Dr. Tait, whose mental powers were certainly not greater than Dr. Creighton's, held a leading position there for twenty years. Dr. Creighton was not an orator like Wilberforce, or his own predecessor at Peterborough, Magee. Though an interesting and stimulating, he was not in the vulgar sense of the term a popular preacher. He had not much admiration for eloquence and not much

love of popularity. But on a platform, or at a public entertainment, there were few better speakers in England. Whether it were a cultivated audience, as at the dinners of the Royal Academy and the Literary Fund, or the hall of a midland town crowded with working men, Dr. Creighton always interested and excited his hearers. The Church Congress, not an easy body to manage, never had a better chairman. But the atmosphere of the Lords did not seem to suit him. Certainly addressing 'sheeted tombstones by torchlight' was not in his way.

An excellent article on Dr. Creighton in the *Quarterly Review* attributes to him an overmastering desire for influence. He was ambitious in the noblest sense. He had the 'dæmonic' gift of Socrates. He enjoyed the exercise of his remarkable faculty for the guidance of men and the management of affairs. He was also profoundly impressed with the value of historic truth and the duty of spreading it. But there never was a man less anxious to make proselytes or converts. He was far more interested in ascertaining other people's opinions than in getting them to adopt his own. Nor, indeed, had he always a very strong opinion. He had, what is very rare, a naturally impartial mind. He saw both sides in their weakness and in their strength, especially in their weakness. It amused him to watch the wrangling of men who knew no history, whether their disputes were political or ecclesiastical. The first question (I don't say the last) which he put to a dogma, or a principle, was not whether it were true or false—it might be partly one, and partly the other—but how it came to be there. Turn to the *History of the Papacy* for the Bishop's views about confession, and you will be disappointed in your object. But your search will nevertheless be rewarded, for you will find this precious sentence: 'Naturally, men preferred to confess to a wandering friar whom they had never seen before and hoped never to see again, rather than to their parish priest, whose rebukes and admonitions might follow them at times when the spirit of contrition was not so strong within them.' Gibbon seldom wrote anything better than that, and yet it is quite free from objection on religious grounds. It is the mere statement of a fact, and the humour is in the situation. Yet history, even when told with Dr. Creighton's strict and cold fidelity, may teach lessons for itself. If confession is most popular when it is most perfunctory, the popularity of the practice can be no proof of its usefulness. Dr. Creighton was attacked by Evangelicals as a High Churchman, and in some respects he might be called so. He was jealous for the dignity and independence of the Church, so far as an established Church can be independent. But there was a vein of sturdy English Protestantism in him which rebelled, and always would have rebelled, against the 'Roman obedience.' No man was more thoroughly imbued with the sentiment of the grand old text, 'Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty.'

Perhaps no Englishman of real learning in our day, except Lord Acton, ever had his knowledge more at his fingers' ends than Dr. Creighton. If his memory was not quite equal to Lord Acton's, it was at once capacious and retentive, and his quickness could not have been exceeded. He was an omnivorous reader of Greek, Latin, English, French, German, and Italian. He had been thoroughly grounded in classical scholarship by Dr. Holden at Durham. He had a singular gift for extemporaneous translation, and he sometimes wrote Latin verses which were quite as good as the Pope's. Without German he could not have written his history. His Italian he refreshed every year in Italy. No bishop on the bench was fonder of French novels. It has been said that he did not read much poetry, but that is a mistake. On his last Easter holidays he read through the whole of Milton's verse again in the new pocket edition published by the Clarendon Press. I remember his saying to me that he found in them no proof of Milton having been an Arian. His mind was not poetical, nor, except in the sense of realising historic development, imaginative. But he had the scholar's love of literature for its own sake. He had a very strong belief that the Gospels, apart from their religious aspect, were models of biographical writing, and he would refer to the Acts of the Apostles as the perfection of historical narrative. Of modern historians he was, I think, no great admirer, though he was trained in the school of Stubbs. Macaulay sinned against his canon that history was fact, and nothing but fact, which would be all very well if facts spoke for themselves to people in general. Unfortunately, to most of us they are silent until they have been touched by the hand of a master. When Dr. Creighton abandoned history to be a bishop, he did not give up his interest in the subject. He often seemed to hanker after the comparatively quiet days when he could live so much in the past. Not that most men would have thought them quiet. For at Embleton, where most of his book was written, he worked a parish, took pupils, and sat as chairman on the board of guardians.

It will seem like one of his own paradoxes to say that the excellence of the Bishop's conversation makes the difficulty of showing people who did not know him how he talked. But it is so, and for this reason, among others. He never harangued in private. To hold forth was not in his way. He would start a subject—he was very good at that—and let anyone who pleased take it up. Or he would flash a rapid glance at you, and then suddenly put a question. He once asked me, after a long chat with an eminent controversialist, whether I did not think that the mistake David made in his haste was to say 'liars' instead of 'fools.' Chief Justice Jervis's classification of mankind is not for episcopal ears, so I could only reply that no doubt we were all equally ignorant of history. He was good enough to approve of this gloss. At the same time,

his interest in human nature was equally intense and benevolent. He declared that the population of Embleton would have furnished materials for another Balzac. To Balzac he was devoted, and he liked also an inferior artist, Gaboriau. I believe that he would have rivalled Monsieur Lecocq in the detection of an obscure crime, and the skill with which he manœuvred an undesirable resident out of his parish would have done credit to a great diplomatist. There was a point in this story, too long to tell, at which the individual in question appeared to be triumphant. 'He boasted,' said the Bishop, with his most Mephistophelian smile, 'that he had done the parson.' It soon turned out, of course, that the parson had done him. What the Bishop did not tell was the long series of kind, sympathetic, and unselfish acts by which he endeared himself to the poor. His heart was as soft as his head was hard. It was not fondness for Ritualists, nor even regard for the peace of the Church, but reluctance to deprive a good man of his livelihood, which led him to stop ecclesiastical prosecutions. 'Live, and let live,' was his motto. He was a bad hater. 'Oh, he's a good fellow, but he doesn't understand the question.' With some such words he would dispose of a clerical delinquent. Cruelty and presumptuous ignorance did make him angry, but hardly anything else did. In an age when Churchmen held high offices of State he would have been thoroughly at home. He would have liked to be Lord Chancellor as well as a bishop, at least in the days when it was possible for a bishop to be anything else. But he realised that those days were over. He had to decline the proposal that he should write the *Life of Queen Victoria* on the same scale as his *Life of Queen Elizabeth*. The Queen asked him his reason. 'If your Majesty wished me to write your life,' was the reply, 'your Majesty should not have made me a bishop.' Once a bishop, always a bishop, is, from one point of view, a dreadful truth. There is no discharge in that war, and no rest for a bishop, except in the grave. Dr. Creighton went so far as to say that no one who thought, or had a mind, should be Bishop of London. The secular qualities required were those of a bank clerk. When he came to Peterborough, he found that the clergy had been living for years in terror of their diocesan. Except with a few favourites, Dr. Magee was almost as remote and awful as Swift. Dr. Creighton soon changed all that. He put the humblest people at their ease with his good-humour, his high spirits, and his total absence of reserve. If he often puzzled the clergy, he never frightened them, and he played with their children as he played with his own. When he came to London, he mixed freely in various sorts of society, for none came amiss to him, and he was just the same to them all. He was the reverse of dazzled, and used to complain that the average intelligence of Londoners was so low. Though it was very difficult to shock the Bishop, it was very easy to bore him, and pomposity of all kinds had that effect. Nor did he like gush. He was fond of destroying illusions, and proving that

no popular hero's character would bear examination. Nor did he acquiesce in the glorification of the past. 'There is far more real religion now,' he said, 'than there was in the so-called ages of faith.' What we wanted was greater respect for knowledge. The Bishop had a good deal of the Socratic irony, though he was perhaps even more conscious of other people's ignorance than of his own.

There was something singularly attractive and also singularly Christian in the kindness which underlay Dr. Creighton's superficial irony and cynicism. His pecuniary generosity, perhaps the cheapest form of the virtue, is known to have been great. His hospitality was unbounded, and seemed to be part of his nature. There was nothing of the recluse in him. He really and truly loved all sorts and conditions of men. He also, I fancy, felt that most of them had rather a dull time, and he was the more determined that they should not be dull when they were with him. He and Mrs. Creighton adopted the pleasant theory that Fulham was a country-house, to which Londoners might be asked from Saturday till Monday. To his friends the Bishop was more than kind; he was sympathetic, warm-hearted, and affectionate. And he was always the same. Whatever worries he might have in his diocese, he did not inflict them, or the depression they must have caused, upon his guests. He liked to talk about something else, and what was there that he could not talk about? An observer of human life has left it upon record that sense must be very good to be as good as nonsense. That was probably the Bishop's view. He certainly talked a lot of nonsense to children, and he made schoolboys roar with the wildness of his dog-Latin. Children adored him, for he understood exactly how to treat them. If he was too much inclined to treat all women like children, it was not contempt, but a sort of paternal and protective tenderness. He might have said with the poet, if he would have said anything so self-conscious, that 'He gave whate'er he had to give to freedom and to youth.' He did not grow old, or even middle-aged, himself. One always thought of him as a young man, and put down his occasional freaks to the exuberance of youth. 'Alas!' one thought, 'when he is old and grave, and Archbishop of Canterbury, he will not do these things any more.' And now that he is gone, some of the things for which strict censors blamed him are not those which we miss the least. If ever a man's death was premature, his was. But it is vain to lament.

*His saltem accumulem donis, et fungar inani
Munere.*

Slight as this rough sketch is, it would be incomplete if I did not add one thing. The Bishop had, perhaps, no great turn for dogmatic theology. But he was the best practical Christian I have ever known.

HERBERT PAUL.

DISSENT IN THE VICTORIAN ERA

'I CAN conceive,' said the late Bishop of London in a private letter to myself a year ago, 'of a Christian commonwealth consisting of bodies of believers and with opinions of their own about matters of organisation, understanding one another and respecting one another, yet conscious of a common purpose which transcends all human methods.' I cannot doubt that there are multitudes in all Churches who would regard this as the ideal of the Holy Catholic Church. Its members (and they are all who love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity) find their true bond of unity, not in historical descent, not even in doctrinal agreement, still less in modes of organisation, but in spirit. Their common aim is to cultivate the mind of Christ and to do His will, and in their supreme devotion to that they must of necessity cease from the 'strife and faction' which has diverted so much of the energy of Christendom from its proper work.

Alas! we are far from having reached this point, but it will be something if we have even entered on the path which leads to it. There are still the grand divisions which have existed through the centuries, and which to all appearance are as pronounced in character and maintained with as much tenacity as at any previous period. Roman, Greek, Anglican—each claims a monopoly of Catholicity for his own Church, and are agreed only in their common repudiation of all schism and its abettors. In our own country Church and Dissent are too much regarded as common foes rather than as fellow-workers for the kingdom of God. Ever and anon we hear of movements towards union, but unfortunately when they come to be closely examined they are found to be either on the one side endeavours of the strong to absorb some weaker element or simple endeavours to alter the line of separation, with the tolerable certainty that the new union would become a new element of division. In the letter from which I have already quoted Bishop Creighton says: 'To me it is most painful proof of an inadequate hold of the principles of Christianity that the profession of these principles should be a cause of disunion and bitter feeling. Attempts to remedy this have failed because they conceive unity as something external and structural.' That remark is profoundly true. One result of the mistake is that

endeavours after the reunion of Christendom have been among the most prolific sources of disunion, and that the Association for that object has been one of the most disturbing forces in the Anglican Church.

Surely, however, we are not to arrive at the conclusion that in this respect no progress is being made, and that the Victorian era, whatever else it has done, has failed even to soften the asperities of religious controversy or to mellow the spirits of the disputants. The late Bishop of London was a conspicuous example to the contrary. It would be fortunate if it were possible to regard his spirit as characteristic of the Episcopal Bench as a whole; but this must at least be admitted, that it would not be easy to fix on a period at which there were more Bishops prepared to treat Nonconformists as Christian brethren. It would be invidious to single out individual prelates whose acts of courtesy have done something to remove the keen edge of old antagonism. But, as Dr. Creighton has passed away to a land where he cannot be troubled with the impertinence and bigotry of some unable to appreciate either the more gracious temper of the Churchman or the more enlightened sagacity of the statesman, I may express how deeply, as a Dissenter of the more advanced type, I appreciated his bearing towards us who were outside his own Church. I do not, for a moment, suppose that we were in theological accord, it may be that we were not even in proximity. But, instead of the arrogance of the ecclesiastic, there was that endeavour to understand men and to deal with them as a wise man of affairs would which was so necessary for one filling a position of such delicacy and responsibility. My first experience of him was in connection with the meeting of the Congregational Union at Leicester, where, as Bishop of the diocese, he gave a cordial welcome to the assembly. Such a greeting was as rare as it was gracious. It fell to my lot to prepare a letter in reply. Hence on his appointment to London I sent a message of congratulation, and in his reply is the following sentence, surely a worthy keynote for a Christian prelate: 'it will be my endeavour that brotherly love should bind together all the followers of our common Lord and Master.' Reviewing his all too brief episcopate, it can honestly be said that this pledge was redeemed in the attitude he invariably maintained to Nonconformists.

These incidents are recorded and emphasised because they furnish such an illuminating side-light upon the change in the position of Dissent which the Victorian era has witnessed. How much of that improvement is due to the fact that our late beloved Sovereign was one who took a serious view of religion and of the forces which it quickened and stimulated in the country it would be impossible for an outsider to determine. If we are to accept the portrait drawn by a writer in the *Quarterly Review* as a correct presentment Her Majesty, while taking a thoroughly Erastian view of her own position as the head of the National Church, regarded the differences in religious

opinion among her subjects in a Catholic spirit equally consistent with common-sense and Christian feeling. That her influence told in this direction, and so contributed to the growth of better relations between the Establishment and the Free Churches, can hardly be questioned. It is not suggested that there was any active interference, but the current story of her expressing to one of the Bishops her hope that he got on well with the Nonconformists indicates at all events the prevalent belief as to her own desires. The Bishops who were supposed to enjoy special favour at Court, such as Tait and Randall Davidson, were always men of distinctly Liberal tendencies. But in nothing did she separate herself more completely from High Church exclusiveness than in her attendance at the Presbyterian Church during her residence in Scotland. Her position, looked at from an outsider's standpoint, was undoubtedly anomalous. She was legally an official head of two Churches, and a large, not to say dominant, party in one of them regarded the other as no Church at all. The Queen treated them both as alike Churches of Christ, and worshipped at one or the other according to her place of residence at the particular time. Not holding the State Church principle, I am not concerned to justify the practice, except as an object lesson in Christian tolerance by which all her subjects, and especially the clerical section of them, might well profit. I have myself a happy recollection of a service at the old Highland church (for which, may I say, I always wondered Her Majesty was content to substitute a new building, more imposing in appearance, but without the associations of its predecessor) at which the Queen was present. I was privileged to sit in an adjoining pew, and the impression left on mind and heart by that remarkable scene cannot be effaced. There was the great Empress-Queen—perhaps the most potent Sovereign on earth—worshipping in simplest form the King of kings. The trappings of earthly state were conspicuous only by their absence; of ritual there was less than may be found in many a Nonconformist chapel to-day; her fellow-worshippers were the rude fathers of the hamlet and their families; and, be it added, of all the congregation there was not one who followed every part of the service with more attention or apparently in a more reverential spirit than the Queen. It was an impressive rendering of the grand primary truth of the Old Book—'The rich and the poor meet together: the Lord is the maker of them.' It was a witness, not the less impressive because undesigned, to the spiritual nature of true worship, taking it out of the region of mere outward form and clerical correctitude, and reminding us that our God dwelleth not in temples made with hands, and accepts the service of all who worship Him in spirit and in truth.

The liberalising influence exerted by the Queen is only one of the forces of the age working for freedom of thought and charity in judgment. These have, to say the least, more than sufficed to

counteract the opposite tendencies which, to the superficial observer, would seem to be the natural development of the Oxford Movement. I make the qualification because there is another side of High Churchism which ought not to be overlooked. Strange as it may read, there is often more sympathy between its representatives and Nonconformists than between the latter and Evangelicals. The reason is sufficiently clear. The Low Church are afraid lest any tendency to fellowship with Dissenters, to whom they are closely allied in points of doctrine and ritual, might be counted to them for ecclesiastical unrighteousness. From any such suspicion advanced Anglicans are naturally free, and they can therefore indulge Christian feeling towards men whom they still regard as outside the pale of the true Church without let or hindrance. There are not many of the school who exercise this liberty, but there are some to whose brotherly spirit, manifested under somewhat difficult conditions, it is only fair to pay a deserved tribute. Mr. Gladstone's Anglicanism seemed to me of this type. It was a guide for his own conduct, but he shrank from setting it up as a law for others. The position was hardly logical, except on the principle that it was one thing to conform his own life to a law he regarded as supreme, quite another to insist on applying it to others. That was, so far as I gathered from conversation with him, his ecclesiastical position. He never wavered as to his own line, but he was just as ready to honour others for loyalty to conscience, though it forced them to a line of action entirely opposed to his own.

Happily there are others like him, and though it may be said that in these cases the instincts of the Christian heart were too strong for the hard conclusions of ecclesiastical logic the explanation does not make the fact less significant. Such men have tempered the narrowness of the school to which they belong, and have so far been of special service by toning down the hostile sentiment which the intolerance of its teachings would otherwise have produced. The rise of that school to position and influence is one of the most marked features in the ecclesiastical developments of the day. A few clerics meeting in a Suffolk rectory some seventy years ago have revolutionised the Established Church. True, the influence of the school is much more exclusive and potent among the clergy than the laity, and that it is a much more potent force for the Church than the Establishment; that its action is often extremely inconvenient for the spiritual rules of its daring leaders; that the 'Church principles' on which they lay so much stress are but very imperfectly grasped by the ardent devotees whom they have enlisted among their adherents. But when all such deductions have been made the 'Oxford Movement' must still be recognised as a powerful reactionary force. It might have been supposed that not only would Dissent have been held in check by it, but that it would have interposed an

effectual barrier to the growth of those more healthy relations between different religious communities which broadminded Christians and patriots alike are desirous to see. As a matter of fact, it has accomplished neither the one nor the other. Dissent has become a much more potent force in the country; and if we are as yet far from having reached the ideal state of inter-ecclesiastical relation, at least there is a much nearer approach to it than when Queen Victoria commenced her long and noble reign.

To deal first with the development of Dissent as a recognised and potent element among the religious forces of the nation. Two events of quite recent occurrence have cast considerable light upon this point. The latest in time may be taken first. In the last week of April there gathered in the Metropolis two numerous bodies of representatives from all parts of the Kingdom—members of the Baptist and Congregational Unions. These met in one assembly, which thus at the beginning of a new century set before the world a striking presentation of the strength of Congregationalism. For the fact has to be remembered in any endeavour to estimate the relative strength of different Church systems that these two important confederacies of Churches are all Congregationalists, and are divided only on the question of baptism—it might be better to say ‘questions,’ as they refer both to the subject and the mode. It may probably be that these differences will prevent them from adopting any scheme of organic unity, but that does not interfere with their identification in aim and in service. Practically they are in all essential respects at one, and I am not at all convinced that a corporate union would be productive of any advantage. It certainly would not be effected without much preliminary controversy, the compensation for which is not apparent. The very agitation for it may possibly mislead some as to the extent of any present divergences which federation of this kind might remove. It is, therefore, the more necessary to reiterate that our Churches are all constructed on the same model; that they inherit a large number of their noblest traditions in common; that in the teaching of their pulpits and the form of worship in their congregations a practised eye or ear would find it very hard to detect any difference; and, further, that moving among them in social life the same characteristic features are seen. Whether these two bodies of active, energetic, and enterprising Churches should be welded into one host, or whether they should constitute, as they have hitherto done, two divisions of the same army moving on parallel lines, is a matter of subordinate importance—of mechanical arrangement, not of dynamic force. The unity which was so marked in the recent assembly is a gratifying sign of the progress that has been made during the century, and especially during its later decades. I do not suggest that there has been any weakening of conviction on either side, but there is a more general and ever-

growing appreciation of the relative value of the one point in dispute as compared with the grand verities on which they are agreed.

Still more remarkable is the feature in the case of the National Federation of Free Churches, whose assembly at Cardiff is the other incident to which I referred as indicating the spirit in which Dissenting Churches are entering on this new century. There is no necessity to exaggerate the significance of that remarkable gathering; still less to claim for it a character to which it cannot pretend. Great movements are like great men; they are in at least as much danger from the foolish flatteries of eulogists as from the calumnies of their foes. The Federation may not be so potent a factor as its promoters suppose, and one of its nearest perils may be the temptation to take itself too seriously. It is not a new Church; indeed, it would not be correctly described as a confederation of Churches, since it owes its existence, not to any official action on the part of the representative assemblies of the different Churches, but to the spontaneous efforts of individuals. Nor is it to be supposed that those who interested themselves in laying the foundation of this alliance were lacking in attachment to their own Churches, or would be prepared to sacrifice any of their interests for the sake of promoting those of the wider fellowship. On the common platform are found all the varieties of Evangelical Dissent, whose representatives have probably been surprised to find how largely their alienation from one another has been due to prejudice, itself the child of ignorance.

This remarkable gathering then may, after all necessary discount from its significance has been made, be fairly regarded as an indication of the spirit and power of the Nonconformist Churches of England at the close of the century, and a comparison with their position at its commencement will enable us to understand how rapid has been the progress made. The divisions in the ranks of Dissent have caused the country to form a very inadequate conception of its actual strength. The Established Church has been regarded as one among many rivals, to any of whom it is confessedly much superior in number and resources. This Federation reminds us that there is another line of division which must be drawn, and that the only one with which the State has any right to concern itself. In disputes between Calvinist and Arminian, Sacerdotalist and Evangelical, it has neither prerogative nor qualification to interfere. But it is for it to determine as to its own relation to religion and the Churches. The Federation is certainly a fact which it cannot leave out of account in the formation of its decision. Here is a representative gathering of Churches, whose very life and energy are found in spiritual liberty, who refuse to allow the State to control any part of their Church life, who are as independent of the support as of the rule of the State. Whatever judgment may be passed on what is undoubtedly a phenomenon, it is one which cannot be treated with disregard as having no bearing

on the practical business of the nation. The more it is studied, the more suggestive it appears.

The first observation that may be made is that no such gathering would have been possible at the beginning of the late Queen's reign or for many years afterwards. The growth of such friendly relations between the several Dissenting Churches as alone have made it possible is of recent date. Between several of the Churches whose members met in friendly conference at Cardiff there was hardly a point of union at the earlier period. Of course they were all under the same ecclesiastical ban—proscribed (so far as the National Church was concerned) by the Act of Uniformity; but the circumstances under which the Nonconformity of 1662 was cradled and the ideas in which its descendants were trained differed so widely from those which marked the rise and progress of Wesleyan Methodism that there was a mutual distrust between these two sections of the Nonconformist world.

There were theological differences; for Calvinism of a pronounced and sometimes a very severe and repellent type was then prevalent among Congregationalists, both Baptist and Pædo-Baptist, and it was confronted by an equally decided Arminianism among the Wesleyans. In this respect there has been a marked change. Owing largely to the influence of a few enlightened men, among whom Ralph Wardlaw, Andrew Fuller, George Payne, and in later years Thomas Binney and R. W. Dale, the theology of Congregationalism has been greatly broadened; and though there are still characteristic differences between them and their Methodist brethren, there is substantial agreement on the vital truths of religion. Of course the mode of presenting and enforcing those truths is affected by the temperament of the preacher as well as by his general culture and habits of thought, but these do not affect the essentials of his teaching; and whatever differences in tone there may be, the bitterness of old theological controversies is, for the most part, a thing of the past.

But theological differences were not the only—they were hardly the most serious—causes of separation. The Wesleyans were as a matter of fact Dissenters, quite as much as Congregationalists, but they were extremely unwilling to accept the position, and in truth were extremely anxious to keep themselves free from any suspicion of complicity in any opposition to the Establishment. The relations between these two sections of the Dissenting world were anything but friendly, and they remained in this state until a comparatively recent period. It is fair to add that there are many Wesleyans of the older generation who have not been affected by the change which has passed over their more progressive brethren, and who, if they are not less friendly to other Dissenters, are extremely careful to make it clear that this does not imply any sympathy with their ecclesias-

tical or political views. Fifty, even thirty, years ago the sentiment of opposition was much stronger, and it may be doubted whether at a much later point such association as that which was seen at Cardiff would have been possible.

My own early recollections are all of a very different state of feeling from that of which the Federation is an 'outward and visible sign.' The Wesleyan Conference, indeed, has taken no action in relation to this new association, but some of the most active promoters of the latter are distinguished Wesleyan leaders, and they are followed by a large number of ministers and laymen throughout the country. It is certain that any proposal for such fellowship could not have been entertained on either side at the time when my own ministry commenced. The earliest controversy between Church and Dissent of which I have any clear recollection was that on the prolific question of education, and was over the measure introduced by Sir James Graham, then Home Secretary of the Conservative Government. The one point in relation to it which is vivid in my memory was the anxiety which the active Dissenting opponents of the measure felt in relation to the attitude that would be taken by the Wesleyans. The same state of things has been repeated again and again in the ecclesiastical contests of subsequent years. The Wesleyans have been an uncertain quantity, and, as may be supposed, have not been regarded with special favour by those who felt that they were fighting their battles, even though they were denied their sympathy and co-operation. In short, Congregationalists represented a militant Dissent on which Wesleyans looked with little favour. Our relations were, therefore, considerably strained. We were occasionally found in each other's chapels, and even in each other's pulpits, but even these courtesies were not too abundant, and of active friendly co-operation there was even less. Of course the responsibility for a state of things which was not to the credit of either must be divided between the two parties, while it is fair to both to say that it was largely due to causes over which neither had control. But it was at best an armed neutrality, from which it is certain that both parties suffered and the cause of religion with them.

There is an illumining passage on the subject in the biography of Dr. Jabez Bunting, who, beyond all controversy, was the most conspicuous Wesleyan in the first half of the century. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that for a considerable period he was the Wesleyan Conference, so dominant was his influence. Like all strong leaders, he was the object of keen criticism; but, despite it all, he may perhaps be regarded as the man who, since the days of John Wesley, has most fully reflected the spirit of the founder and most fully represented the genius of the system. His biographer was his son, himself a Conservative among Conservatives, if indeed he might not more truly be described as a 'Tory among Tories.'

Of the relations between Wesleyans and the older Nonconformists there were few men on his side more competent to speak, for he was too intelligent not to make himself acquainted with men from whom he differed in opinion. Writing of the effect of the revival in the Established Church upon both of them, he makes a very marked distinction between the two classes of Nonconformists, and in this sets forth his father's view :

No wonder that those who thought they discerned in all State Churches a tendency to evil rather than to good were startled when they saw the Church of England in downright earnest, and would not feign friendship when they felt nothing but suspicion and dread. So it came to pass that when this 'strong man' became a rejoicing competitor in the race for usefulness ; and Methodism, running all the faster, yet breathed out a welcome, bade him play fairly, and wished him quickly at the goal ; the old Dissent stopped and questioned, saying now that it had undue advantage ; all which little heeding, he went on his way, and, as many think, got a full century's start of those who tried to hinder him. But may all win !

Much has happened since those days, and the change wrought in both sections of the Nonconformist world has been considerable. The older part has certainly not abated one iota of its antagonism to the State Church principle, though the opposition to the Anglican Church itself has become much more intelligent, more possessed indeed with the spirit of sweet reasonableness. On the other side, a large number of Wesleyans have come more directly into line with other Nonconformists. It is folly to expect that the distinctions between them will ever be entirely obliterated. A religious denomination has its *ἦθος* as well as its creed, and that of the Congregationalist is so far removed from that of the Wesleyan that they have sometimes found it difficult to appreciate the virtues of each other. It is one of the marked characteristics of the Victorian period that this misunderstanding has to a large extent been cleared away.

This happy result is undoubtedly largely due to the enlightened spirit of tolerance which is increasingly prevalent. This sentiment has sometimes been confounded with religious indifference. Of course, if a man believes nothing in particular, there is no obvious reason why he should distress himself as to what others believe. There is enough and to spare of this kind of intellectual contempt for every earnest religious belief, a contempt which occasionally passes into an angry impatience which is apt sooner or later to become active bigotry. It is not too much to say that before a man can be really tolerant he must have strong convictions of his own. It is the man who has 'beaten his own music out' who is best able to understand the difficulties and respect the hesitations of those whose views are opposed to his own. There is no reason to believe that any of the Free Churches have become less earnest in their attachment to distinctive principles. But they have shared in the general intel-

lectual movement of the generation, and the change which has been wrought in many important articles of their own creed has had the natural effect of widening their judgment in relation to others. Perhaps the greatest change of all has been in reference to the position of faith. Most of their leaders have learned lessons in theological perspective, so that even where they hold the same doctrines as their fathers they take an entirely different view of their relative importance. The result is that many controversies once invested with exaggerated importance have sunk into their true insignificance, with a consequent gain to Christian charity and true unity.

Without therefore attributing to the Free Church Council a character which it has no right to claim, and which there is no present prospect of its being able to secure, it undoubtedly marks a stage in the development of the Church life of the nation. The change in temper and advance in the power of Dissent which it reveals are phenomena which no wise statesman can afford to disregard. The very name under which these several bodies have united is itself suggestive of a great change in their public position. A century ago such an alliance would have been designated by some name descriptive of its antagonistic character. We have not as yet ceased to be Dissenters or Nonconformists. These names have not been chosen by us, but have been forced upon us. Very gladly shall we abandon an attitude of protest as soon as the State gives up its unjust preference for a particular Church and creed. But we do not exist for the purpose of protesting; and though we must maintain the 'dissidence of Dissent' so long as the law compels us thus to vindicate the freedom of the individual conscience, yet we have no love for the attitude or for the spirit which it seems to express. We greatly prefer to insist on the positive meaning of our position as a part of the national force under the banner of the Cross, and the part which is absolutely free from any interference, as it is independent of all support from the State. At the beginning of the century we could hardly have claimed public recognition in such a character, and our claim, if it had been advanced, would have been treated with but scant courtesy. At that period we had won little more than the bare right to exist. We were debarred from municipal office, excluded from the national seats of learning, taxed for the support of a Church from which we conscientiously dissented—in short, sufferance was the badge of all our tribe, and so deeply had the iron gone into the souls of our fathers that they were content even with the maimed rights of citizenship, and did not realise that they too had an important part to play in the evangelisation of the nation. *Nous avons changé tout cela.* The political Dissenter has been much reviled; but at least he has won for his brethren a freedom of religious service which otherwise they would never have secured. To-day any impartial observer would recognise the Churches represented in the recent

Council as forming an essential part of the National—though not the Established—Church.

It is not possible within the limits of an article like this to dwell on the changes in the spirit and conduct of the religious life in Dissenting communities. The Dissenter has always been accepted as the legitimate descendant of the Puritan. Ecclesiastical pedants have taken a pleasure in insisting that his ancestors rather to be found among the Separatists, and this is undoubtedly true. But this leaves out of account the fact that the Separatists were Puritans of the Puritans. The Nonconformist conscience indeed the legitimate successor of the Puritan. So far as it relates to the law of personal conduct, it must be admitted that its judgments have undergone considerable change. The Puritan, and especially the Puritan under the influence of the Evangelical Revival, was too much addicted to one universal law of 'anti-'. His prohibitions were legion, and every one of them was maintained with a thoroughness of conviction and uncompromising tenacity and insistence which could hardly have been exceeded if they had been the fundamental principles of the Christian life. The revolt against this excessive severity has been very general, and it must be added in many cases has been carried to a dangerous extreme. The Congregationalist of to-day is no more known by a special narrowness in social life than is a member of the Society of Friends by the special garments which once were distinctive of his people. A reaction like this must have its evils as well as its advantages. But here it is necessary only to note it as a fact without discussing its wisdom. The result is, a Dissenter takes his place in society side by side with Churchmen. If, however, he is to retain the kind of influence which has made him a force in the nation he must be careful to preserve all the robustness and strength of the old Puritan, even if he feels it right to modify some of the severer restrictions which his fathers were content willingly to accept.

In conclusion, it may surely be said that such a force as that which is represented in the two assemblies which this article has described cannot be ignored. A state of things which treats these great Nonconformist communities as outside the pale of national Christianity is so unnatural that its perpetuation is impossible. The National Council of Free Churches does not contemplate any distinct aggressive action against the Establishment. That was not due to any astuteness of policy, and yet no policy could well have been more effective. For here is an assembly in which are met delegates from all parts of the country who, notwithstanding considerable diversity of opinion, are at one in their absolute independence of the State. That is the one meaning of their word 'Free.' Objection has been taken to the word as involving a reflection upon the State Church. It is simply an example of the childishness which seems to haunt

theological controversy. It would be as reasonable to contend that the term 'Established Church' suggests that the other Churches are lacking in the element of stability. The sooner such puerile arguments are discarded and reasonable men apply the simple tests of experience and common-sense, the better for the parties themselves and for the cause of truth. The terms are at all events perfectly well understood, and quibbling about them is gratuitous folly. The distinction between the Established Church and the Federated Churches that met at Cardiff is simply one that the State has made, and that the State can abolish to-morrow. If it be said that there is a further and more vital difference between the Catholic Church and those that are outside its bounds, that raises an entirely different issue. The distinction at present marked, and with which alone the nation *quâ* nation has to deal, is that between an Established Church and Free Churches; and the question which naturally arises and demands an answer is one the solution of which becomes more clear every year, Why should the one Church be chosen to honour and the others cast aside to dishonour? The religious service of the latter to the nation is quite as valuable as that of the former. The patriotism of the Nonconformist is as devoted, as enlightened, and as disinterested as that of the Churchman. Why should the nation place its hall-mark upon the one, and force the other into a position of antagonism and protest?

An observer looking at the present relations of the Churches in a critical spirit, especially if there were in him a touch of cynicism, might find signs of a more acute discontent with existing Church systems on the part of numbers of their adherents than their leaders would be willing to admit. Both in the Establishment and in Free Churches we hear of proposals of reform which in some cases are nothing short of revolutionary. But so far at least as Free Churches are concerned, they are not to be taken too seriously. It is certain that there is a widespread spirit of unrest abroad. But this must not be regarded as indicating a definite revolt against the principles of the respective systems with which these would-be reformers are identified. It is rather the effervescence of a young generation many of whose members have a vague idea that a new century ought to mean a new departure. They forget how rich is the heritage into which they have entered and which has been secured mainly by the modes of action which they are so eager to improve. They are impressed only by a sense of their own capacity to do a greater service to God and humanity than any of the generations which have gone before. This is not a feeling wholly to be condemned. If its intense self-consciousness be forgotten or explained even partially by the impatience of a zeal not according to knowledge, there is in it much to be admired. It expresses a strong dissatisfaction with the slow rate of religious progress, and an earnest desire that the record of the

twentieth century should be more satisfactory than that of its predecessor. In their ideas as to the best ways of accomplishing this, they may have fallen into serious mistakes, and yet their aims may be noble, and to a certain extent their views of the situation may be correct. Time, money, and strength have too often been wasted and worse than wasted in the service of a narrow and selfish sectarianism which has separated men who ought to have been in close fellowship, which nurtured in its adherents a belief in the infallibility of their own system and dictated uncharitable judgments of all who would not worship its idols, and which was thus the parent of a thousand prejudices, all of them hindering the growth of character and the advance of Christian work. But if the substitute for it be a languid indifference to important questions even of principle which is christened charity or liberalism, but which is really an unbelief that must be fatal to all spiritual power, the last end will be worse than the first. A deeper spirituality is the great need of the day and indeed the common need of all the Churches. Men are troubling themselves too much about the improvement of machinery. What is necessary is a stronger dynamic. Give us that, and we shall have that truer brotherliness in which, not in any mere organisation, will be the power of the Twentieth Century Church.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

THE MARRIAGE OF MRS. FITZHERBERT AND GEORGE THE FOURTH

THE *Morning Herald* of the 27th of July 1784 presented its readers with the following by no means apparently important piece of Society intelligence :—

A new constellation has lately made an appearance in the *fashionable hemisphere* that engages the attention of those whose hearts are susceptible to the power of beauty. The widow of the late Mr. F—h—t has in her train half our young Nobility ; as the lady has not, as yet, discovered a partiality for any of her admirers, they are all animated with hopes of success.

Little did the writer of this paragraph, or any of his readers, or even the new beauty herself, imagine what a strange destiny was reserved for her.

Although but twenty-eight years of age, the lady had been twice a widow. She was born in July 1756, and was the youngest daughter of Walter Smythe, Esq., of Brambridge, in Hampshire ; who was the second son of Sir John Smythe, Bart., of Eshe Hall, Co. Durham, and Acton Burnell Park, in Shropshire. Of her earlier days next to nothing is known. The only story on record relating to her childhood appears to be that, being taken by her parents to see Louis the Fifteenth eat his solitary dinner at Versailles, and seeing the King of France pull a chicken to pieces with his fingers, the novelty of the exhibition struck her fancy so forcibly that, regardless of royal etiquette, she burst into an uncontrollable fit of laughter. Happily the royal attention, thus directed to her, had no worse consequences than the offer of a dish of sugar-plums, which the King sent her by one of his courtiers. In 1775, at the age of nineteen, she was married to Edward Weld, Esq., of Lulworth Castle, Dorsetshire. This gentleman died before the end of the same year. In 1778 she was again married, this time to Thomas Fitzherbert, Esq., of Swynnerton, Staffordshire, who, three years later, left her again a widow, with a jointure of 2,000*l.* a year. She then took up her residence in a house on Richmond Hill, where she attracted, as the notice in the *Morning Herald* testifies, no small degree of general admiration.

Amongst the most ardent of her admirers was George, Prince of

Wales, then a handsome and fascinating, but already dissipated young man of twenty-two, six years the lady's junior. For some time Mrs. Fitzherbert seems to have successfully repelled the Prince's advances; but, says her relative, Lord Stourton, she was at length subjected to a species of attack so unprecedented and alarming that her resolution was shaken, and she was induced to take the first step which ultimately led to that union which the Prince so ardently desired, and for the sake of which he appeared ready to run any conceivable risk. One day, Lord Stourton informs us:—

Keit, the surgeon, Lord Onslow, Lord Southampton, and Mr. Edward Bouverie arrived at her house in the utmost consternation, informing her that the life of the Prince was in imminent danger—that he had stabbed himself—and that only *her* immediate presence would save him. She resisted all their importunities, saying that nothing should induce her to enter Carlton House. She was afterwards brought to share in the alarm, but still, fearful of some stratagem derogatory to her reputation, insisted upon some lady of high character accompanying her as an indispensable condition. The Duchess of Devonshire was selected. They four drove from Park Street to Devonshire House, and took her along with them. She found the Prince pale, and covered with blood. The sight so overpowered her faculties that she was deprived almost of all consciousness. The Prince told her that nothing would induce him to live unless she promised to become his wife, and permitted him to put a ring round her finger. I believe a ring from the hand of the Duchess of Devonshire was used upon the occasion, and not one of his own. Mrs. Fitzherbert, being asked by me whether she did not believe that some trick had been practised, and that it was not really the blood of His Royal Highness, answered in the negative, and said she had frequently seen the scar, and that some brandy and water was near his bedside when she was called to him on the day he had wounded himself.¹

At the conclusion of this extraordinary scene Mrs. Fitzherbert went home; and next day, regretting what she had been persuaded to do, she sent a letter of protest to Lord Southampton and left the country. For a time she travelled about in France and Switzerland, and made a stay of some length in Holland, where she lived on terms of intimacy with the Stadtholder and his family. It was one of life's little ironies that just at the time of her intimacy with this family the Princess of Orange was being negotiated for as a wife for the Prince of Wales, and she was subjected to a good deal of questioning as to what she knew of his character. The Prince, meanwhile, as we learn from Lord Holland, made no secret of his passion and his despair at her leaving England for the Continent. He went down more than once to St. Anne's to talk with Fox and Mrs. Armitstead on the subject, and this lady describes him as crying by the hour, and testifying to the sincerity, or at any rate the violence, of his passion in the most extravagant way—by rolling on the floor, striking his forehead, tearing his hair, and swearing that he would abandon the country, forego the crown, sell his jewels

¹ *Memoirs of Mrs. Fitzherbert, with an account of her marriage with H.R.H. the Prince of Wales, afterwards King George the Fourth, 1856, pp. 118-9.*

and plate, and scrape together a competence wherewith to fly with the object of his affections to America. At the same time, he despatched courier after courier with letters to his innamorata, until she was induced first to promise that at least she would not marry any other person, and then, after being assured that his father would connive at their union, that she would marry him; 'on conditions,' says Lord Stourton, 'which satisfied her conscience, though she could have no legal claim to be the wife of the Prince.' She accordingly returned to England in December 1785, and on the 21st of that month was married to the Prince of Wales in her own drawing-room, by a Protestant clergyman, in the presence of her uncle, Harry Errington, and her brother, Jack Smythe. The certificate of this marriage, Lord Stourton assures us, was in the handwriting of the Prince of Wales, and is still preserved; although, some time afterwards, at the earnest request of the parties, Mrs. Fitzherbert cut off the names of the witnesses, in order to save them from the possible penalties of the law.

For more than a year all went merry as a marriage-bell. Of course the air was alive with rumours. Not only did the decorous newspapers, when chronicling His Royal Highness's promenades at Brighton and elsewhere, point out that 'Mrs. F——' was one of his inseparable companions, but during 1786 and 1787 the matter was the subject of numerous none-too-delicate caricatures. In the last-named year, however, the little rift within the lute began to show itself. The Prince's finances were hopelessly embarrassed, and were brought formally under the notice of Parliament. During one of the discussions on this question, Mr. Rolle, a country member, solemnly deprecated any debate on matters that 'went immediately to affect our Constitution in Church and State.' The allusion was extremely vague, but everybody understood it to refer to the current reports that a marriage had been solemnized between the heir to the throne and a lady of the Roman Catholic faith. The reports outside the House were couched in no such ambiguous terms; and Horne Tooke, in one of his pamphlets, had gone so far as to describe Mrs. Fitzherbert as, 'both legally, really, worthily, and happily for this country, Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales.' In order to understand the consternation occasioned by this announcement, it is necessary to remember that by the Statute of William and Mary, commonly called the Bill of Rights, 'every person who shall marry a Papist shall be excluded and for ever be incapable to inherit the crown of this realm.' And although it would undoubtedly have been held that the Royal Marriage Act of 1772, which rendered null and void any marriage contracted by any descendant of George the Second who should be under the age of twenty-five, without the previous consent of the King, or a twelvemonth's notice to the Privy Council, would have degraded any such alleged marriage into

a mere insignificant ceremony, yet jurists were of opinion that this would by no means have exempted the Prince from the forfeiture of the Crown, seeing that the nullity of an illegal transaction does not do away with the penalty attached to the performance of the act. The Prince was no doubt genuinely alarmed at the danger which threatened him: he was also desperately in want of money. His friend Fox was consequently instructed to contradict the report of the marriage in the fullest and most unqualified terms. He therefore informed the House that it was a miserable calumny, a low, malicious falsehood, a monstrous invention. And when Mr. Rolle persistently observed that they all knew there was an Act of Parliament forbidding such a marriage, but that there were ways in which the law, to the minds of some persons, might have been satisfactorily evaded, Fox replied that he did not deny the calumny in question merely with regard to certain existing laws, but that he denied it *in toto*—in point of fact as well as of law. Moreover, on being asked if he stated this on authority, he declared that he did. On the strength of this emphatic assurance, the Prince received an addition of 10,000*l.* a year to his income out of the Civil List, a sum of 161,000*l.* from the same source for the discharge of his debts, and a further 20,000*l.* on account of the works at Carlton House. Nobody has ever supposed that Fox made these assertions without specific instructions from the Prince, and in 1854 Lord Holland published certain letters tending to show how Fox was deceived.

Of course Mrs. Fitzherbert was deeply aggrieved. Lord Stourton says that, at the time,

Mrs. Fitzherbert was on a visit with the Hon. Mrs. Butler, her friend and relative, and at whose house the Prince frequently met Mrs. Fitzherbert. The Prince called the morning after the denial of the marriage in the House of Commons by Mr. Fox. He went up to Mrs. Fitzherbert, and, taking hold of both her hands, and caressing her, said: 'Only conceive, Maria, what Fox did yesterday. He went down to the House and denied that you and I were man and wife! Did you ever hear of such a thing?' Mrs. Fitzherbert made no reply, but changed countenance and turned pale.²

She resolved to break with the Prince; but he assured her that Fox's statement was not authorised by him, and promised her that it should be publicly contradicted. It was a promise easier to make than to carry out. Fox could not be expected to eat his own words; and the Prince turned to Mr. (afterwards Lord) Grey. Lord Holland relates that—after George the Fourth's death—Lord Grey assured him that the Prince, after much preamble, and pacing in a hurried manner about the room, exclaimed, 'Charles certainly went too far last night! You, my dear Grey, shall explain it.' And then, in distinct terms, though with prodigious agitation, owned that a ceremony had taken place. Grey diplomatically declined the office

² Langdale, *op. cit.* pp. 29-30. •

of spokesman ; and, after some exclamations of annoyance, the Prince said, 'Well, then, Sheridan must say something.' Sheridan accordingly took an early opportunity of commending the House for its delicate forbearance in not making an inquiry or putting questions to the Prince on the subject of the reported marriage, and then went on to observe that 'he must take the liberty of saying, however some might think it a subordinate consideration, that there was another person entitled, in every delicate and honourable mind, to the same attention ; one whom he would not otherwise venture to describe or allude to but by saying it was a name which malice or ignorance alone could attempt to injure, and whose character and conduct claimed and were entitled to the truest respect.'³ If these words meant anything, they meant that Mrs. Fitzherbert was not the Prince's mistress, but his wife. But after this mystification the House allowed the matter to drop ; and on the 30th of April we find the Prince writing to Fox : 'I feel more comfortable by Sheridan and Grey's account of what has passed to-day.'

In 1788 Mrs. Fitzherbert moved into a house in Pall Mall which had a private entrance into the grounds of Carlton House. Rumour, of course, was still busy ; and on the 10th of October of that year the *Morning Post* was courageous enough to publish the following inquiry :

A QUESTION.—What is the reason that Mrs. Fitzherbert, who is a lady of fortune and fashion, never appears at Court ? She is visited by *some* ladies of high rank—has been in public with them—and yet never goes to the Drawing Rooms at St. James's. This question is sent for publication by a person who pays no regard to the idle reports of the day, and wishes to have the mystery cleared up.

It is needless to say that this candid inquirer never received any answer ; and the public was obliged to draw its own conclusions from the fact that, although the lady in question never appeared at Court, yet, wherever else the Prince of Wales might happen to be there was Mrs. Fitzherbert also. It is not to be supposed, however, that the Prince's conduct was altogether without divagations. Lord Malmesbury notes in his diary in 1792, for instance, that Colonel Leger tells him the Prince has been living with Mrs. Crouch, the beautiful actress, and that Mrs. Fitzherbert piqued him by treating this with ridicule and coquetting on her side, with the result that his vanity was hurt, and he was brought back, more under her influence than ever. Not that, even when most under her influence, the Heir-Apparent was quite all that might be desired as a domestic companion, as the following extract from another diarist of the period, Mr. Thomas Raikes, may be sufficient to show :—

He was young, impetuous, and very boisterous in his character, and very much addicted to the pleasures of the table. It was the fashion in those days to drink

³ Moore's *Life of Sheridan*, vol. i. ch. x.

very hard, and Mrs. Fitzherbert never retired to rest till her royal spouse came home. But I have heard the late Duke of York say that often, when she heard the Prince and his drunken companions on the staircase, she would seek a refuge from their presence under the sofa, when the Prince, finding the drawing-room deserted, would draw his sword in joke, and, searching about the room, would at last draw forth the trembling victim from her place of concealment.⁴

One of the most unaccountable features in the whole story is the kind and respectful treatment which Mrs. Fitzherbert seems to have invariably received at the hands of almost all the other members of the Royal Family. That the rank and file of London Society apparently thought none the worse of a lady in her equivocal position, but evinced towards her, as Raikes says, 'that nuance of respect which tacitly acknowledged her elevated position,' may of course be attributed to the desire of paying court to the Heir-Apparent. The friendship between her and the Dukes of York and Sussex and other members of the Royal Family may perhaps, though not so conclusively, be accounted for in the same way. But that the strait-laced Queen, and the moral, decorous, strictly Protestant, and most autocratic King should have uniformly treated her, as they appear to have done, not only with kindness and respect, but even with tenderness and affection, is unintelligible except on the supposition that they regarded her as morally their son's wife. And, even in that case, one important point is still left unaccounted for. George the Third was peculiarly sensitive to *mésalliances* in the Royal blood, as he chose to consider the marriage of any of his relatives to any of his non-royal subjects. The Royal Marriage Act of 1772⁵ had originated in his displeasure at the marriages of two of his brothers—that of the Duke of Cumberland with Mrs. Horton, Lord Irnham's daughter, and that of the Duke of Gloucester with

⁴ *A Portion of the Journal kept by Thomas Raikes, Esq., from 1831 to 1847.* New ed. 1858; vol. ii. pp. 29–30.

⁵ This Act was highly unpopular with the public, who regarded it as not only intolerably insulting to British birth and beauty, but as violating one of the first laws of our being. It gave rise to numerous *joux d'esprit*, of which the following is a favourable specimen:—

THE ROYAL MARRIAGE ACT

Says Dick to Tom, 'This Act appears
The oddest thing alive;
To take the crown at eighteen years,
The wife at twenty-five.

The thing a puzzle must remain;
For, as old Dowdeswell said,
"So early if one's fit to reign
One must be fit to wed."

Says Tom to Dick, 'The man's a fool,
Or knows no rubs of life;
Good friend, 'tis easier far to rule
A kingdom than a wife!'

the Dowager Countess Waldegrave. And his complaisance towards Mrs. Fitzherbert, who, besides being a Papist, was the daughter of a mere country gentleman of no particular rank or influence, is therefore doubly remarkable. Mrs. Fitzherbert, in fact, appears to have been commonly regarded, both by the Royal Family and the general public, if not quite as the Heir-Apparent's wife, yet as united to him by a solemn ceremony substituted in place of a legal marriage; and she received in all companies the consideration and respect which the sanctity of such a relationship was calculated to inspire. Sir William Wraxall says in his *Posthumous Memoirs* that about 1789 her future destiny formed an object of general curiosity. What would she become, it was asked, under the approaching Regency? Many persons believed that as soon as the Prince was free of certain existing restrictions he would confer upon her a very high rank in the peerage; although Wraxall, while remembering that George the First had made one of his mistresses Duchess of Kendal, and another Countess of Darlington, and that George the Second had created Madame de Walmoden Countess of Yarmouth, doubted whether any Minister in 1789 would have advised or sanctioned the adoption by the Regent of a similar measure.⁶ We now know, however, on the authority of Lord Stourton, that, at a later date, Fox did propose to have the rank of Duchess conferred on her, as the price of her reconciliation with him, and that she refused the title on the ground that she did not wish to be regarded as another Duchess of Kendal. On the whole, she seems to have lived happily enough with the Prince up to the time of his marriage with Caroline of Brunswick in 1798, when she retired with an annuity of 6,000*l.* a year.

The unhappy marriage with the Princess Caroline was, according to Lord Holland, promoted by Lady Jersey and Lady Harcourt with a view of counteracting the influence of Mrs. Fitzherbert. That the Prince was, from first to last, strongly averse to it is abundantly clear. A letter written in 1836 by John, Duke of Bedford, shows how he nerved himself to go through the ordeal:

My brother [writes the Duke] was one of the two unmarried Dukes who supported the Prince at the ceremony, and he had need of his support; for my brother told me the Prince was so drunk that he could scarcely support him from falling. He told my brother that he had drunk several glasses of brandy to enable him to go through the ceremony. There is no doubt but it was a *compulsory marriage*.⁷

There is no doubt, as the Duke says, that great pressure was brought to bear upon the Prince to bring about this marriage; but what finally decided him to take the plunge was, once again, want of money. He was always in pecuniary difficulties. The Duke of

⁶ *The Historical and Posthumous Memoirs of Sir Nathaniel William Wraxall*, ed by H. B. Wheatley, F.S.A., 1884, vol. v. p. 294.

⁷ *Memoirs of the Whig Party during my time*, by Henry Richard, Lord Holland vol. ii. 1854, pp. 122-3.

Wellington knew that on one occasion Mrs. Fitzherbert had been obliged to borrow money to pay for the Prince's post-horses to take him to Newmarket.⁸ He himself acknowledged to Lord Malmesbury, in 1792, that his debts then amounted to 370,000*l.*, and that he had recently had several executions in his house.⁹ And in Huish's *Memoirs of George the Fourth* there is a curious story of the pawning of the State jewels in order to save Mrs. Fitzherbert from being arrested for a debt of 1,825*l.*¹⁰ More money the Prince must have, and he consented to marry Caroline when he was assured that by so doing his actual income, exclusive of the sum set apart for the payment of his debts, should be raised to 100,000*l.* a year. It was not the first time that his character was sacrificed to his embarrassments. Fox's formal denial, eight years previously, that any marriage ceremony had taken place with Mrs. Fitzherbert does not appear to have entirely removed all apprehensions on the subject. Sir William Wraxall says in his *Memoirs*:

I know that Dr. Moore, then Archbishop of Canterbury, when reading the matrimonial service in the Chapel Royal, gave unequivocal proofs of his apprehension that some engagement of a moral or religious nature antecedently contracted by the Prince might form a bar to the union which he was about to celebrate; for when he came to the words relative to 'any person knowing of a lawful impediment,' he laid down the book and looked earnestly for a second or two at the King, as well as at the royal bridegroom. The latter was much affected, and shed tears. Not content with this tacit allusion to the report, the Archbishop twice repeated the passage in which the Prince engages to live from that time in nuptial fidelity with his consort.¹¹

The last-mentioned fact Wraxall says he had from the Duke and Duchess of Dorset, and the former fact from the Dowager Duchess of Rutland, all of whom were present at the ceremony. It is one of the many curious anomalies in this strange story that, in spite of the Prince's public marriage to the Princess Caroline, the belief in the sanctity of his previous private marriage still enabled Mrs. Fitzherbert to maintain her position in London society, and to draw all the fashionable world, including the Royal Dukes, to her parties. And it is even more strange that when, no long time after, the Prince desired to return to her, several members of the Royal Family, male and female, urged her to agree to a reconciliation. She agreed to abide by the decision of the Pope on the matter; and an envoy was sent to Rome to obtain his opinion. Her marriage with the Prince was held to be perfectly valid, both as a contract and as a sacrament, in the eyes of the whole Catholic Church; and she was advised that she might return to live with him without blame. Whereupon she

⁸ *Greville Memoirs*. New edition, 1888, vol. ii. p. 194.

⁹ *Diaries and Correspondence of James Harris, First Earl of Malmesbury, 1844*, vol. ii. p. 450.

¹⁰ *Memoirs of George IV.*, by Robert Huish, vol. i. p. 266.

¹¹ Wraxall, *op. cit.* vol. v. p. 391.

gave a breakfast at her own house, 'to the whole town of London,' to celebrate the event. The ensuing eight years were, she always declared, the happiest of her connection with the Prince. She used to say that they were extremely poor, but as happy as crickets; and as a proof of their poverty she told Lord Stourton that once, on their returning to Brighton from London, they mustered their common means, and could not raise 5*l.* between them. They had no children; but on the death of one of her dearest friends, Lady Horatia Seymour, she adopted that friend's infant, Mary Georgiana, or 'Minnie' as she was called; to whom she became, as the young lady herself testified, more than a mother. When in London, they lived in a large house in Tilney Street, Park Lane. The sixth Earl of Albemarle was a frequent visitor there in his boyhood, and he has left us a record of some of the impressions which remained with him after many years. His visits, he says, were to the little lady of his own age, who presented him to the Prince of Wales:

His appearance and manners were both of a nature to produce a lively impression on the mind of a child—a merry, good-humoured man, tall, though somewhat portly in stature, in the prime of life, with laughing eyes, pouting lips; and a nose which very slightly turned up, gave a peculiar poignancy to the expression of his face. He wore a well-powdered wig, adorned with a profusion of curls, which, in my innocence, I believed to be his own hair, as I did a very large pigtail appended thereto. His clothes fitted him like a glove, his coat was single-breasted, and buttoned up to the chin. His nether garments were leather pantaloons and Hessian boots. Round his throat was a huge white neckcloth of many folds, out of which his chin seemed to be always struggling to emerge.

No sooner was His Royal Highness seated in his arm-chair than my young companion would jump upon one of his knees, to which she seemed to claim a prescriptive right. Straightway would arise an animated talk between 'Prinny and Minnie,' as they respectively called themselves. As my father was high in favour with the Prince at this time, I was occasionally admitted to the spare knee and to a share in the conversation, if conversation it could be called, in which all were talkers and none listeners.¹²

That the Prince remained devoted to Mrs. Fitzherbert for so long as he did speaks volumes for her powers of fascination. But his constitutional fickleness ultimately gained the ascendant. The final breach between them was, in Mrs. Fitzherbert's opinion, distinctly traceable to some negotiations which she and the Prince had with the Hertford family, in consequence of attempts which were made to wrest the guardianship of Minnie Seymour away from her. At any rate, these negotiations brought the Prince into constant intercourse with Lady Hertford; and not long afterwards, when at Brighton, His Royal Highness, after passing part of his morning with her at her own house, on their usual footing, would not so much as notice her in the evening at the Pavilion, from fear that his action might be reported to the rival lady. The climax came on the 19th of June

¹² *Fifty Years of my Life*, by George Thomas, Earl of Albemarle. 3rd ed. 1877, pp. 18-19.

1811, on the occasion of a dinner given to Louis the Eighteenth. On all former occasions, to avoid etiquette in circumstances of such delicacy as her peculiar relation to the Prince, it had been customary for them to sit at table without regard to rank. On this occasion it was determined to alter the plan; and when Mrs. Fitzherbert asked the Prince where she was to sit, he said: 'You know, Madam, you have no place.' To which she replied: 'None, Sir, but such as you choose to give me.' She was thus excluded from the Royal table, and soon after, says Lord Stourton, obtained the reluctant consent of some of the members of the Royal Family, to finally close her connection with the Prince.¹³ The Queen and the Duke of York interested themselves to get for her a mortgage on the Palace at Brighton, to make her annuity of 6,000*l.* perfectly secure; and for the rest of her life she resided mainly at that favourite watering-place, in a house on the Steyne, now the 'Old Club,' much respected, and beloved for her benevolence and charity to the poor.

The year 1811, it will be remembered, was the first of the Regency. Nine years later the Prince ascended the throne as George the Fourth; and soon after occurred his ill-advised attempt to get rid of his Queen by a Bill of Divorce. When accused of misconduct Caroline is reported to have made the retort that if she ever had committed adultery, it was with nobody else than Mrs. Fitzherbert's husband. George the Fourth, as we know, was gathered to his fathers in 1830. During his last illness Mrs. Fitzherbert wrote what Lord Stourton tells us was 'an affecting tender of any services she could render him;' but, although she heard from a trustworthy source that the King seized her letter with eagerness and immediately placed it under his pillow, no answer was ever returned. Nearly half a century afterwards, Lord Albemarle first gave publicity to the following curious and romantic story, which was told to him by the present Earl Fortescue, husband of the daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer, Mrs. Fitzherbert's adopted child. In the early days of their married life the Prince had presented Mrs. Fitzherbert with a large diamond. This jewel she had had divided into two halves, and each half converted into a transparent plate to cover a small miniature. Behind the one was the Prince's portrait, which she reserved for herself, and behind the other her own miniature, which she gave to him, and which, on their final separation, was not returned to her. When on his death-bed, twenty-seven years afterwards, the King requested that he might be buried in the night-clothes which he was then wearing. Lord Albemarle's story goes on:

Almost immediately after he breathed his last, the Duke of Wellington, his executor, arrived at Windsor Castle, and was shown into the room in which the

¹³ Langdale, *op. cit.* p. 134.

King lay. Left alone with the lifeless form of his late sovereign, the Duke approached the bed, and then discovered round the King's neck a very dirty and much worn piece of black ribbon. This, the Duke, as he afterwards acknowledged, was seized with an irrepressible desire to draw out. When he had done so he found attached to it the jewelled miniature of Mrs. Fitzherbert, which sufficiently accounted for the strange order given by the King about his burial.¹⁴

He therefore carried to his grave the image of her who was perhaps, as Lord Albemarle remarks, the only woman whom he had respected as well as loved. There is an interesting little pendant to this story. When the Duke related the incident to Mrs. Damer, as he sat by her one day at dinner, 'he actually blushed with the most amazing confusion for having been guilty of yielding to an impulse *plus fort que lui*.'

Soon after George the Fourth's death Mrs. Fitzherbert took occasion, when William the Fourth was at Brighton, to show him the certificate of her marriage, and other papers relating to her connection with the late King. William the Fourth, says Lord Stourton, expressed great surprise that she had shown so much forbearance, under the pressure of long and severe trials, when such documents were in her possession. He asked her what amends he could make; and offered to create her a Duchess. On her declining this honour, he authorised her to wear widow's weeds for his Royal brother, and insisted that she should always use the Royal livery. He also took an early opportunity to introduce her to his family, who ever after treated her as one of themselves. Thomas Raikes says that she maintained a very handsome establishment, both in Tilney Street and at Brighton, that she was very hospitable, and that her handsome dinners, services of plate, and numerous train of servants in the Royal livery, who had all grown old in her service, gave to her house at least a seigneurial, if not a Royal appearance. And on the Continent her treatment was similar to that she received in England. Writing from Paris in December 1833, she says:—

I have taken a very quiet apartment, and live very retired, seeing occasionally some friends. The Duke of Orleans came to see me the moment I arrived, with a thousand kind messages from the King and Queen, desiring me to go to them, which I accordingly have done. Nothing could exceed the kindness of their reception of me: they are old acquaintances of mine. . . . They have given me a general invitation to go there every evening whenever I like it, which suits me very much.¹⁵

On her return to England in October of the following year she writes to the same correspondent to say the King had sent for her a day or two after her arrival in London; that nothing could have been more kind than his reception, and that he had made her a very handsome present, which he said he had had made expressly for her, but would not send it during her stay on the Continent.

¹⁴ Albemarle, *op. cit.* pp. 376-7.

¹⁵ Langdale, *op. cit.*

Previous to this Continental journey in 1833, she had determined, with the cordial sanction of William the Fourth, to destroy all papers relating to her connection with the late King, excepting the marriage certificate, and one or two other documents, which she wished to preserve for the vindication of her character. An agreement for this purpose was drawn up, which a rough copy, still in existence in Lord Albemarle's handwriting, shows to have been to the following effect :

It is agreed by Mrs. Fitzherbert on the one part, and the executors of the will of the late King on the other, that each will destroy all papers and documents (with the exception of those hereafter mentioned) in the possession of either, signed or written by Mrs. Fitzherbert or by her directions, or signed or written by the late King, when Prince of Wales or King of Great Britain, &c., or by his command. . . . Such papers and documents as Mrs. Fitzherbert shall wish to keep shall be sealed up in a cover, under the seals of the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knighton, and of the Earl of Albemarle and Lord Stourton. The seals not to be broken excepting with the knowledge of the Duke of Wellington and Sir William Knighton. It is understood that no copy of any paper or document is to be taken or kept on either side.

Here follows a list of the papers and documents that Mrs. Fitzherbert wishes to retain :—

- (1) The mortgage on the palace at Brighton.
- (2) Certificate of marriage, dated December 21, 1785.
- (3) Letter from the late King relating to the marriage.
- (4) Will written by the late King.
- (5) Memorandum written by Mrs. Fitzherbert, attached to the letter written by the clergyman who performed the ceremony.¹⁰

In pursuance of this agreement the Duke of Wellington met the Earl of Albemarle at Mrs. Fitzherbert's house in Tilney Street on the 24th of August for the purpose of destroying the condemned papers. 'Some idea of the mass of manuscripts committed to the flames may be formed,' says Lord Albemarle's son, 'by an expression of the Duke to my father after several hours' burning: "I think, my lord, we had better hold our hand for awhile, or we shall set the old woman's chimney on fire."' The five documents to be preserved were made into a packet and deposited at Coutts's Bank, where, says Lord Albemarle (writing in 1877), they now remain: 'they are declared to be "the property of the Earl of Albemarle;" they are, however, not *my* property, but are held in trust by my brother Edward, as my father's executor.' We are, I think, justified in drawing the inference that, had they been the property of George Thomas, sixth Earl of Albemarle, he would have broken the seals, and made the public more fully acquainted with the contents of the packet. For what other purpose, indeed, were those papers so carefully preserved? On the 7th of December, 1833, Mrs. Fitzherbert wrote to Lord Stourton, her relative and co-religionist :

¹⁰ Albemarle, *op. cit.*, pp. 374-5. .

I know I must have been a great torment to you, but I am sure the kind feelings of your heart will derive some gratification in having relieved me from a state of misery and anxiety which has been the bane of my life; and I trust, whenever it shall please God to remove me from this world, my conduct and character (in your hands) will not disgrace my family and my friends.¹⁷

She died at Brighton the 29th of March 1837, at the age of eighty-one, and was buried in the old Catholic church there, in which will be found a handsome monument erected to her memory by the Hon. Mrs. Dawson Damer, to whom, as the inscription declares, 'she was more than a parent.' No one who knew her has ever spoken harshly of her. Charles Greville's diary is much fuller of blame than of praise of any of his contemporaries, but of Mrs. Fitzherbert, on hearing of her death, he wrote:—'She was not a clever woman, but of a very noble spirit, disinterested, generous, honest and affectionate, greatly beloved by her friends and relations, popular in the world and treated with uniform distinction and respect by the Royal Family.'¹⁸ And even the Hon. Grantley Berkeley, whose four volumes of more or less unpleasant *Recollections* show him to have been almost constitutionally incapable of appreciating any but the lowest motives, is forced to admit that she was 'so thoroughly amiable and good-natured that everyone who came within the circle of her influence felt inclined to shut his or her eyes against any cognisance of her true position.'

I remember well [he says] her delicately fair, yet commanding features, and gentle demeanour. That exquisite complexion she maintained, almost unimpaired by time, not only long after the departure of youth, but up to the arrival of old age; and her manner, unaffected by years, was equally well preserved.¹⁹

In spite of all her trials and disappointments, and her ultimate desertion by the Prince, she was singularly free from any trace of malignity or bitterness. She had a soul above all mercenary views, and never took advantage of her position of almost unbounded influence to enrich either herself or her relations. To the end she maintained her station in society, in defiance of intrigue and calumny. She discovered that the validity of her marriage was not such as to justify her in founding any public claim upon it, and she had too fine a sense of honour to use it, as an unscrupulous and vindictive woman could and undoubtedly would have done, for the extortion of money and honours, or perhaps even to secure her faithless Prince's exclusion from the throne. Princess of Wales she was not; but, as Lord Albemarle says, 'as far as the laws of her Church could make her so,' she was the wife of George, Prince of Wales.

The first occasion which seemed to call for the production of the documents preserved in Coutts's Bank was Lord Holland's assertion,

¹⁷ Langdale, *op. cit.* p. 108.

¹⁸ *Greville Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 404.

¹⁹ Grantley Berkeley, *op. cit.* vol. i. pp. 53-4.

in the second volume of his *Memoirs of the Whig Party*, published in 1854, that he had been told by a friend, 'a man of strict veracity,' that Mrs. Fitzherbert had herself told him that it was the Prince who (not at her request) had insisted on the ceremony of the 21st of December 1785; that she well knew this to be invalid in law, that in fact she thought it nonsense, and told the Prince so. Mrs. Fitzherbert had confided the defence of her reputation to Lord Stourton. This nobleman died in 1846, but some time before his death he had delegated this duty to his brother, the Hon. Charles Langdale, supplying him with all the papers and information he possessed bearing upon the matter. On the appearance of Lord Holland's libellous statement, Mr. Langdale naturally conceived that the time had arrived for him to act, and he applied for permission to examine the papers in the sealed packet at Coutts's. The Duke of Wellington was willing to agree to anything which Lord Albemarle might do in the matter; but Lord Albemarle died before Mr. Langdale could obtain any decision from him, and his executor, the Hon. and Rev. Edward S. Keppel, declined to allow the papers to be seen. Mr. Langdale was therefore forced to content himself with the publication, in the *Memoir* which he issued in 1856, of a list of the papers which, if produced, would, in his opinion, reinstate the reputation of his deceased relative. It is also to be regretted that, in consequence of other limitations which Mr. Langdale imposed upon himself, his little volume fails to give anything like a vivid or complete picture of what must have been an exceptionally charming personality.

That George the Fourth was afraid of being compromised by these papers is evidenced by the anxiety which he occasionally exhibited about them. Tom Moore notes in his Diary that, being at Prince Leopold's assembly on the 16th of June 1825, just when his forthcoming *Life of Sheridan* was beginning to be talked about,

Lord Hastings expressed a wish to have a minute's conversation with me, and on our reaching a retired part of the room said that he heard I intended, in my forthcoming work, to bring forward proofs of the King's marriage with Mrs. Fitzherbert. Instead of giving some uncertain answer which might have drawn from him an explanation of the object he had in this inquiry, I answered that I had no such intentions, nor, indeed, knew anything of the existence of such proofs, but merely meant to allude to the constitutional consequences which would have resulted from such a marriage had it taken place. It is evident, I think, that the Carlton House people have expressed some alarm on the subject, and that his lordship volunteered his mediation to prevent what they dreaded. But does not this look as if Lord Hastings was aware such proofs exist? ²⁰

Greville says that George the Fourth was always afraid lest Mrs. Fitzherbert should make use of the documents in her possession to annoy or injure him, and that he made various efforts to obtain

²⁰ *Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore*, ed. by Lord John Russell, vol. iv. pp. 292-3, 1853.

possession of them. On one occasion he sent Sir William Knighton to Mrs. Fitzherbert for the purpose, and this confidential agent, although a stranger to her, called one day at her house, when she was ill in bed, insisted upon seeing her, and forced his way into her bedroom.²¹ He brought away nothing, for all his pains; but it was this domiciliary visit, Greville says, which determined her to make a final disposition of all the papers she possessed, so that after her death no advantage might be taken of them, either against her own memory or the interests of any other person. Had she been a mercenary woman, she might have obtained a large sum of money for these documents and the mass of correspondence which it was in her power to lay before the public. She used to say that she could have given the best public and private history of all the transactions of the country from the close of the American War down to the death of the Duke of York. All this valuable historical material the Duke of Wellington and Lord Albemarle were allowed to send up 'the old woman's chimney.' The sealed packet of papers in Coutts's Bank, however, was put there for the express purpose of being some day published for the vindication of Mrs. Fitzherbert's conduct and character. Some time before his death, which occurred in 1883, the Hon. and Rev. Edward S. Keppel placed the packet of papers in question under the control of his nephew, Lord Bury, on the same conditions as those on which the trust had been handed over to him. This Lord Bury afterwards became seventh Earl of Albemarle, and died in 1894. As there is no reference to the matter in his will, it may be presumed that he followed his uncle's example, and made special arrangements for the continuance of the trust. On this point I have been unable to obtain any information. I hope, however, that the publication of the foregoing narrative may induce the present trustee, whoever he may be, to consider whether any longer time should be allowed to elapse before the documents are used for the purpose for which Mrs. Fitzherbert was so careful to preserve them.

JOHN FYVIE.

²¹ *Greville Memoirs*, vol. iii. p. 404.

*THE ARMY-CORPS SCHEME AND
MR. DAWKINS'S COMMITTEE*

AN HISTORICAL RETROSPECT

I WAS called on to give evidence before Mr. Dawkins's Committee and was, as will be seen from the Blue-book, mainly examined by them on the subject of the new Army Corps. Most of my evidence was devoted to pointing out difficulties which will have to be overcome in making the scheme a reality, and to showing some danger lest anticipations should be formed of it which cannot be realised. Several friends have urged me to take this opportunity of calling attention to an historical fact of some importance in connection with the Army-Corps scheme. I perhaps ought to have mentioned it, in the course of my evidence, in order to show that that evidence was altogether friendly, not hostile to the scheme; but I think when I have explained its nature, my readers will understand why, until I had received from many whose judgment carries weight the expression of a wish that I should at this moment in some way recall it, I was unwilling to do so.

Many 'lessons' have been deduced from the present war. I venture to think that those who recite them are for the most part not aware that they were lessons which had been duly provided for them, had they chosen to learn them, long before this war began; and that in so far as they have themselves made true deductions from the war, they will find it exceedingly difficult to distinguish between the terms which they employ and those which were ready for their use from previous experience. They nevertheless stop short at the point which, for thirty years at least, has appeared to me to be the logical conclusion from the very premises which they assume. It is on that account that some of those who have recently returned from the war have urged me to reproduce reasoning which has at least this value, that it does not depend on the conclusions to be drawn from one very exceptional war, but is such that the experiences of this war have fully confirmed it, after it had been established by the experience of all the previous wars of our era.

This generation has, very naturally, forgotten the sensation which was produced in England thirty years ago, when the army which till then had had the highest reputation in Europe was in a few weeks thrown back in disorder from the frontiers of France, and within a few months had almost to the last man, the last horse, and the last gun passed into captivity in Germany. Every officer of the English army who was at all interested in his profession—and the circumstances were such that only the worthless could remain indifferent to them—was forced to consider the question whether any changes were necessary in our army to meet the new conditions of warfare. I happened at the time to have among my immediate and most intimate friends some very able English officers who were closely acquainted with the armies of the Continent. One of them had served in the Prussian army, one in the Austrian. Others had been present with each of the opposed armies during the Franco-German War. The duty on which I was then engaged enabled me to devote all my time to studying the experiences of the war as they were described by those who had taken part in it. I was, through my friends, informed of everything that was then pouring from the Press of Germany with a profusion very analogous to that which we have lately seen in England in regard to the present war, but with this difference, that most of the writers were men who had all their lives been engaged in professional study before they began to record what they had seen. The only difficulty lay in assimilating the mass of material, and in discounting the particular prejudices which might be imparted into their evidence by the position of the writers.

I was engaged in this study when the Duke of Cambridge, the then Commander-in-Chief of the army, approved of a proposal which was submitted to him by the second Duke of Wellington, that, in order to ascertain the impression which had been made upon the officers of the army by the events of the war, and the deductions which they had drawn from it, the Duke of Wellington as his father's heir and representative should be allowed to offer a prize of 100*l.* for an essay upon the mode in which a British army could under modern conditions best meet a Continental army in the field.

I was a subaltern, but my circumstances, as I have described them, were so favourable that I ventured to compete for the prize, though I knew that officers of far greater experience than mine would at such a time be keen to secure it. That I was not deceived as to the interest which the offer would excite was disclosed when the award of the arbiter was announced. Officers of all ranks had competed. Colonel Hamley, than whom no one then stood higher in the estimate of the army as an authority on war, had been chosen to adjudge the prizes. He was assisted by two accomplished infantry officers. The favourable circumstances which I have described had enabled me to gain it, but, after awarding it to

me in the stately language of which he was so perfect a master, he announced that there were at least ten other essays which it would be a loss to military literature not to publish. The anonymity of the essays had been preserved by the transmission of the names of the candidates in a sealed envelope to the Duke of Wellington. Six were ultimately selected for publication. All the writers most generously consented that their names should be disclosed, though among them was one general, J. R. Craufurd, and Colonel Sir Garnet Wolseley, whose life had been spent both in active warfare and the study of his profession, who had just returned from the triumph of the Red River campaign. He was then at the War Office, and had already been the most important adviser of Mr. Cardwell in the working out of his reforms of the army. Of these, my two most distinguished competitors, both wrote—as did, I believe, the greater number, at least, if not all of the others—to say that they preferred my essay to their own. General Craufurd at once set about through French connections to arrange for its translation into French. My lifelong friendship with Lord Wolseley began by his immediately offering me, as a consequence of my essay, the best appointment that was open to a subaltern when he went soon afterwards to command in the Ashantee expedition.

I mention these things, and I may add further the statement which reached me from friends in Germany that at the time the Germans preferred the essay to any deductions which had been made by their own officers, because they form a tolerably conclusive answer to much that has been said about the present Army-Corps scheme, seeing that the whole point of the essay lay in its leading up to the creation of Army Corps as the essential condition of tactical efficiency under modern conditions of warfare. My personal view of the question is, of course, a matter of very little consequence; but the circumstances under which the essay was published, and the nature of the reception it met with at home and abroad, made that particular essay, for the time being, something very much more important than the expression of any private opinion of my own. I was, as I well remember, urged to revise it very carefully prior to publication, because, as was pressed on me by distinguished soldiers, the nature of the case made it for the time being a representation to Europe of the thought of the English army.

But were the arguments which then led up to a specific conclusion such that they have ceased to be applicable because of the experiences of the recent war? Let those who have complained that we have suffered because our officers have not been trained to sufficient independence of judgment hear and judge. Of course it was necessary in the earlier part of the essay to deal with the nature of the evidence then before us, and to show that, while it much needed to be supplemented by more complete data and required to

be checked at every point by a consideration of the circumstances and position of the writer, yet that it furnished ample proof of certain very definite changes having taken place such as could not safely be ignored. I may add that the more complete evidence which has since been gathered of the incidents of that war has only tended to confirm more completely those conclusions. What, then, were they?

I showed that the phase of war which in its final stage was represented by the battle of Waterloo was such that the command of a general over his army depended on his being able to issue certain prescribed words of command which, at least from the rank of the general of division downward, indicated to the troops under his orders the precise formations they were intended to assume, so that a purely mechanical obedience was all that was needed to place the army as a mechanical instrument in his hand. When the army, after collision with the enemy, broke up, a certain amount of originality was possible for inferior officers, like Seton's grand stroke at Waterloo, but essentially it was the rigid drill-book that was the director of the battlefield. I showed that the Germans as much as the French had entered upon the war under the idea that this was still possible. I showed that the evidence that the old instrument had completely broken down in their hands was irresistible. I asked to what, then, were we to attribute the splendid German successes in the war. I found the answer in the trained faculty which had been acquired by all ranks to adapt themselves instinctively to new conditions, and I asked to what causes were we to attribute this adaptability.

Perhaps a few sentences, about which Colonel Henderson, the designated historian of the Boer war, recently wrote to me that they might have been written to-day, will best show the nature of this argument :

The first great necessity is that the free action of every rank, from the general to the private, shall be fully developed—not in order that each rank may interfere with and claim independence from the rank above it, but in order that each may more effectually co-operate with and carry out the work assigned by that immediately superior to it. All training must tend to develop the qualities which are essential to such a manner of action. The habit of command must cease to be the habit of exact prescription and become the habit of clear instruction. Men must be constantly accustomed to act under orders which they will have to interpret according to circumstances; otherwise, when they find themselves under the necessity of deciding, they will think it essential to decide absolutely for themselves, instead of deciding how they can best carry out the views of those who command them. Unity or harmony of action will be more essential than ever, but it must be arrived at by a thorough appreciation of the spirit, rather than by a strict adherence to the letter. . . .

The radical change which has taken place in tactics is, as it was at the time when the system of Frederick gave place to that of Napoleon, one, before all things, in organisation. But the change is an infinitely more vital and complete one now than then. If a flexible chain was then substituted for a bar of iron, it remained dead metal still; more pliable under the hands of the one man who wielded it; each link capable of a certain degree of independent *motion*; but essentially it was

intended to obey only mechanically the impulse that was imparted to it. *We have to provide a new substance. A living organism has to take the place of a material instrument. It must work under the inspiration of the directing head, rather than move with mechanical precision in the directing hand.* If, therefore, our army does not possess such an organisation as will enable it to meet the new condition of things, or cannot have such an organisation adapted to it, it is useless to inquire what in the abstract is the best system of manœuvres which we could employ against a Continental army. It will be far better to take not the best, but the second best, or whatever it may be, which we can effectually employ in our actual condition. To attempt the manœuvres which would be suitable to an army capable of freedom of action, while we are entirely incapable of it, would be as wise as for a dwarf to go to battle with the weapons of a giant. Yet in war there is no 'best' but victory, no 'second best' but defeat. It may be questioned, therefore, whether the adaptation of our army to present tactical necessities is not a matter on which its continued existence should depend. To what, then, has the immense facility of manœuvring which the Prussians have shown been due? First, doubtless, to the perfection of actual training for war which has been acquired severally by each man throughout the army. A system of working at once so free and so harmonious would have been impossible if every one had not been trained to appreciate the value of the same principles, and to understand the larger theory of the great art in the details of which he had to co-operate. At every point the training of the average Prussian officer shows itself to have been as high as it is probably possible that for the ordinary run of an army it ever should become, whether in the practice or in the theory of their profession. But was that all? I cannot think that anyone who has considered the history of the camp of Boulogne,¹ and the effect which it had upon the succeeding wars of the Empire, and who studies the features of the present war, remembering always what is the nature of the German organisation in peace time, will doubt how important an element the permanent local organisation of the Army Corps has contributed to the marvellous harmony of their tactical working.

Were formal drill and exact prescription adequate means for preparing an army for present warfare, and did they represent the principles on which it is advisable to manœuvre in presence of the enemy, then, no doubt, it would be wholly unnecessary that the several grades of officers who have to co-operate together should be personally and intimately acquainted. For a man receives at present, with equal facility from any commander, the fixed words which indicate to him those which he is himself to issue. But if the possibility of continuing our present system in presence of the enemy has passed away, and it is necessary that subordinates should intelligently co-operate with their superiors, then it is essential that the men who are to work together should not become acquainted for the first time at the moment when war breaks out. The higher the rank, the more essential is it that they should have been accustomed for a long time to trust one another. The German writers do not very pointedly draw attention to the effect of this feature on the campaigns they have passed through. Why should they? They write not for us, but for themselves. They have lived and been brought up under a system which makes an Army Corps almost as much a family as a regiment is among ourselves. They probably, moreover, do not fully realise how great the advantage is to them, for they never knew what it was to be without it. But the more one studies the nature of the orders issued from one officer to another during the late war, the more one sees how the intimate personal knowledge that each had of the other enabled the exact amount of liberty that was required to be accorded without preventing the fullest instructions from being given whenever

¹ The camp was that which was formed for the invasion of England. It was utilised by Napoleon to organise the army with which, by the successive steps of Ulm, Vienna, Austerlitz, and Jena he crushed Europe beneath his feet.

they were really needed. Moreover, the habit of entrusting details to subordinates, and the habit of having details left by superiors to be worked out, is fostered in superiors and subordinates respectively by acting with men who are known to be trustworthy. Hence, when the inevitable gaps of war do come, the injury is infinitely less than it would otherwise be; for the principle is established and new men drop into their places very much more quickly where the nucleus is at each moment habituated to work together than where all are strangers. I am obliged here to appeal to what is the common experience of all under kindred conditions; the facts are patent. The Germans do show this harmony of action. They do possess this special preparation for it. Since, as I have noticed, it is in the last degree improbable that they will ever point out to us themselves how all-important is the connection between the two, may we not fairly assume it on the *a priori* ground here put forward? I fully admit that the essential thing is the thorough appreciation throughout the whole body of the right principles on which work ought to be carried on, and habitual training in the application of these to special ground and circumstances. But you will never obtain these by mere preaching. The question is how to make them a reality. I confess I see no other way than the one I have indicated. For, before all things, it will be necessary, among the many forms of free action which must be entrusted to commanders of each rank, to entrust them with entire freedom in restricting on special occasions, or on every occasion, the liberty of action which they accord to their subordinates. There are times in war when everything turns upon the question whether the one exactly right thing is or is not done even by some small body of men. Now, the commander who is perfectly conscious of seeing distinctly under such circumstances the exact detail which ought to be prescribed to subordinates, must be as little chained to the new rule of habitually entrusting details to them as to any mere rule whatever.

Reproaches may justly of late have been cast against Napoleon for his tendency to absorb into his own hands all initiative till his 'chain' almost became 'iron rod' again in its stiffness without recovering cohesion. But it is impossible not to admit that many a victory was gained by that superabundant energy which substituted, in the execution of details at essential moments, the genius of the great commander for the talent of some fair subordinate. Men who are capable of seeing when such exceptional action is necessary must be permitted freely to adopt it. But it will be fatal to allow that to become habitual which ought only to be considered a breach intended to honour the rule. How can both these objects be attained otherwise than by the habitual association of men in large masses where individual idiosyncrasies are recognised and corrected? While long habit of working together gives a force throughout each link to authority of the only kind which will not be shaken by the inevitable break-up of accustomed forms in presence of the enemy. One of the ablest writers on the late campaigns has declared that disorder so inevitably, under present conditions, supervenes soon after fighting has commenced, that the only possible course is to accept the fact and 'order disorder.' In other words, he proposes what Captain May had previously urged, that an officer should habitually take command of any men, no matter of what regiment, whom he finds around him dispersed by the circumstances of action. It is clear that enormous force will be lost unless the disordered masses of various regiments, which, according to all testimony, now gather after a position has been taken, can in some way be led on to fresh victory. But the success of the proposed remedy depends on its being properly adapted to certain facts of human nature which it is all-important to take into account.

Under the Prussian system, which the writer, of course, assumes to exist, it is not at all difficult to understand that the men of two regiments which have been lying side by side one another, in Bonn, or in Cologne, for instance, for years, would be easily trained to follow almost as readily the officers of the other

regiment as of their own. Nor would it be difficult to extend the principle to the whole of the regiments whom they see habitually on the Grand Parade, and whose officers they have been for years bound to know and to salute. Where once the habit has been established, on grand divisional field-days, of acting after attack under the command of any officer who happened to be up at the moment, it would scarcely require any great stretch of the same principle, even if, as the author says, 'Army Corps become intermingled, and the officers of one Army Corps have to take command of men of the other.' But would it be possible without any analogous training to trust that the men of a regiment which had just arrived from Tipperary, and had never taken words of command from any but their own officers, would satisfactorily follow those of another which had just landed from Bombay? I cannot bring myself to think so. Even with all the conditions at present existing in the Prussian service which favour such a mode of fighting, Boguslawski considers it necessary not only thus to 'order disorder,' but to 'practise disorder.' I am quite ready to admit the immense advantage which we possess in the nature of the tie which binds together our officers as a class, and our men as a class. I believe it to be at this moment at once the most organic relationship—that is, the one in which each class best understands what the nature of the relationship is—and the most cordial, hearty, and friendly existing between an upper and a lower class anywhere in Europe. Nor is it possible to deny that at Inkerman our men did fight nobly in numberless cases where they were necessarily commanded by officers of other corps. But the case rather serves to support the point I am maintaining than to weaken it; for the troops who fought at Inkerman had been for months in the same camp. Had this not been so, the circumstances of the case by no means presented those temptations to break away from authority which, according to all testimony, the conditions of modern fighting inevitably do. All men of common sense, even if unaccustomed to discipline, when they have to fight like rats in a hole, instinctively place themselves under someone's orders.

It is a very different thing to follow an unknown leader in a fresh movement, the nature of which is not realised. It is too firmly settled a conviction of my own mind for me to have any sense of national boastfulness in saying it, that if any troops in Europe can be trusted to do this thing without previous training, then ours can. But I doubt if any army in Europe would do it. At all events, that clearly was the conclusion as to our army of an old Peninsular officer not wont to depreciate it: 'Soldiers who have not been drilled on this principle,' says Colonel Gawler—and he it remembered he has already spoken of the intermingling of men of different *divisions*, the largest organic unit of our army in those days—'or who have not acquired it by experience, are, when extended under fire continually, liable to be transformed into unmanageable mobs.' The causes which make this the fundamental question of all, in considering the nature of our future tactics, have been by no means yet all considered. The necessity that theoretical as well as practical knowledge should be universal throughout the army scarcely needs to be proved. The advantage which a body of men possess all of whom thoroughly understand and accept the same principles is, as I have noticed, written on every page of the history of the late war. Yet more than ever, the art of war is a constantly progressive one, based on the experience of the very latest as well as of all the past, reaching forward into the future as fresh inventions have to be studied, and their possible applications considered. How, then, can an army, for all practical purposes isolated in battalions, be provided either with the instruction or with the implements and means of instruction which are needful?

Moreover, at a time when it is rather the spirit of the present phase of fighting than knowledge of any special forms which can be instilled into the minds of men, there is another fact which is of vital consequence. Men are always infinitely less conservative of what requires to be changed, yet infinitely less ready to throw away all the experience that had been acquired from the past, when thought

passes freely throughout large numbers, where methods different in detail are observed and compared. In small societies every private crotchset is apt to reign supreme, while new light is hardly admitted, for there is no neighbouring region whence it can enter.

Yet again, the less merely formal drill becomes a final and adequate preparation for the manœuvres of war, the more elaborate must be the training by *practices* in order that each rank may be accustomed freely to adapt itself to the orders it receives. By no other means can mere looseness as opposed to elasticity be avoided. . . .

To sum up, our manœuvring in the field can no longer be regulated by a system of prescribed words of command. Its precision, its harmony, and its success will depend instead upon a certain trained aptitude for working together, acquired by the whole army and by every individual in it. This aptitude cannot be developed unless in some way or other those men who in war time are to work together, have been, as a rule, accustomed to work together in peace time. This also is more, not less, necessary, because it will be essential that men who have worked little or not at all together before should in emergencies be able to work freely together. There the absolute tactical deduction stops.

In the complete application of these principles other considerations, with which this essay is in no way concerned, have to be taken into account. It is obvious that an extreme difficulty presents itself in the application in detail of the local corps system to England. The German armies of defence and of offence differ little in size from one another. With us the case is far otherwise, and this and various other matters determine the exact form in which the tactical result can best be secured. But the tactical necessity that the men who have to co-operate with one another in presence of the enemy shall have worked together beforehand applies to each particular army that may be engaged in war. It is a matter altogether distinct from the question of the administrative convenience of local organisation, whether as to effective peace service or rapid mobilisation. To bring it back to the definition of manœuvres, with which this paper started, a general now, as formerly, requires that his troops shall effect quick orderly changes 'from one kind of formation to another,' and wishes to transfer them 'from point to point of a battlefield for purposes which become suddenly feasible in the changing course of the action.' He will be able to attain his wishes or not in proportion as his troops have become flexible masses, by virtue of this previous habitual association and *this* kind of high training, which consists as much in a prepared harmony of action in unforeseen circumstances, as in a knowledge, spread throughout all ranks of the army, of the principles on which the mode of meeting such circumstances ought to be determined, and a practical readiness to apply them as events present themselves.

The first six or seven years of service tend to fix the whole style of an officer's work afterwards. If the habit be once acquired of being never entrusted with authority in even a limited degree, and of leaning always on the mere dictation of others, it becomes extremely difficult in later life for any man to shake himself free from it, and either willingly to assume responsibility or—for the two things almost universally run together—to delegate power. Yet for the present condition of war a readiness to assume responsibility if necessary, a knowledge when to assume it, and a capacity for guiding others without dictating to them, are, as we must believe if we listen to those who have seen recent fighting, more needful than all theoretical training, than all other practical experience. The same principle of giving a definite sphere of duty to each man, and of making him responsible for it, applies strictly to the lower grades. As far as possible each corporal must be responsible for certain six definite men, and each sergeant always for the same twelve. Each should be as much understood to be so in his own degree as a captain is known to be responsible for his company.

The more we have to trust to the aptitude rather than to the memory of every individual soldier and officer, the more essential will it be not to allow immense discrepancies to occur. It will take far more frequent practice to insure aptitude than to cultivate memory. To prevent freedom of manœuvring from degenerating into incoherent independence and eccentricity will be no easily accomplished task. Now the aptitude which must be both developed and regulated consists chiefly in attaching their proper value to local circumstances, yet in not sacrificing to these what is necessary for perfect co-operation with others.

How can this be adequately acquired except by men who are accustomed from time to time to work together in large numbers? It by no means follows that the greater portion of drill should consist in such large manœuvres. Rigid formations will still be a most essential means of early training, and be also best adapted to most marches out of the immediate reach of the enemy. It is important that any details that can be suppressed should be done away with, in order that troops may be able to devote as much time as possible to perfectly mastering those which continue to be practical and to acquiring field aptitude. But always enough will remain to demand much time. No one who has watched the effect of much loose work upon ill-trained troops will doubt that as a means of discipline parade drill will be more, not less, essential than ever, little as it continues to be applicable to the purpose for which it was first designed.

Before leaving this part of the subject a question has to be answered peculiar to our own army. In what way could the Militia and Volunteers, who form the bulk of our forces for defensive purposes, be best employed, should they ever be called upon to fight? I confess that, having thought the question out as carefully as I can, I am unable, from a consideration of what all writers who have seen recent fighting unanimously urge, to come to any but one conclusion. It cannot be doubted that there are among the Volunteer corps bodies in all essentials as highly disciplined as any men need be. I see no way of selecting those who ought to be employed, and of getting rid of those who would do mischief, except that of entrusting to each Army-Corps commander, at the moment when the services of the Volunteers of his district are required, the duty of assigning their proper functions to each. Some will be fit to join any troops of the Line, and to become the sharpshooters selected on each occasion, or the mounted riflemen, who become the eyes of the army. Others may be able to act if properly incorporated with good troops, as the Dutch Belgians were incorporated in Wellington's army in 1815. Others will only be fit to be thrown into a fortress, there to learn 'discipline and drill.' In any case, for troops without discipline there is no place in modern open war. Of the Militia, *mutatis mutandis*, almost exactly analogous expressions must at present be employed.

Of course many other subjects were discussed in the essay, but I think that the extracts I have given will show that the very assertions which are pretty generally made to-day were used as a continuous argument leading up to the creation of an organisation which should in principle secure for us the advantages of the Army-Corps system, adapted to the conditions of our army. If it be asked why, if the reasoning was at the time accepted, the conclusion was never put into practice, the answer must be again an historical one. By the time the essay was published, the motive force of public opinion, which had enabled Mr. Cardwell to introduce his reforms, was spent. All those who had been engaged in carrying them out were scattered. Lord Northbrook and Lord Cromer (then Major Baring), who had been two of the most active agents of reform, were in India, and out

of touch with what was taking place in Europe. Sir Garnet Wolseley was almost immediately engaged in preparations for the Ashantee campaign. Nevertheless, a few years later the shadowy idea of the value of some such organisation so far survived, after all the essential points of the argument had been forgotten that my friend Colonel Home was directed at the Intelligence Department to endeavour to adapt the army to an Army-Corps system. Without public interest, without expenditure, without any such cause of excitement as the conquest of France, the task, as he well knew, was impossible. I was working under him at the time, and therefore I know perfectly all that he hoped to achieve by that much-derided paper scheme. He thought it possible that by setting out the ideal forms of Army Corps and leaving blanks where deficiencies existed, he would be able to draw attention to the hopelessly heterogeneous and incomplete nature of our various forces. He thought that attention might be drawn to what was wanted, more especially in regard to artillery and other auxiliaries, in order to give any semblance of an organised army to the forces of the Crown. More than that it was impossible for him at that time to achieve. I limit myself strictly to this historical narrative, because to discuss here the present scheme would be as obviously unsuitable for me as it would be contrary to the King's Regulations.

F. MAURICE.

WHAT COURT OF APPEAL WILL SATISFY AUSTRALIA?

THE announcement made early in June that the proposal to create Colonial Lords of Appeal in Ordinary is viewed with some disfavour in Parliamentary circles in Australia will possibly be received with some disappointment here. The reason given is that it is a blending of judicial and legislative functions. The gift of such a splendid representation to the colonies would, it was thought, have excited nothing but enthusiasm; the hesitation they have shown in accepting it indicates, at any rate, an independence of feeling and a strict view of constitutional law which deserves to be taken into account.

The matter in its latest phase arose as follows: Last year the much-discussed clauses of the Australian Commonwealth Bill, restricting appeals to the Privy Council, did not meet with the approval of the Imperial Government, nor of many others at home, and in particular the power reserved to the Federal Parliament of limiting the power of the Sovereign in Council to grant special leave to appeal in every case seemed an undue curtailment of the royal prerogative, incompatible with the Imperial idea. So it was resolved to amend the Bill in this respect, and, by way of a sop, to give the colonies a more effective representation in the Imperial Court of Appeal.

This was how Mr. Chamberlain, after explaining the Commonwealth Bill on the 14th of May 1900, foreshadowed his scheme:

What we propose, pending further consideration which must be given to any greater scheme, is to appoint for seven years a representative from each of these colonies and India, to be members of the Privy Council, who shall also act during that period as Lords of Appeal, and upon whom will be conferred life peerages, so that they may continue to sit in the House of Lords, although they will not act as judges after the term of their service has expired. It may be that those services will be renewed, and provision may be taken to renew them if thought desirable. The judges so appointed will be paid the same salaries as the Lords of Appeal are now paid, and payment will be made at the cost of the Imperial Parliament. Sir, that is the proposal which I hope will be submitted to the other House of Parliament in a very few days, and which I hope will be approved by Parliament as a whole.

This was a generous offer, but for some time past Liberals and Conservatives have competed in generous offers to the colonies.

The task the Government had in hand last year was a difficult one. They had to propose the Bill which the colonies had adopted by a referendum, and yet delete some of its important clauses. Hence the handsome proposal. But, as events turned out, the proposal was quite unnecessary; the Government gracefully yielded to the delegates from the colonies nearly all they asked; the somewhat shadowy safeguard inserted was that proposed laws of the new Federal Parliament limiting the Sovereign's right to grant special leave of appeal must be reserved by the Governor-General for the Sovereign's pleasure.

As a matter of fact a safeguard of this kind is worth very little, for if a Bill were to pass both Houses of the Federal Parliament and were then reserved, there would be great difficulties in the way of refusing assent to it. Delegates would be sent home to point out the danger of refusing consent to the expressed wishes of the Australian people, and the Home Government, with the best grace they could, would probably yield. This is what has generally happened in the past.

However that may be, the result of the compromise arrived at in 1900 was that the promised Bill for dealing with the reconstituted Appellate Court was shelved for the Session and the Parliament: now a conference summoned by Mr. Chamberlain, and representative of the Empire, or at least its most important parts, is sitting to consider the new scheme.

Strictly, this is not an Australian question—it is an Imperial one; but the Australian point of view seems for the moment the more important, in consequence of the proceedings of last year, and from the fact that Mr. Justice Hodges, who is a Judge of the Supreme Court of Victoria, is now in England as the first representative of the whole Federal Government of Australia. Both in Melbourne and Sydney there has always been a keen criticism of the Privy Council, and, as will be seen later on, the same criticism existed there thirty years ago. Many parts of the Empire take the Privy Council for granted; Australia puts it under a keen searchlight, impartially ready to recognise its merits and failings. It found nothing very much to be grateful for in the dole of 1895, and it seems particularly anxious to look the new gift-horse in the mouth. It must be a surprise to many who do not know Australia to read of the astonishing reception of the Heir Apparent, and the vast sums expended to make his visit a success, and at the same time of the doubtful (indeed adverse) feelings with which we are told Mr. Chamberlain's proposal has been received.

The matter of the Colonial Court of Appeal is an old and troublesome one, and has been a vexed question for at least thirty years. In every year from 1871 to 1876, in 1881, 1887, 1895, and 1900 it has been before Parliament; in each of those years, except 1872, there has been some legislation affecting it. I will attempt by-and-by to trace these stages: for the moment, I will try and answer the question why the Privy Council is out of favour.

To most people at home, it is, as a judicial body, little known, except that they hear it attacked by their High Church friends. To the colonies it is in name, situation, accessories and methods unattractive. Its name implies more a despotic body than a court.

The Council is a Government department to which different kinds of business are assigned, and of which the head is a Cabinet Minister. It is true that the Speaker of the Peers is also a Cabinet Minister, but he is there primarily as a lawyer and not a politician: in the Privy Council, one would see with dismay the Lord President presiding at the judicial deliberations.

The next drawback of the Council is the time-honoured objection on the score of dowdiness: it sits in a dingy room, without the stately surroundings of a court.

Another objection is the apparent unanimity in its decisions, which may cover the keenest dissensions. After the trial of the Folkestone ritual appeal, Sir Fitzroy Kelly disclosed to a Welsh clergyman the fact that he himself had been opposed to the judgment pronounced. This candour aroused a good deal of indignation, and elicited an interesting pamphlet from Lord Selborne, where the whole question is dealt with. A Privy Councillor's oath binds him 'to keep secret all matters committed and revealed unto you, or that shall be treated of secretly in Council,' therefore the views of dissenting judges are not allowed to be made public. This, though no doubt correct, is certainly very unsatisfactory: it has a practical disadvantage in making advice on similar but not identical questions much less easy to give. It certainly is not suitable for decisions on cases from the other end of the world.

The House of Lords is not open to these objections. Its situation adds great solemnity to the proceedings, for it sits in its own Legislative Chamber; it is in the splendid position of being able to summon the judges to its assistance, and yet (as was shown in the Bridge-water will case and the recent trade union case—*Allen v. Flood*) is not bound by their advice. Every member expresses his own opinion, so that more individual responsibility attaches. The historical association of the court with impeachments and trials of peers appeals to the imagination—a matter not to be lost sight of when you are trying to get for your tribunal the respect of the New World.

Yet, though the House of Lords has more of external trappings, and the Privy Council is so dull and dingy, the latter's scope of action is a good deal more varied and picturesque. A great deal has been said and written on the subject. I will go back nearly three-quarters of a century and quote Lord Brougham's speech on Law Reform in the House of Commons on the 7th of February 1828:

The members of the Privy Council [he there said]

are the supreme Judges in the last resort, over every one of your foreign settlements, whether situated in those immense territories which you possess in the East,

where you and a trading Company together rule over not less than 70 millions of subjects—or established among those rich and populous islands which stud the Indian Ocean, and form the great Eastern Archipelago—or have their stations in those lands, part lying within the tropics, part stretching towards the Pole, peopled by various castes differing widely in habits, still more widely in privileges, great in numbers, abounding in wealth, extremely unsettled in their notions of right, and excessively litigious, as all the children of the New World are supposed to be, both from their physical and political constitution. All this immense jurisdiction over the rights of property and person, over rights political and legal, and over all the questions growing out of such a vast and varied province, is exercised by the Privy Council unaided and alone. It is obvious that, from the mere distance of those colonies, and the immense variety of matters arising in them, foreign to our habits and beyond the scope of our knowledge, any judicial tribunal in this country must of necessity be an extremely inadequate court of review. But what adds incredibly to the difficulty is, that hardly any two of the colonies can be named which have the same law; and in the greater number, the law is wholly unlike our own. In some settlements it is the Dutch law, in others the Spanish, in others the French, in others the Danish. In our Eastern possessions these variations are, if possible, yet greater;—while one territory is swayed by Mahommedan law, another is ruled by the native, or Hindoo, law; and this again, in some of our possessions, is qualified or superseded by the law of Buddah, the English jurisprudence being confined to the handful of British settlers, and the inhabitants of the three Presidencies.¹

The Privy Council was somewhat irregular in those days, for it only met, continued Lord Brougham in the same speech,

on certain extraordinary days—the 30th of January, the Feast of the Purification, some day in May, Midsummer Day, and a few others. I find that, on an average of twelve years, ending 1826, it sat in each year nine days, to dispose of all the appeals from all the British subjects in India; from our own Civil Courts, to the jurisdiction of which all our subjects are locally amenable, throughout the wide extent of the several Presidencies of Calcutta, Bombay and Madras; to dispose of all the causes which come up to the three several native courts of last resort, the Sudder Adawlut, from the inferior Courts of Zilla and Circuit, comprising all contested suits between the Hindoos, the half-caste people, and Mahommedan inhabitants. But in the same nine days are to be disposed of all the appeals from Ceylon, the Mauritius, the Cape, and New Holland; from our colonies in the West Indies and in North America; from our settlements in the Mediterranean, and from the islands in the Channel;—nine days' sittings are deemed sufficient for the decision of the whole.²

Thus vividly is the Council depicted, existing at the time of the speech very much as it had existed for generations, and embodying the principle that

the Sovereign, as the fountain of justice, is constitutionally empowered to receive petitions and appeals from all his colonies and possessions abroad, upon whatever regulations and conditions may be defined and imposed by the authority of the Crown in Council.³

The author adds that this jurisdiction is retained for the benefit of the colonies, not that of the mother country. 'It secures to every British subject a right to claim redress of grievances from the

¹ *Speeches*, vol. ii. p. 357.

² *Ibid.* p. 359.

³ Todd, *Parliamentary Government in the Colonies*, 2nd ed. p. 305.

Throne.' In a colony with an efficient Court of Appeal, it may be seldom necessary to come to the Privy Council, but

its controlling power, though dormant and rarely invoked, is felt by every judge in the Empire, because he knows that his decisions are liable to be submitted to it. Under these circumstances, it is not surprising that British colonists have uniformly exhibited a strong desire not to part with the right of appeal from colonial courts to the Queen in Council.

In reference to the peers, their jurisdiction dates, according to Lord Hatherley, 'from a very remote period—antecedent to the Great Charter. It dates indeed from the beginning of the Norman rule in this country.'¹

I will now trace very briefly some of the steps by which the two great courts have been brought to their present form.

In 1833 Brougham had become Lord Chancellor in the Whig Government, and acted in the spirit of the speech quoted above by passing the Act to form the 'Judicial Committee,' under it (among other powers) the King could appoint two persons members of the Committee. If they were ex-Indian or ex-colonial judges they were entitled to 400*l.* a year as indemnity for their expenses. This was a very moderate recognition of the colonial case, the glimmer of the dawn of representation.

At this time, in consequence of the Reform question, the House of Lords was no doubt unpopular; but it is a point just worthy of notice that it has always been the Liberal party which has favoured the Privy Council, the Conservatives who have improved the House of Lords.

In 1856, indeed, the Liberals tried, without legislation, to create life peers for appeal purposes, but the attempt failed; and Lord Wensleydale, who had been made a life peer for what it was worth, was promoted to an hereditary peerage.

In 1871, the same party being in power, matters were advanced a stage. On the 15th of June Lord Westbury made some observations in Parliament on the deficiency of the Privy Council, very much in point now, and quoted from the *Melbourne Argus* passages which are still instructive:

We earnestly trust that neither pains nor cost will be spared to provide a fitting organ for the greatest appellate jurisdiction in the world. . . . All that we ask is that our suits shall be decided by a fully organised English court, and not by some stray legal casuals. We think that the colonies are worth the salaries of three or four judges, even if the expenses of the court should amount up to 20,000*l.* or 25,000*l.* a year. Such a sum does not seem unreasonable for the dignity and efficiency of the oldest jurisdiction in the kingdom, and, we may fairly add, the greatest; and if England is so poor as to be unable to provide for the due performance of the Queen's primary duty, it will be well worth our while to contribute towards a court which shall be fit to advise the Queen how to do right towards all her subjects who dwell beyond the limits of the British Isles.

¹ *Hansard*, vol. cxx. p. 1231. •

As a result, the Judicial Committee Act, 1871, was passed, creating four paid judgeships of the Privy Council, with salaries of 5,000*l.* a year, for which the Indian (but not Colonial) Chief Justices were made eligible. Vacancies among the four could be filled up within two years but not after, so that the Act (unless renewed) would expire of inanition. The reason for this, no doubt, was that the Government had in view the great changes intended to be brought in by the Judicature Bill, and did not want to tie their own hands. The expression 'stray legal casuals' used by the *Argus* must have been aimed at the ex-judges, who, having earned a pension, and retired from active work on the Bench, spend some of their leisure at the Privy Council. This stigma was removed to a great extent, but it is not unusual for the same thing to happen even at the present day.

In the next year Lord Chancellor Hatherley moved a resolution which seems precisely to express the present wishes of the Australians, as I understand them :

That it is expedient that one Imperial Supreme Court of Appeal be established, which shall sit continuously for the hearing of all matters now heard by way of Appeal before this House or before the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, and that the Appellate Jurisdiction of this House be transferred to such Supreme Court of Appeal.¹

The court, he explained, was to be formed in two divisions, 'but not with such strictness that the judges of one division cannot act in the other;' in each division there were to be not fewer than three and not more than five judges receiving 6,000*l.* a year each. This proposal was made in a speech of great length and (historically) of great interest, but nothing came of it: it was shelved by a motion to refer the whole question to a Select Committee.²

In the next year (1873) the Liberals, being still in office, passed their Judicature Bill, and abolished (on paper) the House of Lords (so far as related to English appeals) and the judicial power of the Privy Council, intending to transfer all appeal business to the new 'Court of Appeal.'

This was the fulfilment of Lord Hatherley's intention, and done with the same object as that which the colonies now have in view. The Bill which seemed the death warrant of the two great tribunals was passed, but a reprieve was granted. In 1874 the Conservatives triumphed at the polls, and the operation of these clauses was twice postponed by Acts of 1874 and 1875.

Had that great political change not come over politics in 1874, one Court of Appeal in all probability would, for better or worse, have been constituted for Great Britain and all the dominions of the Queen.

The Conservatives being now in office with a great majority addressed themselves to the task of improving and strengthening the

¹ *Hansard*, vol. ccc. p. 1245.

² *Ibid.* 2012.

House of Lords, Mr. Disraeli himself moving the Bill when it came before the House of Commons. As with the Liberals in 1872 and 1873, so with the Government of 1876 the intention was to make the two tribunals virtually one, though now technically they were to remain separated, the Premier, in moving the Bill, saying :

We propose that the appeals in the House of Lords and in the Privy Council shall be decided by the same individuals, and the duties of the four Lords of Appeal will be in both courts, if I may use the expression. It will be a tribunal divided into two courts.

This Act, therefore, set out by establishing two Lords of Appeal in Ordinary, to be gradually increased to four, as the four Privy Council judges died off. They were to have 6,000*l.* a year, to sit both in the Lords and the Privy Council, and have a peerage while actually in office. As they were primarily to hear British or Irish appeals, there was no colonial representative among the judges. The Act blended political and judicial duties more effectually than Mr. Chamberlain's proposal, for the peerages were not even to last for life, and it was a stronger instance than that of which Australians now complain. Lord Hatherley, in discussing the Bill, said :

He had heard a great deal of late as to the inexpediency of mixing up the judicial and political functions ; but here the two were to be indissolubly entwined, and the moment the person who exercised them ceased to be fit to be a judge, he ceased also to be fit to be a politician ; as soon as his judicial thread was spun he was to collapse into a chrysalis state of peerage. That seemed to be an extraordinary provision, and he did not think it was calculated to add to the dignity of their Lordships' House.

It seems curious that the point was not more strongly pressed. Sir William Harcourt indeed took the same line. But the Act passed and the scheme worked very smoothly, so the next change did not take place for eleven years, when the peerages were enlarged so as to last for life. A Conservative Government was by this time again in power, and had no difficulty in effecting this ; but the Act of 1887 did not mean any change of constitutional sentiment, but was rather a compliment to the abilities of Lord Blackburn, who was then retiring.

The last stage was reached in 1895, when, a Liberal Government being in office, it was the turn of the Privy Council to receive attention. Lord Ripon, Secretary for the Colonies, prepared a Bill, giving a faint and unremunerated representation to the colonies on the Judicial Committee. Mr. Chamberlain said of it in his speech already quoted of the 14th of May 1900 :

When we came into office we found a Bill prepared by my predecessor by which it was proposed to call to the Privy Council one representative of Canada, South Africa, and Australia, to assist in the deliberations of the Privy Council. I found that scheme in the pigeon-holes of the Colonial Office. Her Majesty's Government adopted it because, although they thought it was not satisfactory, still it was a tentative step which would give us some experience, and seemed to meet the wish, already expressed, of the colonies.

The natural result followed: the Bill made no provision for paying the colonial judges; the colonies had no intention of paying them; so, though the judges or some of them took their seats and attended for a short time, the attendances soon dwindled away.

Legislation of this kind, however enthusiastically received, is not satisfactory; it must have occurred to the Government who prepared the Bill that there was no sufficient inducement either for the colonies to spare a judge from active duty in Australia, or for an ex-judge to work on a pension when he might rest.

One can hardly imagine any time fitter to deal with the matter than the present; the coming into operation of the Federal Act, the South African War and the royal tour of the Empire have directed attention to the colonies, and especially Australia, and the Imperial idea has greatly developed since the day of Lord Brougham's reference to the Cape, 'New Holland,' and 'our colonies in North America.' Mr. Chamberlain's offer is a magnificent one, and could hardly be refused without very solid grounds. Indeed, any scheme to be satisfactory must be a generous one; and, sooner than have more of the recent patchwork legislation, it would be better to leave the question alone altogether. On the other hand, it would be deplorable to lose such an opportunity for effectually strengthening the Imperial tie.

The first condition to satisfy the colonies seems to be an absolute union of the present courts. A 'Court of Appeal for the whole Empire' is the ideal, which will compensate for the friction and the delay entailed by an appeal to a place 12,000 miles distant. Sentiment enters into the matter, and the sentiment of loyalty is very strong just now; behind sentiment there is the advantage of uniformity in the interpretation of Imperial law.

The other condition which the colonies make stands in the way of Mr. Chamberlain's scheme of last year. That condition is based on the objection they have to the judge whom they send home to the Appeal Court having a seat in Parliament; it is not that they object necessarily to Imperial Federation, whatever shape that may ultimately take. All the schemes on that subject have been so vague that the colonies have not been able to form a decided opinion. But my observation has always been that the Australians, as a whole, are neither warmly in favour of nor warmly against any closer connection than now exists. The matter is at present too nebulous for them to pronounce upon. But I believe that they do object to a judge having a vote in any general matters of legislation, and in that way being understood to 'represent' Australia.

Judges in Australia are appointed very much as they are in England, some for merit, some for political reasons, but once they are appointed they do not interfere in politics. Now suppose one of these judges sent to England with a life peerage, it is inevitable that he would speak in the Lords, if at all, mainly on

Australian subjects, and be looked to for guidance on them by the Government. And, after a year or two here, he would be utterly out of touch with current colonial affairs, and would certainly give offence to one side or the other.

It makes no difference, whether a judge were originally appointed for political reasons or purely for merit; if the latter, judges are human, and any one of them would certainly discover that he had political views, more or less strong. This seems at present an insuperable difficulty.

It will be said that for the last twenty-five years the Lords of Appeal have been at once judges and legislators without a complaint being raised against them. The answer is that the King may give peerages to British or Irish judges as much as to any other person in Great Britain, and it is often done; but it is very unusual to give a peerage to anyone still officially engaged in connection with the self-governing colonies. And an English peer cannot be said to 'represent' England: he represents himself. An Australian peer would be considered to represent Australia, and would almost inevitably come to act as if he did so.

There seem three alternative courses:

(1) To recur to the Privy Council, as reinforced by the paid judges under the Act of 1871.

(2) Mr. Chamberlain's scheme for strengthening the House of Lords and incidentally the Privy Council.

(3) The scheme of union foreshadowed by Lord Hatherley in 1872, adopted by Parliament in 1873, twice postponed in 1874 and 1875, and abandoned by the Act of 1876.

Australia will object to (1) as the Privy Council will not be the Court of Appeal for the whole Empire, and to (2) for the reasons shown above. With regard to (3), I believe that this would satisfy Australia, but the main difficulty is to render it acceptable to England.

I have contented myself with indicating what at present seem the difficulties to be overcome, though I have little doubt that the next few weeks will show great material progress made. I have looked at the question from the point of view of the colonies I know best—the Australian; at the present conference New Zealand (no part of the Commonwealth), Cape Colony, Canada, Natal, and India are represented. To evolve a scheme agreeable to all these delegates may be a matter of difficulty. I think the third alternative is the most likely to succeed. In that case the question will arise as to whether the House of Lords will agree to abandon its ancient powers. It would certainly require first of all to be satisfied that the countries concerned were united in approval, and if it were satisfied of this, it would probably make the sacrifice required of it in order to seal the Union of the Empire.

HUGH R. E. CHILDERS.

LAST MONTH

ONCE more the political interest of the month centres, not in the Government, but in the Opposition. Whilst ministers have been pursuing their way with mingled fortunes amid the rather slighting indifference of the public, the condition and prospects of the Opposition have become the burning question of the hour—one in which both political parties seem to feel an equal interest. There can be no doubt as to the importance of the question from the national point of view. A ministry backed up by a majority like that which the present Government is supposed to command, absolutely needs to have a strong Opposition in front of it, if it is to pursue its own path in safety. One has no need to go further back than the divisions of last month in the House of Commons when, upon more than one occasion, the ministerial majority dwindled down to a figure so small as to be alarming, in order to realise the truth of the apparent paradox. A strong Opposition does something more, however, than keep the ministerial majority up to a safe level in the division lobbies. It acts as a constant stimulus to ministers to do their best. It prevents that carelessness, that disregard for the feeling of individuals or small sections, that indifference to the obvious trend of public opinion, which must, in course of time, sap the popularity and strength of the strongest administration. The present Government suffered almost the greatest misfortune that could have befallen it when, in answer to its declaration that the war was over and that nothing remained but to settle the terms of peace, it secured a majority so overwhelming as to make the Opposition practically powerless. But the feebleness of the present Opposition is not merely the result of numerical weakness. A month ago I ventured in these pages to call attention to the state of the Liberal party in the House of Commons, and, referring to the attempt which had been made to ostracise Sir Henry Fowler, I said:—

‘The simple truth with regard to the Opposition is that for years past personal questions and personal rivalries have been permitted to assume an importance to which they have no claim, and that deliberate attempts have been made by men whose activity in intrigue is fortunately more conspicuous than their numerical

strength, to proscribe those leaders who happened to be obnoxious to an extreme section.'

The accuracy of this diagnosis has since been hotly contested in some quarters; yet I think I may affirm that it has been conclusively proved by the events which have happened since I last wrote. We have seen the Opposition once more rent by divisions, divisions which have affected the occupants of the front bench as well as humbler persons, and as a consequence we have seen the Liberal party in the House of Commons reduced to a state of impotence which is lamentable and dangerous alike from the Liberal and the national point of view. So serious has the matter become at the moment at which I write, that there are many men amongst us who ask in bewilderment not where 'the true Liberal party' is to be found, but whether such a party exists at all. In these circumstances I am almost surprised that no member of Parliament, anxious for cheap advertisement, has yet moved the adjournment of the House in order to call attention to 'a matter of urgent public importance,' to wit, the state of His Majesty's Opposition.

The sequence of the events which have led up to the present crisis may be stated in few words. Early in the month it was announced that a banquet was to be given by the National Reform Union to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt. To those unacquainted with what Americans would call the 'inside track' in Liberal politics there was nothing in this announcement to arouse suspicion. It is true that to the majority of people the name of the National Reform Union had no significance, but whether an important body or the reverse, it was at least taken as a *bona fide* representative organisation, and as such entitled to offer a common compliment to the leader of the Opposition in the House of Commons and his immediate predecessor. Those who knew the history of the National Reform Union, however, were well aware that, except in name, it had nothing in common with the old National Reform Union which did good service in the north of England in the struggle for the Reform Bill of 1867. Of late years the Union seems to have been more or less in a state of suspended animation, and I hardly think that I do it any injustice when I say that during these years it has represented more fully and faithfully than anything else the personality of Mr. Philip Stanhope. When the National Reform Union speaks, it is the voice of Mr. Stanhope that we hear. How many other voices are mingled with his, and how far the Union represents any authorised political organisation, I do not know, and need not pause to ask. It will suffice for practical purposes to say that the National Reform Union and Mr. Stanhope may fairly be regarded as interchangeable names. It is not surprising, in these circumstances, that those acquainted with the true character of this curious association smelt a rat when they read the announcement of

the forthcoming banquet to the Liberal leaders. And a rat, indeed, revealed itself before the proceedings in the banquet hall came to a close. Mr. Stanhope will not take it amiss if I say that, although he has not at present a seat in the House of Commons, he is, nevertheless, one of the most active politicians of the day. Nor is his activity the less remarkable because it is not always directed into those channels that are visible to the public eye. Mr. Stanhope is, as he has a perfect right to be, an advanced member of the extreme Radical party. He is also a man who holds strong views as to the leadership of that party, and it is a matter of notoriety that, notwithstanding his near kinship to Lord Rosebery, he was the strenuous supporter of Sir William Harcourt's claims to the leadership when they came in conflict with those of his own cousin.

All this explains the apprehension which the announcement of the National Reform Union dinner under the presidency of Mr. Stanhope caused among those acquainted with the inner side of Liberal politics. When the report of the banquet appeared, and the speeches of the two chief guests and Mr. Morley were given to the world, the fears of those who had entertained these apprehensions were only too fully confirmed. Those members of the Liberal party who have stoutly maintained their independence of the extreme section, now commonly called pro-Boer, discovered to their dismay that while Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had made a speech with which they could not wholly sympathise, the effect of that speech had been heightened by Sir William Harcourt's robust invective against the war, and all concerned in it; whilst, to bring matters to a climax, Mr. Morley had proclaimed to the world, without contradiction from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, that those who took part in the proceedings of the night were in 'the main stream of Liberalism.' In plain English, the effect of the dinner was to make it appear that those Liberals who have in any degree given their support to the King's Government, during a struggle in which the most vital interests of the Empire have been at stake, have no right to be regarded as being the representatives of true Liberalism. The first impression of not a few of the men who thus found themselves cut off from fellowship with their own party, unless they were prepared to make a humiliating recantation of the opinions they had previously held, was that a trap had been laid for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, into which he had innocently walked. This is a serious charge, and I am by no means prepared to maintain its truth. But if trap there was, it can hardly be denied that it was Mr. Morley who, by means of a few adroit sentences, pulled the string that brought the lid down upon the unhappy victim. In any case, that section of the Liberal party which has no sympathy with the Extreme Left, felt that the dinner of the National Reform Union was an event of

incalculable gravity, from which the most serious consequences were bound to follow.

The banquet was held on Friday, the 14th of June. On the following Monday the first of its consequences was made apparent. On that day, Mr. Lloyd George moved the adjournment of the House of Commons in order to call attention to a subject of unquestionable importance, the condition of the refuge-camps in the Transvaal. Many Liberal members objected to the raising of this discussion because, at the moment, full information regarding it was not available, whilst others declined to associate themselves with Mr. Lloyd George because of the violence of his language. How violent that language was may be gathered from the fact that he expressed his belief that Sir Alfred Milner's peerage was the reward conferred upon him for what he had done in forming these camps where women and children were suffering hardships of the most cruel and barbarous description. There were other Liberals who objected to the motion for adjournment because they saw in it a continuation of the policy of the Friday night's banquet, and a further attempt to place the whole Opposition under the control of the extreme Radicals. The result was that, in spite of an earnest speech from Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, some fifty Liberals deliberately abstained from following their leader into the lobby, and the motion, though supported by the full strength of the Irish party, was defeated by a majority of 119. The pro-Boer newspapers regarded this abstention of Liberals as being proof, first, of their disloyalty to their leader, and, secondly, of their indifference to the barbarities which were being inflicted upon women and children in South Africa. Two days later in this eventful week came the meeting in the Queen's Hall, over which Mr. Labouchere presided, and where Mr. Sauer was the principal speaker. It is no secret that this meeting was not regarded with approval, even by some of the strongest opponents of the war. No politician of either the first or the second class attended it, and Mr. Merriman refused to be present. As a natural consequence it fell into the hands of that extreme section the members of which have maintained that they, and they alone, represent the true Liberal faith. At this meeting, professedly representative of the Liberal party, cheers were given for De Wet, and an amendment to the original resolution in favour of the restoration of the 'complete independence of the two Republics' was not only received with acclamation, but carried with something like unanimity. Once more those Liberals who do not follow Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Lloyd George, and Mr. John Dillon had the mortification of finding this meeting treated in the Conservative press as though it represented the opinion of the Opposition as a whole. Perhaps I should remark parenthetically here that before the meeting discreditable attempts were made to incite the people of London to use force to prevent its

being held. That those attempts failed did not make them less wicked. On the other hand, the mob-violence in the streets did not make the speeches delivered in the name of Liberalism any the less intolerable to those Liberals who do not take the extreme view of the war held by Mr. Labouchere and his friends.

It was, however, on the following day that the subterranean fires, the existence of which had thus been revealed, burst into open flame. Mr. Asquith had arranged on that evening to address a meeting of Essex Liberals in the Liverpool Street Hotel. His address was, in the main, a calm, deliberate, and emphatic repudiation of the idea that the Liberal party as a whole had been committed to active sympathy with the Boer cause by the proceedings at the dinner of the National Reform Union. The speech was studiously moderate in phrase, but its meaning was clear and unmistakable. Disregarding the entreaties which had been addressed to him by some well-known Liberal writers to take no notice of the speeches at Friday's dinner, Mr. Asquith went straight to the point. He explained that he had not recanted his opinions with regard to the war, and that he could not, consequently, appear, as Mr. Morley had pleasantly suggested he might do, in the garb of a penitent seeking forgiveness from those who declared that they represented the main stream of Liberalism. Mr. Asquith's contention was that the Liberal party in the main did not regard this war as one that had been forced upon an innocent Republic by a rapacious and wicked Imperial Government. Everybody, however, has read his speech, and it is not necessary to dwell further upon it. The sensation which it caused was intense. It was recognised as the formal declaration of the Liberals of the Right wing of the party that they would not allow themselves any longer to be either cajoled or dragooned by the Extreme Left into a path which they did not believe to be a right one. The importance of the declaration was increased by the fact that it had been made by a man who was known to have striven for party union so long as the attainment of such union seemed possible; who had never used language likely to offend any of his fellow-Liberals, to whatever section they belonged; and whose coolness of judgment and temperateness of statement were universally recognised. By those who agreed with Mr. Asquith's views his emphatic declaration was received with open rejoicing. It was a declaration for which the rank and file of his party had long waited, and which they welcomed with unfeigned satisfaction. Its reception by the Extreme Left was both curious and characteristic. These gentlemen, through their organs in the press, expressed their astonishment that Mr. Asquith should have made so much ado about nothing. What was there, they asked, in Mr. Morley's speech to justify this 'petulant' outburst on the part of one of Mr. Morley's principal colleagues on the front bench? Clumsy apologists sought to lessen Mr. Morley's offence by

representing that his words had been used only in a jocular sense. One ingenious writer went so far as to suggest—surely the wildest hallucination into which political fanaticism has ever betrayed a partisan—that they were merely the consequence of Mr. Morley's 'post-prandial elation.' In short, these gentlemen showed once more that, if they refuse to accept the name of pro-Boers, they are at all events warm admirers of Boer tactics. Just as, when their cowardly attack upon Sir Henry Fowler was loudly and generally resented, they made haste to explain that, after all, it was not Sir Henry Fowler's personality, but the words of his amendment, to which they objected, so now, when they found that their attack upon those Liberals to whom they object had brought upon their own heads a crushing retort, they hurriedly hoisted the white flag, and protested that it was all a mistake. And there are some good Liberals who seem disposed to accept this threadbare apology, and who urge Mr. Asquith, and those who think with him, to say no more about it, but to let bygones be bygones for the sake of peace and unity in the party.

It is excellent advice, but human nature being what it is—and even Liberals have their share of it—one need not be surprised that the advice is not likely to be accepted. For years past, the party has been crying peace when no peace existed. Not a few have felt inclined to regret the lengths to which the leaders they trusted were prepared to go in order to avoid that open rupture which most of us have felt to be sooner or later inevitable. Now that the explosion has happened, and the revelation has been made of the true state of the party, many feel that it would be better to go to the root of the matter now than to attempt to cover up with a plaster a sore which is eating into the very vitals of Liberalism. Nothing is more certain than that a great proportion of the Liberals of the United Kingdom are not prepared to allow themselves to be dragged longer at the tail of a faction of Irish and Welsh politicians with their slender following of English Radicals and Socialists. They remain Liberals, as firmly devoted to the old principles of their creed as they ever were, but they cannot consent to be made longer responsible for those whose attitude towards the war is not unfairly summed up in the cheers that were given for De Wet in the Queen's Hall, and whose personal position in the party neither invites their confidence nor commands their allegiance. They may have no love for Jingoism and for the bastard Imperialism that finds favour with a certain section of their opponents in the Conservative party; but their hatred of one form of political error does not make them the more inclined to fall into the opposite extreme, and they refuse absolutely to accept as their own the foreign policy of Mr. Bryn Roberts.

To understand fully the real situation in the Liberal party it is necessary to indulge in a brief retrospect. A very distinguished

Liberal was asked on the day after Mr. Asquith's speech what was the meaning of the disturbance in the ranks of the Opposition. His reply was unhesitating and to the point. 'It all arises from the jealousy of Rosebery and Harcourt.' The statement is not to be taken as absolutely accurate; but it indicates the real source of the mischief from which Liberalism now suffers. For six years past, ever since the defeat of the Rosebery Administration in 1895, it has been notorious that a certain section of the Opposition, not large in numbers, but active and powerful, have made it their chief object in political life to prevent the return of Lord Rosebery to power. It is useless now to discuss the original reasons for the course which they chose to take. History will doubtless record the truth, and this is not the place in which to tell the tale. But the fact remains that this hatred of Lord Rosebery, and this determination to exclude him and all who are supposed to be in sympathy with him from the ranks of Liberalism, has done more to reduce the Opposition to its present state of impotence than any other cause. The men who have been conspicuous as the leaders of this anti-Rosebery movement have seized eagerly upon every new phase in British politics in order to turn it to their own advantage. In the present war they have found an occasion entirely after their own hearts. Lord Rosebery's utterances on the subject of the war have been few and guarded. But at least the world knows that he is not affected by 'the bias of anti-patriotism,' and that he is not a man who is likely to accept anonymous and hearsay evidence as conclusive of the charges of barbarism and inhumanity which have been so freely brought against English soldiers and English officials in South Africa. His opponents in the Liberal party seem to have come to the conclusion that, if they could inflame the minds of the average body of Liberals by working upon their humanitarian instincts, and by representing all the cruelties and horrors at the seat of war, not as the inevitable and deplorable accompaniments of a struggle like that which is now in progress, but as the deliberate handiwork of the English Government and the English army, they would make it impossible that Lord Rosebery and his immediate followers should ever again be accepted in the high places of Liberalism. They have been right in their calculations up to a certain point. A great many Liberals, chiefly belonging to the Right wing of the party, have refused to accept their views as to the personal and exclusive culpability of our fellow-countrymen in connection with the horrors of South Africa, and have in consequence been subjected to their bitter and flagrantly unfair censures. Lord Rosebery himself they have not been able to attack directly, for a sufficient reason. The ex-Premier, ever since his withdrawal from the leadership of the party in 1896, has resolutely refused to allow himself to be drawn back into that vortex of intrigue which Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley described so forcibly in the letters they exchanged on the occasion

of the resignation of the former. That Lord Rosebery has had no part in any intrigues, either on one side or the other, is known to all who are acquainted with the inner history of the Liberal party. He has resisted the entreaties not merely of the press of all parties but of his own personal friends, and has kept studiously aloof from that field of party politics in which he could not reappear without exciting afresh the rancorous malignity of a small but unscrupulous clique of politicians. He has now drawn himself so far away from this battleground of faction that nobody can say whether he will ever be induced to return to active participation in the public work of the party of which he was once the leader and the ornament. But if he has thus escaped the shafts of calumny and envy, those whom the world recognises as his lieutenants have not been so fortunate. Remaining within the ranks of the party, and sitting on the Front Opposition bench, they have drawn upon themselves the fire, sometimes hidden but always malignant, of the anti-Rosebery faction. Among them are numbered such men as Sir Henry Fowler, Mr. Asquith, and Sir Edward Grey, and each of these in turn has been exposed to the bitter attacks of the faction in question. A month ago, as everybody knows, the movement against Sir Henry Fowler culminated in a deliberate attempt to proscribe him, and drive him into the opposite camp. It failed as it deserved to do; but its history remains, and leaves its sting in the hearts of honest Liberals. That others would have to meet similar attacks in turn no one can doubt. Fortunately, however, the process of marking out individuals for proscription was interrupted by the change in tactics, which was adopted when the banquet at the Holborn Restaurant was held. This was neither more nor less than an attempt to carry the party citadel by surprise. A ridiculous association which had obtained possession of a name once honoured in the annals of Liberalism, invited the leader of the party to a dinner at which he found himself surrounded by the extreme men of the Left wing. He made a speech which they accepted as satisfactory, and the meaning of which they were careful to amplify and extend by their own commentaries upon it. Then it was loudly proclaimed by one of the most eminent of the politicians present, that this scratch gathering represented the true creed of Liberalism, and that all who refused to accept its decrees were traitors to the faith which they professed to hold. It was an adroit manœuvre, and it might possibly have succeeded if it had not been for its exceeding audacity. As it was, it only led to the fifty abstentions from Mr. Lloyd George's division lobby, and to the outspoken declaration in which Mr. Asquith has maintained the right of men who remain Liberals to repudiate the doctrines regarding the war which find favour with Mr. Dillon and Mr. Labouchere.

It would be absurd to assume that all who are now anxious to drive the whole Liberal party into the so-called pro-Boer camp are

inspired by feelings of personal animosity to Lord Rosebery and his followers. The anti-Rosebery clique is a small one; but it knows how to make a great noise, and to produce a wholly mistaken idea of its extent and influence. Above all, as I have already said, it knows how to seize upon every small advantage that passing events may bring within its reach. The opposition to the war is a legitimate movement on the part of men with whose conclusions one may not agree, but whose honesty no one has the right to impeach. Sensible people can understand how strongly those who had already convinced themselves that, in the struggle with the Transvaal, Mr. Kruger was in the right and the English Government was in the wrong, must have felt the disclosures as to the state of the refugee camps which have been made by Miss Hobhouse and others. Even those of us who know something of the ghastly realities of war, and who recognise the inevitableness of the misery and suffering which it brings in its train, feel moved by these disclosures to demand that every possible effort shall be made to mitigate the woes of the women and children of the Transvaal. No one, therefore, is entitled to complain of the action of the anti-war party in directing public attention to these matters, and wise men will comprehend and pardon the strong language which emotional speakers have used when discussing the subject. But it is well that these honest opponents of the war should know how their feelings are being exploited in the interests of those who seek, not to unite the Liberal party, but to cut off from it a section which represents some of its best traditions and most valued principles. The war, as Mr. Asquith said, is a question about which men may differ and differ honestly without finding it necessary to treat each other as enemies. Many, if not most, Liberals have found themselves unable to take the anti-English view of a question the complications and difficulties of which are infinite; they cannot conscientiously allow it to be supposed that their opinions are faithfully represented either by the Queen's Hall meeting or the National Reform Union dinner. But those who seek to drive them out of the Liberal party because they dare to maintain their honest opinions are no true friends of Liberalism, and they are acting, unconsciously it may be, as the tools of a clique whose predominance would only convert the temporary impotence of the party into a permanent condition. At the present moment the best that one can hope is that Mr. Asquith's speech may have opened the eyes of many well-meaning persons to the dangers of the path in which they are treading, and may have shown the plotters of a small cabal and the hysterical journalists who are their most willing and active instruments how near they are to the edge of the precipice.

It is impossible to pretend that the course of the war during the month has been satisfactory. The news has been meagre, and has

come almost exclusively from official sources. But, limited as it has been, it has given us too often the tidings of reverses suffered by our troops, which, if not serious so far as their effect upon the campaign is concerned, have been both costly and vexatious. The most serious of these reverses were met with at Vlakensfontein and Wilmansrust, and on both occasions there was a deplorable loss of life. On the other hand, our troops met with one notable success that ought to have far-reaching consequences. This was the capture at Reitz of a large convoy of supplies for De Wet, including seventy-one waggons and great quantities of ammunition and cattle. The season for military operations in the Transvaal is now at its worst, and there is ample evidence that the scattered Boer forces in the field are suffering great privations. But that their spirit is still unbroken is proved by the frequency with which they assail our provision trains and detached bodies of our troops. Various calculations have been made as to the number of Boers still in the field. One statement, which was made on ministerial authority in the House of Commons, put the number at 17,000. Later, and probably not less trustworthy intelligence, gives 9,000 or 10,000 as the number of Boer combatants with whom we have still to deal. More than once during the month the public has been excited and tantalised by rumours of negotiations and of the imminence of peace. These, however, were emphatically denied by Mr. Balfour when he was questioned on the subject. Mrs. Botha's visit to Europe, and her interview with Mr. Kruger in Holland, excited some optimistic anticipations, it being expected that this lady's account of the real state of the Transvaal, and of the sufferings of the people, both combatants and non-combatants, would lead the ex-President to incline his ear to suggestions for a settlement. But apparently these anticipations have not been realised, and both Mr. Kruger and his officers in the Transvaal are still bent upon keeping up the struggle in the hope of some unforeseen event, either in South Africa or in Europe, that may turn the tide even now in their favour. In the meantime Lord Kitchener continues to carry on the military operations, if not with striking success, with dogged perseverance, and there is no reason to doubt that he is gaining ground, however slow may be the process.

I have already referred incidentally to the story of the concentration camps which has aroused so much feeling among the opponents of the war in this country. It is a painful tale of the sufferings to which the innocent victims of the war have been exposed. There is, however, no evidence of deliberate neglect, and certainly none of deliberate cruelty, on the part of the British authorities. On the contrary, the independent testimony of Dutch and German observers on the spot has borne uniform witness to the humanity of our officers and soldiers. Much of the suffering of the women and children in some of these camps has been inevitable, owing to the

unexpectedly large demands that have been made upon our resources in a country still in a state of disorganisation from the war. But the reality of the suffering is indisputable, and the Government—despite the callous way in which a small section of its followers in the House of Commons appeared to treat the disclosures of Miss Hobhouse—has acquiesced in the demand of the Opposition that every nerve must be strained by our officials in South Africa in order to put an end to a state of things as shocking as it is indefensible.

The arrival of Sir Alfred Milner—upon whom a peerage was conferred by the King a few hours after his landing at Southampton—seems to have had an irritating effect upon the opponents of the war. The question of Lord Milner's responsibility for the untoward course of events in South Africa since he first arrived there as Chief Commissioner is one that must be left to the judgment of history; but at least he had no part in the most mischievous of all the incidents that occurred between that date and the Bloemfontein Conference—the hushing-up of the Parliamentary inquiry into the Jameson raid. Sir William Harcourt may reasonably be asked to bear some portion of the responsibility for this fatal blunder. No part of it, however small, can be laid at the door of the High Commissioner. The speech of the latter at the luncheon at which he and a distinguished company of politicians were entertained by the Colonial Secretary, immediately after his arrival, aroused much indignation among the critics of the war. It would, perhaps, have been better if Lord Milner could have kept the personal element out of his speech, and could have treated the grave situation in South Africa from a higher and more detached standpoint. But his critics, in justice to him, must remember the direct and venomous personal attacks of which he has been made the subject, not only by all the enemies of England at the Cape and in Europe, but by the anti-war party in this country. One cannot be surprised that he should have taken the opportunity afforded by the gathering in his honour to exult over the discomfiture of those who declared that he was really coming home in disgrace, and that his well-earned holiday was in fact nothing more than his recall from the terrible office he has held during the past five years at the post of danger. Generous opponents may not agree with everything that he has said or done during those five years; but they cannot withhold their testimony to his unflinching fidelity to his duty as he understood it, nor can they be unmindful of the unfair censures and systematic abuse of which he has been the target. Whatever one may think as to the best means of bringing about the peace which all desire, it cannot be doubted that his enemies, both in this country and elsewhere, have made it impossible for the Government to withdraw Lord Milner from South Africa without giving to that withdrawal the appearance of a surrender to the foe.* The story of Sir Bartle Frere is not forgotten,

and we cannot again throw a High Commissioner to the dogs in deference to the windy rhetoric which brands every man who shows a bold front for England in a time of national emergency as a 'prancing pro-consul.'

The proceedings in the House of Commons during the month have been chiefly noteworthy because of the success with which the Irish party have carried on the game of veiled obstruction. That it has been carried on with much ingenuity everybody must acknowledge. The present plan of operations of the obstructives is to fasten upon the private business of the House in order to find opportunities for prolonged debate. In this way the progress of Government measures is systematically and gravely retarded. Under our present Parliamentary system it is, however, impossible to find any reasonable objection to this form of obstruction. Private Bills are part of the legitimate business of the House, and if members choose to devote the best hours of the afternoon to the discussion of a local tramway Bill, affecting some small town in the midlands, when the most important ministerial measure is waiting for its turn, it is difficult to see how they can be prevented from doing so. Mr. Gladstone long ago pointed to the development of the system of devolution as the only remedy for this form of obstruction, and there is no reason to doubt that the greatest Parliamentarian of our time was right in his suggestion of the means by which the House of Commons may be relieved from the incubus which now paralyses its energy. But whilst ministers have suffered from the adroit aggressiveness of the 'foreign body' with which they have to deal on the floor of the British Parliament, they have had during the past month another cause of complaint. Their own popularity among their supporters has not been increased during the month, though the lamentable state of the Opposition has, temporarily at all events, diverted attention from their weakness. The support given to them in the division lobby, as I have already observed, has been of so capricious and inefficient a character, that upon no single occasion have they been able to defeat their opponents by the full strength of their party majority. This in itself would be a small matter; but when the majority, even in an important division, is reduced to such a point that a little more vigour in whipping the Opposition might have converted it into a minority the case becomes serious. Strenuous and almost minatory admonitions have been addressed to the supporters of the Government by the chief ministerial Whip, but they have not, as yet, produced any marked result, and the record of the tellers affords good proof of the fact that it is not on the Liberal side of the House alone that a state of something like demoralisation exists.

The condition of public business in the House is certainly not satisfactory from the Government point of view. Early in the month, Mr. Balfour made a statement on the subject of the work

before Parliament, which was recognised even by his own supporters as being far too sanguine. Now that we have come to the end of June, and have nothing before us but the 'hurry-scurry debates and helter-skelter legislation of July and August,' regarding which, in the old days, Mr. Disraeli waxed pathetic, it is clear that the ministerial programme must be materially reduced if it is to be completed within any reasonable period. The chief subject of interest last month was the fate of the Education Bill. Ministers are pledged up to the hilt with regard to that measure, and from their own point of view it is one that ought to be proceeded with. The Liberal Opposition is by no means united with regard to it, whilst the Irish party, it is known, will rally to the support of ministers, as they always do when reactionary legislation—or what appears to be such—on the question of education is submitted to the House. Probably before these lines appear in print the fate of the measure will be known; but it is difficult to see how the Government can escape from a mortifying dilemma. It must either abandon its Bill or consent to an unpleasant prolongation of the session.

Of the debates in the House since I last wrote the most notable was that in which Mr. Morley made a very impressive speech at the close of May, on the financial consequences of the war, and the lessons which they teach. Mr. Morley, who has happily recovered from the serious indisposition which compelled him to keep silence during the winter, never indulged in a loftier flight of eloquence than that in which he solemnly warned the House and the country of the direction in which the nation has been moving of late, and of the perils which must attend a continual course of Imperial aggrandisement. All that he said was not only striking but obvious, and he evidently preached to the converted. It was doubtless his misfortune only that had made it impossible for him to make the same speech at a time when it might have had some direct influence upon the course of affairs. But at least he had a more appreciative audience when he spoke to a House which had just been giving its sanction to a Budget of unparalleled magnitude, and which was beginning to realise the meaning of increased estimates and new taxes, than he could have hoped for if he had spoken before the feast had been consumed and the bill presented for payment. Nevertheless, Mr. Morley's speech contained much upon which it behoves Englishmen to reflect, and, however little men may be disposed to agree with some of his opinions upon the war, they cannot afford to turn a deaf ear to his solemn admonitions.

The question of the fortification of Gibraltar, though it has not taken a prominent place in the proceedings of Parliament, has aroused not a little interest both inside the House and abroad during the past month. Early in the Session Mr. Gibson Bowles, in the

double character of amateur strategist and faithful friend of His Majesty's Ministers, called the attention of the House to what he regarded as the national danger we are running by our construction of great harbours and docks on the western side of the famous Rock, that is to say, directly opposite to the Spanish town and fortifications of Algeciras. These works were begun by the last Liberal Administration, and they have been carried on and extended by the present Government. Everybody acquainted with the place, and with the situation of the harbour and docks, knows that a superficial case in favour of Mr. Bowles's theory may easily be made out. It was unfortunate that Mr. Balfour, instead of dealing with the question at once, hit upon the device of proposing that Mr. Bowles should go to Gibraltar as a member of an informal Committee empowered to inquire into and report upon the question involved. Mr. Bowles went, and apparently he came back unconverted, if not strengthened in his original views. He retired from the Committee under circumstances which have not yet been fully explained, though apparently he did so in consequence of a request or suggestion from the Government that the Committee should re-write its report—an interim report according to Mr. Balfour—modifying in the process the opinions originally expressed. Ministers have promised to make a full statement on the subject, but in the meantime it may not be improper to suggest that, granting the force of many of Mr. Bowles's objections to the construction of the works upon their present site, the unpleasant fact must be faced that objections no less strong can be urged to their construction on the only other available site. Gibraltar is the most imposing, the most magnificent, of all the naval stations of the world. No Englishman who has ever passed through the narrow straits which divide Europe and Africa and give admittance to the great inland sea can have been insensible to the thrill of pride that ran through his veins when he found his vessel safely anchored at the base of the grand rock-fortress over which our flag has floated for two centuries. But, magnificent though it may be as a symbol of the might of the British Empire, Gibraltar, as every expert knows, is anything but satisfactory as a naval station. It is commanded on three sides by the territory of another Power, and if we were to find ourselves at war with Spain, the task of holding it, though it could be accomplished, would, in these days of long-distance ordnance, be one of no common difficulty. We have built our docks and harbour on the western side of the Rock in the hope and belief, by no means unreasonable, that we shall not find ourselves at war with Spain; but we have also placed them there because, if we chose the spot indicated by Mr. Bowles, we should not only have to face infinitely greater natural difficulties, but dangers almost, if not quite, equal to those which attach to the actual position of the works. It is true

that a visit to Gibraltar did not cause Mr. Bowles to get rid of his preconceived notions; but, despite this fact, I would recommend anyone who is inclined to agree with him to visit the Rock and judge for himself. Unfortunately, Mr. Bowles's interpellations in the House of Commons, and the irregular discussion to which they gave rise, had the effect of causing something like a panic in Spain, and of leading to the currency of a preposterous report to the effect that Great Britain contemplated the purchase of Spanish territory in order to render Gibraltar safe from Spanish attacks!

The report of the Committee on the Organisation of the War Office is not a subject to be discussed here. It is, however, by general consent, a document of first-rate importance. Though it is whispered that, like the report on Gibraltar, it was not given to the world in its original shape, it is still one of the most sweeping condemnations of the methods and organisation of a great Government department ever penned. It more than confirms all that has been suspected and alleged concerning the hopeless inefficiency and the still more hopeless circumlocution of the system which has its home in the great establishment in Pall Mall. Whilst Mr. Brodrick's scheme of army reform still hangs fire, and still remains without a friend outside the official ring, this report will, it is to be hoped, lead to vigorous action on the part of reformers. But clearly the reformers within the administration will need to be strengthened from outside, if anything effectual is to be done to put in order a system which has broken down, not once or twice only, and to the lamentable deficiencies of which many of our misfortunes are to be attributed, both in this and in previous wars. The administrative reformer never had a riper field in which to reap than that which is presented to him by a document the very frankness of which is disquieting.

No remarkable developments in foreign affairs have taken place during the month, none at least of which the public has been allowed to hear. In China, the action of Germany, in stationing troops at Shanghai, in that which has not only been recognised as but has actually been an English 'sphere of influence,' has excited a good deal of feeling in this country, and has certainly not mollified the discontent of those Englishmen who insist that, from first to last, the part played by Lord Salisbury's Government in connection with Chinese affairs has been deplorably weak and vacillating. Both in Italy and in Russia the hopes of the people anxious for the birth of an heir in direct succession to the throne have been disappointed, the first child of the Queen of Italy being a daughter, and the Czarina having once more given birth to a princess. The generous action of the Czar in seizing the occasion of his consort's safe confinement to remit the punishments to which the students of St. Petersburg were recently sentenced has, however, done much to reconcile the Russians to their disappointment. That Morocco is

still the object of anxious concern to the diplomatists of Europe cannot be doubted. The Sultan has made his peace with France, but he has seized the opportunity of sending his most trusted adviser on a special embassy to this country, with a secondary mission to Berlin. It is clear that, despite the aspirations of French journalists, the Moorish plum is by no means ripe for plucking.

Events at home during the month have included the presentation of medals to a large number of soldiers returned from South Africa by the King in person—a stately ceremonial the like of which has not been seen in London for many years. Two dinners of the month lie outside the ordinary category of such entertainments. The first was that given by the Hardwicke Society, in honour of Maître Labori, the distinguished French barrister whose fight for justice in the case of the unhappy Captain Dreyfus excited the admiration of the civilised world. The other was the remarkable banquet at which Sir John Tenniel, the veteran Cartoonist of *Punch*, was entertained by a brilliant company of politicians and men of letters on the occasion of his retirement from work. It was a happy proof of the good taste and good humour of the leading English caricaturist of the last half-century, that eminent men of both parties joined in this tribute to him, and that the dinner was presided over by the leader of the House of Commons. The death list of the month includes no names of the highest importance, but Sir Walter Besant, the author of many pleasant novels and an archæologist of no mean quality, was deservedly mourned by a wide circle of friends and admirers, whilst the death of Mr. Robert Buchanan, the Scots poet and the friend of David Gray during his tragical struggle in London, was recognised as the termination of a career that once seemed to have the highest promise in it. In another sphere of public work Lord Wantage had gained the esteem of a great body of men by his admirable personal qualities, and his death is deeply regretted by all who were cognisant of his services to the community.

WEMYSS REID.

*The Editor of THE NINETEENTH CENTURY cannot undertake
to return unaccepted MSS.*

THE
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AND AFTER



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*HOW AMERICA REALLY FEELS
TOWARDS ENGLAND*

[New York Journal: July 8th, 1901.]

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY

DEAR SIR,—I have observed in English publications so many dissertations upon American sentiment towards England as to make it appear that the matter is one of some interest to the English people, but I have seen nothing on this subject from the point of view of the American masses. The opinions expressed have all been those of individuals or of little coteries in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, or Washington.

It seems as if it might be worth while to let Englishmen know how the American people in general feel. It has been my business for sixteen years to keep in touch with popular sentiment in this country. I have been engaged for that length of time in newspaper work in San Francisco, New York, and Washington—principally in 'yellow journalism,' which, however superior people may dislike it, is the kind that reaches the masses. For several years I have been the chief editorial writer of the *New York Journal*.

I do not profess to be an expert in matters of British policy, but I do know how the average American feels, and believing that an account of that feeling might be interesting and useful in England, I send you the enclosed article.

Very truly yours,

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT]

FOR those who would like to see a cordial understanding develop between the two branches of the English-speaking race, it is painful to read most of the literature from which the English people have to form their ideas of American sentiment. The so-called American writers in English reviews are mostly denationalised persons, whose only aim is to show how superior they are to the mass of their countrymen. The American correspondents of English newspapers, with rare exceptions, have always been completely out of touch with American opinion, and have generally exerted themselves, as if of set malevolent purpose, to misrepresent that opinion, and rouse resentments where none are called for. Perhaps a better understanding may be prompted by a little plain truth.

First let us consider the Boer War. The general feeling in England is that gratitude for British sympathy shown to the United States in the war with Spain for the liberation of Cuba should have made Americans enthusiastic admirers of the British attempt to destroy the independence of the South African Republics. Some Englishmen believe that this has actually happened, and that all that is best in America is following the progress of the British arms with breathless sympathy. Others, reading of Boer meetings and resolutions in Congress, and perhaps catching a glimpse of American newspapers published west or south of New York, jump to the conclusion that Americans are a churlish, ungrateful lot, from whom no response to friendly advances is to be expected.

As a matter of fact, the effect of England's recent friendliness to America upon America's opinion of the enterprise in which England is now engaged is, briefly, this:

Four years ago America's attitude would have been one of sympathy for the Boers, intensified by hostility towards England. Now it is one of sympathy for the Boers, checked by friendship for England.

At the close of the Spanish War it seemed as if the old anti-British spirit in the United States had become extinct. If England had become involved in a war with any Power of Europe, or, still better, with a combination of Powers, American sympathy would have poured out in a resistless flood. The stronger the league of England's enemies, the higher would have arisen the tide of American goodwill, and, in case of need, sympathy would have been translated into action.

Unfortunately, the new American regard for England—something, let it be remembered, for which there was neither precedent nor pre-

paration in all the century and a quarter of our national existence—was subjected at the very outset to a strain that would have tested severely a friendship rooted in the habits of generations. Great Britain could have engaged in no enterprise so well adapted to chill American sympathy as her attempt to extinguish the independence of the little South African Republics. Americans do not feel altogether easy in their consciences about their own position in the Philippines; but they found themselves charged there with the responsibility for the maintenance of order in a country that had never had an independent Government, among a variety of races in all stages of civilisation and barbarism, and they were vehemently assured by their European friends, especially in England, that if they shirked that responsibility they would be committing a crime against humanity. But they have never regarded the enterprise with enthusiasm, nor cherished vindictive feelings against the Filipinos fighting for their independence.

The South African Republic has been substantially, and the Orange Free State fully, independent for decades. They have had the sort of government their people want, and Americans cannot see that the desires of a horde of nomadic gold-hunters afford any just reason for interfering with them. If it be said that the Boers have no right to monopolise their territory, and prevent its proper development, the instinctive answer is, that the Boers have a right to think of their posterity. All nations desire to expand. The Boers have no room for expansion outside of their own borders, but they have room inside. The area of the Transvaal Republic might possibly support 5,000,000 people. The Republic could never have hoped to become a great Power, but it might have looked forward to being in time another prosperous and contented Holland. That it should have objected to having its prospects trampled down by a mob of cosmopolitan fortune-seekers was neither unnatural nor reprehensible.

As to the argument that England's interference was justified because the Boer States were ruled by a corrupt oligarchy, it proves too much to pass muster in America. We know something of corrupt oligarchies ourselves. If the Government of Kruger was as black as its bitterest enemies ever painted it, it was no worse than the city government of New York, and infinitely better than the city government of Philadelphia and the state government of Pennsylvania. If England had a right to subjugate the Boer Republics in the name of honesty, she has an equal right to assume the administration of New York to save the people from Tammany, and of Pennsylvania to rescue them from the Republican machine.

Internal corruption is a country's own affair, and its people must deal with it for themselves. Every nation has experienced it at one

time or another. If the Boers deserve to lose their independence now because some of their rulers have been dishonest, then England deserved to lose hers in the time of Walpole and Newcastle.

The apologists for the Boer War have often appealed to American analogies, usually with lack of knowledge, and therefore with unfortunate effect upon the people to whom the appeals have been addressed. For instance, one English writer has said: 'Let me ask my American reader what he supposes would happen to Mexico if that Republic possessed rich gold fields, a system of government like Mr. Kruger's, and a numerically dominant body of American Outlanders whose capital and industry had made the wealth of the country.'

Any American familiar with the history of his own country can answer that very simply. The American Outlanders in Mexico under such conditions would take care of themselves. They would neither expect nor receive assistance from the United States. They would take possession of the Government of Mexico by their own force and at their own risk; and when they had their Government peacefully established, they would probably apply for annexation to the United States, which might or might not grant the application. Precisely this procedure was followed in Texas. The Texans formed a Republic of their own, defeated the Mexicans with their own arms, secured the recognition of their independence by England, France, and Belgium, as well as by the United States, and finally, after they had maintained their Government for nine years, had kept their territory absolutely clear of Mexican soldiers for that length of time, and had made repeated overtures for annexation, their application was granted.

If any numerically dominant body of American Outlanders in any country should beg for the protection of the United States against a minority of natives, the comic papers would propose to send them a nurse. Oppressed majorities unable or afraid to take care of themselves get very little sympathy from us.

The thoroughgoing Imperialists do not seem to realise how very dangerous their arguments for a raid upon the South African Republics are when addressed to Americans. If the principles so advanced were generally adopted in international relations, there would be no moral restraint in the way of the conquest of Canada by the United States. There are rich gold fields in the Klondike. There is a numerically dominant body of American Outlanders there. If digging out gold and sending it away can be called making the wealth of a country, then their capital and industry have made the wealth of that country. The system of government is not exactly like Mr. Kruger's, but the Outlanders in the Klondike consider it very oppressive. Shall we demand for the Americans at Dawson the right to vote without renouncing their allegiance to the

United States, and threaten to invade the country if our terms be not granted to the letter?

Englishmen should not delude themselves with the belief that their South African enterprise has any support from the moral sense of the world. In that undertaking England stands as completely isolated as France stood in the persecution of Dreyfus. Americans cannot feel that gratitude requires them to repress their consciences in this matter. They cannot feel that England's sympathy with them when they were right compels them to sympathise with her when she is wrong. And this attitude does not imply any ill-feeling towards England. It is true that the long agony of the Boers has blown into flame all the embers of anti-English sentiment that seemed on the point of extinction three years ago. But those who feel most keenly England's desertion of the cause of human freedom are her truest friends. It is not with hatred or with exultation that they see her sapping her prestige and throwing away her moral influence in an unholy and disastrous enterprise, but with the sincerest regret. They would like to see her strong, prosperous, and admired, as she was in the climax of her national glory—the Jubilee year, when loyal Cape Colony voluntarily offered a battleship to the British Navy.

It is only the enemies of England that have reason to be satisfied with her present position, and they are enjoying that satisfaction to the full.

As disillusionising to Americans as the war itself has been the spirit in which it has been carried on. If an Empire with nearly one-third of the population of the globe really found it necessary to contend in arms with two little States containing, all told, as many inhabitants as a second-rate English town, one would think that it would go about the matter as quietly as possible. It would not work itself up into a fever of martial enthusiasm over what ought to be merely a distasteful little piece of police duty. If it really found difficulty in subduing its tiny antagonists, it would not admit the fact. It would not ask the world to admire the valour of the elephant contending with the mouse; although it might feel a little generous thrill of admiration for the courage of the mouse defying the elephant. But this inglorious little war has roused the British people to transports of excitement that could not have been exceeded if combined Europe had been threatening their island with invasion. They have taken Mr. Kruger as seriously as their fathers took Napoleon. They have welcomed their returning troops with delirious orgies that have given a new word to the language. They have displayed a bitterness toward their indomitable enemies, whose homes they have destroyed, that the French hardly exhibited towards the invading Prussians. They have allowed mobs to break up peace meetings with the connivance of the Government.

All these things have had a chilling effect on the spirit of Anglo-Saxon fraternity in America. We have passed the stage at which we condemn a thing because it is English, or defend it because it is American. We are learning now to treat each affair upon its own merits. We fully realise all the blunders of which our own Government has been guilty in the Philippines, in Cuba, and in Porto Rico; and if there have been any things worse than blunders, we have not hesitated frankly to condemn them. But we have not seen at home the ugly spectacles that have been developed in England by the South African war, which, bad in its inception, seems to have had the faculty of bringing out all that is most forbidding in human nature. Spain was a nation of eighteen million people, with an army on paper forty times as large as our own, with a navy believed by many European experts to be stronger than ours, and with two hundred thousand men under arms in Cuba; yet we never became wildly excited over the war with Spain. We never had a Mafeking night; we never had any personal animosity toward the Spanish people; and when Cervera and his men came to us as prisoners, we welcomed them as long-lost brothers.

The Philippines have about ten million people, and their conquest has been illuminated by many deeds of epic heroism; but we have always felt a little ashamed of that enterprise. We tried to dismiss it from our minds after the first few battles, and we never sang about our 'Absent-Minded Beggars' in Luzon. Certainly there has never been among us the slightest trace of that vindictive feeling towards the Filipinos which has been so painfully in evidence in England against the Boers. Our most ardent Imperialists have merely regretted that the Filipinos should have misunderstood and resisted our efforts for their good, and insurgent emissaries have freely travelled, written, and agitated in the United States throughout the period of hostilities. It would have been impossible at any time to raise a mob in any American city to break up a meeting of Filipino sympathisers; and if such a mob had been raised, the police would have disposed of it in short order.

So much for matters of sentiment. But there have been other things in the way of the Anglo-American *entente*—things coming nearer home. It is a strange fatuity that leads English thinkers to saddle upon American school histories and the 'Irish vote' the responsibility for such anti-English feeling as may have been persisting in the United States. There is nothing in American school histories to keep alive hostility to England. Nor does the 'Irish vote' have any direct influence in that direction, although it may have a certain indirect influence, through its relation to the manner in which facts and arguments are presented to the American people by the press and by politicians. The fact that England is the hereditary enemy, with whom our most important foreign wars have

been waged, may have some little weight. The bitterly contemptuous treatment of American affairs that was formerly fashionable in Great Britain—especially during our civil war—might count for something if Americans read the old files of *Punch* and the *Times*; but most of them do not.

All these things, however important they may have been at one time or another, are trivial in the year 1901. The real situation is simple, and it is most important that Englishmen should understand it, whether they desire to preserve friendly relations with the United States or not. It is important in either case, because its understanding will enable friendship to be preserved if it is desired; and, in the other alternative, it will enable England to adopt a definite and dignified policy of hostility, instead of blundering into a succession of unintended collisions, with annoying consequences. The thing to understand, then, is this:—The relations between England and the United States do not depend upon ancient history, nor upon the 'Irish vote,' nor upon sentimental considerations of any kind, but upon the present policies of the two nations. If England's policy to-day be consistent, or can be made consistent, with that of the United States, then the two continents can go on harmoniously together, and the ties of a common language, a common possession of Shakespeare, and all the rest of the pleasant things customarily enumerated by American ambassadors at London dinners, can perform unchecked their work of bringing together the 'hands across the sea.' But if the English people do not feel that the American national policy is consistent with their own aspirations, then no international compliments will be of any avail in preserving a good understanding between the two nations.

The American policy is simple. It is based upon the fact that the United States is, and intends to remain, the paramount Power of the Western Hemisphere. This determination is ingrained in the fibre of the American people. It has been growing in intensity for three generations, and it has now passed all possibility of alteration. For other Powers the only question is whether they will accept it or collide with it.

If this fundamental principle be once accepted, no country will have any trouble in maintaining harmonious relations with the United States. The American people take very little interest in affairs outside of their own hemisphere. They have found themselves accidentally involved, to some extent, in Asia, but they do not enjoy the experience. They are perfectly willing to give England a free hand in South Africa, although, sentimentally, they deeply deplore her course. They are not inclined to be exigent in looking after the interests of American citizens abroad. They have no desire to interfere with the tariff arrangements of other countries, however hardly they may press upon their commerce. In diplomatic

conferences affecting matters outside their own sphere of influence they will usually be found easy-going, but in discussions with European Powers on matters affecting the American continent they are as hard as Krupp-armour-plate. They would give up all China more willingly than a single inch of Alaska.

Here is the root of all serious difficulties between England and the United States. The British Empire is spread all over the world. Naturally the British people regard their interests in one quarter as of equal importance with their interests in another. It is hard for them to comprehend the position of a people whose policy is so intensely concentrated that they will not tolerate in one region what they pass by with indifference elsewhere. Most of the Anglo-American disputes have arisen from the fact that on one side American questions have been treated as of equal interest to England and the United States, while on the other the United States has claimed an exceptional position in their settlement. Fifty years ago England and France tried to induce the United States to enter into an agreement binding all the contracting Powers to keep their hands off Cuba. The United States declined, on the ground, among others, that the proposed convention assumed that the 'United States had no other or greater interest in the question than England or France,' while the President considered 'the condition of Cuba as mainly an American question, and to a limited extent only a European question.' This doctrine was emphatically challenged by the British Government, which responded: 'But if it is intended on the part of the United States to maintain that Great Britain and France have no interest in the maintenance of the present *status quo* in Cuba, and that the United States have alone a right to a voice in that matter, Her Majesty's Government at once refuses to admit such a claim.' This academic denial of the American hegemony has been repeated from time to time down to Lord Lansdowne's note rejecting the Senate amendments to the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty. On each occasion the reflex effect of the denial in the United States has been misinterpreted in England as an outburst of anti-British feeling.

The truth is that while incidents of this kind have given to such anti-British feeling as exists a chance to display itself, and have increased it to some extent by making England appear in the light of a persistent obstructor of American aspirations, they have not in themselves sprung from anti-British sentiment, or anti-anything else. They have simply afforded an occasion for renewed expressions of the unchangeable American policy, regardless of anything that might happen to be in the way. It is unfortunate for the good relations between the two great English-speaking Powers that the obstruction on the track of the American express has almost always been an English one. Other Powers have usually been satisfied

with a single experience. France tried a generation ago to set up an empire in Mexico. There has been no trouble in that quarter since. Some people think that Germany has an eye on part of Brazil. If so, it will soon become evident that the American policy in Mexico, in Venezuela, and in Alaska has not been based upon anti-English feeling.

England has suffered in her relations with America, as many English critics say she has in her relations with Russia, by not having a definite policy of her own. She has refused frankly to admit the American theory about the Western Hemisphere, and at the same time she has been unwilling to carry her refusal to its logical conclusion. The result is that in each separate incident she has first irritated the American people by opposing their claims, and then has submitted to the humiliation of yielding because that particular incident has not seemed to her worth fighting about; while to the Americans it has not been an incident, but a part of a policy, for which, if necessary, they would withstand the combined world.

The failure of the English Government and people to look ahead makes their relations with the United States a series of annoying surprises. President Cleveland's Venezuelan Message, for instance, is commonly spoken of in England as a 'bolt from the blue.' Even those Englishmen who are most kindly in their feelings towards America believe that it was an unprovoked and unexpected affront to England, and that its enthusiastic reception by the American people indicated a furious hostility towards the mother-land. The truth is that the Cleveland Message was the logical, inevitable outcome of twenty years of negotiation and of steadily intensifying national sentiment. Hostility to England had no part in it. If France or Germany had chosen to challenge the unchangeable American policy as England did, the issue would have come to a head much sooner. As it was, the fact that the time for a final understanding was at hand was foreshadowed for months before the crisis arrived. When the British forces occupied Corinto, in Nicaragua, the spokesman of the Cleveland Administration quieted the popular excitement by intimating that the President was refraining from intervention in that quarter in order to be able to speak with more weight in the case of Venezuela. English writers in America in the autumn of 1895 described the growing tension of American feeling, and warned their Government that unless it changed its course there would be a collision. Yet when the Venezuelan Message came out one would have thought, to read the comments in the London papers, that the subject had never been mentioned before. The most charitable of them ascribed it to the necessity of 'twisting the tail of the British lion' for electioneering purposes.

There has been a precisely similar experience in the matter of the

Nicaragua Canal. For more than fifty years the American people have looked forward to the construction of that work. For twenty years the belief has been growing among them that it should be a national undertaking at the expense, and under the exclusive control, of the United States. Yet when the Senate, as an unquestioned part of the treaty-making Power, undertook to amend the uncompleted project of the Hay-Pauncefote Treaty in accordance with the now almost unanimous American sentiment, its action was denounced in England as an example of bad manners, bad faith, and tail-twisting hostility to Great Britain. Anyone who had taken the trouble to give a little elementary study to the Constitution of the United States would have seen that the Senate had acted entirely within its rights. The Hay-Pauncefote arrangement was not a treaty, but merely an uncompleted project of a treaty. The Senate had as much right to suggest amendments to it as Mr. Hay or Lord Lansdowne had. It had as much right to insert in it, for the consideration of the other contracting party, the clause abrogating the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty as any other clause. Whether the Clayton-Bulwer Treaty could be abrogated by either party or not, it certainly could be abrogated by mutual consent, and that was what the Senate proposed.

It cannot be denied that the obstructive attitude of England in this Nicaraguan matter has produced a very painful impression in the United States. Here was a great work of peaceful commerce, which the American people proposed to build entirely at their own expense, and dedicate to the use of the world. They asked no special commercial privileges from their exclusive investment of 200,000,000 dollars, as any other nation would have done. All they stipulated was that this investment should not be turned to their own injury in case of war. Yet England, whose possession of the bulk of the merchant shipping of the world would have made her the chief beneficiary of this gift to international commerce, considered the right to use the American Canal for hostile operations against American cities so important that, rather than forego it, she was willing to give up all the benefits of a short cut between the Atlantic and Pacific for her vessels in time of peace. For the sake of securing to herself this right of hostile use of the Canal she insisted upon leaving the United States exposed to the attacks of Germany, or France, or Russia, or any other Power with which at any time we might conceivably be at war. Such an attitude would have seemed natural in the Venezuelan days, but it appears hardly consistent with effusive friendship.

Even those English writers who admit that England ought not to stand any longer in the way of the construction of the Canal generally hold that she has a right to demand 'compensation' for the abandonment of the facilities for obstruction, given her by the

Clayton-Bulwer Treaty. The view commonly held in America is that rights which are admitted to be of less than no value would be abundantly compensated by the use of an American investment of 200,000,000 dollars on equal terms with those enjoyed by the people who furnish the money. The United States would not expect to build a canal for profit. Its chief aim would be to put the tolls so low as to regulate railroad rates across the American continent, for it is the desire to promote trade between the Atlantic and Pacific coasts of the United States that forms the mainspring of the American anxiety for the Canal. The world's commerce with us is incidental. We look upon the Canal primarily as a factor in the American coasting trade. Regarding it from that point of view, it is not at all impossible that we shall decide in time to make it entirely free, as the State of New York has made the Erie Canal. In that case we shall have laid out 200,000,000 dollars, and a large annual sum for running expenses, as a free gift to the world. Yet Englishmen think that we should give them additional 'compensation' for allowing us the privilege. So far from American opposition to the original Hay-Pauncefote Treaty being an indication of hostility to England, nothing but a feeling of tenderness toward England could have induced the American people to consider such a proposition for a moment. No President would have ventured to submit such a treaty to the Senate four years ago.

Almost all the serious controversies in which the Government of the United States has ever been engaged have been with England. By remembering this fact England would be spared the necessity of puzzling over school histories, Irish votes, and the other recondite causes to which they are accustomed to attribute the hostility they think they find in America. Here is a useful rule to remember. Americans consider nothing really serious unless it affects the Western Hemisphere, and nothing that does affect the Western Hemisphere seems to them trivial. The Powers of continental Europe appear to understand this principle, or at least they instinctively act upon it. They hardly ever engage in a dispute with the United States upon a purely American matter. Russia can make us the object of tariff reprisals with impunity. Americans feel that each country has a right to regulate its own fiscal system to suit itself; but Russia long ago made provision against the possibility of a dispute with the United States over the sort of question about which Americans feel warmly by selling Alaska, and gracefully withdrawing from the Western Hemisphere. That was an act that overbalances a hundred tariff wars.

That England is not able to occupy a similarly happy position is due to the unfortunate situation of Canada. There never were such possibilities of irritation and danger in the relative positions of any two countries in the world as there are in those of Canada and the

United States. The relation of the Transvaal Republic and the British colonies in South Africa was one of easy-going comfort compared with it. The position of Scotland as an ally of France before the union of the Scottish and English crowns had some analogy with it, but the geographical isolation of Scotland made the inconvenience in that case incomparably less. Englishmen may be able to realise to some extent the feelings of Americans on the Canadian question by imagining a French colony in possession of the region between the Thames and the English Channel. The territories of Canada and of the United States are dovetailed into each other in such a way that the natural currents of trade cut across the international boundary. The shortest route to market for the products of the American North-West is from Georgian Bay on Lake Huron to Montreal. But for the division of the country between two flags there would be an American canal along this route fit for the passage of the largest ocean steamers.

The most rapidly growing cities in the United States are on the Great Lakes. One of them has a million and three-quarters of inhabitants. Two others have nearly four hundred thousand each, two others nearly three hundred thousand each; and the shores of the Lakes are dotted with scores of other towns of all sizes. All of these cities are absolutely unprotected from a naval attack. They lie on the open shore, they have no fortifications, and they could get no benefit from them if they had any. But for the position of Canada they would rest in perfect security. No enemy could ever get at them. But Canada is building a system of canals, one of whose avowed objects is to permit the passage of British war-vessels to range the Great Lakes, and lay those cities under contribution.

Nowhere else in the world is the key of one country's treasury thus left in the hands of another. The nearest approach to such a situation is the position of Russia, with the Dardanelles in the possession of Turkey. But Russia's interests on the Black Sea do not compare with those of the United States on the Great Lakes. Odessa, Batoum, and Sebastopol are a small stake beside Chicago, Cleveland, Buffalo, Detroit, Milwaukee, Toledo, and Duluth.

It is evident that this position of Canada is one that needs to be treated with the utmost circumspection. A cinder in the eye may be bearable as long as it rests quietly, but if it begins to wriggle around and attract attention to itself the victim is likely to express annoyance. With Canada as a quiet, easy-going neighbour the possibilities of danger in her anomalous situation may be overlooked; but Canada aggressive, assertive, exacting, sticking pins into her neighbours across every frontier, is bound to keep international relations in an unhealthy state of tension.

To summarise, then, there is no reason why Englishmen and Americans should be anything but friends. As Englishmen and

Americans they have no cause for quarrel and every cause for goodwill. The only thing that can possibly impair their good relations is English interference with the American policy in the Western Hemisphere, and the danger of such an interference is due almost entirely to the position of Canada. Hence the necessity for the exercise of the highest diplomatic skill in dealing with Canadian questions.

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

FEDERAL GOVERNMENT FOR THE UNITED KINGDOM AND THE EMPIRE

FEDERAL government implies local autonomy or Home Rule in the several States comprising the Federation. In this country Home Rule has been generally discussed with special reference to Ireland, but in the present article it is proposed to show that the adoption of a Federal form of government is becoming absolutely necessary both for the United Kingdom and the Empire.

First, what was meant by Home Rule? It has suited the Conservative party to describe the Home Ruler as a 'separatist;' but Home Rule, as understood by British Liberals, most assuredly did not imply separation either from Great Britain or from the Empire. It meant the right of Ireland to manage her own domestic affairs in her own way; but it did not mean, as has been sometimes thought, the grant of the same powers of self-government as those conferred with such beneficial results on the great self-governing colonies. Owing to her geographical position, if for no other reason, it would be impossible to place Ireland in the position of a self-governing colony such as New Zealand. There are certain matters which always will be of common interest to the several countries of the United Kingdom, and which do not concern the people of Canada, Australia, or South Africa. The relations of the Irish Parliament to the Parliament of the United Kingdom (which is also at present the Imperial Parliament) would therefore be similar to the relations of the Provincial Parliaments to the Dominion Parliament of Canada, and to those of the Parliaments of Victoria, New South Wales, and the other Australian colonies to the newly created Commonwealth Parliament.

Two attempts have been made to devise a satisfactory measure of Home Rule for Ireland. Both have failed. In the Home Rule Bill of 1886 it was proposed to give Ireland the right to manage her own domestic affairs, but no provision was made for giving to Irish representatives a voice in the direction of Imperial policy, or of the affairs of the United Kingdom. By the omission of any such provision one of the fundamental principles of the British Constitution, 'There shall be no taxation without representation,' would have

been violated had the Bill become law. Ireland would have been taxed for Imperial purposes, but would have had no voice in the control of the money which she contributed. Before the election of 1892, Mr. Gladstone stated that in any future Home Rule Bill steps would be taken to remedy this objection, and the Home Rule Bill as introduced into Parliament in 1893 contained what was known as the 'in and out' plan, by which Irish representatives were to vote on Imperial questions, but were to be excluded from taking part in the decision of purely British questions. During the passage of the Bill through the House of Commons this plan was shown to be utterly unworkable. In the form in which it was finally sent up to the House of Lords, the Irish members were retained for all purposes. The objection to this solution of the difficulty is obvious. The inhabitants of Great Britain were denied the right that Liberals were advocating for Irishmen—viz. the right to manage their own affairs in their own way. Irish representatives, on the other hand, would have had the power of interfering in matters which only affected Great Britain. This objection was fatal to the Bill from the British point of view, and alone would have justified the House of Lords in rejecting it. The history of the two attempts of the Liberal party to deal with Home Rule justify the contention, which the present writer has maintained ever since he became a candidate for Parliament, eleven years ago, that it is impossible to devise a satisfactory measure of Home Rule for Ireland alone. The Home Rule question must be approached from the broader standpoint of Mr. Redmond's remarkable speech in the House of Commons on the 11th of June.

Under a scheme of Federal government, which implies the establishment of local legislatures in England, Scotland and Wales, as well as in Ireland, the difficulties which have been pointed out in devising a satisfactory measure of Home Rule for Ireland only disappear. These local legislatures would deal with the special interests of each country, leaving to the existing Parliament (probably with some reduction in the number of members) the management of questions which are of common interest to the whole of the United Kingdom, and all Imperial business, until the time arrives for establishing a true Imperial Parliament, with colonial representation. This is the policy which I and others have been urging by every means in our power should be adopted by the Liberal party to-day as the main plank in its platform, and as a remedy for one of the chief features in the political situation, the congestion of business in Parliament. We claim no originality for the idea. A resolution in favour of 'Home Rule all round,' as it is commonly called, was carried in the House of Commons in 1895, on the motion of Mr. Dalziel, seconded by Mr. Augustine Birrell. During the election of 1895 the question was very largely discussed, more especially in Scotland.

On all hands the increasing difficulty of carrying on the business of the country in the House of Commons is lamented. During the present session it has only been possible to carry it on at all by the most drastic use of the closure; and the use of this engine of parliamentary government is becoming an abuse when it is applied to a vote of 17,000,000*l.* of public money, after an evening's discussion. Sir Henry Fowler, speaking at the City Liberal Club a few weeks ago, drew a most gloomy picture of the existing condition of things, and suggested as a remedy an autumn session, to be devoted to the reform of parliamentary procedure. Mr. T. W. Russell takes a no less gloomy view of the case. 'The sooner,' he says, 'that the people of this country are face to face with a real and living issue—*i.e.* the preservation of parliamentary government—the better it will be for all concerned.' Mr. Russell's remedy is the extension of the principle of Grand Committees; and the burden of his song, as of that of Sir Henry Fowler, is that at all costs the dignity of the House of Commons must be preserved. Either remedy might be of value if the congestion of business could be attributed to the obstruction of the Irish party, the factiousness of the Opposition, or the multiplication of questions. The real reason lies deeper than this, and was well put by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman in his address to the electors of the Stirling Burghs, issued in July 1895. 'The excessive burden of work,' he said, 'now imposed upon Parliament can only be relieved by a large system of devolution. It is for this reason, as well as from a sense of right and justice to the nationalities concerned, that I regard as urgently necessary the creation for the three kingdoms of subordinate legislative assemblies dealing with the distinctive affairs of each.'

The House of Commons is the responsible guardian of the interests of the greatest empire the world has ever seen. It has to deal with questions affecting the United Kingdom as a whole; and it also legislates for the special interests of the several countries of the United Kingdom. The diversity of business is extraordinary, the quantity enormous; and it is not to be wondered at that the House of Commons is unequal to the task now imposed on it. In no other country of the civilised world is such a task attempted. The conclusion is inevitable, that parliamentary government is breaking down because the needs of the Empire, of the United Kingdom as a whole, and of its several parts, have outgrown the existing means for dealing with them. The remedy lies in the recognition of the distinction between the different classes of business which we either attempt to deal with, often very ineffectually, or do not attempt to deal with at all, in the House of Commons, and of the necessity of allocating what may here be roughly described as Imperial business and domestic business to different legislative assemblies.

To take another point of view: the waste of time and power

under our present system, which compels questions of special regard to one part of the United Kingdom or the other to be dealt with in the overworked Imperial Parliament. Much of the legislation passed by the House of Commons is of special application to England, Scotland, or Ireland. We have a recent conspicuous instance in the passing of one Local Government Act for England and Wales, another in a different year for Scotland, and another in a different year again for Ireland. The proportion of statutes which have a special application to one country of the United Kingdom or the other is probably tending to increase. Excluding from consideration all statutes which apply to India and the Colonies, but including amongst the special statutes those general statutes which have clauses of special application, the proportion of general statutes may be taken roughly as follows: In 1837-46 at two to one; in 1861-1870 at six to five; in 1891-1900 at four to five. A more careful examination of the statutes themselves might somewhat alter these figures, but, at any rate, the great and increasing waste of time under a system which allows each country of the United Kingdom to meddle in the private affairs of the others is apparent. That Irishmen and Englishmen should be supposed to legislate on the Scotch crofter question, of which they cannot have the necessary special knowledge, is absurd. That such a question, for instance, as the Disestablishment of the Church in England should be decided partly by the votes of Irish Roman Catholics, Scotch Presbyterians, or Welsh Dissenters is totally opposed to the right of self-government on which the Empire has been built up, and which the Liberal party has long advocated with reference to Ireland.

What has been said with regard to the special knowledge required for the proper conduct of the business of each country of the United Kingdom applies with even greater force if we take a wider survey. Lord Rosebery, in his rectorial address at Glasgow, lamented the want of men of first-class capacity in various walks of life. But, as far as politics are concerned, the field is becoming too vast for the capacity of the ordinary politician. Imperial business and domestic business each require special training, special study, and special aptitudes. The training of the School Board, the County Council, or the Trade Union may be admirable for one who seeks to take part in domestic legislation; but something more is required from the member of a Parliament which deals with great questions of Imperial and Colonial policy. To those who have travelled much in the Empire, the assurance with which some men speak on Imperial and Colonial questions, of which they have no special knowledge, is amazing. Nowhere is this more conspicuous than in the treatment of the great question of the moment, the war in South Africa and its conduct. The business of the country will be much better carried on when it is specialised, when Imperial

questions are treated in one assembly and domestic business in others, by those specially qualified to deal with them.

There are many Liberals who think that it should be the first object of the Liberal party to abolish or restrict the veto of the Upper Chamber. From the rejection of the Home Rule Bill in 1893 to the election of 1895 a strenuous attempt was made to get up an agitation against the House of Lords. That attempt signally failed, and it failed because the people of this country believed that the House of Lords was justified in rejecting the Home Rule Bill. The Bill involved an important change in the Constitution, and a modification (which has already been alluded to) of vital consequence to the people of Great Britain was introduced during its passage through the House of Commons. The main object of the existence of a Second Chamber is to compel the submission to the opinion of the people of any measure involving a change in the Constitution under which they live. If this be admitted it may be asserted that it was the duty of any Second Chamber, however constituted, to have rejected the Home Rule Bill of 1893. But though a good case can be made out for the House of Lords for its action in this matter, all Liberals are agreed that an Upper House, which is practically composed of the members of only one of the political parties in the State, is a bad revising Chamber for social and domestic legislation. Under a scheme of Federal government such legislation would for the most part be dealt with in the legislatures of the several countries of the United Kingdom, and would be removed altogether from the control of the House of Lords.

There is another important argument in favour of the separation of domestic business and Imperial business, on which a few words must be said. Under present conditions, when an appeal is made to the country, Imperial questions and domestic questions are submitted to the electors in a confused issue. Of recent years, Imperial questions have held the larger share of the attention of the electorate. At the election of 1900 every domestic issue was subordinated to the one Imperial question—the war in South Africa. The result was a crushing defeat of the Liberal party. But from the fact that London, which is represented in the Imperial Parliament by an overwhelming majority of Conservatives, has recently returned a Progressive majority to the London County Council, it is not unreasonable to infer that the country would have desired Liberals to manage its domestic business, while it believed that its Imperial and foreign interests were safer in the hands of the Conservatives. At some future election the converse of what happened last year might take place. Some question of domestic policy might be to the front, and the party might be returned to power on that issue which perhaps in the opinion of the electorate was the less qualified to carry on the government of the Empire. Then again the impotent

condition of the Liberal party to-day is due in the main to a division of opinion on Imperial policy. On this rock it may possibly be rent in twain. And yet, as to the necessity for those domestic reforms which have figured in the Liberal programme for so many years, Liberals are agreed, and to secure the passing of those reforms all sections of the Liberal party might work together. Thus from a party no less than from a national point of view it is desirable that domestic questions and Imperial questions should no longer be submitted to the electorate in the same confused issue.

To turn to objections which may be urged against the policy here advocated. There is no doubt that if Scotland demanded Home Rule there would be little objection from the average Englishman to meeting her wishes. If there was an effective demand in England for a local legislature to deal with English affairs, the demand would be granted to-morrow. But with Ireland the case is different. The present attitude of the Irish party, their openly avowed hostility to this country, especially as regards the war in South Africa, and the fear that the grant of powers of self-government would only lead to disorder, make many Liberals doubtful of the expediency of raising the question of Home Rule. But whether we like it or not the question must be faced. The Irish party is again a united and vigorous parliamentary force, determined to use every means to compel attention to the Irish demand. No Liberal can contemplate with equanimity the possibility of governing Ireland indefinitely in opposition to the wishes of the majority of the Irish people. In the utter selfishness of our treatment of Ireland in the past; in the fact that while the reign of Queen Victoria and the era of free trade have been a period of industrial and commercial prosperity for Great Britain, the population of Ireland, under the same free trade policy which has been so beneficial to us, has diminished by one-half, much excuse may be found for the sympathy which Irishmen have expressed with the enemies of this country, and for the attitude adopted at the time of the Queen's death. If the position of the two countries had been reversed, it is certain that the feelings of Englishmen towards Ireland to-day would be not one whit less bitter than those of Irishmen are to us. Owing to the operation of the Land Purchase Acts, the admirable work done by Mr. Horace Plunkett for the organisation of the Irish agricultural industry and the community of interest between all classes of Irishmen brought out by the Financial Relations Commission, Ireland is in a better position to manage her own affairs than she was ten years ago. The Act of 1898 placed the power of local government for the first time in the hands of the people. It was a first step in the direction of self-government. The new local bodies are a valuable training-ground for the men who may later feel called upon to serve their country in a wider field. On the

whole, the experiment must be admitted to have worked well. Its success will be a fact which will form one of the most powerful arguments for granting to the Irish people that larger power of self-government which they demand.

The agitation for compulsory land purchase is a factor in the situation which cannot be neglected. The agitation has developed a community of interest between bitter political opponents, even greater than that produced by the Financial Relations Commission, and any movement which has this effect is all for the benefit of Ireland. The fear that an Irish Parliament would deal unjustly with Irish landlords is without doubt at the bottom of much of the objection to Home Rule, and this objection can only be removed by dealing with the remainder of the Irish landlords by land purchase. The exact cost of such a measure has not yet been determined. Mr. T. W. Russell has placed the cost at 120,000,000*l.* The payments under the existing Land Purchase Acts have been, as a rule, punctually met, and this constitutes a reasonable ground for believing that the principal and interest would be as punctually repaid under a larger scheme. The compulsory principle for which Mr. Russell contends is open to grave objection, but to get rid once for all of the Irish land question, to remove one of the principal objections, if not the main objection, to the grant of self-government to Ireland, and to make of Irishmen loyal and contented citizens of the British Empire, would be worth the addition of 120,000,000*l.* to the National Debt, and would certainly justify the risk of advancing such a sum under a land purchase scheme.

Another objection that may be urged against the revival of Home Rule at the present time is that neither in Scotland nor in Wales or England does opinion stand where it did six years ago. The election of last year was fought on other issues. With some exceptions the question did not figure prominently in election addresses. Many candidates ignored it altogether. Hence the assertion in some quarters that Home Rule is dead. While it is most unlikely that Mr. Gladstone's proposals for dealing with Ireland alone will ever be revived, the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain made it very clear to the Nonconformist Unionist Association that in their opinion Home Rule was not dead, but dormant. Of Scotland and Wales this is probably true. As regards England the case is different. The seat of government is in London. In the House of Commons, England has such a preponderating voice that the necessity for a separate legislature to deal with his business does not come home to an Englishman with the same force as to a Scotchman, an Irishman, or a Welshman. Though there is already a considerable body of opinion in favour of devolution of business from the House of Commons in some shape or other, it is undoubtedly in England that most educational work must be done before there can be a prospect of carrying a measure of Federal

government for the United Kingdom. The 'predominant partner' must be induced to contemplate devolution as applied to himself, and to realise that if he wishes proper attention given to the housing question, the problem of the Aged Poor, Temperance, the condition of British Industry, the depopulation of the agricultural districts, he must have a Parliament free to devote its whole time to English business. That this is not a difficult task is the experience of those who have addressed meetings in all parts of the country during the past six months on the necessity for devolution.

We have hitherto been considering the policy of Federal government with special reference to the United Kingdom; but a survey of the subject would be incomplete unless it was also considered in its relation to the constitutional structure of the Empire. Nearly twenty years ago the Imperial Federation League was formed, under the presidency of the late Mr. W. E. Forster, with the object of bringing home to the public mind the fact that the constitutional arrangements under which the Empire was then governed, and is still governed, would not be permanent if the Empire was to remain united. It urged that the resources of the whole Empire ought to be combined for the common defence, and that all those parts which bore their share of Imperial burdens must have a voice in the control of Imperial expenditure and Imperial policy. At the time when the Imperial Federation League was formed this idea of a common citizenship and of common responsibilities was but imperfectly realised, either in the mother country or in the colonies; and though the League never took up Lord Salisbury's challenge, and was wise enough to abstain from formulating any scheme of Federal Government, yet the work which it carried on after Mr. Forster's death under the presidency of Lord Rosebery, and, on his taking office in 1892, under the presidency of the late Mr. Edward Stanhope, had the effect of dispelling the doctrine of the Manchester School, that the colonies were a burden to the mother country, and would cut themselves adrift as soon as they were able to stand by themselves. Statesmen such as the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, who took no part in the pioneer work of the Federation League, have been recently amongst the foremost champions of the idea of Imperial unity, which, thanks to the Jubilee celebrations, the centralising influence of the monarchy, and above all to the spontaneous assistance rendered by the colonies in the South African War, has indelibly impressed itself in the minds of the people of this country.

In the Colonies the growth of the sentiment of Imperial unity has been no less remarkable. Fourteen years ago, when I first visited Australia, there was great irritation in all the Australasian Colonies, but more especially in Queensland, at the treatment by the Home Government of the New Guinea question, the New Hebrides question,

and the transportation of French convicts to New Caledonia. There was undoubtedly a large body of Australians at that time, especially amongst the younger men, who looked forward to the creation of an Australian nation independent of the mother country. Nine years later that feeling had passed away, and opinion was practically unanimous that the true line of Australian national development was consistent with her remaining an integral portion of the British Empire. But even in 1896 there was some grumbling at the small contribution made to the cost of the Australian squadron, and no one could then have ventured to predict the sacrifices that would be made in men and money within four years' time to assist the mother country in her time of stress and trouble, not only in South Africa but in China.

In Canada, in the period between the death of Sir John Macdonald and the defeat of the Conservative party in the election of 1896, there was a considerable and perhaps a growing body of opinion that looked to annexation to the United States as the future destiny of Canada, and as offering the best hope for her industrial development in the prosperity of her people. During that election the Conservatives endeavoured to represent that annexation would be the consequence of the victory of the Liberal party. But Sir Wilfrid Laurier was able to make his position perfectly clear, and the result was a great victory for the Liberals. It is impossible to deny that during Sir Wilfrid Laurier's premiership the relations between Canada and the mother country have become closer. As in Australia so in Canada, public opinion is to-day unanimous that the highest aspirations of the Canadian people can be realised within and not without the British Empire.

In South Africa the tendency of opinion was until recently in the same direction. Mr. Hofmeyr, the head of the *Afrikaner Bond*, was a leading figure at the first Colonial Conference of 1887, and it was he who brought forward the proposal that the whole Empire should contribute to the maintenance of the navy, by imposing a differential duty of 5 per cent. against non-Imperial goods. At the second Colonial Conference held at Ottawa in 1893, Mr. Hofmeyr again attended as one of the representatives of the Cape Colony, and it is unlikely that he would have done so unless he had represented the feeling of the majority of the Dutch inhabitants not only of Cape Colony but of South Africa. But the clouds were already looming on the horizon, which have burst in the present war. The ideal of a Dutch South African Republic, the realisation of which was only possible through our mistakes, has been destroyed by force, and it remains to be seen whether the Dutch will become reconciled to the liberty which every colonist enjoys under the British flag. In the present state of South Africa it is difficult to gauge the trend of public opinion. The most prevalent feeling amongst British and

Dutch alike is probably one of dependence on the Imperial Government; and the best hope for the future lies in the establishment of a Federal Government in South Africa, on similar lines to those of the Dominion Government of Canada and the Commonwealth Government of Australia. But for the Jameson raid it is not improbable that the federation of South Africa would have already been an accomplished fact.

Except in South Africa the sentiment of Imperial unity has been growing. The assistance given from Canada, Australia, and New Zealand in this war is the proof, if any is needed, that all parts of the Empire have come to realise the duties and the responsibilities of their common citizenship. This assistance has been given in spite of the fact that no federal government, no federal organisation for the purposes of defence, was yet in existence. But the time must come ere long when it will be necessary to organise the resources of the whole Empire for the common defence, and to establish a federal government. Until the present war the burden of defending the Empire has fallen almost wholly on the shoulders of the mother country. While the colonies were in their infancy it was only natural that this should be so; but the colonies are now growing from youth to manhood. Their population and resources are year by year increasing relatively to those of the mother country. The population of Canada exceeds that of Scotland, the population of Australia is roughly equal to that of Ireland; while the white population of South Africa will ere long not be incomparable to that of Wales. This means that in a properly constituted Imperial Parliament Canada, Australia, and South Africa would carry as much weight as Scotland, Ireland, or Wales, and the control which they would be able to exercise on Imperial policy would not be inconsiderable. This control we must give them when they are prepared to bear their share of the maintenance of the naval and military forces of the Empire. The growth of the ordinary expenditure on the navy and army has been very heavy. We have been passing through a period of great commercial prosperity, so that until the imposition of the extra taxation necessitated by the war the burden has been little felt. But it is unreasonable to expect that this prosperity will continue, and when the depression comes we in the mother country shall begin to realise that the burden of defending the Empire is becoming too heavy for the people of these little islands alone. We shall have to appeal to our colonies to help us to maintain that command of the sea which is being seriously threatened by the ship-building activity in Germany, Russia, and the United States, and which is absolutely vital to our national existence. But we cannot expect the help of our colonies without giving something in return. Sir Wilfrid Laurier, in the Dominion House of Commons on the 14th of March, 1900, said, 'If our future

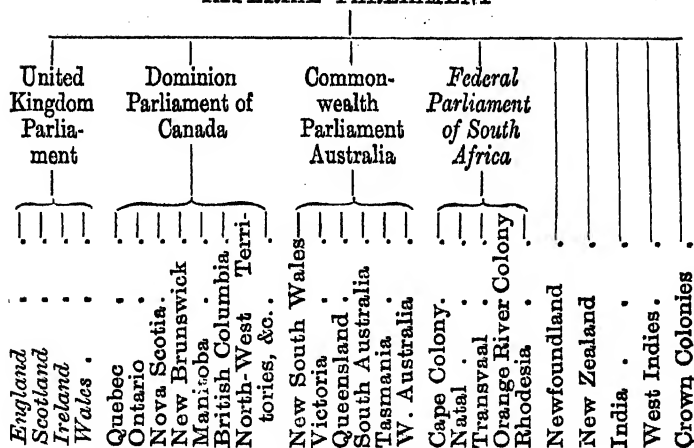
military contribution were to be considered compulsory—a condition which does not exist—I would say to Great Britain, "*If you want us to help, you must call us to your Councils.*" This demand can only be met by the establishment of an Imperial Parliament in which every part of the Empire which bears its fair share of Imperial burdens will be represented. But though events are tending rapidly in this direction, neither in the mother country nor in the colonies are we ripe for so great a constitutional change at this moment, and any attempt to rush the colonies, and to take undue advantage of the feeling evoked by the danger to the Empire in South Africa, would be a grave blunder. Mr. Seddon's proposal to form an Imperial Reserve in Australasia, the fact that, as the *Times* Toronto correspondent tells us, the British Budget is looked upon by Canadians not so much as a warning as a suggestion of duty, are indications of colonial opinion which will bear fruit in due course.

We in the mother country have hardly begun to appreciate the broad distinction between Imperial business and domestic business, and still less to contemplate the possibility of classifying into three divisions the business which we have been always accustomed to see dealt with in the House of Commons. To the colonial mind or to the mind of one who has travelled much in the colonies such distinctions are easy. Every Canadian has lived for thirty years past (as every Australian will live henceforward) under three Parliaments, the Provincial Parliament, the Dominion Parliament, and the Imperial Parliament, in the last of which at present he is not represented. When we have seen that it is possible to distinguish clearly the class of business to be handed over to a Scotch, Irish, Welsh, or English legislature by the existing Parliament, and not till then, shall we be able to grasp what is meant by Imperial Federation.

T. A. BRASSEY.

From the diagram on the following page the steps necessary to complete the constitutional structure of the Empire will be more clearly understood.

IMPERIAL PARLIAMENT



NOTE 1.—The United Kingdom Parliament is at present the Imperial Parliament, and as suggested in this article, and in the resolution which has been carried by a considerable number of Liberal Associations, will remain the Imperial Parliament till the Colonies are ready to bear their share of common burdens.

NOTE 2.—The establishment of local legislatures in the several countries of the United Kingdom, and of a Federal Government in South Africa, are, I believe, necessary precedents to the establishment of a true Imperial Parliament.

NOTE 3.—India and the Crown Colonies would be represented in the Imperial Parliament by nominated representatives.

NOTE 4.—Whether Wales has a separate legislature or is treated as part of England is a question of detail, the settlement of which should depend on the wishes of the Welsh.

THE CONGO STATE AND THE
BAHR-EL-GHAZAL

EVER since the conclusion of the Anglo-French Convention of 1899, by the terms of which France definitely abandoned all claim over the Bahr-el-Ghazal, the organs of the Congo Free State Administration in Brussels have been asserting the right of the State to the possession of the whole of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, basing that right upon the Anglo-Congolese Agreement of 1894. Engaged in matters of weightier import, the British Government seems to have paid but little attention to these inspired utterances or to the acts by which they were followed. Only once¹ has it departed—under circumstances which will be detailed further on—from its attitude of unruffled calm in this connection. Possibly the wholesome contempt in which the Congo State has been held by the British official world from the time of the Stokes affair is to a certain extent responsible for the apathy which has characterised the proceedings of our Government. The disgust felt by all honest men at the gross maladministration of the Congo State has created in English Government circles a repugnance, a sort of aristocratic disdain—if one may put it so—to stoop to notice either its intrigues, its cruelties, or its ineptitudes. The feeling is not unnatural, but to have allowed it to blind us to the gradual maturing of misplaced ambitions in the Bahr-el-Ghazal has been foolish. Warning voices were raised at intervals in the English press, attention was called to the accumulation of Congolese troops in the Lado Enclave, but to no purpose. *L'Angleterre est occupée ailleurs*—a prominent Congolese official is said to have declared at the beginning of 1900—*mettons-la en face d'un fait accompli : elle se résignera*.

In the summer of last year, when discussing this subject with a gentleman who enjoys the implicit confidence of King Leopold in all matters connected with the Congo, and of whose policy he is the principal instrument now that Mr. Van Eetvelde no longer presides at the *Place du Trône*, the former plainly told me that the ultimate incorporation of the whole of the Bahr-el-Ghazal into the Congo Free

¹ See p. 204.

State was looked upon in Brussels as certain. 'We rendered,' so ran his argument, 'considerable services to the English by driving the Dervishes out of Rejaf, and compelled them to set aside a force to watch our movements, thus relieving the pressure in the north. Every Dervish posted to observe us was a foe man the less for you to cope with. We put ourselves to some trouble (*nous avons fait des sacrifices* were his exact words), and it is only fair that we should be rewarded for our trouble.' I reminded my acquaintance that the lease originally granted to King Leopold by Lord Rosebery in 1894 had nothing to do with the Dervish question, but was designed to serve the double purpose of (1) placing a buffer-State between the French working eastwards from the Upper Ubanghi and the Nile, and (2) of obtaining from the Congo State a narrow strip of land between Lakes Albert Edward and Tanganyika, to ensure the continuation of territory under British control from the Cape to Cairo; that the Congo State, in view of French and German opposition, had been unable to keep to its part of the agreement, both as regards the Bahr-el-Ghazal and the strip of land alluded to, and that therefore the agreement, so far as its terms applied to the Bahr-el-Ghazal outside the limits of the Lado Enclave, had remained a dead letter from the day it was signed. I further pointed out that the action of Commandant Chaltin in expelling the Dervishes under Mohammed Adi-Beddi from Rejaf, and in constructing strongholds at various places along the left bank of the Nile, was adopted in the Congo State's own interest, in order to guard against Dervish raids on Congo State territory. As the conversation threatened to become somewhat heated, we broke it off by mutual consent, my acquaintance reiterating his conviction that events would show his contention to be justified. He has been proved thus far right, that the Congo State, either because its plans are complete or because the presence of Anglo-Egyptian troops in the Bahr-el-Ghazal has somewhat upset its calculations, has thrown aside the mask and is now openly claiming the Bahr-el-Ghazal under cover of the Anglo-French Convention of 1899, and of the assumed extension, through it, of the provisions of the Anglo-Congolese Agreement of 1894.

The mere fact that the Congo State, with its heavy load of crimes against humanity, its proved violations of the International Acts which brought it into existence, its iniquitous régime of the *Domaine Privé*, whereby the inhabitants of three-fourths of the vast regions it professes to control are slaves in all but name, its monstrous rubber taxes and *corvées* regulations, should have the effrontery to come forward and ask for more territory, and that territory a former Egyptian province, is almost stupefying. Why, not even in Boma, the capital of this so-called State, are the representatives of King Leopold able to maintain law and order, while throughout the length and breadth of the 'domain' the authority of the 'blue banner with

the Golden Star'—as Mr. Demetrius Boulger poetically describes the flag under which oppression flourishes as the green bay-tree—does not extend beyond rifle-shot of the outposts, garrisoned by its cannibal soldiery. At the very moment when, to the everlasting shame of the signatory Powers of the Berlin Act—the Powers who undertook to 'care for the well-being of the natives of the Congo Basin'—a new lease of life is to be granted to this disordered product of a callous expansionism, the Congo State is confronted with native uprisings in the districts of Manyema, Mongalla, the Upper and Lower Kassai, along the banks of the Lomami, Sankuru, and Welle; uprisings which are endemic, and must remain so as long as Belgian administrative methods in Africa continue to be what they have been these ten years past, a disgrace to Christianity and to European civilisation.²

Were it not that the objects of the Sovereign of the Congo Free State in making his claim to the Bahr-el-Ghazal are sufficiently obvious, and correspond with the policy which he has pursued with a pertinacity worthy of a better cause, one would be tempted to look upon the claim itself as a mere attempt at bluff, a rather lame device to conceal the most appalling of administrative scandals—nowhere so eloquently denounced as in Belgium by a handful of courageous and patriotic men—by raising a political issue calculated to distract attention from matters nearer home. But the objects being what they are, the claim must be taken seriously, and it is my purpose to demonstrate its untenability. Before doing so, however, it may be advisable to briefly place on record an event which took place in 1899, and to which indirect reference has already been made in this article.³

On the 6th of January of that year there sailed from Antwerp, in the steamer *Léopoldville*, a special envoy despatched by the British Government to ascertain *de visu* the nature, composition, and intentions of the large force of Congolese native levies then on its way from Dungu to the Bahr-el-Ghazal, under the leadership of Commandant Chaltin, accompanied by a numerous staff. From motives of discretion I suppress the name of the envoy—merely stating that he was a distinguished officer in the British Army, at present serving in South Africa. His mission lasted six months, and the cypher messages he cabled home, *via* Loanda, led to certain representations being made by the British Government to the Congo State Administration in Brussels, which resulted in instructions being forwarded to Commandant Chaltin to confine his operations to the Lado Enclave,

² The fatal declension dates from the institution of the *Domaine Privé*, the decree of September 1891 and the Marinel circular of 1892, whereby genuine traders in the Congo Free State were informed that 'the State cannot allow the natives to convert to their own profit or to sell to others any part of the rubber or Ivory which forms the fruit of that domain. . . . which fruits the State only authorises the natives to gather subject to the condition that they are brought to it.'

³ See p. 202.

thus cancelling his original orders, which were to occupy the whole of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, about to be evacuated by the various detachments of Senegalese troops under Liotard and Marchand. From that time onwards, the Congo Free State has steadily increased its forces in the Lado Enclave, although all fear of a Dervish incursion has long passed away. According to private letters and reports which have reached Belgium from officers stationed in the Enclave (a recent official bulletin gives their number at forty-five), there are at present some 3,000 Congolese levies within the Enclave: three forts armed with cannon have been erected, and two Belgian gunboats patrol the Nile in the vicinity.

Now let us examine the claim set up by King Leopold to the Bahr-el-Ghazal. In order that the position may be made thoroughly clear it is necessary to hark back to 1890. In July 1890, the German Government recognised that the sphere of British influence in the Nile Valley was bounded on the west by the Congo Free State and by the Western Watershed of the basin of the Upper Nile.⁴

In a despatch from the Earl of Kimberley to Mr. Hardinge, dated the 23rd of May 1894, and written after the conclusion of the Anglo-Congolese Agreement of the 12th of May 1894, the following passage occurs:—

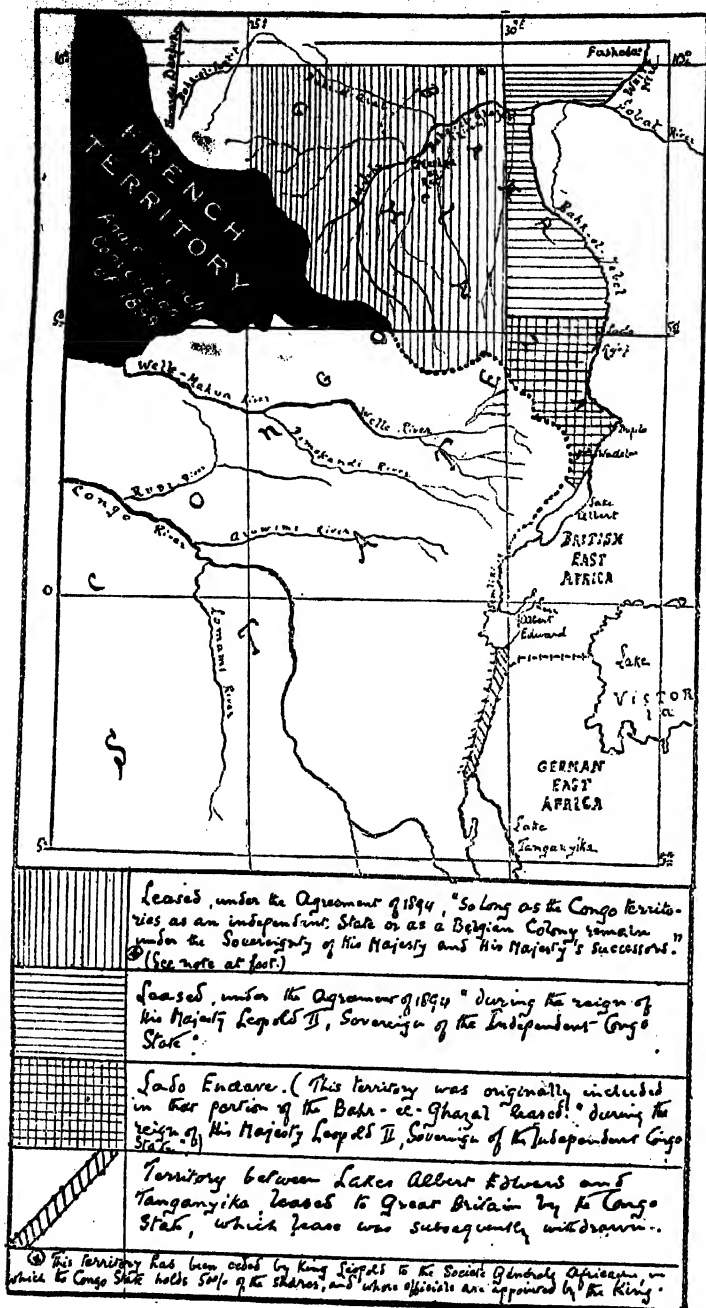
I enclose copy of an agreement by which His Majesty, having recognised on behalf of the Congo State *the British sphere of influence as laid down in the Anglo-German Agreement of 1890*, received from Great Britain leases of the territory specified in the agreement under certain conditions. Her Majesty's Government are satisfied that, under the Agreement, this portion of the *British sphere* will be administered in full accordance with the requirements of civilisation, and of the Acts of Berlin and Brussels.

Mr. John Morley, a member of the Cabinet at the time, has since publicly stated that when the Earl of Kimberley wrote of the Bahr-el-Ghazal being 'administered in full accordance with the requirements of civilisation' he was unacquainted with the full significance of rubber collecting as practised with the authority of the Administration of the Congo State.

The point which it is necessary to take careful note of is, that the 'Western Watershed of the basin of the Upper Nile' (including, therefore, the Bahr-el-Ghazal province) leased to the Sovereign of the Congo State is referred to by Lord Kimberley as the '*British sphere*' subsequent to the granting of the said lease. The Bahr-el-Ghazal, therefore, did not cease to be British when it was leased to the Congo State for political reasons. It has not ceased to this day to remain British. The same principle of non-alienation of British political rights over territories leased guided the negotiations with

⁴ Art. 1. British Sphere. Par. 3 Anglo-German Agreement, the 1st of July, 1890.

Map illustrating Anglo-Congolese Agreement of May 1894-Franco-Congolese Agreement of August 1894 & Anglo-French Convention of 1899



Italy in regard to the Italian occupation of Kassala in 1891. In both instances the British Government caused it to be distinctly understood that the lease was a lease merely, whatever its form, and did not involve a surrender of British claims over the property leased. The Agreement of 1891 distinctly laid down that the district of Kassala still belonged to Egypt, although leased to Italy; and the Agreement of 1894 stipulated that, although leased to the Congo State, the Bahr-el-Ghazal was still within the British sphere. Apart from this essential fact, the two leases vary considerably. In the Agreement of 1891 the temporary character of the lease is specially insisted upon, whereas in the convention of 1894 the lease is divided into two sections, one section to remain in force during the reign of King Leopold, the other 'so long as the Congo territories, as an independent State or as a Belgian colony, remain under the sovereignty of His Majesty and His Majesty's successors.'

The territories falling under the first section of the lease are covered on the accompanying map by horizontal lines; those falling under the second or extended section of the lease are shown in vertical lines. Supposing therefore the Agreement of the 12th of May, 1894, to have held good, the Congo State had access to the Nile during the life of King Leopold. After that monarch's death the Congo State was debarred from advancing further east than the 30th meridian east of Greenwich; but, on the other hand, retained possession of the Bahr-el-Ghazal, west of the 30th meridian, 'so long as the Congo territories, as an independent State or as a Belgian colony, remain under the sovereignty of His Majesty and His Majesty's successors.'

This complicated system of leases was not, however, destined to remain. France, seeing in the conclusion of the Anglo-Congolese Agreement an ill-disguised attempt to prevent the accomplishment of the ambitious schemes she was nursing in her own breast, violently protested, and was backed up in her protest by Germany, who objected to Article 111 of the Agreement, in which the Congo State undertook to grant a strip of territory to Great Britain between Lakes Albert Edward and Tanganyika. The French had some excuse for feeling bitterly resentful at the duplicity of King Leopold. The Sovereign of the Congo State was actually negotiating joint action with France in the Bahr-el-Ghazal when, without the knowledge of the French Minister in Brussels, he signed the Agreement with Sir Francis Plunkett. On the 14th of August, 1894, three months after the conclusion of the Anglo-Congolese Agreement, the French Government compelled the Congo State to sign another Agreement which destroyed the former one in its most essential bearings. The effect of the Franco-Congolese Treaty was to cancel the second or extended section of the original lease altogether, and to limit the action of the Congo State in respect to the first section to a point just above

Lado (and the 5th parallel of latitude north of the Equator) or as the Agreement puts it:

... the thirtieth degree of east longitude, from its point of intersection with the crest of the water-parting of the basins of the Congo and the Nile, to as far as the point where this meridian meets the parallel of 5°30', and thence that parallel to the Nile.*

This restricted portion of the first section of the original lease has been since known as the Lado Enclave (marked in cross lines on the map) from the fact that the Emir Pasha's old capital is included within its boundaries.

The conclusions to be derived from the foregoing analysis are threefold:

(1) The Anglo-Congolese Agreement of May 1894 was, as regards the part of lessee played by the Congo State in that Agreement, cancelled by the Franco-Congolese Agreement of August 1894.

(2) When the Congo State signed with France the Agreement of August 1894, the former voluntarily gave away the privileges secured by it under the previous Agreement with Great Britain, and limited its action to the territory forming the Lado Enclave.

(3) The pretensions now advanced by the Congo State to the Bahr-el-Ghazal are therefore in themselves completely untenable, although it is, of course, open to the British Government—having now compelled France to evacuate the Bahr-el-Ghazal—to repeat Lord Rosebery's blunder of 1894, if it sees fit.

It seems opportune to recall certain incidents connected with the passage of French troops through Congo State territory on their way to Fashoda and the Bahr-el-Ghazal, at a period when the whole world was perfectly well aware both of the ultimate destination of these troops, and of the fact that two successive British Governments, representing the opposite poles of British politics, had declared that any invasion of the Nile Valley by France would be regarded by Great Britain in the light of an unfriendly act. The extracts given below are taken from the *Daily Chronicle*, which, so far as I have been able to ascertain, was the only British newspaper that succeeded in establishing direct relations with the Lower Congo during that exciting epoch.

On the 25th of February the French steamer *Stamboul*, belonging to the Fraissinet Line, which is subsidised by the French Government, arrived in the Congo from Marseilles, with a large number of French troops on board on their way to reinforce the Marchand-Liotard expeditions which are attempting to reach Fashoda on the Nile. . . . The French forces landed at Matadi, where they pitched their tents and were right royally entertained by the Belgians. After spending a couple of days at Matadi, the expedition was taken up in the railway. (*Daily Chronicle*, the 29th of March 1898.)

The *Ville de Pernambuco* of the Chargeurs Réunis Line (which is heavily

* Franco-Congolese Convention, the 14th of August, 1894, clause iv.

subsidised by the French Government) arrived at Matadi on the 9th of May with 300 French Senegalese Tirailleurs and eight officers of the French army on board. After being entertained by the Belgian authorities in Matadi, the French Commander, his officers and men, left again by the Congo Railway for Léopoldville. The greatest cordiality prevailed between the Belgians and their guests, and prophecies of 'barring the route to the English' were freely indulged in. No secret was made of the fact that the Frenchmen had been ordered to the Upper Nile Valley, and had been instructed to get there as quickly as possible. (*Daily Chronicle*, the 11th of June 1898.)

Reinforcements for the Marchand expedition are still going up through Congo State territory. Eighty Senegalese soldiers, with a couple of non-coms., are now waiting here (Matadi) for conveyance in the railway to Léopoldville. . . . This last contingent brings the force which has been drafted to the Upper Nile during the last five months to eight officers, six non-coms., and 530 Tirailleurs. (*Daily Chronicle*, the 8th of August 1898.)

The Governor of Gaboon (French Congo) arrived here (Matadi) on the 1st of October in a small French gunboat and went up to Brazzaville (French side of Stanley Pool) on the railway on the 6th, in order to make arrangements for a French expedition which is expected here in the *Ville de Maranhao* the 8th of October. The *Ville de Maranhao* came alongside the pier with ten French officers and non-commissioned officers on board, and 200 Senegalese soldiers to reinforce Marchand and bound for the Bahr-el-Ghazal. (*Daily Chronicle*, the 14th of November 1898.)

It is notorious that during the whole of 1898 the authorities of the Congo State were openly, joyfully indeed, aiding and abetting the French in their attempts to secure a footing in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, by allowing them to use the Matadi Railway and the Government launches, by transporting their stores and ammunition, by officially fêting the French officers on their way north. It has been said, and truly said, by people who know the enormous difficulties of land transport on men's backs in Africa, and the hardships of the arduous Loango-Brazzaville route which the French would have had to use if the Congo State had shown itself less complacent, that we owed Marchand's arrival at Fashoda and the troublous times which followed solely and wholly to the reinforcements in men, ammunition, and stores despatched to him over the Congo Railway through Congo State territory. Yet, in face of these undeniable facts, no sooner had Mr. Hanotaux's failure become evident, than a campaign was started by the Congo State Administration in Belgium and by its henchmen in this country, with the object of convincing the Belgian and the British public that the only right course for the British Government to adopt was to hand over the Bahr-el-Ghazal to the Congo State! That campaign has never slackened. It has culminated in an official claim being addressed to the British Government.

The ink was hardly dry on the signatures of Sir Edmund Monson and M. Delcassé to the Anglo-French Convention of 1899 when the approaching formation of a huge commercial company to 'exploit' the Bahr-el-Ghazal was announced in Brussels. Several newspapers,

known to be directly inspired by the Congo State authorities, made no secret of the sanguine anticipations entertained in high quarters in consequence of the discomfiture of the French in the Bahr-el-Ghazal. The *Mouvement Géographique* confidently declared that the agreement of May 1894 'will now be entirely fulfilled' ('*va sortir tous ses effets*'), while the *Étoile Belge* complacently assumed that the retention of the Bahr-el-Ghazal by the Congo State was already an accomplished fact, and the *Belgique Coloniale* wrote to the same effect.

The company referred to still exists, but owing to the death of several of its agents and to the representations—already alluded to—made by the British Government to the Congo State, subsequent to the information cabled home by the British envoy, it has not accomplished very much. Its representatives in Africa are at present somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Northern frontier of the State, close to the Bahr-el-Ghazal, awaiting developments. The hope entertained in this connection by the sovereign of the Congo State may be gauged from the circumstance that when M. de Baaker, the company's director in Africa, arrived at Matadi towards the close of 1898, on his way to the Bahr-el-Ghazal with a large quantity of material and stores (passed through the Matadi Custom House in transit *viâ* the railway as *déclarations d'importation pour le Bahr-el-Ghazal*), he carried in his pocket a chart of the Bahr-el-Ghazal upon which the 'concession' given to his company by the sovereign of the Congo Free State was carefully marked. That 'concession' covered the whole of the territory originally leased by the British Government to the Congo State under Section II. of the Agreement of 1894,⁶ and the name of the company to which it was made is the *Société Générale Africaine*.

Like the *Société Anversoise du Congo*, celebrated for the massacres committed by its agents in the Mongalla district, the *Société Générale Africaine* is a State institution, and is so described by Mr. A. J. Wanters in his standard work on the Congo Free State. It is, in fact, what is known as a *Domaine Privé* company, or, in other words, it is the Congo State Administration, *i.e.* King Leopold, trading under another name. In the *Annexe au Bulletin Officiel de l'État Indépendant du Congo* for October 1898, No. 10, we read that the *Société Générale Africaine* (Article 1) 'can create and issue bank-notes guaranteed by the State, by preliminary agreement with the Congo Free State,' and (Article 2) 'advance to the State sums of money with or without guarantee.' (Article 17) 'The President of the Council of Administration is named and dismissed by the Sovereign-King.' (Article 28) 'No modification of the statutes is admitted unless it be approved by a decree of the Sovereign-King.' The president of the Council of Administration, it may be added, is

⁶ See footnote to map.

M. Alexandre de Browne de Tiège, an Antwerp banker who had advanced money to the Congo State upon several occasions, and who acts as financial adviser to King Leopold in his Congo speculations.

The capital is 12,000,000 francs, in 12,000 shares of 1,000 francs each.

I have referred once or twice to the objects which King Leopold has in view in laying claim to the Bahr-el-Ghazal. To be precise, they are of two kinds, commercial and political. The commercial side is illustrated in the *Société Générale Africaine*, in which the State or the King—the terms are synonymous—holds the largest financial interest. The Bahr-el-Ghazal, although reported by some a poor rubber country,⁷ is very rich in ivory—i.e. dead or stocked ivory. It is a peculiarity of the big chiefs of the Bantu tribes of the Upper Congo to accumulate large stocks of ivory, which constitute a source of permanent wealth to the tribe. In the whole of the Congo basin, and in many parts of the Nile Valley, huge stocks of this ivory exist. In the Congo State the supply is nearly exhausted. Its acquisition by the State has caused much blood to flow. At one time the half-caste Arabs had the monopoly of the ivory trade in the Upper Congo. To break down that monopoly, and to take possession of the stocks held by the Arabs, had a great deal more to do with the war of extermination waged against the latter by the Congo State and its cannibal soldiery than a philanthropic desire to stamp out slavery, which the State has reconstituted in another and worse form. When all the Arabs were killed, the State secured the monopoly and proceeded to exercise it in the shape of *impôts de nature*—euphemistically described as taxation 'willingly paid by the natives.' Now that the Upper Congo stocks are depleted, the Congo State, whose financial existence depends solely upon revenue derived from the rubber and ivory taxes (the other budgetary items being insignificant), would like to tap the wealthy untaxed ivory fields of the Bahr-el-Ghazal in similar fashion.

The political aspect of the question is more complicated, and I am free to admit that the political ambitions of the Sovereign of the Congo Free State in Central Africa, though seemingly boundless, are not always easy to follow. But one thing is certain. A scheme is in course of development which, if it matures, may some day occasion considerable astonishment. Eastward of the fortified position held by the forces of the Congo State on the left bank of the Nile, across the river stretches the vast, little known, and practically undefined region of marsh, swamp, and forest (in its greater portion) known as the 'Equatorial Province,' over which the Negus Menelik of Abyssinia claims some shadowy rights, and in which Great Britain is also supposed to entertain a languid interest. It is a region

⁷ Other authorities state, on the contrary, that the Bahr-el-Ghazal abounds with rubber.

covered thickly with rubber forests and infested by countless herds of elephants. In 1897, a Russian, Count Leontieff by name, obtained from Menelik the Governorship—some say the concession—of this Equatorial Province. Count Leontieff is very popular in Brussels society, and experienced no difficulty in getting certain Belgian financiers to float his 'concession' in the shape of a company on the Brussels market. Many noted members of *le groupe Congolais* joined the venture, in which King Leopold also interested himself greatly. Last year, Count Leontieff sold all his rights in the undertaking to Colonel Thys, the 'Belgian Rhodes,' manager of the Congo Railway, probably the largest landowner in Africa, and King Leopold's right-hand man in all his African undertakings. The company became almost wholly Belgian. This Belgian company is now 'running' the Equatorial Province, and Count Leontieff, who still manages its affairs in Abyssinia, appears to have been invested with some military command, in the region in question, by King Menelik. What the exact nature of the concern may be is not yet fully apparent. The interesting fact remains that on the left bank of the Nile some 3,000 Congolese troops are stationed, and opposite, on the right bank, a Belgian Company presided over by Colonel Thys, and in which the Sovereign of the Congo State is financially interested, is conducting operations under the friendly eye of the Abyssinian monarch, while a couple of Belgian gunboats, or perhaps armed steam launches would be a more accurate designation, patrol its waters. It may all be innocent, but it is curious.

All things considered, the British Government would appear to have but one course to pursue, from the political, commercial, and above all humanitarian standpoint, viz. to refuse in the most categorical terms any recognition of King Leopold's claim to the Bahr-el-Ghazal. To hand over the natives of the Bahr-el-Ghazal to the tender mercies of the *Société Générale Africaine* would be an act of sheer cruelty; to voluntarily part with so valuable a province, which in days gone by has played the rôle of granary to Egypt, and the retention of which every competent authority from Baker to Slatin has declared to be essential to the prosperity of Egypt, would be an act of gratuitous folly. It might be well if His Majesty's Government accompanied their refusal by a polite but plain hint that the sooner the Congo State reduces its military occupation of the Lado Enclave the better. A crisis in the internal affairs of Abyssinia may occur at any moment. When it does, there will be trouble and difficulties enough and to spare, without unnecessarily increasing them by allowing the Sovereign of the Congo State to have a finger in the pie.

It is surprising to observe that a section of the English daily press hastily concluded a few days ago that the presence of a small

detachment of Anglo-Egyptian troops in the Bahr-el-Ghazal, and the occupation of one or two strategic points on the main waterway, had settled the question, and implied a complete repudiation by the British Government of the Congo State's claim. Englishmen have yet, it seems, to learn that the Sovereign of the Congo State does not so easily abandon his pretensions. They might, with advantage, take note of the success which, despite repeated snubs, appears to have attended his Chinese policy. King Leopold has schemed to obtain possession of the Bahr-el-Ghazal for years. The Belgian newspapers roundly tell us that the Congo State maintains its 'rights' over the Bahr-el-Ghazal by the Agreement of 1894 and that negotiations are taking place between the two Governments—which latter statement was unfortunately admitted, to all intents and purposes, by Lord Cranborne in reply to Sir Charles Dilke's inquiry the other day. So far as it bears upon the main question, the so-called 'occupation' of the Bahr-el-Ghazal by an Anglo-Egyptian force cannot be taken seriously. The despatch of Colonel Sparkes' column from Omdurman to the Bahr-el-Ghazal took place last December. The news was known in Brussels shortly afterwards, the *Mouvement Géographique* published it in March, and it no doubt contributed—as suggested on page 203—to bring about the open proclamation of the Congo State's claim to that Egyptian province.

EDMUND D. MOREL.

THE EMIGRATION OF GENTLEWOMEN

A WOMAN'S WORD FROM NATAL

THE article on the 'Emigration of Gentlewomen' in this Review, for April, has been read with much interest by colonial gentlewomen.

The ordinary gentlewoman coming out to this colony from the highly civilised countries of Europe is at a terrible disadvantage. Her instincts of self-help or self-reliance have been blunted by the life led among the common comforts ready to hand even in your remotest villages. To really train for colonisation, homes should be established in the colonies, where the emigrants could learn how to do *everything* for themselves. To go into a well-appointed English kitchen with hot and cold water laid on; coal ready to hand; the gas or electric light only waiting to be switched on, &c., is not much training for the would-be colonist. Her future sphere of labour would be a dark hole—smoky, ten chances to one; water would have to be carried in by the bucket from anything from twenty yards to a mile and a half; fuel would be uncertain both as to quality and quantity, in many instances 'kraal fuel' (something like Irish peat) is the only kindling obtainable.

Materials which with you are to be bought for a few pence in many country places here are quite unobtainable; a good cook, therefore, is not one who can manufacture an elaborate meal from abundant material, but one who can make up an appetising dish out of next to nothing.

Hunters will tell you of the absolute loathing generated for venison when it is served up—tough, ungarnished with bacon, herbs, or lemon and spices, and sometimes even lacking salt—this to breakfast, dinner, and supper. Yet in capable colonial hands a 'pat-koss' dish can be manufactured from the same materials which an epicure would relish, though wood ash may be the only savourer.

The emigrant must learn to make and *bake* bread; not simply mix prepared ingredients; for sometimes the very 'raiser' might have to be made out of dried prickly pears.

The making of butter, candles, and soap should be learned—not that these last two are usually home-made nowadays—but it is no

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uncommon occurrence for the wagon sent to the nearest dépôt for supplies to be delayed by swollen rivers or other accidents, and the inconvenience of having 'to go to bed with the fowls,' or suffering the pangs of belonging, perforce, to the 'great unwashed,' is to be prevented by a knowledge of how to use the ingredients at hand; for a judicious mixture of butter, or other fat, with caustic soda, will give you a soap which, unlike one largely advertised, *will* wash clothes.

Further, the butter and cream used in her culinary experiments would oftenest have to come from her own dairy; the spring chickens, or the eggs to go with the breakfast bacon, must be of her own raising or curing. To the housewife, also, falls the duty of preserving the mutton or beef provided for the use of the household.

A knowledge of vegetable culture is essential. For the master will be too busy gleaning in the Golden Fleece from his sheep's backs, the feathers from his ostriches, or reaping the benefit of the toils of the patient ox—if not employed in using spade or cradle in winning gold or diamonds from Dame Nature's jealous grasp—to be bothered with such a small matter as a garden.

There are few sights more pathetic than that of 'a sister joining her brother,' or a young bride her lover, coming fresh from her English home, and being suddenly plunged into what must appear to her to be a howling wilderness.

Let me picture to you a scene from real life. A four-roomed cottage, roughly built of stone, with mud floors, cheaply papered walls, and sparsely furnished. No easily accessible neighbours; oftenest no servant, or, what perhaps is almost as bad, a dirty, cheeky, inconsequential Kaffir maid, whose very language is worse than Greek.

The foregoing is not the usual, but only what may happen, and, unpromising as the materials seem for a comfortable and even pretty home, neither need be found impossible. Into many such hovels we have seen English gentlewomen placed by untoward circumstances, and the result was appalling, because of their inability to make the best of what they had or to manufacture what they had not; and to see highly cultured, delicately nurtured English ladies degenerating into slatternly indecency is truly pitiable.

In one or two cases such materials (unpromising in the English woman's hands) afterwards fell into those of capable colonials, equally well cultured, but clever of hand as well as of head.

The metamorphosis was wonderful, the 'hovels' being turned into abodes of comfort and even elegance. The four-roomed cottage, which had been worse kept than an ordinary Kaffir hut, was completely altered. True the bedroom floor was of mud, but the colonial gentlewoman knew how to have it hardened, kept even and well 'smeared,' and it looked not unlike a moss carpet in different shades

of green and yellow. The bedspread was of handsome design of her own making; the dressing-table, washstand, and tiny four-paned window were draped in purest white dimity, edged with home-made point lace. In the front room—dining and sitting-room combined—the rough bookshelves were varnished and filled with a small but comprehensive library. The inevitable packing-case cupboard was converted into a property of artistic as well as practical value by having the shelves edged with little frills of cretonne, and the household china arranged therein, as in Hogarth's cottage interiors.

Until the effect of skins as home-made carpets and upholstery has been seen it can scarcely be realised. They were 'the next best thing,' falling into the hands of a clever, practical, and artistic gentlewoman; not so pretty as tapestry and velvet pile, but infinitely preferable to the unadorned ugliness and bareness of the original room.

In the college we recommend for the training of housewives as good colonists we would like to see practical demonstrations given by paper-hangers and house-painters, to say nothing of a few lessons in the art of driving in a nail straight and true by carpenters; remembering always that when the future home is anything from fifty to three hundred miles from the nearest railway station you are not likely to have much cumbersome furniture, and make-shifts will have to be resorted to. These same 'sticks' can be made pretty, nay picturesque, by the exercise of a little ingenuity, and are far more lovable than the 'proper' articles from the manufacturer. For the joy—absolute revelry of delight—over an achievement which one has planned, contrived, and *executed* by one's own self has to be felt to be understood. It is much on the same principle as the turning away of a little girl from her too perfect doll's house to the manufacturing one out of unlikely oddments. The one is bought perfect, the other is the result of loving contriving, and leaves something to the imagination.

Our syllabus may perhaps seem overpowering, but one further requirement for the would-be colonist cannot be overlooked, and that is a comprehensive, though not over-minute, knowledge of medicine and rough surgery. To again draw from personal experiences—a child with croup; a man with a broken thigh, a badly damaged head, broken arm, or a compound fracture of the leg, to say nothing of severed arteries and other minor injuries; fever, dysentery, and other diseases that brook no delay—all these require immediate attention, and the application of common sense, if temporary, aid. For the doctor may have to be fetched from many miles away—if the messenger is fortunate enough to find him at home at all, and does not have to return with the news that he has gone some fifty to a hundred miles in another direction.

Many deaths in the fever districts might be prevented by just a little knowledge, judiciously applied, in the early stages of the

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attack, for disease delays not for properly qualified practitioner or daintily capped and aproned nurse, with diplomas galore. *The experience gained by nursing local diseases under local conditions and in local surroundings, both material and atmospherical, is worth a hundred per cent. of that gained in an English hospital with everything at hand.*

True, all these things can be learned, and are learned by quick-witted women, but experience is a very dear commodity, often costing life, and in many cases being the foundation of prolonged suffering.

Is not, after all, the kitchen a laboratory of more importance to humanity than that of the Government savant? For of what use is unadulterated flour if the bread is heavy, and the invalid's food mixed with stale and unwholesome milk?

We would be sorry to appear to discourage the emigration of gentlewomen, for it is just these that the colonies require most. The life out here is ultra-practical, and if the women are like-minded the psychological side of life would be brushed aside, to the deterioration of the nation 'that is to be.'

No one who has watched the course of late events with seeing eyes can doubt the need of a strong home, namely womanly, influence in political and patriotic directions.

The physically weaker sex may not be able to go out and fight the enemy with carbine and sword, but they can use paramount influence to incite to patriotism or the reverse. This last has been demonstrated only too often, where Britishers, both home and colonial born, married to Dutch wives, have proved disloyal to their flag. The influence that moulds the mind and superstitions of childhood will hold good even where Reason refuses her sanction. 'It is true what you say, we have been beaten on all points, but we will succeed in the long run, for is not God on our side and our quarrel a just one?' said a Boer lady who had crossed the ocean eight times and had travelled the world round.

Had this unquenchable love and faith of country and people been trained to cling round the staff that upholds our flag instead of the 'Vierkleur' there would have been no Boer War, for it was undoubtedly the moral support given by such Cape and Natal Dutch that our enemies relied on when they dared British might. They on their side forgot that, though little Englishers and Irish renegades might screech their disloyalty from the house-tops, that was not the sentiment of the British nation.

In the words of Kipling,

They change their skies above them, but not their hearts that roam ;
We learned from our wistful mothers to call old England Home.

It was this *sentiment* that brought England's loyal sons to fight her battles from the four corners of the earth, and this sentiment

has to be reckoned on if our Empire is to be held in its entirety ; and the home—the woman's kingdom—is its cradle.

The Boers show us an example in colonising not to be despised by wise people. We send out our young men to fight against the discomforts and dangers of a new country. Hundreds die—

On the sand drift, on the veld side, in the fern scrub we lay,
That our sons might follow after by the bones on the way—

not because the countries are unhealthy, but for the need of ordinary home care. Hungry they come to the hut, called 'home' by courtesy, too tired to cook, fall back on the easily procurable drink, and try to lose their sense of misery in sleep. Thus is laid a bed for fever germs, and they sicken and die ; oftenest turning their faces to the wall through sheer weariness of life, for their loneliness is of a kind impossible to be imagined save by experience. The Dutchman, on the other hand, inspan his big wagon, packs in his 'vrouw' and 'kinders,' puts his lads on horseback, and goes out into the wilderness, taking his moving home with him. Here he finds companionship, stimulus to labour, and prepared food and resting place, with loving nursing when he is ill. We sacrifice our young men, the Dutch woman sacrifices herself.

As we have remarked before, the colonial life is eminently practical. The dreamer is in danger of starving ; the poet is thought a nincompoop. All men must work to live, 'Duke's son, cook's son, son of a belted Earl.' Birth, unless upheld by worthy deeds, is of no count. It is the honour of achievement, not the name inherited from brave forefathers, that is valued by us. This disinclination to salaam to those who consider themselves the salt of the earth has been engendered by the many derelicts of English society, and a certain percentage of military officers, who have thought anything, in the way of bad manners, good enough for the colonies, and have lowered the prestige of the real English gentleman to an alarming degree. We require the gentlewoman's influence to counterbalance all this ; to foster the æsthetic side of life ; that the nation that is to be may be great in mind as well as famous for prowess in sport and war, or, like our American cousins, given over to the worship of Mammon.

One idea must be eradicated if the emigration of gentlewomen is to be successful, namely, the idea of husband-hunting. We colonial women, decidedly in the minority, hold to our natural privilege of being the sought, not the seekers ; and the right kind of gentlewomen, the kind we require and esteem, have been prevented by this innuendo against our sex from taking up this noble duty, so evident and so persistent. When Australia called for female emigration your comic papers teemed with ugly caricatures of 'forlorn hope expeditions,' a form of sarcasm and raillery from which a gentlewoman, true to her name, shrinks with particular dislike, and rightly so.

Our lady emigrants should be able to come direct to training colleges; these should be scattered over the sub-continent in Rhodesia, Bechnanaland, Orange River Colony, Transvaal, Natal, and the Cape Colony, most particularly in the Western Provinces, where the Dutch element is now paramount. Not in large towns, but where the conveniences of life are less accessible. These colleges should not be too large, for it is practical and not departmental training that is required. Nothing more than actual necessities should be provided, that the pupils may learn to manufacture their comforts with the use of accessible materials, and not imported ones. Their own room should be their particular care, after the general work of the house. A month of real kitchen work, from the kindling of a fire to the making of a sponge cake, with demonstrations as to the use of the three-legged Kaffir pot and the bake-pot, or the boiling of fine linen in a paraffin tin, should come first. Then another of housework, and a third of general utility. Some arrangement with any contingent hospital and ambulance lectures would come next, or, better still, nursing in a private cottage attached to the college.

Then, as the scheme prospered, an annex where business women could be trained and homed together might be added. Here the typiste, book-keeper, daily governess, and artiste, as well as the trained housekeeper and nurse, could foregather, ready to take up any situations offering, thus forming a centre from which supply could meet demand.

There are those responsible for the future of the colony who would, doubtless, give practical assistance in the way of house accommodation and equipments; the rest should be done by the would-be colonists themselves, for 'the gods help those who help themselves.'

If such colleges were established, young men inviting out their inexperienced wives or brides could, and if wise would, send them to school first for a few months, to the saving of untold misery to themselves and those whom they should hold dearest. The life is not all toil; there is much that is sweet, and the gain in the fuller, freer, and more comprehensive life is worth something. Whereas in England the individual woman is an unappreciable atom, here she becomes a perceptible unit, to be reckoned with and for. For in the colonies a woman's influence on public life and private morals is more direct and unmistakable.

This is more easily appreciated when the poverty of the colony in European population is considered. The Cape at last census had 376,900 inhabitants of European descent; Natal, 46,000; while Rhodesia had only some 10,000, 9,000 of these males.

The finding, therefore, of employment, other than that of wife, ought to be easy, and, in the face of the bitter suffering of an unequal yoking, let it be rather that than making the holiest and far-reaching status of wife and mother a 'last resource of the incompetent.'

The influence of the motherhood that first rocked the cradle of the brave but misguided Boer nation is appreciated by us in these days.

For the benefit of those who know not the history of the first settlement let me retell the tale. When the Batavian Government settled the first colonists in the Cape Peninsula they experienced as great a difficulty in knitting the new colonists to the country as does Rhodes in this present day in his newly founded Empire. True, every prospect pleased but only woman was vile. The colonists missed home and people, they might enslave the Aborigines but they found no comfort or companionship therein. To meet this difficulty the Holland Government brought out some four hundred girls drawn from the orphanages. They were not 'chucked' at the men's heads, or portioned out, like breeding stock. Our forefathers were wiser, they guarded the exceeding precious shipment, and the men had to duck and woo before they won the coveted treasure of a wife. Olive Schreiner has drawn an exceedingly vivid picture of the contrast our bright and much beloved country was to the one they left. It was a haven of good hope to these undesirable encumbrances in their own country. For the fogs and cold colourless life of the Netherlands, here was sunshine and joy of a beautiful climate. From the cruel charity of an un-homelike home of much rule and little love they came to a country where they were of appreciative value to be wooed and won, held as something exceedingly precious by hearts that had starved for woman's love and home. What wonder that the little Boers that grew up round the knees of such mothers loved the beautiful, free, and happy land of the Cape, rather than the dark, dank skies of the Netherlands.

We, too, the offspring of other nations—Huguenots from France, who found no resting place for their (religious) feet; the Germans, hard pressed by heavy taxes and the iron heel of militarism; the Pole from his land of dread usurpation—found this our *Cape of Good Hope*: and we, the people's people, have inherited our love of this our land, loving it not as aliens but as patriots, sending out our sons and our husbands oftentimes to die in the defence of this the land of our forebears' adoption.

Of all the nations who come to us, the Englishwoman, I fear, makes the worst colonist. She is for ever bemoaning herself as an exile brought out by cruel circumstances. Her pet expressions are: 'Out here,' 'These Colonists,' 'Only Colonial,' and in one published case 'Loathsome Colonials.'

'Out here,' as though out here was bounded by the walls of the dark pit. These and other such like expressions sown broadcast return her a crop of dislike, contempt, and neglect. We who have seen know that England is not Paradise, and that in time insular prejudices and stupidity will give way to better feelings.

But to an emigrant willing to be pleased, ready to receive kindness, the colonists will give freely, joyfully, but they cast not their pearls before swine.

To the gentlewomen who come prepared to love and labour for our land we hold out hands of welcome, for now more than ever before do we need the influence of the English Motherland.

S. STAPLES.

Maritzburg, Natal.

DOWN-TRODDEN IRISH PROTESTANTS

*AN APPENDIX TO MR. MAHAFFY'S PAPER IN THE JULY
NUMBER OF THIS REVIEW*

It is a principle of the criminal law that the character of a prisoner can only be inquired into when the accused himself puts it in issue by calling witnesses or asking questions tending to show his probity. Irish Catholics have for a long time applied this principle to their Protestant fellow-countrymen, and some very influential public men like Mr. Michael Davitt and Mr. John O'Leary have been really angry when such a subject was broached.

Now, however, that Mr. Mahaffy has bewailed the woes of Irish Protestants, reserve need no longer be kept, and Mr. Mahaffy's diverting remarks may be excuse for a survey of Ireland and its administration looked at from the point of view of religious differences.

The census just published may be taken as showing that the Catholics of Ireland are to the Protestants of Ireland considerably more than two to one; more approximately three to one.

It is interesting to see how the country so peopled is ruled and judged.

The Government of Ireland is carried on by what may be called the 'Dublin Castle Cabinet,' nominees of the Westminster Cabinet.

The Dublin Cabinet consists of two Englishmen and four Irishmen. All are Protestants. The Lord Lieutenant, the Lord Chancellor, the Chief Secretary, the Under-Secretary, the Attorney-General, and the Solicitor-General are all amiable and worthy men. But room for a single Papist could not be found amongst them.

By law the Lord Lieutenant must be a Protestant, and his whole official entourage is also necessarily Protestant.

The Commander of the Forces and the Chief Secretary need not be Protestants, but no Catholic ever yet filled either of these important and exalted offices.

The Castle Cabinet appoints the judges.

There are eighteen judges of the High Court. Of these, fifteen are Protestants and three Catholics. There are twenty-one County Court judges. Of these, fifteen are Protestants and six Catholics.

There are seventy-two stipendiary magistrates. Fifty-six are Protestants and sixteen Catholics.

The Royal Irish Constabulary is a force in which the Catholics exceed the Protestants by two to one, but of their officers this is the summary: The Inspector-General is a Protestant, thirty-two out of thirty-seven County Inspectors are Protestant, while of the two hundred District Inspectors about twenty or thirty are Catholics. The heads of the great departments are Protestant. The two most important are the Board of Works and the Local Government Board, both of which impinge on local popular administration at many points, and these two Boards are practically Primrose League Habitations with one tame Catholic in each.

Every public office where appointments are made by nomination is crammed with Protestants.

Only in the offices open to competition like the Customs, the Excise, the Post Office, and the other departments to which Class I. and Class II. clerks by competitive examination are appointed can one find a certain number of Catholics.¹ Even there the higher posts are usually filled by Protestants; for examination only ensures fair play in the first step, and 'Preferment goes by letter and affection,' though not to the extent common in offices where nomination obtains.

Of the one hundred and seventy-three Irish peers, only fourteen (including Viscount Taaffe of Austria) are Catholics, and it is needless to say that the whole body of representative Irish peers (twenty-eight in number) is free from all Papistical taint.

An Irish Catholic would have as much chance of becoming Grand Lama of Thibet as of obtaining any post within the gift of the Protestant population of Belfast and the surrounding country. It is wrong, however, for Irish priests to prefer Catholic doctors for attendance on Catholic patients in Connaught and Munster. *Prima facie*, Protestants are entitled to all posts, and Papist trespassers must justify their presence in the sacred preserve.

Mr. Mahaffy points to the churches and cathedrals which Papists have the effrontery to build with their own money for the worship of God in their own way. Protestants are in no need of building. They hold the old Catholic cathedrals in Dublin, Armagh, Tuam, and other places, and no doubt Mr. Mahaffy thinks that the old Mass-houses of the eighteenth century ought to serve very well.

I remember a great and high-minded Protestant, who subscribed to the funds for building a Catholic church, telling me what pain and shame he felt as he thought of poor Irish servants in America pouring out their little savings to replace the structures of which they had been robbed by men of other days who mistook cruelty and selfishness for Christian earnestness and zeal. That

¹ Only a small number of those who pass take up their duties in Ireland, else all these offices would be 'Romanised.'

great man had gone through Trinity College when Trinity College had Samuel Ferguson, John Ingram, and Thomas Davis in its ranks, and men other than Mr. Mahaffy for its professors and guides.

But indeed Mr. Mahaffy serves a very useful purpose in showing how the minds of young Irish Catholics would be 'set' were Irish parents to send their sons to an institution where there is not a single Catholic teacher and where the 'liberality of mind' is shown in the wailings over lost Protestant privileges and the determination to keep Papists in their place. Sir Samuel Ferguson has summed it all up in his ballad of the 'Loyal Orangeman.' This worthy, like Mr. Mahaffy, was a most reasonable man.

All that he asked for was

The crown of the causeway in road and street,
And the rebelly Papishes under my feet.

Mr. Mahaffy mourns for the smaller squires (whom irreverent Irish people call 'squireens'), those useful men who 'spent their leisure in sport.'

Mr. Mahaffy is a wag. Twenty years ago he drew a picture of these blameless Ethiopians. They never read a book; they had no manners; they had no industry. If they had ambition it was the ambition expressed by one of the loving mothers of that class (I quote Mr. Mahaffy textually): 'Ah! what does he want to work for? He has not to earn a living for himself. When he grows up some rich English lady will treat herself to him.'

Squireens for exportation do not look a promising market just now. Even khaki has failed to appreciate them. And, let us remember, that so far as popular feeling in Ireland goes, no distinction is made between Catholic and Protestant squireens. There are few Catholic squires, no doubt, as all land was granted to Protestants after the confiscations, and for a century no Catholics could hold land in fee-simple even had they the means and chance of acquiring it.

But those who have acquired land are treated without reference to their creed. I think, indeed, that these scattered Catholic squireens are more hated, as they are surely more despised, than their Protestant *confrères*. On this point it is interesting to observe that in all the so-called treasonable poetry and songs of Ireland there is a total absence of the sectarian note. While enlightened Ulster at the July celebrations sings the edifying *Boyne Water* and *We'll kick the Pope before us*, not one ballad offensive to Protestants can be heard in the Catholic parts of Ireland.² Again, no sectarian symbol or

² When Mr. Mahaffy's yoke-fellow in bigotry, Dr. Traill, rose to receive his degree in Glasgow, the students hailed him with the *Wearing of the Green*, as an appropriate welcome.

emblem is worn by Catholics, while the Orange lily is flaunted in sheriffs' offices in Connaught on the 12th of July, as a gentle reminder to all that 'Croppies' had better 'lie down.' Ulster is clothed in lilies on that day—emblems of her sweet attractiveness.

All this sheds some light on the martyrdom of Dr. Long. And first think for a moment of a Romish Dr. Long in Belfast. Would he need to 'court hostile demonstrations'? Those who know Belfast will have little doubt that the Orangeman would welcome him with his simple paving-stone and settle things out of hand while Dr. Long courts physical violence in vain.

But Mr. Mahaffy, turning away from exalted persons for a moment, calls Hugh McCabe of Limerick before us. Mr. McCabe, he says, wrote a letter showing how harshly he had been persecuted by Papists in Limerick.

Alas! Mr. McCabe was before the Limerick justices for drunkenness, obscene language and disorderly conduct just about the very time that Mr. Mahaffy's article saw the light, and the magistrate, Mr. Hickson (a Protestant, but no doubt a Jesuit in disguise), severely reprimanded him, and fined him ten shillings or a fortnight's imprisonment. But this was not the worst. Asked about the delectable letter, he said he never wrote it as he could not read or write! O Jesuits, what monsters of subtlety you are, so to entrap a well-meaning professor on the look-out for a case.

Put against the apocryphal epistle of Mr. McCabe this letter from a very different man, and then judge between Mr. Mahaffy and his Catholic fellow-countrymen.

To the Editor of the 'Freeman.'

Ardcanny Rectory, Kildimo,
Co. Limerick, June 25.

Dear Sir,—I have read with much regret the letter of Rev. T. B. Robertson in your issue of yesterday. While agreeing in many things with Mr. Robertson, I cannot help thinking that the methods adopted by him and his friends are often very ill-advised, and that their tone towards their Catholic fellow-countrymen is greatly to be deplored. When the feuds of former days are gradually being forgotten, surely everyone who has the interests of religion and the best temporal interests of our country at heart ought to try to prevent those feuds from being revived, and not to fan the flames of sectarian animosity into fresh life.

For myself, I can say that I have been through almost every street in Limerick and have never received the slightest insult from anyone, young or old. I have lived half my life in the South of Ireland, the last seven years being in the ultra-Catholic counties of Kerry and Limerick, yet I have never had the smallest difficulty in being on good terms with my neighbours; and my experience invariably has been that Protestants, and especially Protestant clergymen, who wish to do so, can with perfect ease cultivate good relations with their countrymen of a different faith by simply making their rule of life the Divine precept which tells us to do unto others as we would they should do unto us. I wish with all my soul that the converse could with truth be said of Belfast and some other places in the North.

If any Protestant clergy have been insulted in Limerick I greatly fear they

brought the insult on themselves, and that, like their friend Dr. Long, they sought a little cheap martyrdom by 'courting an exhibition of hostile feeling,' as our ornate Chief Secretary would express it.

Yours truly,

S. L. MAXWELL.

If the power and influence of 'Romish Prelates' be the evil which Mr. Mahaffy seems to fear, the best way to perpetuate the sway of the churchmen is by continuing the exclusion of Irish Catholics from all share in the public administration of their own country.

Ireland will continue to be 'Romanised' so long as Rome supplies the only avenue through which an Irish peasant may, without soiling his soul or stooping to sycophancy, enter a plebeian and emerge a prince. Rome does this for the Irish peasant. Little wonder that the free and loving homage of the Irish proletariat is given to the august see which lifts the lowest peasant's son to be the equal of a Howard or a Schwartzenberg.

If an Irish Catholic layman is to hold his soul free he must turn his back on State office at home, although he may serve great colonies and dependencies abroad, as Sir Anthony McDonell, Sir Charles Gavan Duffy, Sir John Uppington, and D'Arcy Magee have served India, Australia, Canada, and the Cape.

JOHN F. TAYLOR.

THE DANGER OF THE WAR OFFICE REPORT

THE Report of the Committee on War Office Organisation has been received with the universal acknowledgment which it merits, for it is an able and valuable State paper. Mr. Clinton Dawkins and his colleagues deserve the gratitude of their countrymen. They have examined the central administration of the Army with the penetrating insight we should have expected from a body of shrewd men of business, well versed in public affairs. They have laid their hand on the weak places, pointed out the defects in the system which prevails in Pall Mall, and suggested the remedies which ought to be, and we may hope will be, adopted. No sensible reader of their Report can fail to arrive at the conclusion that the War Department is not so well managed as the controlling bureau of one of the greatest business concerns in the world should be. Nor is it open to doubt that considerable improvements should be visible when the leading recommendations of the Committee are put into practice.

The reforms advocated by Mr. Dawkins and his coadjutors fall under two main heads. In the first place, they propose a large measure of decentralisation. Instead of carrying on practically the whole administration of the British army at the chief office, there will be, so to speak, local branches. The officials and staff of each of the great military districts, into which the country is to be divided, will direct the affairs of that district, manage its finances, perform its routine work, and undertake the training of the troops belonging to this centre. Only the supreme duties of control, command, and high policy will need the attention of headquarters. This, roughly speaking, is analogous to the manner in which a great private business, having its centre in London and connections in the provinces, would be organised. The War Office is required to do *mutatis mutandis* that which is successfully accomplished by Lipton's, by General Booth, or by the London and County Bank. Secondly, the internal constitution of the Office is to be rearranged, so that its work may be divided into well-defined sections under

responsible directors. In order to secure this result the Committee make a number of proposals, of which the most important is that which deals with the creation of a 'War Office Board' consisting of the heads of all the great Departments, military and civil. Each of these departmental chiefs would be personally responsible for the executive working of his own branch. But the War Office Board, in its collective capacity, would be charged, under the Secretary of State, with the policy and administration of the whole :—

The members of the Board should be empowered to bring before it any important question affecting their Departments, and the Board as a whole should consider and decide any proposal submitted to it, subject to the approval of the Secretary of State. The assistance of General Officers commanding should be called in when required. . . . The Board should not attempt to deal with matters of routine or minor questions. It would appoint Committees, not only of its own members, but of other officials, heads of departments, or branches, or even officers outside the War Office, and would delegate to them the consideration of any proposal, or the arrangements for carrying out any decision.

The Report sets forth further details, into which it is not necessary to enter. The general result would, no doubt, be to assimilate the methods of the War Office to what the Report calls 'the best business practice,' and to promote economy and efficiency.

All this is good, up to a certain point ; and it was, in fact, as far as the terms of the Secretary for War's reference permitted Mr. Clinton Dawkins and his colleagues to go. But there is a danger not so much in the Report itself as in the manner in which it has been received. To judge by some of the comments which have been made upon it, we have only to carry out the scheme of reorganisation recommended and our military troubles will almost have disappeared.

The public, whose enthusiasm for Army Reform has cooled off perceptibly since the days of Stormberg and Colenso, is very much disposed to fall in with this view of the matter. Twelve months, or eighteen months ago, the nation was quite determined to do something 'drastic' about the Army. The initial failures of the Boer War had shaken our self-complacency badly. Our most flamboyant Generals were outwitted by amateur strategists, our brave troops were being taken prisoners, battalions at a time, by undrilled Dutch farmers, and the world was openly laughing at us. It made us all very sore, and some of our irritation found vent in an angry outcry against the military system which was supposed to have landed us in this humiliating fiasco. We were ready for anything, however costly, complicated, or inconvenient ; but a better and bigger army we must have, one that could 'go anywhere and do anything,' instead of an antiquated machine, as we deemed it in this unwonted spasm of self-depreciation, which really was not fit to tackle adversaries more formidable than 'niggers' and Asiatics. Difficulties were

waved aside. The men—we should find them somewhere. Money—we had plenty of it and could afford to put our hands in our pockets. But as time has gone on, and the bill for the South African war has mounted up, we have begun to exhibit less appetite for the adventure. Army Reform is on the programme of the nation as well as on that of the Government; but many of us are a little tired of the business and would be glad to get out of it on easy terms. Now the Report of the Dawkins Committee seems to offer us precisely the opportunity we are seeking. Here is a chance of discharging ourselves of our liabilities at a very moderate figure. We have all been wanting to know what is really wrong with our military arrangements, and why, when put to the test over a serious piece of work, they have somehow failed to operate satisfactorily. We should like to find in the pages of Mr. Dawkins's report what its authors never intended to put there: to wit, a full and sufficient explanation of the whole difficulty. Shall we say that all our griefs are due to the War Office? Nothing could be simpler. That establishment, it seems, is hopelessly wrong. It wants method, order, division of responsibility, scientific arrangement. 'There you have it,' says the patriotic Briton. 'We told you so; we always knew it. Our soldiers, of course, are just as heroic as they ever were. Our officers are finer and braver fellows than you will find anywhere else; and we ourselves are Anglo-Saxons, and much superior in most respects to the folks belonging to other races. On the face of it, therefore, when we go to war we ought to be able to "lick creation" without excessive difficulty, and if we don't, there must be some obvious and intelligible cause for it. Now, thanks to Mr. Dawkins and his colleagues, we know what this is. Our trouble is due to the red-tape circumlocution office in Pall Mall, and we have only to get that establishment into proper order, see that it is "brought into harmony with the best business methods," and everything will be put right, and we can turn from this uncomfortable and unfamiliar discussion of military policy to our accustomed peaceful pursuits again.' These conclusions, I need not say, would be entirely unjust to the compilers of the Report, who have had a very limited subject before them, and have taken particular pains not to go beyond the scope of it, and moreover, in their preliminary observations, have carefully guarded themselves from even a suggestion that they are dealing with our general military policy. But the larger inference, besides being natural, is exceedingly agreeable to our feelings. Nothing is simpler than to explain away difficulties and failures by putting them down *en bloc* to the 'system.' That method of disposing of the matter does away with so many awkward questions which cannot even be asked without a sense of discomfort and perhaps of humiliation. The disagreeable personal element is removed. A system, like a corporation, has no body to be kicked

and no soul to be damned. It will not be necessary to accuse persons in high stations of incapacity, of incompetence for their duties, perhaps even of worse things; nor shall we be required to ask ourselves, with some searching of heart, whether in fact the whole nation may not be fairly charged with the responsibility for the defects which have been revealed; whether our national character and our national habits, as they have developed in recent years, may not stand in need of some amendment. All this we obviate by making up our minds that it is the Department which is the prime sinner, and that with the aforesaid Department reorganised and reconstructed, affairs will go smoothly again.

But we are not entitled to let ourselves down quite so gently. We shall not make good our military weakness by the comparatively simple process indicated above. The task, like most other things worth doing, is full of complexity, and cannot be carried out without prolonged and costly effort, which must touch a great many other persons besides the officers and officials of the War Office and the District Commands. The reform of the 'system' would be a very good thing in itself. It is always desirable that the administration of any great concern should be planned on intelligible and scientific lines. At the same time it must not be forgotten that administrative machinery cannot be a substitute for other qualities. The finished product in any industry is not primarily the result of good office management, though no doubt such management enables it to be turned out and delivered with less friction and waste of time and labour. There is a vast difference between formal and actual efficiency; and men of business, and particularly those who have been engaged in great industrial enterprises, would be the last to over-value the former at the expense of the latter. A good office, good clerks, a sound and thoroughly accurate method of keeping accounts, dividing responsibility, checking and auditing—with these an intelligent employer will take care to provide himself; but he will know very well that it will not be by their means alone that he will acquire and retain success in the struggle with competitors. The best managers, clerks, and accountants in the world will not make people buy your goods if they are too dear or too bad; and on the other hand, if you supply your customers with the right kind of wares, you may contrive to do an uncommonly good trade, though your domestic economy is not what it should be. I recollect some years ago being taken over one of the great ship-building establishments of Great Britain, at a time when there were not many ship-yards in the world worth talking about outside these islands. The vigour, the enterprise, the genuine intellectual power and practical ability, revealed in the arrangement and management of the machine shops and sheds, struck even the most ignorant of amateurs. But when I was taken into the office of the firm, I was astonished to find that

this consisted of two or three shabby little rooms, whose appointments would have done no credit to the establishment of a second-rate auctioneer in a provincial town. Some papers were to be shown to me; and one of the partners, after much consultation with a venerable clerk, succeeded in fishing them out of the recesses of a dusty *escritoire*, where they were stowed away among confused bundles of other documents. There was apparently no proper method of docketing papers and filing records, and everything depended upon the knowledge and memory of the managers and their assistants. I thought at the time, and still think, that this unsystematic fashion of carrying on the control of the establishment was a mistake; and it must assuredly have led to superfluous labour, and I dare say to occasional loss and expenditure that could have been avoided. But, after all, though an error, it did not touch the matters essential to industrial salvation. It did not prevent the ships of this firm from being admirably designed, as it happened, by one who had a perfect genius for marine architecture, or from being excellently constructed by a body of first-rate mechanics, disciplined and commanded by men of brains, character, and insight, who knew exactly what they wanted to do, and had the will and energy to secure that it was done. It may be said that this is a solitary example, and I am assuredly not holding it up as one to be emulated; but I think it is typical of many great English business concerns in the very best times of British manufacturing supremacy. Our 'system' was never so good as that of some of our rivals. In the organisation of our offices, in all that pertains to the management of a bureau, in the accomplishments of our clerks and keepers of accounts, we were commonly inferior not merely to the French and the Germans, but to the Dutch, and even the Italians. Nevertheless our men of commerce had the root of the matter in them. They had pluck, perseverance, and dauntless energy, the knowledge of their trades, and the capacity for discerning and employing industrial skill. And those are the qualities that make for success. On the other hand, how many a great, but somewhat waning, concern, has endeavoured in recent years to regain its vigour by 'drastic reforms' on the Pall Mall model! There are conferences between directors and managers, much rearranging of departments and duties, serious schemes for effecting economies and preventing waste. The results are not always satisfactory. Our employers, in endeavouring to emulate the formal symmetry of foreign organisation, sometimes forget to transplant the restless energy which is now American but was once British, the sober, calculating, untiring industry which is giving to the Germans the successes formerly attained by Englishmen and Scotsmen through the exercise of the same qualities.

I have no desire to defend the War Office methods, which I dare say are bad, though I can hardly remember a time, during the past twenty years or so, when they were not being inquired into.

and analysed, taken to pieces and put together again. The whole business was most elaborately investigated eleven years ago by the great Hartington Commission, which drew up a comprehensive scheme of reform. We are told that if all the recommendations of the Commissioners had been carried out thoroughly, instead of being adopted piece-meal and in a half-hearted fashion, the troubles and humiliations of the South African War would not have occurred. It is difficult to believe it. We deceive ourselves dangerously if we lull ourselves to sleep with the complacent belief that all the disappointments of the campaign can be put down to War Office muddling and incompetence. The failure is not exclusively, it is not even especially, due to deficiencies in that quarter. Looking at the facts fairly, one must acknowledge that the Administrative Department at head-quarters has performed some part of a most difficult task in a creditable fashion. Let us remember what it was called upon to do. The country embarked upon warlike operations which were expected to last for a few months and to employ, at the outside, some 60,000 or 70,000 troops. At what may be called a moment's notice the War Office was required to increase the number of men to a quarter of a million, and to equip them for a campaign which is well on to the close of its second year. It is bare justice to the Office to remember that it did somehow contrive to solve this problem. In the course of a few weeks, after the full magnitude of the national demand was made known, it managed to put into the field, 7,000 miles away, a force of all arms larger than the whole Regular Army of Great Britain on the Home Establishment. By what shifts and expedients this was accomplished, by drafts from the Colonies, by calling out militiamen and volunteers, by recruiting in haste from the civilian population, we know. At any rate, Lord Roberts was furnished with his quota, and our War Office, *malgré* its 'system,' not only provided him with the men, but kept them supplied with stores, munitions, horses, transport, and guns. There were defects, there were breakdowns, there was much that it was easy to condemn. Yet, all things considered, the rapid creation of this great army was a very remarkable performance, and has never quite had its parallel in modern times. The nearest approach to it was the hasty manufacture of a field force by the United States for the purpose of the Cuban War in 1898. But I do not think that the most patriotic American will deny that the comparison, if there is one, is all in favour of our own authorities, which had the far heavier and graver task, and executed it more swiftly, more efficiently, and more economically. Before we despair utterly of Pall Mall, we should recollect the tremendous strain suddenly cast upon its resources in the beginning of 1899, and the manner in which it was met.

The South African War has lasted so long that we can begin to take almost an historical attitude towards it. For the reasons

stated above, it would be comforting to pile all the responsibility upon a single peccant Department, which we now propose to remodel. But the facts will not warrant that conclusion. Our South African misadventures, and the prolongation for years of a campaign which was expected to get itself finished in a few months or weeks, have been caused primarily by a misunderstanding of the temper and disposition of the Dutch. The fable that the military authorities were ignorant of the Transvaal armaments has long since been abandoned. On the contrary, the publication of the famous Memorandum of the Intelligence Department has shown that the War Office knew accurately enough what supply of heavy guns and field-pieces, of Mausers and ammunition, our enemies possessed; and as for the number of the burghers in the Republics, and of the Dutch farmers in the Colonies, there was no great mystery about that. Where we went wrong was in failing to foresee that all Dutch South Africa would regard the attack on Krugerism as a menace to the liberties of the race, and would fight to the death against it, with the slow obstinacy of the most persistent breed on earth. We went to war on the assumption that the Boers would be half-hearted in the contest, that they would be easily discouraged, that the display of a moderate British force would frighten them, that they would throw up the sponge after a few reverses, that, in any case, they had lost their old dour courage, and were poor fighters, indolent and spiritless. We supposed that the 'stalwarts' were a mere handful, and that many of the Transvaalers, most of the Free Staters, and all the Colonists, would decline to shed their blood at the bidding of the Pretoria oligarchy. That the people of the Republics would stand against hopeless odds, with the determination of their Batavian ancestors, that our own Dutch subjects would join them, and that the war would be waged with the savage bitterness of a struggle for existence, was not imagined. Tacitly we accepted the view of our informants, the South Africa loyalists, and more particularly those of Johannesburg and Kimberley, that the Boer was a coward and a boaster, tame and ease-loving. Out of this fundamental error have arisen most of our difficulties. It led to the belief that 50,000 or 60,000 huntsmen and stock-riders, splendidly armed, and ranging over a vast country of plain and mountain, could and would make no real stand against an equal, or a smaller, body of regular troops. It was responsible for the plunge into hostilities with the Natal borders defended by little more than a brigade, the idea being that a single hard blow, struck at the invaders by Sir W. Penn Symons's little force, would send them scuttling back in discouragement over the frontier, and permit Sir George White with 10,000 men to march to Pretoria at his leisure. It was akin to the colossal delusion of the Jameson raiders in 1895, that the Boers would collapse at the mere aspect of a few hundred amateur troopers

under British officers. And it led us to concentrate our attention in those excited days of the autumn of '99 on the Transvaal alone, treating the Orange Free State, which has done most of the fighting, as not worth consideration, and practically ignoring the possible Cape rebellion, which has been the most formidable of all our obstacles.

The error may have been natural, even excusable: the question need not be discussed here. But it is at any rate not one for which it was reasonable to lay the blame exclusively on the War Office. The Intelligence Department had done its duty by ascertaining the extent of the Boer armaments. But the character of the Boers and the sentiments of the Colonists were surely matters on which statesmen, rather than military experts, should have been expected to inform themselves. Lord Wolseley, as his statement in the House of Lords and that of Lord Lansdowne have established, was in favour of despatching powerful reinforcements in the summer of 1899, while the negotiations which followed the Bloemfontein Conference were proceeding. The Secretary for War and the Cabinet declined to agree to the proposal, either because they thought the Boers would not fight in any case, or because they did not care to irritate them by provocative measures. The reasoning, as events showed, was faulty. It permitted the Boers to begin the campaign with all the advantages in their favour, and our own strategy was entirely deranged. But here again the responsibility does not rest with the War Office; and even if that Department had been long ago reformed on the lines of the Dawkins Report, the mistake might still have been committed. A 'War Office Board' and six Army Corps with General Staffs complete, and even 'a system of supervision by means of effective inspection which should secure efficiency without destroying responsibility,'¹ would scarcely have saved us from acts based on a misapprehension which—be it justifiable or not—was not in its essence military. The reformed War Office would still have found itself overborne by the statesmen, and the statesmen might equally well have relied upon the delusions of local prejudice and local ignorance. If the Colonial Office and its informants did not know that the Boers would fight and the Colonists rebel, one does not see why any committee of military men at home, however alert and intelligent, should have been expected to form a more accurate estimate of the situation.

Apart from this initial miscalculation—which I venture to say ninety-nine Englishmen out of every hundred made for themselves, without any assistance from the authorities—the disappointments of the campaign, especially of its earlier stages, were due to some lack of capacity in a few of the men in high command, and perhaps also to a certain inability to adapt themselves rapidly to new conditions of warfare on the part of the staff and regimental officers generally. The fact undoubtedly shows that our Army stands in need of improve-

¹ See the Report, p. 23.

ment in many ways. But here again let us guard against the hasty assumption that we shall obtain what we want by reorganisation of the head-quarters bureaucracy. The generals placed at the head of divisions and brigades were supposed to be the best men we had. A reformed War Office could have done no otherwise than select its commanders in the field from the officers controlling the important districts and stations at home and abroad, and from those who had gained distinction in our Asiatic and African campaigns. The regimental officers and staff officers were all we had got, and Pall Mall had to make the best of them. It could not go out into the streets in search of military talent; it was bound to rely, as any War Office must, at the sudden outbreak of hostilities, on the men who have been charged with the training of the Army in peace time. It may be said that the whole object of reform is to procure, if not better men, at any rate men more suitably equipped for their duties. Exactly. But the point which must be insisted upon is that we shall not secure this result merely by recasting and bracing up the administrative machinery. The whole attitude of the British officer towards his avocation seems to stand in need of change. He must abandon his amateurism and labour as energetically at the details of his profession as doctors, engineers, and sailors. He must realise that knowledge and reasoning power are quite as important as personal bravery, and much more so than agreeable manners. He must understand that soldiering in peace time is a serious business, and like other businesses rather a dull one, not by any means an excuse for passing time pleasantly. And he must be remunerated adequately for his services, instead of being expected, during a large part of his career, to spend his own money for the privilege of serving his country. Under these conditions no doubt the reformed War Office may find it easier to render him competent for his work. Without them, it will hardly be able to mend matters to any satisfactory extent.

The same conclusions will apply in other quarters. A reformed War Office will hardly give us a better Army without the serious co-operation of the nation as a whole; and it will assuredly not give us a bigger Army. Sir Robert Giffen has shown, in a recent number of this Review, that, looking at the question from a purely statistical standpoint, we must draw more men into our ranks and keep them there when we have got them. His estimate errs, if anything, on the side of undue moderation, since it practically confines the functions of the British Army to those of garrisoning and policing the Empire, and makes little allowance for large unforeseen contingencies. But even if we leave home defence absolutely to the Navy, and try to forget that South Africa will require to be guarded by some 50,000 troops for an indefinite period, we must all agree that nothing effectual can be done with the Army without a larger supply of men

of higher quality and better physique than many of those who fill the *cadres* of our line regiments. How are we going to obtain them? We may get them by compulsion in some form or other; by conscription; by employing the militia ballot; or by still confining ourselves to the open labour market, and offering more liberal terms for a more suitable article. In one way or the other the question must be answered, if we are earnest in our desire for an effective Army. And the answer, unless it is evasive, will be that we shall have to 'pay, pay, pay,' in purse, or person, or other ways, or by depriving ourselves of some portion of our comfort, and incurring new and onerous obligations. We may, of course, decide that the effort is not worth making, and that we are content to go on with an inadequate military establishment, trusting, as before, to luck, pluck, and the Fleet, in case of serious emergency. But if that is to be our decision let us accept it with our eyes open. Let us face the fact that our land force will continue to be insignificant, judged by modern standards, and shape our conduct and ideas in accordance with the knowledge. But do not let us commit the fatal error of supposing that we can keep our hands and our money in our pockets, dispense ourselves from the burdens and sacrifices which are laid upon most other peoples, and, nevertheless, provide ourselves with a perfectly efficient and satisfactory Army by the cheap and simple process of remodelling the War Office.

SIDNEY LOW.

A REMNANT OF BUDDHA'S BODY

It is possible that in India we are allowing an opportunity to slip through our fingers.

In the summer of 1900 a mission, under the Lama Derzhieff, little noticed at the time, but conspicuously contrary to the traditions of the race that it represented, was sent by the Buddhist community of Usga in Mongolia to St. Petersburg. The Telai Lama, the religious head of the district, has, as a speedy result of this expedition, granted to the Russians concessions of territory or rights of way (the distinction is probably not recognised by the beneficiaries) in northern Mongolia along the 48th parallel of north latitude, for the apparent purpose of doubling the trans-continental line from Petuna or Kirin junction to Omsk by a track running south of the Sayansk and Yablonoi ranges.

The importance of this mission was twofold: it lay partly in the fact—and Russian diplomacy is not slow to note such a point—that the Telai Lama has no real right whatever to issue such grants.

There can be no doubt that the worthlessness of the title will cause disturbance in the districts affected, and probably also at the seat of Chinese government, while the fact of any concession, however invalid, having been made will be sufficient to satisfy the small needs for excuse that Russia has been accustomed to consider necessary whenever an advance has to be made or a few thousand square miles added to her Asiatic possessions.

But even greater importance must be attached to this successful attempt to open up communications with the Lamaic hierarchy of China in view of the fact, suspected from the first and now known to be true, that the action of the Telai Lama was sanctioned and probably suggested by the head of his religion, the Dalai or Grand Lama of Tibet. We are reminded of our own relations with that vastly more powerful potentate, and the unpleasant necessity of anticipating Russian influence in a state touching our north-eastern frontier of India is brought home to us by the presence in St. Petersburg at this moment of a formal embassy from Lhasa itself.¹

¹ There are one or two points to be noted in connection with this embassy. It seems that the Russian press has lately gone too far in jubilation over the opening-

For our own failure to communicate with Lhasa the reasons are twofold. The British have hitherto wrongly regarded Tibet as a dependent state of which the foreign relations were wholly in the hands of the suzerain power, China, though in defence of this attitude it is but just to say that the Tibetans themselves, in their wish to protect their isolation, have repeatedly met Indian advances by the plea that they had no power to enter into diplomatic relations with their southern neighbours. It is, on the other hand, useless for us to endeavour to communicate with the Tibetans through the medium of the Chinese, who for some eight years have been refused all allegiance, and whose tribute money has remained unpaid for the same or a longer time.³

But an even stronger barrier to our progress has been imposed by Kwei-Chun, the present Viceroy of Szu-Chuan, through whose hands all the trade of Tibet, except the little that is secured by Nepal, now passes, and for whom this practical monopoly is a constant and increasing source of personal enrichment.

It is clearly to his interest to close the alternative and shorter trade route to and through India by Sikkim or Assam, and he has hitherto cordially co-operated with the Dalai Lama in his policy of isolation, possibly even to the extent of silently acquiescing in the independence of the kingdom of Tibet, which is nominally tributary to his own province. He is now, for some reason that cannot be only the fact that although of Manchu nationality he is a supporter of the policy of the Yangtse viceroys, under the gravest displeasure of the Empress Dowager, and, though it is a matter of the merest conjecture, it is possible that he has acted as counsellor to the Tibetans at the present juncture, on the ancient principle of the unjust steward.

In any case Lamaism has gone some way towards a recognition of

up of communication with Tibet; it was never intended that the far-reaching results that may flow from the presence of the envoys in St. Petersburg should be as widely advertised as has actually been done in the Russian newspapers. Consequently a somewhat awkwardly worded 'inspiration' has appeared in the *Viedomosti*, which assures its readers, with true Muscovite insensibility to humour, that the envoys have arrived for the purpose of protesting against the undue importance that has been attached to their arrival.

It is difficult to disentangle the facts of their journey and their intentions from the garbled and conflicting accounts that have been published. It is untrue, however, that the members of the embassy made their way through India or in disguise: it seems probable that they came through Bhamo and Rangoon to Colombo, where they waited till they were picked up by the *Tamboff*, a ship of the Russian Volunteer Squadron, which put in for a day on her way to Odessa. It is, however, clear that the formality of their reception, not by the ministry only, but also by the Czar himself, disposes finally of any assertion of the unofficial character of their mission. Too much importance need not be attached to the permanence of any agreement that may be arrived at. The Oriental rarely refuses to consider a higher bid, even after the hammer has fallen.

³ Since 1890, according to a statement in a recent issue of the *Daily Mail*.

the advantages of Russian alliance to the exclusion of England, and the matter is not one of small importance.

To obtain a grievance is with Russia often equivalent to obtaining a province, and the claims of the Muscovite may, though only in the distant future, become a matter of grave embarrassment to us if, as seems likely, the authorities in China attempt to repudiate the acts of the Telai Lama and his chief.

It is obviously bad policy to increase even by one the number of 'points of anxiety' in the empire, and if it should prove possible at the present time to make of Tibet a substantial buffer state by a timely act of diplomacy, the wisdom of taking such a step is clear.

But it will be urged that we have repeatedly attempted to break down the barrier that has been erected by the Tibetans against us, and that on every occasion the olive branch has been persistently and even rudely rejected.

This is, of course, true, and it is to be remembered that the attempts of private individuals to enter the Forbidden Land against the expressed wishes of the Dalai Lama have certainly in no way helped Indian diplomacy. The Tibetan is quite unlikely to distinguish between the enterprise or the bravado of an unofficial Englishman and a systematic espionage on behalf of the Viceroy's government: nor is there any reason to suppose that the vigorous prohibition which the latter now imposes upon all attempts to cross the frontier from our own side is accepted in Lhasa as a proof of good faith.

It is, however, some time since an Englishman has been forcibly put across the frontier of Tibet, and the experiences of the Buddhist envoys to St. Petersburg may not have been without use in making even the lord of Potala palace realise that the days in which mere isolation is an adequate defence are over. It is true that the argument which induced Joshua to make peace with the wily Hivites is still likely to be a strong inducement to the Oriental mind; but it will not be the first time that we have been compelled for our own safety—and theirs—to instruct neighbouring potentates in the elementary needs of national existence at the present day; and if the possibilities to which I have alluded are to assume hereafter even a vague shape it will then be a matter for sincere regret that advantage was not taken of one of the golden opportunities that the standing luck of the British Empire seems always to drop into the hands of an embarrassed cabinet in London.

There was recently found at Bhattiprolu, in the Kistna district of the Madras Presidency, a relic that is accepted by experts to be on the whole the most authentic remnant of Buddha that is still extant.³

³ It is to be distinguished carefully from the somewhat unsatisfactory discovery of the reputed tomb of Buddha in Northern India several months previously.

This relic the late governor of Madras proposed somewhat hastily to hand over to the King of Siam, who, since the overthrow of Thibaw, has come to be regarded as the sole independent sovereign of a professedly Buddhist race, and the Siamese Government was given notice of his intention.

In making this offer he was not unsupported by precedent, but in the opinion of high Indian authorities he had himself no power to make any promise that involved the loss to the empire of any 'object of high archæological importance.' The Viceroy himself would probably require the assent of the Secretary of State for India before making any such gift, and in the case of Sir Arthur Havelock the fact that he was acting *ultra vires*, and therefore cannot be held to have bound the home authorities, seems to be admitted.

It would seem that the claims of the Emperor of India—who, it must not be forgotten, is also King of Burmah and Ceylon—are *ex hypothesi* greater than those of even the sovereign of the only Buddhist state yet remaining, and there should always be deep consideration before we part with any relic that would serve to increase the respect of the natives for, and the religious importance of, our rule in India. It would indeed be a new departure to ignore the great importance of the respectful impartiality with which we have hitherto been relied upon by the natives to treat every religious scruple or prejudice in India.

The story of the finding of the bone, which is a small flake about the size of a finger-nail⁴—probably taken from the head of the femur—is of some little interest.

Discovery was first made at Bhattiprolu of a great granite ball, nine or ten feet in circumference, bearing traces of heavy gilding. Extreme importance was attached to this find by the fact that an inscription in clear Asokan characters was discovered cut on the inner surface of the bisection, by which the mass fell apart upon the application of pressure. This inscription stated, among other data that prove the identity and intention of the original preservers, that the Bone of the Master lay within. In the centre of the outer ball, in a carefully hollowed recess, a second and much smaller one, about six inches in diameter and nine in height, was found, and this in turn opened and disclosed a small clear transparent box of pure white crystal, circular in shape and about two and a half inches in diameter, wherein the precious morsel lay.

The date of the writing (250 B.C.) carries us back to the days of the council at Pataliputra or Patna, and to within 150 years—

⁴ There is thus ample material to make two satisfactory relics in case it should be found to be impossible to refuse some part of the relic to the King of Siam. The legendary three hairs of Buddha that lie beneath the Shwe Dagon in Rangoon—the St. Peter's of the Buddhist faith—are a slighter foundation on which to build than even a quarter of this Indian treasure.

according to Professor Rhys Davids—of the death of Gautama, and is, in fact, contemporaneous with the earliest records yet accessible to us, which, however unreliable in some respects from the overgrowth of miraculous accretions, state definitely that, by his own wish, parts of Buddha's body were distributed after his death among the faithful.

The strength and costliness of the protecting encasings, and the district in which it was found, seem to lend additional importance to the relic; but it is of no profit to ourselves to investigate further the mere authenticity of this slight scale of bone, still as white and clean as on the day of its entombment.*

It is enough for us to know that in the eyes of the Buddhist hierarchy it is admitted to be a treasure of the utmost religious importance, and even were there no obvious use for the bone at the present moment it would seem a mistake to surrender it to the Siamese without a *quid pro quo*.

It would be difficult to estimate whether the Emperor of India, the Emperor of Corea, the Emperor of China, the Emperor of Japan, or the King of Tibet has under his sway the largest number of Buddhists, but it is probable that the subjects of the King of Siam are completely outnumbered by even the least of the four sovereigns mentioned, and for the sake of Burmah and Ceylon alone we should not idly throw away something that makes for the importance of the British Raj.

Such at least seems to have been the Viceroy's opinion. Lord Curzon, on the facts being laid before him in Madras by Mr. Thurston, the keeper of the museum, was naturally anxious to retain the relic which Sir Arthur Havelock had, without sufficient authority, apparently undertaken to present to the Siamese, and vetoed any further steps until the opinion of the Home Government had been ascertained.

So far the matter is hung up, but it cannot be urged too strongly that, if the government of India decide to part at all with the bone, there is a strong case indeed to be made out for giving it to an entirely different people.

To open negotiations with Tibet is a matter that will become a necessity to-morrow, if not to-day, and it seems but too likely that, if delayed long, it may ultimately take the form of armed intervention with a state under the quasi-protection of Russia's sphere of interest.

The position of the Dalai Lama himself is to be noted.

I suppose that the ruler of the Forbidden City is most often characterised in the European mind as a saturnine despot. As a matter of fact he is chosen within a month of his birth, is rarely allowed to survive his twentieth year, and is helpless in the hands of

* It is, however, permissible to point out, as a matter of archaeological interest, that the 'iron' crown of Lombardy, which is generally supposed to embody that Christian relic which possesses the greatest amount of evidence acceptable to modern research, cannot prove its pedigree to within so near a date to that of the death of the Founder of the faith in question.

his curia of abbots and priests. The King of Tibet usually suffers the same fate, and, like the Chinese resident, who ranks third in the scale of precedence, is politically insignificant.⁶

In many ways the close similarity of the form of Buddhism that obtains in Tibet with the Roman Catholicism of the present day is remarkable; but in no matter is it more conspicuous than in the fact that a body of councillors nominally subordinate has the entire actual authority, nor does the preference of the Roman body for a figure-head rendered harmless by extreme age make their policy essentially different from those of the Lhasan chutuktus, who choose to secure the same end by the elevation to the purple of a child who is not allowed to survive his maturity.

The best-laid plans may fail, and it is curious that both the present Pope and the present Grand Lama are, in different degrees, exceptions to the general rule. The latter, who attained manhood ten or fifteen years ago, is reported to be an able man, and seems to have somewhat more power than has been usually possessed by his predecessors.

But for him and his council there are the defects of their qualities. Basing their authority exclusively upon their religious ascendancy, it would be practically impossible for them to refuse to receive a deputation from the Viceroy which came to offer to the Grand Lama the relic that has just been discovered in Southern India, and it would wholly depend upon the composition and the powers of that deputation whether the foothold thus secured could be made of any real use for the preservation of the independence and—with certain guarantees of course—the continued isolation of Tibet. All things being considered, the trade we might acquire by opening the markets of the country is not sufficient in itself to outweigh the obvious advantages of possessing in Tibet a buffer state of the most perfect impassibility.

We have looked with unconcern upon the increasing isolation of Nepaul. Here, where twenty years ago the British officer who could get two months' leave was sure of a tolerable welcome and excellent sport, the spirit of reserve has been allowed to grow till, with the exception of the valley in which Khatmandu lies and the straight high road thence to the frontier, there is no part of Nepaul which is not as jealously guarded as Tibet, and from this interdict the English resident himself is not exempted.

With this we need have no quarrel. But it is essential both for Tibet and for ourselves that we should have a friendly understanding with the rulers of this extraordinary country, and it seems that we have now offered to us a key to the city of the avatars that is not

⁶ The Pantehen Lama, who possesses high religious importance, ranks only as a *chutuktu*, or cardinal. Nothing, by the way, is so expressive of the distance that modern Lamaism has travelled from the austere simplicity of Buddha's own doctrine as the fact that *all* members of the college of chutuktus are regarded as having *ex officio* attained Bodhisatship.

only cheap and effective, but has appeared at the psychological moment for its use.

If the matter be pressed forward, the ease with which it can be accomplished is as striking as the coincidence of its appearance.

The Crown Prince (Kumar), the second son of the Rajah of Sikkim, our farthest post on the road from India, is officially regarded by the Dalai Lama as a present reincarnation of Buddha, possibly even as *the* reincarnation of Gautama himself, and the cordial relations that exist between him and the British Government and the perfect appreciation of his father of the necessities of the case will enable us, through the Rajah's eldest son, who embraced the religious life and is now a lama of high rank in Lhasa, to approach without difficulty and without incurring unjust suspicion, the central authorities of Tibet, whose very existence may depend upon their co-operation with ourselves in safeguarding the last available avenue that leads into our Indian dominions.

PERCEVAL LONDON.

ASSUMING THE FOUNDATIONS

Two friends became involved in a controversy which developed some little warmth as it went on. We formed a ring round them, and let them fight it out. Each accused the other of having assumed what he wanted to support his case. As for myself, I was among those who sat and listened, held their peace, and philosophically meditated. Had they both assumed, I asked myself, a large part of what underlay their arguments? Yes, certainly. Were they wrong to assume as they had done? Well, we all of us assume many things, and we all must assume; but for all that there is a right and a wrong method in assuming. Unfortunately it is easy to fall into the wrong method. The great majority of us have so formed the habit of assuming that we do it unconsciously; we don't distinguish between what is assumed, and what we have carefully thought out and proved—so far as things are proved in this world of appearing and disappearing shadows. The great majority of us don't know how we came to assume the thing in question, or why we assumed it, what were the antecedent beliefs in our minds which were the real fathers and mothers of what we assumed. Nor, when the assumption is once made, do we earmark it as an assumption, putting it away in its own mental compartment, as the best guess under the circumstances, as a choice made out of conflicting possibilities, but we mix it up without further consideration in other classes of opinion of higher value. In a word, we are careless about the foundations of our opinions, and very often have no suspicion that these foundations, on which perhaps some of our most cherished opinions rest, have been quietly assumed without any consideration as regards their real value.

But the listeners were not allowed to maintain their silence—whether philosophic or not philosophic—for both disputants turned to them, as we all do in a warm controversy, to try and get their verdict on their own side. 'Is it not a wholly unjustifiable assumption that he makes?' asked A. B. about C. D., and C. D. about A. B. 'Well,' answered one of us, committing himself to neither side, 'it is an assumption, without doubt a great assumption. But why should it be unjustifiable? Hardly any assumption is unjustifiable, if only

we treat it as an assumption, and don't give it a higher value than that which belongs to it. Does not the mischief begin, when we mark our shillings as if they were pounds, and then persuade ourselves that they are both of the same value? And while this habit of confusing intellectual values lasts, is it not a question if real steady progress can ever become a human possession? To acquire the power of testing accurately the worth of our opinions seems almost a prerequisite for progress.'

'Progress!' cried one of the disputants scornfully—perhaps a little vexed that so far the verdict had been of a strictly neutral colour. 'Progress! what is progress? Who agrees with any other living man as to what progress is? Is it not the one word in the English language that means nothing, just because it means everything? Lock up this present Cabinet of Ministers in a room, and give them each a couple of pens and a quire of foolscap, and set them to tell you what progress is. Bar certain things. Tell them they are not to say anything about voting for their party or attending Primrose lodges, or about Great Englanders who will go straight to heaven when the time comes, because they have set all Europe squalling about us, or about Pro-Boers who are worse than anarchists, with their pockets stuffed with dynamite, and will go just as straight to the other place; and then see if any two of them give you the same account of this phantom of the marshes, this will-o'-the-wisp, called progress.' Then all the friends got dragged into the discussion, first one and then another. Backwards and forwards the tide of battle rolled, and we all had our say, whilst some of us maintained that progress is a real intelligible thing, with a true meaning of its own, about which some day the world, or a part of it, perhaps, will agree.

Well, what is progress? Of course that is a question that unemployed philosophers like raising from time to time, discussing in a languid way, and then laying again on the shelf with a sigh of regret because just at present there is so little light coming through the darkness. We generally have a dim feeling that it is not steam-engines, nor electric light, nor even motor cars—excellent as all these things are; it is not Parliaments, who seem to be getting tired of the sound of their own voices, and vote and spend, and spend and vote, with greater industry than ever; it is not political parties, who weary and bewilder us with the old clashings of their stage fightings; it is not the Emperors, who keep us all simmering on the hob in unpleasant expectancy, and love playing with those tiresome playthings of theirs, the huge conscripted armies; it is not the Bishops, who seem to find a relief in these dull times by persecuting some poor wretch like the habitual drunkard, recalling perhaps with a touch of regret the better centuries when the heretics were their privileged prey, or perhaps with a faint desire to keep their hand

in practice, in case England, under the blessing of Providence, should ever again grow really spiritually minded, and return to the old brave ways; it is not Wilfrid Lawson and his compulsory pump-water; it is not the fretful educationalists, who contrive to make a large part of the nation sick of education; it is not the great body of officials for whose sake we, the public, as we learn sadly to confess, in great measure exist; it is not the trade unions, who seem organised to throw away pounds in order that they may gather their pence; it is not the universal nursery, which this handful or that handful of good people are so willing to establish and manage for us all; it is not the Socialists who so enthusiastically desire to create a one-armed, one-legged, and half-brained race. Then, if it is none of these things, what are we to say that it is? How are we to satisfy the sphinx who questions us?

If individually I were to make the attempt and take up the challenge of the sphinx, I should fall back upon a phrase of Mr. Spencer—first stating that I use the word 'progress' in the sense of increasing the happiness of the individual man (I hasten to explain, in dread of consequences, woman included in equal proportions). I should then say that progress consists in what makes for the preservation of life—life in its fullest and most complete sense, life looked at as a whole; not life of the next ten minutes—whatever they are worth—but life stretching out into that future, when seed ripens into fruit, and actions bring their consequences. We must remember that all life is a struggle against destructive forces. It is a sort of perpetual besieged garrison work, continually repairing to-day what was destroyed yesterday. Day after day the tissues of our bodies waste and are broken down into forms of matter that have to be got rid of, and day after day we have to repair these tissues in order to keep the ever busy enemy without the gates. It is the same sort of struggle outside the body. In social and in moral matters, in matters that affect us as a society and as a nation, there is the same wearing out of the old and replacement of it by the new, there is the same dangerous tendency to accumulation on the part of mischievous influences and forces, cast off from the old and not assimilated by the new, which can only be resisted and got rid of if the system is working healthily.

Now the definition—that which makes for the preservation of life—will seem to some persons to have rather a materialistic meaning. But in reality it has not. The moral and spiritual things are just as necessary to the preservation of life as bread and cheese, as anybody can easily see by the simple experiment of trying to do without them, either on the large or the small scale. We come then to the question, What are the things which favour and which fight against this preservation of life? Modern life is so big, so complicated, so kaleidoscopic a thing, that it is apt to bewilder us as we look at it;

and even if we agree in the formula itself we are likely to take very divergent views as to what favours and what opposes preservation of life. Lots of fighting-men and battleships, will be the answer of one man. Resolute clinging to peace and the steady development of the industries of peace, will be the very different answer of another man. But though we may disagree as to the nature of the conditions themselves, it is a point gained to see clearly, as a matter of fact, that there exist certain definite and fixed conditions on which health of body and mind depends—health-conditions, it then becomes our business to puzzle out and understand. Most of us have only a very faint consciousness that there are such definite conditions imposed upon us; and the consequence is that we go zigzagging through the world, and live our lives far less successfully than we might do. Kinglake once wrote, if I remember rightly, that a certain general, at a moment of crisis, had the gift of looking through the tangle of difficulties and of becoming aware that there was a special question which had to be faced and solved. Usually in life we are less clear-sighted than the general, and we remain unconscious of the questions that underlie our difficulties and wait for an answer.

It is simplest to glance first at the case of the body. In the body, as we all know, are certain organs, charged to do certain duties; and health consists in the successful performance of these duties. The heart, for example, has to pump the blood to every part of the body; the glands of the mouth and the glands of the stomach and other parts of the digestive region to supply juices which will change the food of our kitchens into food that the various tissues of the body can appropriate for their own use; the lungs, the skin, the liver, and the kidneys have to separate, each in its different way, impurities from the blood. Now we may be skilful as chemists or mechanics, but our skill falls far short of undertaking the work which these organs perform. On these organs we absolutely depend, and there is no doing without them or replacing them. By what action of ours can we then ensure health? Only so far as this: that we must take care to give these organs the conditions that they require for easy and successful working. We must not add to their labours, we must not throw difficulties in their way. If, for example, we live in the impure atmosphere of rooms in which the air is not regularly and thoroughly renewed, we breathe back into our lungs the poison of which we have already got rid, and notwithstanding every effort of our lungs, thus disadvantaged, the blood becomes more and more vitiated; or if we make use of clothing or bedding never sufficiently exposed to the free air, and saturated with human emanations, or of clothing which restrains the passage of air, and so interferes with the true working of the skin in its constant co-operation with the lungs to purify the blood—'breathing' being a joint labour of skin and lungs; or if we eat an excess of nitrogenous food, such as meat, or the over-nitrogenous

lentil or bean, we throw undue work on the kidneys, as the system refuses to take up more than a definite amount of the nitrogenous element¹: in all such cases, and in many others, we do not establish the right conditions of living for the body, and sooner or later incur the penalties of ill-health.

Now just as it is with our physical health, so it must also be with our mental and moral health. If the wrong conditions are established then the organs of thought and feeling—more subtle and delicate than our bodily organs—cannot work rightly, and trouble comes, bringing with it failure of successful life. What then—so runs the great question of the sphinx—are these necessary health-conditions as regards our mental and moral nature? In trying to answer the great question, perhaps it is best to deal with man in his two capacities—though they cannot be kept really apart—as a separate individual and as a social being.

As regards the separate individual, two great conditions (I am condensing my answer as much as I can) are necessary for his continued and steady improvement: he must learn to think with truth and clearness, and he must act freely—give free play to his nature. Conditions which discourage either of these two things are as fatal to his moral and mental health as breathing bad air or wearing the wrong sort of clothing is to his physical health. He has then to learn to form his opinions in such fashion as to give himself the best chance of separating the true from the untrue, of escaping from erratic and inconsistent impulses, of distinguishing between the good of the moment and of the time to come, and of acquiring the art of testing with clear sight and intellectual impartiality the value of the different opinions that he holds. In a word, he must place himself under the discipline of reason—he must learn to track out the great meanings of the world in which he finds himself, submitting himself, as some of us would add, to the purpose of the Power behind Nature, and taking his place intelligently in the mighty world-drama which we call evolution. Secondly, he must act freely. Where a man cannot act freely, cannot employ his faculties in his own fashion, it is plain that his development suffers arrest. Every unnecessary restriction tends to increase the automatic, the mechanical, and imitative element in our nature, and to hinder the movements of the living personal self. We become like boys placed in a school where games are forbidden, because they might lead to accidents, or where the usher is under orders to be always present, because

¹ It will make this point more intelligible to some readers if I say in a very general way—neglecting other components of the body and more detailed classifications—that there are two great classes of food. One class, containing oxygen, hydrogen and carbon, supplies warmth and working force; the other class, containing nitrogen in addition to the other three substances, has for its principal purpose to supply new muscular tissue as the old tissue wastes.

otherwise those who are unsupervised might plot mischief or break rules. There is no need to comment on the results of that system.

As regards the individual in his social relations, it is also plain that he cannot be happy or prosperous unless the conditions of his social life favour general peace and friendliness, and give the least possible inducement for strife. If social life is to be modelled on the example of the pit, in which game-birds are set to do their fighting best against each other, man for ever at war with his fellow man, then here also it is clear that his chance of betterment is but small. In the first place human energies are limited, and if a large part of them is spent every day in pulling against those who are our neighbours, there is only the poor remainder—such as it is—left for better kind of work. But what is still worse and still more disabling is, as we all know, that the influences of strife render us unfit for the better kinds of work. The form therefore of the society in which we live must be such that we are not thrown into needless opposition to our neighbour, and not obliged to wage perpetual war with him in our own self-defence. The conditions must favour peace, confidence, and free friendly co-operation. As long as we are continually engaged in strife, we cannot tread boldly in the path of true development.

But how to give practical effect to these conditions? Once more condensing as much as I can, I answer that peace can only come by renouncing the desire to exercise power over each other, by renouncing the fatal belief that Tom Roberts, if only he can get Jim Martin to help him, may quite rightly and reasonably control the life of John Smith. It is this evil lust of power, this desire to make what is good for A. good also for B., which keeps us chained to the sins and infirmities of the old years, and prevents our advancing. It is fairly plain that if you allow three men to enforce upon two men their special views as to how they shall employ their faculties, how they shall conduct their trade or profession, what hours they shall labour, what contracts they shall make, what they shall drink or not drink, to what kind of education their children shall be subjected, and what payments they shall make for purposes of which they disapprove—it is plain in such a case that however superior may be the wisdom of the three men, as compared with the two men, there must be perpetual war between the three and the two. The number three may have or may not have some occult arithmetical excellence not possessed by the number two, but as long as the world is the world and human nature is human nature, so long will the two men refuse to acquiesce in their loss of self-direction and in their subjection to the three men. They will continue to resist and to make the task of those who hold them in subjection as thorny as it can be made by the many arts of resistance which those in subjection learn to practise. In fact, every minority only endures its days of affliction because it is taught by its leaders to perfect its discipline and its fighting powers

in preparation for a time when the position will be reversed in its favour, and it will proudly ride in the saddle instead of being the beast that carries the rider. And thus it is that strife is ever with us.

Accept the view that the love of power wastes and misdirects human energies, and cannot co-exist with a general truce between men, and then what follows? It is fairly clear that we must organise freedom of action on fixed and stable lines and minimise the opportunities for strife. To do this we must first acknowledge the rights of self-ownership, rights of each person over his or her own body and mind, as rights that are supreme above all other rights; we must extend the principles of free trade and competition in every direction, not only because nature in all her ways is the greatest of free-traders and keenest of competitors, but still more because under the accepted reign of these two principles no section of society is sacrificed to another section, but all faculties are freely employed, and earn their undiminished reward; we must encourage difference everywhere, for difference is our wisest and gentlest schoolmaster, and it is only by contrast that we see and discover the true value of things, learning to separate the inferior forms from the better forms. Progress is difference, said Mr. Spencer—three imperishable words, that will some day transform our moral and intellectual world. In the same way we must make use of example—not the unchanging stereotyped example, which authority places before us, asking us to worship gods from whom life has long departed, but the example that is the child of competition, continually born of new thought and new effort—as one of the great educating forces in human matters. A writer of that nation which has the knack of saying the wisest things—and sometimes, alas! of doing that which is least wise—has well written²: ‘On ne détruit qu’en remplaçant’—if you wish to get rid of the bad method, place the better method in living form by its side. We must leave moral forces to battle everything out on their own fighting-ground without let or hindrance; whilst we strictly confine the use of the brute force, the physical force, which can play no helpful part in such battles, to the person of our useful everyday friend, the policeman, who duly appears on the stage as the servant of liberty to mark out the limits which we must not transgress in our dealings with others. The word liberty would mean nothing, unless it implied certain limits which A., out of respect for the self-ownership of B., and B., out of respect for the self-ownership of A., must not overstep.

And now, having tried to explain my drift, having sketched in outline the health-conditions which, as I believe, are necessary for our happiness as social beings, I return to the first of the two conditions that I laid down as necessary for individual development—the

² I quote from memory—I fear incorrectly.

art of thinking clearly, and of justly appreciating the value of one's own opinions—for it is on this last point that I wish to write some words.

As one looks round the busy workshop of the world there is a certain impression that is difficult to resist. One watches the brilliant throng of writers, speakers, artists, discoverers, and professional workers, and one wonders if the world ever possessed more active, more vigorous, more manifold brain-power. And yet in the midst of this brilliant versatile cleverness, one feels the constant presence of a deficiency—a blot in the silver field, a waste place in the fruitful landscape. How few men or women, clever or not clever, know in any exact fashion why they believe certain things, or how they came to believe them. They may even have passed through a religious transformation, or have passed from one political party to another, and yet for all that they remain but slightly acquainted with the foundations on which their opinions rest. They hold certain opinions, and being capable in the affairs of life, and more or less skilled in the arts of controversy, they have picked up somehow, somewhere, certain arguments and reasons in favour of their opinions; but the opinions themselves fall into a class of possessions which is something like the clothes in their wardrobes. If you questioned them about their clothes, you would find that there existed a general fixed opinion that clothes are useful and must be worn, but how coats, waistcoats and trousers, or frocks and petticoats have come to be what they are, and how far they fulfil the purposes required of them, is a matter—except perhaps in the case of some women who ride bicycles—that has hardly troubled their minds. Who, for example, amongst the hundreds of thousands of us who wear black hats and possess leather cases, in which the black hats are sumptuously lodged when they go with us on their journeys, could give the history of this particular article of dress, so irreverently called a chimney-pot, or compose a satisfactory apologia on its behalf?

As it is with our clothes, so it is with our opinions. We have always worn clothes and we have always had opinions. But could we make a better apologia for our opinions than we could for our black hats? It is probable that few of us would care to be suddenly asked, 'Why all your life have you believed this or that thing?' Some men on the spur of the moment would make short and halting answers; other men would find plenty to say, but, as they themselves would perhaps admit, not very strictly or satisfactorily to the point; whilst only the very few would show by their answers that they had of deliberate impulse gone down to the foundations, and had distinctly questioned themselves how they came to be possessed of their earliest opinions; and, when other opinions in due course came into existence, how later they were all cemented together in a common fabric. It is easy to try the experiment. Let any person make a

social nuisance of himself for a week, and question a dozen of his friends how he became a Tory or a Liberal, a Protectionist or a Free-trader, a Catholic, a Protestant, or an Agnostic. 'How did I get my clothes, my dear fellow? Oh! a friend told me of Cuttem's in Highprice Street, and I called in one day as I was passing. I don't think they're at all bad; I hope you like them.' 'How did I get my opinions, my dear sir? Oh! I suppose the thing was in the air, and it seemed to fit into my way of thinking better than the other things. Oh! yes, of course it was built on to other things that I already believed. We are always building on, I suppose, one thing on the top of another. But goodness only knows how I came by the earlier things. I suppose they too once were in the air; and I had a sort of affinity for them. But you'll be asking presently what I used to think when I was in short frocks in the nursery.'

Now is there any profit, you may ask, in going down to the roots of things in this fashion, and in trying to make a man turn his mind inside out. Well, perhaps. Perhaps the world would be a happier, safer, wiser-tempered place to live in if men occasionally turned their minds inside out, and examined the extent to which the beliefs that they hold rested on proved or on assumed foundations. We are all so easily seduced into the pleasant ways of certainty. We are all so mightily cock-sure about things; we have so few wholesome misgivings about the foundations that are out of sight. If once we became convinced that a great deal of what we have built rests not upon real but only imagined granite, and were ready to acknowledge frankly that we had assumed this thing, that thing, and the other thing in forming our opinions, it is possible that we might become far more tolerant and fair-minded in our attitude towards others, less inclined to divide the world in arrogant fashion into my orthodoxy and your heterodoxy, less inclined to fight for our beliefs, whether religious or secular, with the strong hand and by violent methods. The truth seems to be that the possession of certainty, for which the heart of man craves so inordinately, would not help us, even if we obtained it. It would only narrow the limits of our development, making us mere followers of each other, keeping us for ever *in statu pupillari*, as good little school-boys, and good little school-girls. Is it not uncertainty instead of certainty that educates us in the truest sense, that gives us the heart of the learner, for ever spurs us onward, and yet keeps us at our true level? It is true, I think, to say that only too often where we have become possessed of a sense of certainty, we have been mentally and morally corrupted by it, and tempted to make fools of ourselves on the big scale. We have become scornful of reason, unwilling to bear its discipline, arrogant, aggressive towards others, and unscrupulous in the choice of our instruments. The certainties we have claimed have inspired us to pile Ossa upon Pelion, and have only exalted us

to our fall. The wine of certainty is too strong and too heady to be trusted to the weak human vessel, and He who knows best—as we may believe—has not placed it within our reach.

It is quite true that the world is a strange blend of certainty and uncertainty. There are plenty of certainties—as we may *assume* them to be—of the practical working kind, in the world around us. We conclude with some confidence that two and two will make four to-morrow, as they do to-day and did yesterday, and that carbon and oxygen mixed together in certain proportions will give us a gas that will not sustain life; but the certainties are surrounded on every side by the great uncertainties, are limited by them, and even mix in with them. Probably no man can tell us quite satisfactorily why we treat the fact that two and two make four as a certainty. Is it, as has been often asked, simply the result of constant experience? But then, though it is extremely probable that the experience of to-morrow will be the same as the experience of to-day, it is only a probability that it will be so—there is nothing to vouch for the certainty of it. Is it a mental condition, that, apart from all experience, forces the belief upon us? If so, might reasonable beings of another order hold that two and two make five—just as they might see very different colours and hear very different sounds from what we see and hear? On the whole our best certainties are certainties with a discount; and uncertainty—not certainty—seems the keynote of our existence.

And now as regards the tendency of the human mind to assume what it requires as the foundation material for its opinions, let us glance first of all at our religious beliefs—the beliefs of the Catholic and the Protestant. Reduce the Catholic belief to its simplest propositions. The Catholic believes in: (1) a God who created mankind; he also believes (2) that as a necessary consequence of this relation between God and men God revealed Himself in a special manner to those He had created; (3) that when this revelation had taken place it was necessarily³ entrusted to certain persons called a Church, the Church being supplemented by a specially authorised Book. Now I am not going to try to show that these propositions are true or false, but I want to lay stress upon the superabundant element of assumption in them. Let us deal later with the belief in God, and only look now at the other propositions. God, as the Catholic assumes, was obliged to entrust the revelation of Himself to a few specially selected men—the Church. Now this may be true or false; but it is

³ Ought I to say necessarily? If any other agency could be supposed possible, then the human mind must be held free to choose between the different agencies, and the moral constraint to believe in the one special agency would disappear. The consequence is that the Catholic picks out a particular method, the one approved and selected by himself, and forces it on God as a foregone conclusion, which the Divine mind was constrained to accept. Having done that, he then proceeds to force it on men in virtue of its being the method approved by God to which there could be no alternative.

an assumption, a very big assumption, and it can be nothing else. There is much that may be said on the two sides—both for it and against it—considered as a probability from our human point of view. But by no conceivable process can it be proved. We may form our opinions in the matter, but we have no possible means of proving that God did not reveal Himself through a Book, independently of all Churches, as some Protestants hold; or again, as the Theist holds, by planting universal instincts in the hearts of men by means of which He gave them access to Himself; or on the other hand, as some Agnostics hold, that He has not shrouded Himself in mist and darkness, thus discouraging men from seeking to know Him.

Between these four great conjectures we can only make our own great guess, just according to the constitution of our own minds. Some of us will find much to say on the side of a Church or a Book, as a means of revelation; or again on the side of reason and feeling as the witnesses of God's existence; or again on the side of the view that it was better for men, when they had reached a certain point of development, not to seek to know the secrets that lay beyond, better not to seek to know their great mysterious King, but to live bravely and steadily by the light that they possessed; but to whatever belief we cling, we must end by assuming our special article of faith—which we cannot possibly prove—that God selected one method and rejected the other methods. The choice of what has been God's method is a mighty riddle that each mind must read for itself according to the way it has been fashioned.

Now comes the question: Is there any harm in making such an assumption on any one side or the other? None whatever. Where then does the Catholic go wrong? He goes wrong only so far as he disregards the nature of the mental process of which he has made use, and treats his assumption as a bit of the world's granite, an ascertained fact, an unquestionable truth. Those of us who disagree with both Catholic and Protestant ought, I think, to admit that it need hurt no man, morally or intellectually, to assume that God had thought right to reveal Himself through a Church, or through a Book, if only the man who so believed steadily remembered that he had assumed on his own responsibility this method of God's dealing. What injures him, what contracts his mental powers, what reacts fatally upon his whole view of life, is changing an assumption into fixed and certain fact, whilst he probably remains perfectly unconscious of the leap that he has taken. It is this confusion between different intellectual values that starts a man on the wrong track and almost compels him to remain in it right through life.

And here I may indulge in a paradox. To a great extent, it matters less what a man believes than his manner of believing. The worst belief, I mean the most unenlightened belief, held philosophically, is probably better for a man than the best, the most

enlightened belief, held unphilosophically. You may believe almost whatever you like, without greatly damaging your inner nature, if you are clear-sighted and honest enough to mark your opinions at their true value, and not to label as 'certain' those assumptions which happened to smile to you and to fit in with your own way of thinking.

The Protestant stands in the same position as the Catholic. He too assumes what he requires, and then transfers his assumptions from the humble intellectual class to which they rightly belong to the more exalted class of ascertained truths. He differs from the Catholic so far as he gives his allegiance to the Book instead of to the Church; but in doing it he picks out and selects—just as the Catholic did—his own view of what was God's method of dealing with men, and, by labelling it as certain, forces it upon the Divine Mind. Yet, like the Catholic, he has no possible method of proving the assumption for which he claims certainty. No critical, no historical evidence can possibly prove that God appointed certain persons as a Church, or supervised the writing of a particular Book. No tradition, no writings, no so-called miracles can prove it. At best they can only supply guess-material. The only foundation on which the Protestant or Catholic can stand is a purely subjective one. 'This seems to me personally the truest explanation.' But unfortunately these simple and unpretending words are the very words that men refuse to speak; and the consequence is that good men and good women constantly commit the crime of saying to the young who fall under their influence:—'These things are true, are certain'—rashest of words, from which every one of us may well pray in his heart to be delivered. When we learn to speak more conscientiously, shall we not simply say: 'This is the best interpretation that I personally can give you as regards the problems of life. In itself it may be right; it may be wrong. But to me it is the truth'?

The Theist partly agrees with, partly contradicts the Catholic and Protestant. He too accepts a revelation of God, but he claims that the agency employed is the intelligence given to each individual. He claims that our reason is the reflection of the higher reason, and that by knowing himself and the world which surrounds him, man gains his limited but invaluable knowledge of God. He claims that Church and Book would be only confusing agencies of revelation, carrying the attention of man away from that study of his own nature and of the world around him by which alone he can form true conceptions of the Great Power. He assumes that the soul of man is, so to speak, complete in itself, that it can enter directly without any mediating agency into relation with the Great Power. He thus in his turn assumes certain probabilities. He too makes his own reading of God's mind. He assumes that God considered—as he himself does—that Church and Book are unnecessary agents, and that, as

was gradually perceived in his daily experience that order only follows from intention and arrangement, and that effects depend upon causes, so he would unerringly be led back to the First Cause, and be forced to admit that the marvellous order of the physical world implied a Power behind Nature. But he too stands in the same position as Catholic and Protestant so far as he reads certain meanings and intentions into the Divine Mind, however much his reading may differ from that of the Catholic and Protestant.

AUBERON HERBERT.

(To be concluded.)

THE PRESENT RAGE FOR MEZZOTINTS

THE collection of prints is a hobby of considerable antiquity. One of the earliest collectors on a large scale was the Abbé de Marolles, who, in his *Mémoires*, 1644, confesses to having got together between 70,000 and 80,000 engravings, which he preferred to paintings, 'not only because they are more proportionable to my purse, but because they better become our Libraries.' His prints formed the nucleus of the splendid collection now in the Bibliothèque Nationale. In our own country both Evelyn and Pepys were among the earliest print collectors of importance; but print collecting as a pastime did not become popular until the catalogues of the Rev. James Granger and Henry Bromley brought a little order out of chaos. Sir James Winter Lake, James Bindley of the Post Office, and Sir Mark Masterman Sykes were the three pioneer giants of print collecting, and the sales of their collections in 1808, 1819, and 1820 respectively gave an enormous impetus to the hobby. Bindley was at it for over half a century, and his collection realised over 5,500*l.* The Sykes collection, in five parts, produced over 18,000*l.*, and was thirty-five days selling.

Taking a leap from the earlier to the latter part of the nineteenth century, the collections which have come into the market in our own time have been both numerous and important. The James Anderson Rose sale of 1876 in eleven days produced 3,700*l.*; the Rev. Burleigh James's vast collection occupied twenty-eight days in selling in 1877, the total being 4,220*l.* In 1884 Mr. St. John Dent's collection realised 9,087*l.*; and two years later the choice prints of Samuel Addington produced nearly 9,000*l.* In 1888-9 Mr. J. Chaloner Smith, whose *British Mezzotint Portraits Described* is so indispensable a book to all collectors, sold his fine series of mezzotint portraits, which realised a total of not far short of 10,000*l.* All these sales took place at Messrs. Sotheby, Wilkinson, & Hodge's, whose catalogues are of the highest value for reference. Messrs. Christie, Manson, & Woods's sales during the last fifteen years have included several collections of the highest importance—the Buccleuch in 1887, the C. F. Huth in 1895 were especially notable, and many others might be mentioned.

Each of these sales has its points of interest, into which, however,

the limitations of space do not permit me to enter. It is curious to note that the earlier collectors attached a very secondary importance to the portraits of women. It is true, the voluptuous beauties of Lely and the somewhat wooden celebrities of Kneller are not much more in fashion to-day than in the earlier years of the last century, when the finest of such prints were usually sold in lots of three and upwards, the prices rarely exceeding 3*l.* or 4*l.* per lot. There were exceptions, of course, as, for instance, at Sir Egerton Brydges' sale in 1815, when a 'brilliant and extra rare' example of Baudet's engraving of Gascar's picture of 'Madame Ellen Gwinn and her two sons, Charles, Earl of Beaufort, and James, Lord Beaunciaire,' realised 39*l.* This state of things has been completely altered; with prints, as with pictures, the demand is largely confined to portraits of women. A glance down the last column of the tabular statement given herewith will indicate more clearly than reams of description the gradual growth in the prices of mezzotint engravings during the last century, and the figures which apply to engravings after Sir Joshua Reynolds apply also to those after Romney, Gainsborough, Hoppner, and other leading portrait painters of the same period. The advance in prices has been especially pronounced during the last ten or fifteen years, and the first season of the new century may be selected as 'marking time' in connection with this highly interesting subject. I have here tabulated some facts regarding mezzotint portraits of women, after Sir Joshua Reynolds. The particulars regarding prices paid for the original pictures are derived from the monumental work on Sir Joshua by Messrs. Graves and Cronin; these are given in the second column. The succeeding columns relate respectively to the prices at which the prints were published, the prices realised—with one exception—at the Blyth sale at Messrs. Christie's in March last, and those realised at earlier periods. As this is the first occasion on which such a tabulated list has been drawn up and published, I cannot but think it will be found extremely interesting. Mr. Blyth collected with enterprise and knowledge, and it is probable that he never went beyond about 200*l.* for an engraving; as a matter of fact most of them cost him very much less. The total of the sale of 346 lots amounted to 21,717*l.*, and there were about a score of records established on this occasion.

MEZZOTINT PORTRAITS, AFTER SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

Name and Date of Engraving	Price paid for Picture	Print published at	Price in 1901	Previous Sales
Mrs. Abingdon as the Comic Muse, by J. Watson, 1789	100 <i>gs.</i>	15 <i>s.</i>	170 <i>gs.</i>	1865, £12 15 <i>s.</i> 1876, £30 10 <i>s.</i>
Lady Bampfylde, by T. Watson, 1779	150 <i>gs.</i>	15 <i>s.</i>	880 <i>gs.</i>	1786, £1 4 <i>s.</i> 1866, £7 1878, 140 <i>gs.</i>
Lady Beaumont, by J. R. Smith, 1780	£40	5 <i>s.</i>	78 <i>gs.</i>	1865, £3 15 <i>s.</i> 1878, £26 15 <i>s.</i>

Name and Date of Engraving	Price paid for Picture	Print published at	Price in 1901	Previous Sales
Francis, Duke of Bedford, with his brothers and Miss Vernon, by V. Green, 1778	400 gs.	10s. 6d.	72 gs.	1799, 10s. 6d. 1873, £15
Hon. Mrs. Beresford, with the Marchioness of Townshend and the Hon. Mrs. Gardner, as Graces sacrificing to Hymen, by T. Watson, 1778	450 gs.	81s. 6d.	440 gs.	1865, 15 gs. 1890, 355 gs.
Mrs. Braddyll, by J. Grozer, 1785	100 gs.	—	84 gs.	1873, £3 15s.
Duchess of Buccleuch and daughter, by J. Watson	about 150 gs.	15s.	800 gs.	1800, 14s. 1865, £11 5s. 1867, £14 1873, £42 1815, 10s. 6d. 1866, £3 15s. 1873, £28 7s. 1786, £1 5s. 1873, 41 gs. 1887, 102 gs. (second state)
Lady S. Bunbury sacrificing to the Graces, by E. Fisher, 1766	250 gs.	21s.	115 gs.	
Mrs. Carnac, by J. R. Smith, 1778	Bought at Greenwood's, 1796, for 70 gs., and at Christie's in 1861 for 1,710 gs.	—	1,160 gs.	
Mrs. Crowe as Ste. Genevieve, by T. Watson, 1773	150 gs.	—	72 gs. (second state)	1887, 35 gs.
Lady Eliz. Compton, by V. Green, 1781	200 gs.	15s.	180 gs. [1809, 280 gs.]	1799, £1 1s. 1873, £11 6s.
Lady Betty Delmé, by V. Green, 1781	300 gs. [sold for 11,550 gs. in 1894]	15s.	920 gs.	1796, £1 1s. 1887, £84 1897, 250 gs. 1865, 30 gs.
Charles J. Fox, with the Ladies S. Bunbury and Susan Strangways, by J. Watson, 1762	£120	10s. 6d.	46 gs.	
D. Garrick between Comedy and Tragedy, by E. Fisher, 1762	250 gs.	10s. 6d.	98 gs.	1864, £2 1865, £6
Lady Hamilton as a Bacchante, by J. R. Smith, 1784	50 gs.	[?] 15s.	240 gs.	1873, £11
Jane, Countess of Harrington, by V. Green, 1780	150 gs.	—	200 gs. [1807, 285 gs.]	1800, 12s. 6d. 1873, £39 10s. 1875, 98 gs. 1887, 89 gs.
Miss Frances Harris, by J. Grozer, 1791	100 gs.	—	180 gs.	
Lady Elizabeth Herbert and son, by J. Dean, 1778	52 gs.	7s. 6d.	300 gs.	1873, 92 gs.
Miss Jacobs, by J. Spillbury, 1762	[Bought at Greenwood's in 1796 for 12 gs.]	10s. 6d.	170 gs.	1873, £61
Duchess of Manchester and son, by J. Watson	225 gs.	15s.	110 gs.	1865, £1 16s.
Mrs. Musters as Hebe, by C. H. Hodges, 1785	75 gs. [sold in 1850 for 600 gs.]	7s. 6d.	230 gs.	1865, £4 10s. 1873, £13 13s.
Mrs. Musters, by J. R. Smith, 1779	—	15s.	380 gs.	1866, £16 16s. 1873, £39 10s.
Lady O'Brien, by J. Dixon, 1774	—	7s. 6d.	155 gs.	1865, £3 10s. 1873, 60 gs. 1887, 36 gs.
Mrs. Payne-Galwey and child, by J. R. Smith, 1780	£70 [sold in 1888 for 4,100 gs.]	5s.	290 gs.	
Mrs. Pelham feeding chickens, by G. W. Dickinson, 1775	—	—	825 gs. [1898, 425 gs.]	1786, £1 11s. 1800, £3 10s. 1819, £5 5s. 1848, £3 9s. 1866, £29 1873, £168 1897, 205 gs.

Name and Date of Engraving	Price paid for Picture	Print published at	Price in 1901	Previous Sales
Lady C. Pelham Clinton, by J. R. Smith, 1782	100 gs.	—	940 gs.	1865, £7 7s. 6d. 1887, 105 gs. 1897, 800 gs. 1890, £38
Lady C. Price, by J. Jones, 1788	50 gs.	[?] 7s. 6d.	190 gs.	1887, 80 gs. 1897, 84 gs. 1786, £1 15s.
Mrs. Robinson, by W. Dickinson, 1780	[Bought at Greenwood's, 1796, for 50 gs.]	[?] 7s. 6d.	110 gs.	1887, £33 10s. 1887, 125 gs. 1799, £1 2s.
Duchess of Rutland, by V. Green, 1780	£150	15s.	1,000 gs.	1878, 41 gs. 1875, 90 gs. 1866, £5 5s. 1875, £42
Countess of Salisbury, by V. Green, 1781	£200	15s.	450 gs.	1887, 70 gs.
Mrs. Sheridan as St. Cecilia, by W. Dickinson, 1776	150 gs.	7s. 6d.	240 gs.	
Mrs. Siddons as the Tragic Muse, by F. Haward, 1787	800 gs.	15s.	140 gs.	
Lady Taylor, by W. Dickinson, 1783	150 gs.	—	185 gs.	1865, £4 1873, £25
The Ladies Waldegrave, by V. Green, 1781	800 gs.	21s.	500 gs. [1897, 500 gs.]	1790, £2 2s. 1875, 285 gs.

This tabular arrangement requires very little comment. The published prices quoted are, of course, for ordinary prints, and the first published states may be reckoned at about four times the amounts here given. It will be obvious that of the first proofs and second states the copies originally struck off were extremely limited: of proofs perhaps not more than three or four examples. It requires a very subtle intellect to differentiate the artistic superiority of a first state to a third state, but the commercial values of the two are out of all proportion. Condition is another highly important factor in determining the price. Mr. Blyth insisted on having, whenever possible, the finest examples of the first states, and, being a rich man, he usually succeeded. His sale so fully justified his discrimination that nothing more need be said on the point. The most desirable examples should possess the whole of the margin uncut and as it left the hands of the engraver. Examples are necessarily rare, for many of the early collectors considered the margins superfluous and cut them off. Gulston is said to have given his children the privilege of crawling under his table to pick up the trimmings of mezzotint portraits—these despised trimmings, in their proper places, would now represent their weight in 5*l.* notes! In a few instances the Blyth prices have been exceeded at previous sales of finer examples; some of these are indicated in the above list within brackets. The mezzotint of Mrs. Carnac, in my list, was a first published state, and was the property of Sir Robert Edgcumbe, great-nephew of the Marchioness of Thomond, who inherited it, with many others, from Sir Joshua Reynolds. The price paid for it is the highest yet recorded for a mezzotint portrait.

The Fraser sale at Messrs. Christie's in December last was another

instance of the great rise in the value of mezzotints. Sir William Fraser collected chiefly in the sixties and seventies of the last century, and ceased when the collecting of mezzotints became comparatively general. The collection realised a very handsome profit on the original outlay—probably, at the very least, six times the actual cost. Sir William bought chiefly of the late Mr. F. Harvey, of St. James's Street, and the following list will give some idea of the more striking features of this sale :

	Cost	Realised
Miss Farren, after Lawrence, by Bartolozzi . . .	7 gs.	42 gs.
The same, after Downman, by Collyer, in colours . .	8 gs.	100 gs.
Mrs. Siddons, after Downman, by Tomkins, in colours .	7 gs.	150 gs.
Lady Bampfylde, after Reynolds, by T. Watson . .	25l.	135 gs.
Mrs. Hardinge, after the same, by T. Watson . .	7 gs.	94 gs.
Miss Kemble, in black dress, after the same, by J. Jones .	15 gs.	195 gs.
The same, in white dress, after the same, by J. Jones .	12 gs.	120 gs.
Miss Meyer as Hebe, after the same, by J. Jacobi . .	10 gs.	92 gs.
Lady O'Brien, after the same, by J. Dixon . . .	20 gs.	260 gs.
Sir J. Reynolds, after himself, by V. Green . . .	7 gs.	68 gs.
Duchess of Cleveland and Duchess of Richmond, after Lely, by T. Watson	8 gs.	48 gs.
William Innes, after Abbot, by V. Green	5 gs.	51 gs.
The Sisters Frankland, after Hoppner, by W. Ward . .	10 gs.	290 gs.

But the most striking bargain of all was in connection with a folio volume which contained a collection of 210 engravings of portraits of women, many printed in colours; for this remarkable volume Sir William Fraser gave eighteen guineas about forty years ago; at the sale of the Fraser library at Messrs. Sotheby's, this one volume realised 1,450*l.*! Surely this rate of profit has never been exceeded in modern times, so far, at all events, as books of prints are concerned.

Mezzotint portraits of women, after Romney and Hoppner, were almost uncollected during the first three-quarters of the last century, and they only became popular when the fashion for pictures by masters of the Early English School set in; now and then a fine example of a first state would reach 10*l.* or 20*l.* In the case of Romney, we know from his son that at his best period, about 1785, he only received about twenty guineas for a head and shoulders, forty guineas for a half-length, and from sixty guineas to eighty guineas for a whole length, and that he earned in one year no less than 3,635*l.* During the last two or three years we have seen one of his pictures sell at auction for over 11,000*l.*, and three engravings realise 1,200*l.*! In 1873 a first state of J. R. Smith's rendering of Romney's fine portrait of Miss Cumberland sold for 15*l.*; in this year of grace, a second state of the same engraving, not in good condition, produced 250 guineas. In 1873 also a first state of J. Walker's rendering of Mrs. Musters after the same artist sold for 10*l.*; last year a

similar example sold for 320*l.*, whilst Miss Frances Woodley, by the same engraver and artist, sold during the same season for 390*l.* guineas. With Hoppner as with Romney, the prices for some of the mezzotints to-day bear no sort of relation to the amounts which he received for the original pictures. It is more than probable that Hoppner, basking in the sunshine of court favour and patronage, received larger sums for his pictures than Romney, but even with this allowance the margin would be wide. Only twenty years ago, a fine first state of W. Ward's engraving of the well-known picture of the 'Daughters of Sir T. Frankland' fetched 25*l.* 10*s.*; at the Huth sale in 1895, a similar example sold for 380 guineas. Page after page of similar illustrations might be given, both in regard to the artists already named and others of the same period and school. But I think the examples quoted will sufficiently illustrate the striking advance in the commercial appreciation of mezzotint portraits.

Will this advance be maintained in the near future or will it end in a general collapse? The writer of an article in the *Morning Post* of the 10th of June last has been discussing the subject, but his opinion seems to be largely based on that of 'an authority who has not the smallest sympathy with the craze,' and who consequently predicts a 'slump' which will shortly amaze everybody. In the first place these two eminent publicists—the writer of the notes and the 'authority'—do not seem to know the difference between a mezzotint and a coloured engraving! In the second place it must be remembered that the cult of the mezzotint, as also of the coloured print, is exceedingly limited, and is exclusively in the hands of wealthy collectors and dealers. It must be obvious to the proverbial schoolboy that a sudden 'slump' is not only improbable but almost impossible. Fashions in print collecting, as in everything else, change, but the conditions under which mezzotint portraits are collected are quite against any sudden revulsion. It is possible, of course, that within the next quarter of a century or so the prices of mezzotint portraits of the Early English School may decline, but I think it highly improbable. The supply is exceedingly limited, and the number of collectors is increasing year by year.

Reference has been made incidentally to engravings printed in colours, about which alone a long article might be written. The coloured print may be described as bearing the same relation to a mezzotint as an oleograph does to the original oil-painting. It is a meretricious counterfeit, of no artistic value. Le Blond, who invented this system, used a separate plate for each of his primary colours, and for the secondary and tertiary tints he relied upon the mixture of his transparent inks on white paper. When his system was adopted in England, our printers usually relied upon a single plate, which was originally engraved for an impression in black and white, with the result that the not unpleasing effects

of Le Blond's coloured prints were lost in the English examples. These coloured prints, in England, were usually priced at the same amounts as proofs, *i.e.* one guinea each, sometimes more but rarely less. When printed in colours it is impossible to see whether the work of the engraver is good or bad. For a time coloured engravings were popular, and a few were carefully preserved. A writer in the *Library of Fine Arts*, 1832, prophesied that 'in no case will they ever become established in the regard of those who may be called judges of art.' However this may be, those who have watched the print sales at Christie's and Sotheby's during the last decade will not need to be told that the coloured print now plays a very prominent part. Take, for instance, the famous 'Cries of London' series of thirteen prints after Wheatley. Thirty or forty years ago a complete set would realise about a couple of guineas; fifteen years ago the value of a set was about 20*l.*, or 30*l.* if coloured. On the 6th of December, 1892, a set at Sotheby's, in colours, realised 215*l.*, which was then regarded as an absolutely absurd price. In May 1898 a set at the same place sold for 300*l.* A year later, at Christie's another set, with an additional plate of 'Hot Spiced Gingerbread,' sold for 610 guineas; soon after another set, but without the extra plate, went for 810 guineas; and within the last few weeks another set produced 1,000 guineas.

However superior from a technical point of view, a print in colours even of a mezzotint frequently sells at a far higher price than the uncoloured. For instance, a first state of Meyer's engraving of 'Lady Hamilton as Nature,' by Romney, realised 200 guineas at the Huth sale in 1895; the same engraving, in colours, sold for 470 guineas at Robinson and Fisher's in 1899. This especially holds good in connection with engravings after Cosway and Downman, whose graceful delineations more readily lent themselves to the manipulation of the colour printer than did those of Reynolds and Romney. These variations in prices were especially marked at the sale of the Hon. Ashley Ponsonby's collection of Bartolozzi engravings, at Christie's, in March 1897. The price of a print in colours may be reckoned as approximately three times more than that of a proof, *e.g.* an open letter proof of the engraving of Downman's 'Duchess of Devonshire' was nineteen and a half guineas; two in colours of the same sold for fifty-nine guineas and sixty-six guineas respectively; an open letter proof of the same artist's portrait of Lady Duncannon was appraised at seventeen guineas, whilst two in colours fetched thirty-nine guineas and eighty-eight guineas respectively.

But the passion for coloured prints manifests itself most conspicuously in the rustic scenes after George Morland. The prints of these were published at about 7*s.* 6*d.* each; their immediate popularity was such that from 1780 to about 1813, about 400 different subjects were engraved, chiefly by W. Ward, G. Keating, and J. R.

Smith. The prices here again vary considerably between the plain and the coloured—the ‘Story of Lætitia,’ for instance, by J. R. Smith, varies from about 35s. the set of six plain, to at least 120l. when printed in colours. Many of the single prints after this artist run well into three figures, as, for instance, W. Ward’s engraving known as ‘Contemplation,’ which, printed in colours, sold in April last for 240 guineas.

Print collecting has never ‘loomed’ so largely in the eyes of collectors as during the season which has just closed. For a good many years it has enjoyed considerable popularity, and if prices have been becoming more and more prohibitive for the finest examples of the first states and for coloured prints, there yet remains much that is both inexpensive and interesting for the less wealthy connoisseur to collect.

W. ROBERTS.

BEAU NASH

RICHARD NASH was born at Swansea in the year 1674; he was the son of Richard Nash, who, as partner in a glass house, had earned sufficient to give his son an excellent education. It is a matter of small account who were the parents, or what was the education, of a man who owed so little of his advancement to either. He seldom boasted of family or learning, and his father's circumstances were so little known that it was thought the splendid beau had dropped from the clouds ready dressed and powdered. Dr. Cheyne used to affirm that Nash had no father. The Duchess of Marlborough, as rude a creature as himself, one day rallying him in public company upon the obscurity of his birth, compared him to Gil Blas, who was ashamed of his father. 'No, Madam!' replied Nash; 'I seldom mention my father in company, not because I have any reason to be ashamed of him, but because he has some reason to be ashamed of me.' His mother was the niece of Colonel Poyer, who was killed by Oliver Cromwell while defending Pembroke Castle against the rebels.

Mankind has proved its folly most ludicrously in its respect for a man's coat. He is something of a wise man who is alive to the advantage of being well dressed; for example, some of the most illustrious and wisest of men have been dandies of the first water. King Solomon was one and Alexander the Great was another; but there never was a more despotic monarch, nor one more entirely obeyed by his subjects, than the King of Bath, who won his dominions by the cut of his coat.

After Carmarthen Grammar School, Nash matriculated at Jesus College, Oxford. There he soon showed that, though much might be expected from his genius, nothing could be hoped from his industry.

His first attempt to give himself notoriety was his assiduity in intrigue with girls, who, in the precincts of every university, possessing some beauty, some coquetry, and little fortune, lie upon watch for every amorous youth more inclined to make love than to study. Our hero was quickly in the mazes of an intrigue of this kind, before he was seventeen. He offered marriage and was accepted, but the tutors prevented his happiness or his misery, and he was sent home from college with good advice to him, and proper instruction to his father.

Nature had by no means formed Nash for a beau garçon. His

person was large, clumsy, and awkward; his features were harsh, strong, and peculiarly irregular; yet even with these disadvantages he made love and was universally admired by the fair sex because he possessed at least some requisites of a lover. He had assiduity, flattery, and fine clothes, and as much wit as the ladies he addressed. A saying of his was, 'Wit, flattery, and fine clothes are enough to debauch a nunnery.' This is certainly a fouler calumny than Pope's:

Every woman is at heart a rake.

A man who knows his power over the fair sex is generally their follower for the rest of his life; each triumph makes him the more eager for another, and thus he proceeds conquering and conquered to the closing of the scene. The army seemed to offer most opportunities for the development of these gallantries. Old Nash's foolish desire was to make his son a gentleman, and he made another mistake by the purchase of a pair of colours for his promising son. But the son soon found that a red coat without liberal cash would not procure the fair sex, and that the profession of arms encroached on the hours he wished to apply to these softer purposes. He therefore reverts to the law, and is entered at the Middle Temple in 1693. Here he rose to the very summit of second-rate luxury, and became a fashionable *recherché*, being one of those always called good company, a professional dandy amongst the *élégants*; yet his gay life without visible means of existence made some suspect him of being a high-wayman. In this way Mr. Nash spent some years about town, till at last his genteel appearance, his constant civility, and still more his assiduity, gained him the notice of several persons qualified to lead the fashion both by birth and fortune. To gain the friendship of young nobility little more is required than much submission and very fine clothes. He was early in life well alive to the weakness of humanity in this respect; he brought a person genteelly dressed to every assembly, he was universally approved, and assurance gave him an air of elegance and ease.

When he gave in his accounts to the Masters of the Temple, amongst other items he charged was one 'For making one man happy 10l.' An explanation was demanded.

'Come hither, young man,' said the Benchers coolly; 'whereunto this deficit?'

'Pri'thee, good masters,' quoth Nash, 'that 10l. was spent on making a man happy.'

'Young Sir, pri'thee explain.'

'Odds donners,' quoth Nash; 'the fellow said that his wife and bairns were starving, and that would make him the happiest man *sub sole*, and on such an occasion as His Majesty's accession, how could I refuse him?'

Nash added that, if they did not choose to acquiesce in his charges,

he was ready to refund the money. The masters, struck with such an uncommon instance of good nature, publicly thanked him for his benevolence, and desired that the sum might be doubled as a proof of their satisfaction.

He was chosen by the Middle Temple to superintend the pageant that was exhibited before William the Third in 1695, in which he acquitted himself so skilfully that the King offered to knight him. Nash evaded the honour with the remark, 'If your Majesty is pleased to make me a knight, I wish to be one of your poor knights of Windsor, for then I shall have a fortune at least able to support my title.' He is said to have been subsequently offered this honour by Queen Anne, simultaneously with Sir William Reed, the empirical oculist, but he again declined.

Mr. Nash had some merit and some virtues. He was not a brilliant, but yet an easy companion. He never forgot good manners so far as to go in a dirty shirt to disgrace the table of a patron or friend. These qualifications made the furniture of his head, but for his heart that seemed an assemblage of the virtues which display an honest benevolent mind, and the vices that spring from too much good nature. He pitied every creature's distress, but lacked prudence in the relief thereof. He often spoke falsehoods, but never were any of his harmless tales tinged by malice.

In that age, a fellow of high humour would drink no wine but what was strained through his mistress's kerchief. He would eat a pair of her shoes tossed up in a fricassee, and he would even run naked about the town to divert the ladies. The age of such kind of wit as this is most distant from wisdom.

Mr. Nash, between 1695 and 1705, must have been reduced to strange expedients in quest of a livelihood. A favourite resource was the acceptance of extraordinary wagers. Being at York and having lost all his money, some of his friends promised to equip him with fifty guineas, upon this proviso, that he would stand at the great door of the Minster, attired only in a blanket, as the people were coming out of the church. To this he agreed, but the Dean passing out knew him. 'What!' cried the divine, 'Mr. Nash in a masquerade?' 'Only a Yorkshire penance, Mr. Dean, for keeping bad company,' says Nash, pointing to his companions.

Some time after this he won a wager of still greater consequence, by riding stark naked through a village upon a cow's back. This was then thought a harmless frolic; at present it would be looked upon with detestation. Of the costume of Godiva even our first parent was rather ashamed. To the gaming-tables he was soon indebted for a handsome addition to his income, and his love of gambling drew him to Bath in 1705.

Queen Anne's visit for her health, in 1703, had rendered Bath fashionable as a health resort, and the city became in some measure

frequented by people of distinction, from the time the blessed countenance of the portly Queen smiled upon the pigsties. The leisured classes flocked thither; amongst them we may mention Lord Chesterfield, Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, Lord and Lady Hervey, the Duke of Wharton, Congreve, and all the little great of the day thronged thither rather to kill time than to cure imaginary complaints. The company was numerous enough to form country dances upon the bowling-green; they were amused by a fiddle and hautboy. In fine weather they sauntered in the grove between rows of sycamore trees.

Arrangements for the comforts of those who visited the springs were entirely deficient; the lodgings exorbitant, mean, and dirty; the sedan chairmen were rude and barbarous, while duels were of frequent occurrence. There was no assembly, no code of etiquette or of dress; men smoked in the presence of ladies, who took tea in a canvas booth; the gentlemen appeared at the dance in topboots, and the ladies in white aprons. Captain Webster, the same as described by Mr. Lucas in the *Book of Gamesters*, by which it seems that Bath was a retreat for men of that class, had tried before Nash came to improve matters by establishing a series of subscription balls: but he was killed in a duel. Nash resolved to correct all this, and being ingenious, with a capacity for organising, he obtained a paramount influence amongst the visitors. He understood rank and precedence from former intercourse with people of that position in town, and he was the enemy of rudeness, regarded by the nobility as an inoffensive useful companion, while their imitators looked upon him as a person of great good breeding and fine sense. Thus society became fond of ranking him as one of themselves, and Beau Nash became the fashionable companion, the arbiter elegantiarum, master of the ceremonies, and he was unanimously hailed as King of Bath.

He obtained the goodwill of the corporation and engaged a good band of music; then by means of subscriptions of one guinea, afterwards raised to two guineas per annum, by his direction, Thomas Harrison erected a handsome Assembly House for the company to take tea, chocolate, or to game in. Hitherto they had been obliged to assemble in the booth for these purposes. His dominion being now secure, like a king he resolved to give his subjects a law, and a code of rules was put up accordingly in the Pump Room written by Nash himself. And all was put under the care of an officer called the 'Pumper.' New houses of a more ambitious and ornamental type were built. In 1706 Nash raised 18,000*l.* by subscription for repairing and making the roads about the city. He also conducted a successful crusade against the practice of habitually wearing swords, duelling, informalities of dress, promiscuous smoking, the incivilities of chairmen, and the miseries of the lodgings. His laws were so strictly enforced at Bath, that when Princess Amelia requested to

have one more dance after 11 o' clock, Nash replied that the laws of Bath, like those of Lycurgus, were unalterable. Persons of inferior rank were severely dealt with. The Duchess of Queensberry came one night to the Assembly Room in a white apron. Nash approached her Grace, and, with gestures of profoundest respect, untied and removed the apron, saying that it was only fit for an Abigail. The Duchess asked his acceptance of the apron when he had taken it off, which was made of the costliest lace, and worth 500 guineas. The men were not so submissive when the M.C. turned into ridicule every gentleman who appeared in the Assembly Room in boots; he would walk up to him and say in a loud voice, 'Sir, I think you have forgot your horse.' The corporation hung his portrait by Hoare in the pump room between the busts of Newton and Pope, which called forth Chesterfield's epigram:—

This picture plac'd the busts between
Gives Satyr all his strength;
Wisdom and wit are little seen,
But folly at full length.

The method of taking the Bath waters was somewhat strange, or would be thought so now. The patients were awakened at a very early hour, arrayed in special canvas garments, and conveyed in a sedan chair straight to the bath. They were then handed a tray on which were placed their snuffbox, sweetmeats, and sundries, for their diversion while paddling in the hot springs. After some time they were conveyed back to their lodgings.

Nash now had his *levée*, flatterers, buffoons, and even dedicators. His vanity grew in proportion. He habitually travelled in a vulgarly regal state, in a post chariot flaming with heraldry and drawn by six greys, with outriders, running footmen, and French horns. His dress was covered with the most expensive embroidery and gold lace, while his head was adorned with an immense cream-coloured beaver hat.

In 1737 his reputation suffered considerably by his failure to obtain a commission from Wiltshire, lessee of the Assembly Rooms, on winnings at gaming tables, the Court deciding that the compact was immoral. By the Act of 1740 severe penalties were enacted against all games of chance, yet Nash manages to evade this law by the invention of new games, amongst which one called E.O. was most popular; but in 1745 a more stringent law was passed.

The old Duchess Sarah of Marlborough conceived a particular friendship for Nash, which lasted during her life. She consults him about her private affairs, such as letting leases, building bridges, or forming canals, which were often carried out under his guidance, but she advised with him most particularly in purchasing liveries for footmen, a business she evidently thought his genius best adapted to. The following is one of her letters:—

To Mr. Nash at Bath.

Blenheim, the 18th of September, 1724.

Mr. Jennens will give you an account how little time I have in my power, my excuse for not thanking you sooner for bespeaking the cloth, which I am sure will be good since you order it. Pray ask Mrs. Jennens concerning the cascade, which will satisfy your doubts; she saw it playing beautifully for at least six hours together. It runs enough to cover all the stones, and is a hundred feet broad, which is much greater breadth than any other cascade in England, and this will be better when quite repaired; this water is a great addition to the place, the lake being thirty acres, out of which the cascade comes and falls into the canal that goes through the bridge, it makes that look as if it were necessary, which before seemed so otherwise.

I am,

Your most humble servant,

S. MARLBOROUGH.

Though such a frequenter of the gaming table, Nash's heart was not corrupt; he was generous, humane, and honourable. In his extensive humanity few exceeded him; none felt pity more strongly, and none made greater efforts to relieve the distressed. The reigning and fashionable virtue of the age was charity. It may be spreading the fame of Mr. Nash too widely to say that he was the cause of introducing this noble emulation amongst the rich, but certain it is that no man ever relieved the distress of so many as he. Whenever unable to relieve a wretch who sued for help he has been often seen to shed tears. A gentleman of broken fortunes, one day standing behind his chair as he was playing a game of picquet for 200*l.*, observing with what indifference he won the money, whispered these words to another standing by: 'Heavens! how happy would that money make me!' Nash, overhearing him, clapped the money into his hand and cried 'Go and be happy.'

He is to be praised for warning young ladies against adventurers like himself, and for the attentive care he showed to them when under his escort. The humorous author of the anonymous *Life of Quin* describes Nash as entirely original. 'There was a whimsical refinement in his dress, person, and behaviour, which was habitual to and sat so easily on him that no stranger who ever came to Bath expressed any surprise at his uncommon manner and appearance.' Many of his sayings have found their way into familiar collections. He was notorious as a scoffer at religion, and was on one occasion effectually silenced by John Wesley. He erected an obelisk to celebrate the recovery of the Prince of Wales, for which he induced Pope to write the inscription, and he received from the Prince a gold enamelled snuffbox as a recognition. He erected another obelisk to commemorate the recovery of the Prince of Orange, the deformed husband of the eldest daughter of King George the Second, also from drinking the Bath waters.

AN EPISODE ON BEAU NASH

Yet here no confusion, no tumult is known,
 Fair order and beauty establish their throne ;
 Fair order and beauty, and just regulation,
 Support all the works of this ample creation.
 For this, in compassion to mortals below,
 The gods, their peculiar favour to show,
 Sent Hermes to Bath in the shape of a Beau ;
 That grandson of Atlas came down from above
 To bless all the regions of pleasure and love ;
 To lead the fair nymph through the various maze,
 Bright Beauty to marshal, his love and his praise,
 To govern, improve, and adorn the gay scene,
 By the Graces instructed and Cyprian Queen :
 As when in a garden delightful and gay,
 Where Flora is wont all her charms to display,
 The sweet hyacinthus with pleasure we view
 Contend with narcissus in delicate hue ;
 The gard'ner industrious trims out his border ;
 Puts each odoriferous plant in its order.
 Long reigned the great Nash, this omnipotent lord,
 Respected by youth, and by parents ador'd ;
 For him not enough at a ball to preside,
 The unwary and beautiful nymph would he guide,
 Oft tell her a tale, how the credulous maid
 By man, by perfidious man, is betrayed,
 Taught Charity's hand to relieve the distrest,
 While tears have his tender compassion exprest.
 But alas ! he is gone and the city can tell
 How in years and in glory lamented he fell ;
 Then perish his picture, his statue decay
 A tribute more lasting the Muses shall pay.
 If true what philosophers all will assure us
 Who dissent from the doctrine of great Epicurus,
 That the spirit's immortal ; as poets allow,
 If life's occupations are followed below ;
 In reward of his labours, his virtue and pains,
 He is footing it now in th' Elysian plains,
 Indulg'd, as a token of Proserpine's favour,
 To preside at her balls in a cream-coloured beaver ;
 Then peace to his ashes—our grief be supprest
 Since we find such a phoenix has sprung from his nest ;
 Kind Heaven has sent us another professor
 Who follows the steps of his great predecessor.

Anstey's New Bath Guide.

A clergyman brought his family to Bath, that his wife who laboured under a lingering disorder might try the benefit of the hot wells. He was a very poorly paid parson indeed ; the expenses soon lessened the poor man's finances—so much so that his clothes were sold, piece by piece, to provide relief for his large family of young children ; he became so shabby that from the number of holes in his coat and stockings Nash gave him the name of Dr. Cullender. Our Beau, it seems, was rude enough to make a jest of poverty, though he

had sensibility enough to relieve it. The poor clergyman combated with his distresses with great fortitude, and, instead of attempting to solicit relief, he endeavoured to conceal them. His living was thirty pounds a year. The poor man's circumstances were at last communicated to Nash, who there and then undertook to relieve him. He began a subscription by five guineas given by himself, and made the occasion of a public tea-drinking at Harrison's the opportunity of asking aid from the visitors. Two hundred guineas were collected in less than two hours, and the poor family were raised from direst distress to affluence. The poor woman recovered through the influence of this bounty more so than by the waters or physician. Nash's good office did not here end; through his influence a nobleman gave the doctor a living of 160*l.* a year, which made their happiness permanent.

The huge basin formed by the river Avon, and completely supplied with a natural gush of hot water, gave an opportunity of doing a public good, and no instance of Mr. Nash's bounty does him more credit than the establishment of a hospital in Bath, with the help of Dr. Oliver. By this institution the diseased poor might recover health. It was one of those well-guided charities in which reason was supported by prudence. This hospital was erected, fitted up, and completed in 1742 for the reception of 110 patients, mostly paralytical and leprous. We cannot leave the subject of Nash's benevolence without recording that in his old age, when at last grown too poor to give relief, he gave all he had, a tear; when incapable of relieving the agonies of the wretched, he attempted to relieve his own by a flood of sorrow.

Nash had no great wit; the smartest things recorded are against him. One day in the grove he joined some fine ladies, and asking one of them, who was crooked, whence she came, she replied, 'Straight from London.' 'Confound me, Madam,' said he, 'then you must have been damnably warped by the way.'

She soon, however, had ample revenge. The following evening he joined her company and, with a sneer and a bow, asked her if she knew her catechism, and could tell him the name of Tobit's dog. 'His name, Sir, was Nash,' replied the lady, 'and an impudent dog he was.'

Dr. Clarke was one day conversing with Locke and certain other learned companions with his customary freedom, gaiety, and cheerfulness; in the midst of their mirth, the Doctor from the window saw Nash's chariot stop at his door. 'Boys, boys,' he cried, 'let us now be wise, for here is a fool coming in.'

His habits were very abstemious; though his table was well served, it was only with plain dishes. Boiled chicken and roasted breast of mutton were his favourite dishes, and he was very fond of a small sort of potatoes which he called English pineapples, and generally ate them as others do fruit after dinner. He drank good small

beer, with or without a glass of wine in it. He usually supped about nine o'clock and then went to bed; which habit induced Dr. Cheney to tell him jestingly, 'that he lay down like other brutes when he had filled his belly.' 'Very true,' replied Nash, 'and this prescription I had from my neighbour's cow, who is a better physician than you, and a superior judge of plants, notwithstanding that you have written so learnedly on the vegetable diet.'

Beau Nash like Beau Fielding and Beau Brummell was to expiate his contemptible vanity in an old age of obscurity, want and misery. As he grew old, he grew insolent, and seemed insensible to the pain he gave to others by his coarse repartees. He was no longer the gay, thoughtless, idly industrious creature he once was. The evening of his life grew cloudy, nothing but poverty lay in the prospect before him. Abandoned by the great, whom he had so long served, he was obliged to fly to those of humbler stations for protection, and began to need that charity which he had never refused to any, and to learn that a life of gaiety finds an inevitable end in misery and regret. It was said that Mr. Quin, the actor, tried to supplant him as Master of the Ceremonies, which Nash believed, and he grew ruder and testier. There is evidence that there was ground for this suspicion in letters of Quin written from Bath, in which he says, 'Old beaux Knash had mead himself so disagreeable to all the company.'

A new generation sprung up to which Nash was a stranger; his splendour gradually waned. Neglect filled him with bitterness, and he lost thereby the remainder of his popularity. His income now became very precarious, so that the Corporation voted him an allowance of ten guineas to be paid him on the first Monday in each month. He long occupied a house known as Garrick's Head, subsequently occupied by Mrs. Delaney, but he died in a smaller one near by.

Nash, though past the power of giving or receiving pleasure, was incapable of turning from his former manner of life; tottering with age, he would ever be an unwelcome guest at the assemblies of the young and gay. It was an object of pity to hear him at almost ninety settling the fashion of a lady's cap, or assigning her a place in the country dance; to see him, unmindful of the respect due to his venerable self, boasting demireps, or entertaining the lewd and idle, a satire on humanity.

An anecdote recorded of Beau Nash relates to a giddy youth who had resigned his fellowship at Oxford to bring his fortune to Bath, and, without the smallest skill, he won a considerable sum; following it up he added 4,000*l.* to his former capital. Nash one night invited him to supper, and offered to give him fifty guineas to forfeit twenty every time he lost two hundred at one sitting. The young man refused, and was at last undone.

The Duke of B—— loved play to distraction. One night,

chagrined at a heavy loss, he pressed Nash to tie him up from deep play in future. The Beau accordingly gave his Grace 100 guineas on condition that he received 10,000 guineas whenever he lost that amount at one sitting. The Duke soon lost 8,000 at Hazard, and he was going to throw for 3,000 more, when Nash caught the dice box and entreated the peer to reflect on the penalty if he lost. The Duke desisted for a time; but ere long, losing considerably at Newmarket, he willingly paid the penalty.

When the Earl of T—— was a youth he was passionately fond of play. Nash undertook to cure him. Conscious of his superior skill he engaged the Earl in single play. His Lordship lost his estate, equipage, everything! Our generous gamester returned all, only stipulating for the payment of 5,000*l.* whenever he might think proper to demand it. Some time after his Lordship's death, Nash's affairs being on the wane, he demanded it of his heirs, who paid it without hesitation.

Nash one day complained to the Earl of Chesterfield of his ill luck. 'Would you believe it, my lord,' said he, 'that damned bitch, Fortune, no later than last night, tricked me out of five hundred guineas? Is it not surprising that my luck should never turn, and that I should thus be eternally mauled?' The Earl replied, 'I don't wonder at your losing money, Nash, but all the world is surprised whence you get it to lose.'

In a word, there have been worse men and greater fools; and we may ask whether those who obeyed and flattered him were not more contemptible than Beau Nash himself.

In his lonely old age and adversity, the clergy sent him frequent calls to repentance and reformation, but their asperity abated the effect; they threatened him with hell-fire and brimstone, for what he had long been taught to think of as foibles and not as vices. These ill-advised admonitions stung him, but they did not reform him; they made him morose, but they did not make him pious. The dose was too strong for the patient, for the aged require as much tender consideration as the sucking babe. Nash should have been met with smiles and gently allured into reformation, if indeed he was criminal. But, in the name of piety, what was there criminal in his conduct?

With his thoughts still hanging on a receding world, the poor unsuccessful gamester husbanded the wasting moments with an increased desire to continue the game, eagerly wishing for one more happy throw. But the wary old Beckoner called, and Nash was forced to obey. Death claimed him—and much good it got out of him. He died at his house in St. John's Court, Bath, on the 3rd of February, 1761, aged eighty-seven years. There are few beaux who have lived so long.

His death was most sincerely regretted in Bath; the Mayor and Corporation voted 50*l.* for a public funeral. The corpse, after laying

four days in the house, was conveyed to the Abbey Church with great pomp; it was preceded by the charity children walking two and two, the girls first, then the boys, singing a solemn occasional hymn as follows:—

1

Most unhappy are we here,
Full of sin and full of fear,
Ever weary, ne'er at rest,
When, O Lord, shall we be blest?

2

Earth's a clog, a pageant life
Fill'd with folly, guilt, and strife;
Till we all unite in Thee
With ourselves we disagree.

3

What's our comfort here below?
Empty bubble, transient show;
Wrap't in the body's vile disguise,
None truly is until he dies.

4

Here we dwell, but not at home,
To other worlds ordained to roam;
Yet still we seek for joys that waste,
Fleeting as the vernal blast.

5

Lord, remove these shadows hence,
Give us faith instead of sense,
Teach us here in life to die
That we may live eternally.

Then followed the City music and his own band sounding a dirge, three clergymen preceding the coffin, the pall supported by the aldermen; following were the Masters of the Assembly Rooms, the beadles of the hospital, and lastly the poor patients themselves; lame, emaciated, feeble, they followed their old benefactor to the grave, lamenting themselves in him.

The house-tops were covered with people and the streets were thronged. The awfulness of the solemnity made the deepest impression on the minds of the distressed spectators. The peasant ceased from his toil, the ox rested from the plough, and the muffled bells rung a peal of Bob Major.

In Bath Abbey may be seen the tablet bearing an epitaph by Dr. Harington. A long epitaph was also composed by Dr. William Oliver, Nash's old friend; and an elaborate 'Epitaphium Ricardi Nash,' by Dr. William King.

CHARLES WILKINS.

THE CIDER INDUSTRY IN FRANCE AND ENGLAND

THE cultivation of cider apples and perry pears and the promotion of the industry of cider and perry making have engaged the attention of practical men and men of science in France to a far greater extent than has been the case in England. The literature of the subject in French is full, exhaustive, and up to date. The only works in English that have been published of late years are the *Herefordshire Pomona* and its abridgment entitled *Apples and Pears as Vintage Fruits*. These books were written nearly twenty years ago, and copies are difficult to obtain, as both are out of print.

M. Truelle, the learned chemist of Calvados, as he is styled by his compatriots—a voluminous writer himself on all matters relating to the industry of cidermaking—divides the great mass of publications which forms the pomological literature of France into two periods, the first descriptive and empirical, the second, and the most important, analytical and experimental. The latter, which comprises all the latest and most scientific works on the subject, commences about thirty years ago with the writings of Hauchecorne and de Boutteville, and includes works by Power, Lechartier, Andouard, Hérissant, Hubert, and Séguin, besides numerous books, pamphlets, and reports by M. Truelle himself. There are also two periodicals devoted to the cider industry—*Le Cidre*, established in 1888, and *Le Cidre et le Poiré*, established in the following year, both of which are flourishing publications.

French pomologists have not, however, limited their efforts to promote fruit culture and the industry of cidermaking to the written word. The two societies which united in getting up the International Congress of Cidermakers held in the Congress Hall at the Paris Exhibition in October last, which I had the honour to attend as a representative of Great Britain—namely, the French Pomological Association (formerly known as the Pomological Association of the West) and the Pomological Syndicate—have endeavoured, by means of annual conferences and exhibitions of fruit and cider, to draw public attention to the importance of the industry as a branch of agriculture, to discover and make known the best varieties of cider and perry

fruit, and the best methods of making and preserving their liquid products. As compared with what has been done in England, one would say that these societies have, with the gratuitous assistance of several eminent members of them, achieved a large measure of success.

No one could visit the grand show of cider fruit in the Salle des Fêtes in the grounds of the Exhibition without being impressed by the fact that there must be a number of persons engaged in the fruit and cider industry who have been at great pains to investigate and improve the quality of cider fruit. Not only were the collections large, but they were arranged and classified in such a manner as to convey the impression that those who were responsible for them were fully aware of the importance of the industry of which the fruit constituted the raw material. To each variety of apple and pear was affixed a card giving not merely its name, but in all but a few exceptional cases a full description of the tree, its growth and character, the nature of the soil in which it grew, and an analysis of the juice. The exhibitors were mainly nurserymen and pomological and agricultural societies, some consisting of over 3,000 members, which showed collections of fruit from districts covered by the societies and grown by the members, and therefore representative of the best kinds of vintage fruit peculiar to and suited to such districts respectively.

At the instance and with the assistance of many of these societies experimental orchards have been established in several Departments. Thus the Syndicat de la Guerche, the Ferme École des Trois Croix, and the Société de Beauvais in Ile et Vilaine, and other societies in the Departments of Aisne and Oise have founded orchards for the special study of apples and pears for the press, and have distributed grafts of the best varieties throughout the cider-producing districts of France. Moreover, the eminent pomologists I have named—in particular MM. Truelle and Lechartier—have analysed free of cost hundreds of varieties of cider and perry fruit and recorded results extending over a long period of years. In M. Truelle's book, *L'Art de reconnaître les Fruits de Pressoir (Pommes et Poires)*, which may be regarded as a standard work on the subject, he has fully described the trees, the fruit, and the analysis of the juice of over 300 sorts of cider apples and 100 sorts of perry pears. Nor must I omit to mention the investigations into those abstruse, and as yet but partially understood, subjects, yeasts and the fermentations produced by them, by such learned inquirers as MM. Duclaux and Andouard and many other co-workers with them. These *savants*, availing themselves largely no doubt of the labours and discoveries of foreign scientists, especially in Germany, have endeavoured with some success to trace the causes of those changes, familiar to all practical cidermakers, which occur in both cider and perry during fermentation,

and thereby to impart to the manufacture of these liquors a degree of exactitude unattainable hitherto.

Yet notwithstanding the efforts of associations, of private persons and scientific investigators, it has long been felt by the leading authorities on the subject in France that these efforts have been too desultory and disconnected to have much effect in inducing the bulk of cidermakers to abandon old and slovenly methods in favour of newer and more cleanly, or to adopt improvements in the process of manufacture suggested by the investigations of men of science into the causes of fermentation.

Thus in a paper on the culture of cider fruits in Brittany, laid before the International Congress of Cidermakers held last October, Frère Martial, of the Institute of Ploërmel, speaking of cider, says :

Brittany cider, like all cider whencesoever it may come, is good in proportion to the care that has been bestowed on it. With shame we are obliged to admit that the cider of Brittany in general is a detestable drink. But Normandy, as well as Maine and Picardy, can say the same. I must, however, hasten to add that this is mainly due to bad manufacture and to methods of keeping cider, where any are adopted at all, of a most primitive kind.

That excellent cider is made in France where improved methods are followed I can personally testify. About six years ago I attended by invitation a Congress of the Pomological Association of the West held at Saint-Brieuc in Brittany, and through the kindness of the late Vicomte de Lorgèril, the president of the society, I was enabled to bring back with me two dozen bottles of different varieties of cider of the previous year. These were subsequently compared with samples of Herefordshire cider of acknowledged merit, and were found to be little inferior even to the best of the latter.

It is now some fourteen years since the necessity for the establishment of pomological stations in the cider districts of France where all matters which concern the cider industry—from the selection and cultivation of the fruit to the last processes of fermentation and preservation of the cider in cask and bottle—could be continuously and systematically carried on was first formulated and insisted on in a resolution unanimously passed at a Congress of the Pomological Society of the West held in Havre. Although in subsequent years the subject was brought forward and discussed at meetings of various pomological associations and similar resolutions passed, it was not until last year that the French Government was induced to take the matter up. In May 1899 the National Agricultural Society of France—after considering a report by M. Truelle on the systems of instruction in the cultivation of the apple tree and the manufacture of cider in France and in foreign countries, in which he showed how much more progress had been made in Germany, Switzerland, and Austria-Hungary, than in France—resolved that the public authorities, and especially the Minister of Agriculture, should afford facilities for

instruction in the above subjects by the establishment of a station for pomological research in one of the cider-producing districts of France.

As a consequence of this resolution M. le Comte de Saint-Quentin, deputy for the Department of Calvados, brought the subject forward in the Chamber of Deputies in February of last year. M. de Saint-Quentin's arguments were such as might now be advanced with even more force and propriety on behalf of the cider industry of England than they were then on behalf of the cider industry of France. I therefore make no apology for citing a somewhat lengthy extract from his speech.

I desire [said he] to point out to the Minister of Agriculture an omission that exists in our agricultural laboratories. It is not only wine that we produce in France, but cider also—('Very good! Very good!')—yet although for many years we have multiplied our efforts and our encouragements in regard to the production and manufacture of wine, we have done nothing, so far as I know, to help the production and manufacture of cider.

We have appointed three general inspectors and have created one national and three practical schools of vine culture; we have established experimental stations at Cognac, Narbonne, Montpellier, and Nîmes; and, quite lately, we have decided to have a station at Toulouse; so that when the Budget is voted there will be six laboratories in France for the wine industry. At this moment there is not a single pomological station in existence, notwithstanding that we are face to face with an average production of cider of 13 million hectolitres of the value of from 150 to 200 million francs. (Loud cheers.)

Although I should be the first to acknowledge that we produce excellent cider in France, I must admit that in regard both to its manufacture and preservation we have no scientific data whatever. All the men of science, best competent to judge, agree that we know little or nothing of the ferments of cider, and this although some of the most eminent of them have been engaged in researches in the subject. The reason why such researches have not produced the results expected of them is that they have been isolated, not continuous, and often interrupted almost as soon as begun.

Do you know, gentlemen, where the last researches on the ferments of cider were made? They were made at Montpellier by the distinguished director of the wine station there—M. Kayser—who brought the juice and the must all the way from Normandy. Just now our colleague, M. Leygue, complained that the nearest wine station to Toulouse was at Narbonne, a distance off of 147 kilometres. I tell him that Montpellier is from 800 to 900 kilometres distant from Normandy. With such drawbacks it is impossible for the work of research to be carried on in an effective manner.

I am fully convinced, therefore, that it is essential to establish a pomological station in a place where all the conditions of the manufacture, the fermentation, and the preservation of cider can be readily and conveniently studied.

I entreat, therefore, the Minister of Agriculture to consider this question, for I am sure that when he has considered it he will propose in his next Budget the necessary credits for the installation of such a laboratory as I demand.

M. LE MINISTRE DE L'AGRICULTURE: I have only one word to say in reply to M. de Saint-Quentin, for I agree with him in thinking that a pomological station in Normandy would be a most useful institution. The apple crop is indeed an important agricultural product of that district, and a scientific establishment where the manufacture of cider and the improvement of cidermaking could be systematic.

establishment would be of a kind to render most valuable services. It would be impossible, on account of the preliminary inquiries that would be necessary, to cross the station in time to be of use against next season's crop; but, as I have said, I think the establishment of such a station as is asked for not only useful but in a measure urgent, so that I shall consider the question without delay. I hope in no long time to arrive at a solution of all the points involved, and to include in my next Budget an estimate of the probable cost. ('Very good!' from a great number of benches.)

In the Senate a few weeks later a similar demand was made of the Minister, who, after confirming his statement in the Chamber of Deputies, added that he was already engaged in the organisation of an establishment for pomological research in Normandy.

With regard to this I may say that at a banquet given by the members of the International Cider Congress on the last day of its proceedings I had the pleasure of sitting next to M. Deloncle, Chef du Cabinet of the Minister of Agriculture, who represented his chief on that occasion. In the course of conversation this gentleman assured me that the Government were in earnest in their determination to found an establishment of the kind asked for, and were then so far advanced in the matter that they hoped to open it in time to be of service to the cidermaking industry in the season of 1901.

Although there are no statistics available which would enable us to estimate with even an approach to accuracy the average annual production of cider and perry in England, it must fall far short of the production in France. In the ten years ending 1888 the average annual production of cider and perry in the latter country amounted to 14 million hectolitres. This average has, however, been largely exceeded in the last two years; the production in 1899 reaching nearly 21 million, and in 1900 nearly 30 million hectolitres, or over 650 million gallons. Thus at the lowest price per hectolitre estimated by M. Truelle—namely, 10 francs—the value of last year's output would be about 12 million pounds sterling, and at his highest estimate, of 15 francs per hectolitre, about 18 million pounds sterling—a sum comparing not insignificantly with the average annual value of the vineyards, which M. Truelle puts at 50 million pounds sterling from a produce in wine of 35 million hectolitres.

In his evidence given before the Royal Commission on Agriculture some five years ago, Mr. Sampson, the then Secretary of the National Association of English Cidermakers, put the annual yield of cider in England at 55½ million gallons and its value at 1,000,000*l*. I consider this, however, to be much too low an estimate now, either of amount or value. The demand for cider (including of course perry, of which a very large quantity is made in Herefordshire, Worcestershire, and Gloucestershire) has increased enormously within the last five or six years, so that I should be disposed to estimate

the present average annual production at not less than 100 million gallons. This, at M. Truelle's higher figure of something like sevenpence a gallon, would give a value not far short of 3,000,000*l.*, and at his lower figure of nearly 2,000,000*l.*, and I see no reason why the average price of cider should be lower in England than in France.

At the present moment, then, the cider industry in this country is one of considerable value to agriculturists. But what is more important is that it is an industry capable of great, I might almost say indefinite, expansion, and I know of no other product of English soil of which this could be said. Some notion of what it might become may be formed from what it was when the population of these islands was scarcely one-sixth of their population to-day. John Evelyn, writing in the latter half of the seventeenth century, reckoned that in one shire alone (clearly by the context Herefordshire), within a compass of twenty miles, 50,000 hogsheads of cider—which he describes as 'one of the most delicious and wholesome beverages in the world'—were made yearly. Now, as the hogshead of Herefordshire and the adjoining counties holds from 100 to 110 gallons, the total output by the year from the comparatively small district in question would be at least 5,000,000 gallons. Nor was the making of cider confined to a few counties in the west and south-west of England. A well-known firm of cidermakers in Norfolk state that their business has been carried on there for two hundred years, and although now they have to go far afield for their fruit, often buying in Herefordshire and Somersetshire and sometimes on the Continent, it is probable that the business would not have been originally established in Norfolk unless plenty of the raw material had been at hand.

A gentleman in Suffolk writes me word that cider has been made on the farm he occupies in that county continuously for 150 years. Dr. Beale in his celebrated pamphlet, *Herefordshire Orchards a Pattern for All England*, published about the middle of the seventeenth century, speaks of the cider of Essex and Kent as well known in his day. 'Fifty years ago,' writes to me a correspondent personally acquainted with the fact, 'Surrey was quite a cider county'; and in Buckinghamshire, as I am informed by an elderly resident, cider used in his boyhood to be made on many farms for consumption by the labourers, though now it has been ousted by beer. The soil and climate of this country remain, I should suppose, much what they were in the seventeenth century, so that there seems no reason why, as the demand for genuine cider and perry increases, cider fruit may not be grown and put to profitable use elsewhere than in what are regarded as the specially cider-producing districts of the west, south-west, and west Midlands.

It would not be correct to say that the cidermaking industry has received no encouragement or assistance from public or quasi-public

sources. Many agricultural societies, including the Royal and the Bath and West, offer prizes for cider and perry in cask and bottle; and the latter society gives a grant, I believe, of 100*l.* a year towards the cost of some interesting experiments carried on at Butleigh, in Somersetshire. The Technical Committees of the county councils in several of the cider-producing counties have included cider-making among the subjects in which they give gratuitous instruction. But these bodies are hampered by the difficulty of procuring competent teachers. In fact, they have offered to give instruction before they are in a position to supply an adequate number of instructors. Consequently the councils of no less than five counties—to wit, Herefordshire, Worcestershire, Monmouthshire, Dorsetshire, and latterly Gloucestershire—have had to rely on the services of one gentleman, Mr. J. H. Wootton, of Byford, Herefordshire. Mr. Wootton, who is himself a cidemaker and has frequently been a successful exhibitor at the Royal and other shows, is competent to give excellent practical advice, but it is clear that he cannot effectively cover so large an area in the short cidemaking season. Thus last year Mr. Wootton's labours were confined almost exclusively to Monmouthshire and Dorsetshire. In Gloucestershire the efforts to promote and improve the industry by the County Council seem, in the words of the Director of Agriculture, to have been 'a failure,' since in the class intended to be formed from those who received instruction at the instance of the Agricultural Sub-Committee 'not a single pupil from the county entered.' I attribute this in some degree to the fact that before Mr. Wootton was engaged the instructor employed had committed himself to the following expression of opinion, which was published in a pamphlet written by him and issued by the County Council:

I hope [he wrote] the day will come when all the old cider trees will be eliminated from the English soil, and we shall be able to make cider of the small fruit and deformed rejections of our eating fruit. Until we do this our cider will not compare with the cider made in other countries.

Such a statement addressed to the farmers of Gloucestershire, where some of the best cider in this country is produced, and where the leading principle underlying the making of cider is acknowledged to be that prime cider can only be obtained from special varieties of apples known as cider fruit to distinguish them from table fruit, was alone sufficient to discredit his teaching. It also exhibited his ignorance of the cider made in foreign countries, for if there is one branch of the industry which has been more studied than another in France, and latterly in Germany, it is the selection and cultivation of varieties of apples suited for cidemaking and for little else.

Within the compass of my ability and means I have endeavoured to impress on all who are interested in the cider industry, or who

desire to promote it, that the first thing to be done is to obtain the best quality of raw material for the making of cider. The public mind has to be disabused of the too common notion that any sort of apples will do for cider, and that cidermaking may be regarded 'as a means of utilising windfalls and small and inferior apples of eating and cooking varieties not worth sending to market.' (I quote from a paper read two or three years ago before a learned Society.) To this end I have urged the propagation of some of the most noted varieties of cider fruit that through neglect threaten to become extinct. Some years ago I personally supplied the Organising Secretary of the Monmouthshire County Council with grafts of that most noted of all cider apples, the Old Foxwhelp; and I understand that many of the young trees resulting therefrom have lately been distributed throughout the county. Learning from Mr. Hall, the Principal of Wye College in Kent, that it was his intention to establish a nursery of cider fruit trees in the college grounds, I sent him some grafts of good sorts, and others have been obtained since from Devonshire. Writing to me a few days ago Mr. Hall says:

We have now a fairly representative collection of trees of English cider fruit, young and growing with vigour. As soon as they begin to crop we shall start a press and take to cidermaking seriously, holding courses of instruction when we have taught ourselves. I have given away a few trees to some of our Kent growers, and we are now ready to supply any one with grafts. It is rather slow work waiting for trees to grow, but till we have some vintage fruit I do not think it advisable to make cider.

As yet, the most useful work done by the Technical Instruction Committees of the Councils of the cider-producing counties has lain rather in the direction of instruction in selecting, planting, cultivating, training, pruning, and protection of fruit trees, than in that of scientific research, for the reason that the latter cannot be carried on without suitable buildings and appliances and a competent staff of highly trained men, all of which costs money, whereas the former can be conducted out of doors at a comparatively small outlay. The Technical Committee of the Herefordshire County Council has, through the kindness and co-operation of certain landowners, lately obtained the use of six pomological stations in different parts of the county, consisting of small fruit plantations, where demonstrations are given from time to time by the instructor in various branches of fruit culture. Special instruction is also given to those who desire to qualify for a county council certificate, given as the result of an examination partly theoretical but mainly practical. Five examinations were held last season, the examiner being Mr. S. T. Wright, the Superintendent of the Royal Horticultural Society's Garden at Chiswick. Out of eighty-seven candidates, fifty-one succeeded in obtaining certificates of proficiency. Besides the local demonstration grounds just mentioned, a central pomological station has been established

close to Hereford, where it is intended to conduct experiments of various kinds. One of the principal aims of the Technical Instruction Committee being to promote the cider industry, a branch of agriculture of special importance to Herefordshire, a large number of cider and perry sorts of apples and pears have been included among the trees already planted at the central station. A correspondent in France to whom, with the assistance of friends, I have sent grafts of some of the best English varieties of cider and perry fruit having forwarded in return a nice collection of grafts of approved French sorts, these have been placed at the disposal of the manager of the central pomological station. It is probable that some of the sorts will ultimately be found suited to our soil and climate, seeing that a few varieties introduced from France about twenty years ago have turned out to be valuable additions to the orchards of the county.

Although, therefore, in various ways the cider industry is receiving some help from public or quasi-public sources—help which in print appears more considerable than it really is—we must not run away with the notion that as yet any appreciable effect has been produced thereby on the industry as a whole, or that what we are doing now, even if multiplied tenfold, would place us in as good a position as that which our continental rivals occupy at the present moment. As a matter of fact, we are only just beginning to do what has engaged the attention of pomological and agricultural societies and public-spirited individuals in France for nearly a generation. What they have effected in that period I have endeavoured to state in the earlier part of this paper; yet, although they are so far ahead of us in many particulars, those who are best acquainted with the work that has been done and the results of it are far from satisfied. They demand and are on the point of receiving State aid in order that what they rightly style a great national industry, capable of adding to the material prosperity of the cultivators of the soil and becoming an increasing source of national wealth, may have the benefit of the scientific research from which the kindred industry, the wine industry, has so largely profited. Why are they so anxious for this assistance now? Is it because they dread the competition of Great Britain? By no means. Great Britain, it is true, is included in French works among the more important cider-producing countries of the world, but there is never a suggestion that we are to be feared as rivals. In any considerations of the kind we are left entirely out of account, because it is known that the industry here is in a backward condition, and that we are making no systematic efforts to revive it. When England is mentioned at all by French speakers and writers it is generally as a country to which French cider may be one day profitably exported. The

foreign competition that is really dreaded is that of Germany in the present and the United States in the near future.

Germany, the home of scientific research, has within the last few years devoted increasing attention to the subject of cider-yeasts and the fermentation caused by them; and is making, especially in the southern States, large plantations of cider apples obtained from France. The Government of the United States of America have recently taken a step which shows that they are alive to the value of the cider industry in that country, and are determined therefore to give it the benefit of the latest scientific discoveries and the most approved methods. At the close of last year I had the pleasure of entertaining Mr. William B. Alwood, Professor of the Polytechnic Institute of Virginia and the Director of the Agricultural Station there, who had been deputed by the Agricultural Department of the United States to make a prolonged visit to Europe for the purpose of studying systems of fruit culture and processes of cidermaking; in particular the researches into the nature and operation of yeasts conducted in continental laboratories. Where did this gentleman find that he could spend his time most profitably—in England? No! In Germany. Why? Because in that country there exist establishments furnished with all the requisite buildings and appliances, where scientific researches have been for a long while past and are now continuously and systematically conducted by a competent staff of highly trained investigators; whereas in England, with the exception of a small experimental station at Butleigh, in Somersetshire, there are none. Indeed, during the course of Mr. Alwood's stay at my house I gathered that, although consistently with his instructions he could not omit a visit to England, he had, as a fact, learned little here compared with the knowledge he had acquired on the Continent. Mr. Alwood has now returned to America, and I doubt not that the store of information scientific and practical which he has carried with him will in course of time lead to the establishment of the cider industry in the United States on a basis which, unless we look more sharply to our interests than we have hitherto, will render American cidermakers ere long our most formidable competitors. Mr. Alwood before he left Europe was good enough to write me a letter in which he expressed his views on the subject of scientific research, and as they so nearly coincide with my own I will cite a passage:

Through the courtesy shown me by yourself and several other gentlemen, I have seen your ciders in the process of making, and examined the fruit and the different grades of ciders, and think it safe to say that to the quality of your best cider fruit and your climate is due the character of your ciders. And let me add that I find your best cider and perry superior to the great bulk of ordinary wines used so largely on the Continent. But now comes the question, Will the majority of your makers, working alone as they are at present, ever reach a satisfactorily high grade of product? Not for years, if ever. In England, as elsewhere, poor

cider is most commonly met with. The great need of this industry, as I see it, is a central station in one of your best cider counties, where can be studied the whole subject of varieties of fruit, culture, special treatment and manner of fabrication for making a high-class product. Without such an effort this industry of the farmer will languish and be destroyed by the nondescript stuff put on the market as cider. This is our experience in the States, hence my mission to study this work in Europe; and we hope to demonstrate the utility of a central station for experimental research in our own future efforts. Such a station must have a fixed status and income, as only by the patient work of years can good results be achieved. The continental States are giving their help to this and the like farm industries, and we in America, at all events, are determined not to be outdone by them.

With the example of the principal cidermaking countries of Europe and the United States before us, it is surely time for us, now that such a demand is springing up for genuine and well-made cider and perry, to take up the work of research in a thorough and systematic manner. The creation of one experimental station in the West Midlands, say in Herefordshire, where it would be centrally situated in regard to the adjoining counties of Gloucester and Worcester, and of another for the south-westerly counties of Somerset, Dorset, and Devon, for which possibly the existing station at Butleigh might serve in the first instance, would not be an expensive matter. The cost, too, would be spread over a larger area, and therefore be less felt if two or more counties united their resources in the same way that Kent and Surrey combined to found the Agricultural College at Wye.

From the terms of a reply lately given by Mr. Hanbury to Sir James Rankin, M.P., it seems that the Board of Agriculture would be prepared to supplement local effort in the establishment of such an experimental pomological station as is needed for the proper development of the cider industry by a grant from the Imperial Exchequer. Whether they receive help from the Government or not depends, therefore, on the local bodies themselves. If they are prepared with a good scheme and some degree of financial support, then, as I read Mr. Hanbury's answer, the Government are pledged to give them a grant in aid. If, on the contrary, they make no effort to provide either money, site, or buildings, then they cannot expect to receive assistance from the State towards an object which they will not exert themselves to further.

C. W. RADCLIFFE COOKE.

WOMEN AS HOME WORKERS

AMONG the many striking tendencies which may be said to characterise the dawn of the twentieth century, none is more strongly marked than the constant cry for remedial legislation on every conceivable subject. It is, of course, the natural swing of the pendulum from the principle of *laissez faire* which distinguished the earlier part of the last century, and which was, undoubtedly, carried to too great an extent. But many acute observers are of opinion that we are now going too far in the other direction, and there is no doubt that it behoves us all to scrutinise very carefully any fresh proposals of this nature which may be brought forward, especially when they are intended to benefit a class of workers who have no opportunity of making known their own views and wishes on the subject.

In 1899, at the instigation of a body of persons called the Women's Industrial Council, a Bill drawn up on the following lines was introduced into Parliament:

That no occupier of a factory or workshop, or contractor employed by him, or other employer, shall give out work to be done at any private dwelling, unless the person taking the work can show a licence from the Factory Inspector stating that such dwelling is a fit place for the carrying on of industry without injury to the health of the persons employed therein. The Inspector may, at his discretion, grant a provisional licence, until he can visit the premises. That a schedule of the trades to which this Bill shall apply be made, the Secretary of State being given power to add to the list from time to time.

And these proposals are supported by truly heartrending descriptions of the conditions under which the matchbox makers, the fur pullers, the makers of cheap furniture, and others carry on their labours in the East End of London.

But, as is always the case, there is another side to the question, and undoubtedly there is a tendency on the part of those who urge further interference with the work of women to know what is good for them better than they know themselves. To endeavour to put an end to homework by legislation would be a piece of very cruel kindness, as well as an unjustifiable interference with the liberty of the subject. And the supporters of this apparently very mild measure do not conceal that this is the ultimate object they have in

the present proposal is only the thin edge of the central station in ^{the} subject of various ^{is most common} for making ^{go} at once to the root of the matter: is it better for a starve or go to the workhouse, or worse, or to be overworked? are many women the conditions of whose lives render it impossible for them to go to work in factories. Women with invalid or disabled husbands, widows with young children, women who are not strong enough for the long hours and exhausting conditions of factory life—are they to be deprived of the power of earning an honest livelihood at home? Is it not, moreover, probable that if the mother can be at home, the children will be better looked after than if she is absent all day, and they are left to play in the gutter? A certain amount of work, even after school hours, is not bad for the children, and they are often proud and happy to be of use. Undoubtedly there are one or two trades, notably fur pulling and matchbox making, in which a deplorable state of things prevails. But the remedy would seem to lie in the enforcement of the sanitary laws by the Sanitary Inspector. If a place is not fit to work in, it is not fit to live in, and surely it is better to compel the landlord to put it into proper order than to harass the unfortunate tenant by forbidding her to do the work by which she earns her children's bread. Moreover, it is possible to see that a house is in proper sanitary condition; it is *not* possible to regulate the hours of work in homes without armies of inspectors and an amount of interference with people in their own houses which would not be tolerated in other classes.

Again, it is by no means always the case that the conditions under which women work at home are worse than those which prevail in factories. In Miss Collett's most interesting report on the employment of women in Bristol, she specially states that the advantage, as a rule, is on the side of the home worker. In the straw plait industry around Luton, where the President of the Luton Chamber of Commerce gave a most deplorable account of the state of things in the domestic workshops, Miss Collett's own experience when she came to visit them by no means bore out these statements. She could obtain no proof of the alleged long hours worked by children, and as to the homes, some of course were dirty, but many were, as a poor woman described hers, 'littery but clean,' and it is doubtful whether the family washing done in one small room is not productive of as much discomfort and as insanitary conditions as many kinds of home work. In Mr. Cooke Taylor's able and exhaustive account of the modern factory system he mentions various parts of the country where home work is given out to be done in the villages, and, curiously enough, describes most opposite conditions as prevailing in different localities. In some 'sweating' is found; in others, whole villages depending on the labour of deft-fingered women in the glove trade, which is mentioned as 'an industry which retains its

most pleasing features. It would seem that such industries, carried on in the country, where at least pure air and sunshine may be enjoyed, and where the terrible separation between class and class does not prevail as it does in our large towns, are by all means to be encouraged. It is so much easier to bring producer and consumer into direct communication with each other, and the success which has attended such efforts as those made by the Scottish and Irish Industries Associations, and by the Lace Association of Northamptonshire and Buckinghamshire, is most encouraging. One of Her Majesty's Inspectors writes :

I am quite in favour of home work, and I had to visit — (naming a small town in his district) unwillingly to stop it. I visited a factory some three years ago, when this new idea came in, and got the addresses of some of the women who took work home. I found one at work at 9.30 P.M., making linen collars given out from the factory, her mother sitting with her; the latter said that her daughter earned about 3s. 6d. a week extra by home work, which kept the mother out of the workhouse. When the owner of the factory was informed of the late hours, he refused to give any more work to his hands to do at home. An old established medical man told me this home work kept the girls off the streets. It is practically stopped now, as the margin of time is too small and the factory occupier is liable.

In another industry the inspector writes :

Women are allowed to work overtime in factories and workshops, but are not allowed to take work home. The disadvantage to the worker is obvious. She must hurry over her tea, and go back to the gas-lighted factory with its impure atmosphere. If allowed to take work home she could enjoy her tea leisurely at home, make use of daylight or sunshine for a walk, and do work afterwards.

In the chain and nail making industry, now rapidly dying out, the women, like the men, used to rest in the heat of the day in summer, where the work is very exhausting, and work in the evening. Since the recent factory legislation restricting the hours of women's work the women can no longer enjoy this alleviation of their labours, though the men can. Another of Her Majesty's Inspectors, a gentleman whose knowledge of the whole subject is, I imagine, unrivalled, is most outspoken as to the proposed legislation :

I am entirely in sympathy, he writes, with those who are opposed to over intrusive legislation in this matter. I think it would be nothing less than gross tyranny to dictate to respectable women how long they should practise honest industry in their own homes. I *know* that it is just the possibility of pursuing such an industry that enables many to lead an honest life at all; and I believe that to deprive them of it, and to give them the alternative of the factory or the streets, would be a social wrong of so grave a kind as almost in itself to counter-balance all the good that factory legislation has wrought during the last three-quarters of a century.

In an admirable article by Miss Ada Heather Bigg which appeared in the pages of this Review in 1894, called 'The cry against home work,' one point is brought out which should not be overlooked. It is the number of women who are now employed by those who take in home

work to do all sorts of things for them, who would be thrown utterly out of employment if those who now utilise their services were compelled to give up their home work, and perform these duties themselves. As she forcibly puts it, 'the whole army of doorstep cleaners, washerwomen, odd job women, aged mothers and other dependents would be forced into still lower depths of the miserable struggle for existence.' In our complex civilisation there are so many wheels within wheels, that it behoves us to be very careful how we meddle with its complicated machinery, remembering that it would sometimes be better 'to bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of.'

Moreover, before we embark on legislation affecting the most vital interests of women, we are bound to ascertain as far as possible their own opinions and wishes on the subject. But we must be very careful to ensure that they are their own opinions and not those of men speaking for them; men, be it remembered, who have votes, while women have none. A demonstration of laundresses at which the hall is crowded with men, and at which fifteen out of thirty women present hold up their hands *against* the resolution in favour of restricting the hours of laundresses (which was said to be carried unanimously), is scarcely a fair test of women's opinion on the subject.

When first the new era of factory legislation, classing adult women with young persons and children, was initiated, the National Union of Working Women sent a delegate to a meeting of the Trades Congress, held for the express purpose of opposing further restrictive legislation. Part of the programme of the Congress was an instruction to their Parliamentary Committee to endeavour to obtain an extension of the Factory Acts to other trades in which women are employed. The Congress heartily objected to all such legislation for men. The women's delegate expressed the views of the body who appointed him clearly and well. No one supported him. The speakers on the other side said that they were acting entirely for the interests of women. Two of them said, not only ought women to be forbidden to work without restriction, but in some trades they ought to be forbidden to work at all, for the work was not fit for them, and they were content with lower wages than men, and pulled down men's wages as well. A new element was here brought into the discussion, which had no bearing at all upon the plea of kindness to women, but no one seemed to notice this, and the resolution was carried with but one dissenter—the women's delegate.¹

We all remember the outcry some years ago about the pit brow women and the conditions under which they worked, and how, when by the exertions of a few philanthropic ladies they were brought to London to speak for themselves, it was seen that the outcry was simply an attempt on the part of the men to get rid of their competition. But the House of Commons saw, and believed, and the pit brow women were left in peace to earn an honest livelihood.

The result of inquiries among home workers at Leicester led the Secretary of the local branch of the National Union of Women

¹ From a paper read by Miss Priestman before the British Association 1875.

Workers to the conclusion that 'from all I saw and heard I felt strongly that legislative interference with the home work by women was undesirable.' A working woman guardian in the same town is of precisely the same opinion. She mentions, as remedies for the acknowledged evils, the forming of Trades Unions among the women, and, as a means to that end, better education, and finally, better enforcement of the sanitary laws already in existence, which are, she says, in many instances a dead letter. With regard to the formation of Trades Unions among women, it is undoubtedly a work of great difficulty, greater even among the home workers than among women employed in factories, because of their isolation. But if it could be accomplished, it would doubtless help in an appreciable degree to stem the fall of women's wages in unskilled work, which is so terrible a feature of the problem under discussion. In an able pamphlet on this subject by Miss Boucherett, a careful comparison is instituted between the rates of wages given in the Lady Commissioner's Report made in 1892, and presented to Parliament in February 1893, and in the report of the Women's Industrial Council made in 1897, which represents the present rate of wages. In almost every industry reported on there is diminution, sometimes to the extent of one half. There can be little doubt that the cause of this fall is to be found in the exceptional legislation which affects women and not men. It has been well said, 'The difficulty women find in getting anything to do, and the low rate of wages they receive, are not because there is no more work in the country to be done, but because they are held in by artificial barriers within which they crowd and jostle, and tread one another down in a terrible struggle to live. If these arbitrary hindrances were but taken away the industrial efforts of women would find ample and enriching scope.' Something, too, might be done, as is pointed out by Mrs. Bosanquet in her valuable little book, *Rich and Poor*, in the way of better training, women being taught to do work which is good and valuable, becoming sufficiently intelligent to adapt themselves to changing conditions of trade and fashion, to work more with their minds and less with their muscles, to take their place as managers, not rivals of machines. But every difficulty is put by the men in the way of women obtaining such training, and at the present moment women are excluded from the London County Council's Technical Classes on Bookbinding and Silversmiths' work, in compliance with the demands of the men's societies in these trades.

What the tendency of present legislation is may be seen in many of the amendments which it is proposed to insert in the Factory and Workshop Acts Amendment Bill, which is at the present moment before the Standing Committee on Trade of the House of Commons. For example, in the Bill as introduced by the Home Secretary it was

provided that no woman employed in a factory or workshop and in a shop on the same day shall be so employed for more than the prescribed number of hours altogether. But by an amendment moved by Mr. Tennant and carried by a snatch division, the occupier is forbidden to employ a woman in both places except during such hours as she might be employed in the factory or workshop, thus imposing an utterly needless restriction on the labour of one class of the community. As regards the laundries, several of the proposed amendments are of a most oppressive nature, as may be seen by referring to them. They will affect only in a slight degree the large steam laundries, where men are employed to a great extent, and where it would be comparatively easy to conform to such restrictions, but they would result in extinguishing many of the smaller laundries in which women are employed—women who, scattered and unorganised, are utterly unable to make themselves heard.

But it is needless further to labour the point. Enough has been said to show that those who are desirous of seeing the industrial position of women improved are justified in looking with considerable suspicion upon all proposals to better their condition by further legislative restrictions. And it is earnestly to be hoped that those who have the framing of our laws will carefully weigh these considerations before they put their hands to legislation which must so materially affect not only the happiness but the very existence of a class of toilers who have no means of speaking for themselves.

LOUISA M. KNIGHTLEY.

THE MEDITERRANEAN SCARE

I

ARE we secure in the Mediterranean? Periodically a scare is raised as to the British position in these waters. On the one hand the national policy of holding the Latin Lake is assailed, and on the other a claim is made that the British Fleet must be on a 'war footing,' by which it is meant that it must be ready at once, without reinforcements, to meet any conceivable combination against it, as for instance by France and Russia. It must be immediately evident that there are three schools, and their differences are strategical in character.

The policy of the Admiralty, acquiesced in by such First Sea Lords as Admirals Sir Frederick Richards, Sir J. O. Hopkins, Sir Anthony Hoskins, Sir F. V. Hamilton, Lord Hood of Avalon, and others, has been to rely on the feasibility of the Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons, with accessions possibly from the dockyards, combining in the neighbourhood of Gibraltar before war is declared, and thus dominating the 'near seas' in force.

Critics of the present disposition of our forces in these waters urge, on the other hand, that there may be no time for such a combination; that war may be declared at a few hours' notice, and that the first blow may be struck, paralysing or destroying the British ships in the Mediterranean, before any junction can be effected. It is also assumed that the treaty rights which close the Dardanelles to the warships of the Powers will be abrogated by Russia with the tacit consent of Turkey, and that the Black Sea Fleet will issue forth into the Mediterranean and lend its assistance to the French Squadron. On this basis of argument, it is suggested that Egypt lies at the mercy of the enemy, that Malta could not hold out for any length of time, and that the British, defeated and humiliated, would be driven from the Central Sea almost before Downing Street would be conscious of the existence of strained relations between this country and the two Allied Powers.

It may be assumed that no one who has carefully studied the Mediterranean question, our obligations to Malta, Cyprus, and Egypt, and even to Italy, and who is conscious of the value of the Suez Canal

as a link between the British Isles and India, and of its commercial importance, would advocate our permanent withdrawal. Such a surrender would be received by the world with amazement. It would be regarded—and rightly regarded—as an unmistakable sign of the break-up of the Empire. There remains therefore for consideration only one question—What force should the Admiralty maintain in the Mediterranean?

‘Like the land,’ remarks Captain Mahan, ‘the sea as a military field has its important centres and it is not controlled by spreading your force, whatever its composition, like butter over bread, but by occupying the centres with aggregated forces—ready to act in masses, in various directions from the centres.’ This is one of the first principles of warfare, and it has dictated to the Admiralty the selection of the English Channel and the Mediterranean as the two vital centres for the defence of the Empire, with the home dockyards as bases for the supply of reinforcements. But while the Admiralty on strategical grounds proposes, it is evident that the Foreign Office, the home of diplomacy, watching every movement of our rivals, disposes, and it has thus happened that in the past few years a new vital centre of the Empire has been created. The China Squadron, which consisted of a few cruisers and sloops, has, owing to the pressure of events, been transformed into a great fighting force, including four of our most efficient battleships. The creation of this new naval centre of the first class has had an important influence on the British position in the ‘near seas,’ since it has been partially carried out by withdrawing cruisers from the Latin Lake and elsewhere. The Mediterranean, however, still remains the strategical position of most vital moment to our Imperial welfare.

A few years ago the late Admiral Colomb, one of the most competent naval authorities, reviewed this question with all his accustomed clearness, and the conclusion he came to is of interest at the present stage.

If [he wrote] we set up a theory that a war between ourselves and France, or France and allies, would be announced to the world by a Mediterranean Sinope, when apparent friends suddenly discover themselves as enemies and destroy our inferior Mediterranean Fleet under that somewhat barbarian cover, then we are logically right in demanding that, however profound the peace, the Mediterranean British Fleet must be at any and every moment superior to that of France at Toulon and elsewhere in the Mediterranean. But if on a general review of probabilities we must regard strained relations as a certain prelude to battle of any kind, then it is not so easy to see danger in maintaining a British force in the Mediterranean in peace time that is confessedly inferior to that of France in Toulon. If, indeed, we were to drop our present policy of keeping full reserves, material and personal, at home and ready at a few days’ notice, the danger of an inferior British Fleet in the Mediterranean would stand confessed.

Admiral Colomb held the view that it was not necessary in peace time to be even equal to the forces of France. Now it is claimed

that we should be always superior to the combined fleets of France and Russia, including the Black Sea Squadron. What this distinguished strategist would have said to such a claim can be easily imagined. Its sponsors would have received, certainly, no encouragement from him.

What are the facts as to the forces of the Powers in the Mediterranean? It cannot be denied that the squadron which is now maintained by the British Admiralty up the Straits is stronger in battleships than at any former period, is more homogeneous, and is more efficient. A comparison with the squadron as it existed ten years ago is not disquieting:—

BATTLESHIPS			
1891		1901	
Victoria	10,470	Cæsar	} 14,900
Trafalgar	11,040	Illustrious	
Agamemnon	8,660	Victorious	
Collingwood	} 9,500	Canopus	12,950
Colossus		Renown	12,350
Edinburgh		Ramillies	} 14,150
Thunderer	Royal Oak		
Inflexible	11,880	Royal Sovereign	
Dreadnought	10,820	Empress of India	} 14,150
Nile	1,200	Hood	
CRUISERS			
Australia	} 5,600	Andromeda	11,000
Undaunted		Theseus	7,350
Amphion		Diana	5,600
Phæton	} 4,300	Gladiator	} 5,750
5 small cruisers and sloops, and 3 gunboats.		Vindictive	
		9 small cruisers and gunboats, and 6 torpedo gunboats.	
Destroyers	none	Destroyers	14

It must not be forgotten that in addition to the fleet as set out above, the battleship *Devastation* of 9,330 tons (which was reconstructed and rearmed in 1891-92) is portguardship at Gibraltar, the coast-defence ship *Rupert* of 5,440 tons is at Port Said, and the gunboat *Melita* is stationed off Constantinople, while the *Vulcan* is fitted as a repairing ship, and the *Tyne* as a storeship, the last two accompanying the squadron when it cruises.

The comparison between the squadrons at these two dates does not suggest that there is any occasion for panic. At present it comprises five battleships of the latest types, with a similar number of vessels of the *Royal Sovereign* class—ships built only ten years ago, well armoured, and measurably well gunned. Every ship cannot be of the latest type, and, owing to the unjustifiable delays in shipbuilding in recent years and the claims of the China station, the Admiralty have not had any modern armoured ships ready to relieve

these. This is a confession which reveals the exact situation and explains the presence of these armoured ships of the early nineties, if it does not excuse it. But the fact remains that the squadron is more formidable than at any previous date, and has an average sea speed of fourteen knots. While it cannot be claimed that perfection has been attained, it is certain the White Ensign never flew over a finer body of armoured ships in the Mediterranean than those commanded by Admiral Sir John Fisher and Lord Charles Beresford.

But, it may be asked, how does the British armoured force compare with that of France, for it is on armoured ships that success in battle depends, not on laundry ships or frozen-meat stores? It is a bold statement in view of the present agitation, but capable of proof, that France is considerably weaker in the Latin Lake to-day than she was ten years ago. Then she had nine battleships in commission, three of which, however, were only partially manned, but she kept also three additional battleships in reserve at Toulon with two-thirds of their crews on board. At a few days' notice she was in a position to mobilise twelve battleships. In the meantime we have been building a large number of battleships, France comparatively few, as she has until recently favoured a *guerre de course*. Consequently her strength is now represented by only seven battleships, four of which though smaller are contemporary to the five newest ships of the British squadron. The other three vessels, the *Brennus*, *Charles Martel*, and *Jauréguiberry* were laid down about the same time as the *Royal Sovereign* and her sisters. Smaller in displacement, they are also probably inferior as fighting machines. They have no better sea speed and their radius of action is less, owing to their reduced coal-carrying capacity.

This comparison is altogether satisfactory since the British fleet includes three more battleships than that of France, but the balance is affected by the presence in the Republican force of three modern armoured cruisers, the *Pothuan*, *Chanzy*, and *Latouche Tréville*—comparatively small and of no great speed it is true, but efficient units. Admiral Sir John Fisher has no vessels of this type, and has to be content with five protected cruising ships which are merely an advantageous offset to the four craft of this type possessed by the French admiral, the *Cassard*, *Du Chayla*, *Galilée*, and *Linois*. So far the British have the balance of power in the event of that sudden outbreak of hostilities which is prophesied to make the flesh of the British public creep. There are three other battleships in reserve at Toulon, but they cannot be taken into the account, unless the reserves behind the Mediterranean Squadron are also admitted.

The two 'bogeys' are, first, the Russian Black Sea Fleet of four modern battleships and three other and older armoured vessels which are not ready for service, have not sufficient coal stowage, and do not affect the question; and, secondly, the torpedo stations of France

along the North African coast. France has devoted her energies with admirable perseverance to the improvement of Biserta as a well-equipped naval base—which may, however, prove a Santiago—and to the equipment of such torpedo stations as those at Tunis, Algeria, and Corsica, which occupy important positions. These bases cannot be ignored. They are directly on the line of route from Gibraltar to Egypt, and have considerably affected the former equation. On the other hand, it is impossible to dogmatise as to the value of the prohibition which bars the Russian Fleet within the Black Sea. If in the opinion of the Foreign Office Russia will break through the Dardanelles—where we maintain a guardship—without warning and will throw in her weight with France, precautionary measures should be taken by augmenting the number of British armoured ships. But is it likely that such a question has not been considered? To have ignored it would be little less than criminal. If it has been weighed and it is certain that there is no reason to fear the sudden and theatrical intervention of Russia in this manner, then the margin of strength resolves itself into a mere speculation (so far as those without the portals of the Foreign Office are concerned) as to the attitude of Italy.

If Great Britain had to stand up alone against the Allies, and even if she had to withdraw temporarily from the Mediterranean pending a concentration in force, would the situation be very serious? Admiral Colomb viewed such a contingency with equanimity, holding that 'no harm could be done by a Mediterranean enemy, in so short a time and under such certainties of the approach of a superior force, which would seriously cripple us.' Such an act as withdrawal would, however, be distasteful and possibly injurious, and it cannot be supposed that the Admiralty are relying on any such expedient.

Such is the situation in the Central Lake. The French force is more than matched by the British squadron, though in cruisers and in destroyers Sir John Fisher is weaker than he should be. If he is to make the best possible use of his squadron in a time of emergency, he should be in a position to practise cruiser tactics systematically and continually with a bunch of these craft. The success of British arms in the Mediterranean will depend largely on the swift scouts which the Admiral can fling out to watch his opponent's every movement. This is a branch of naval warfare that is sadly neglected in the British Fleet, because the Admiralty have persistently refused to act on the strongly expressed view of the best qualified officers, who have claimed that for every battleship a squadron should contain at least one cruiser of from two to three knots superior speed. It is satisfactory to have the assurance of Mr. Arnold-Forster that the Admiralty intend to add a number of cruisers and destroyers to Admiral Fisher's force. There are at least a dozen cruisers of fair mobility lying idle in the Royal dockyards; six of these could

be despatched immediately if the Admiralty could command the necessary crews without unduly interfering with the gunnery and torpedo schools, which is a subject for considerable doubt. Great Britain must hold the Mediterranean in adequate force, and the squadron should be provided with the three types necessary for successful operations, in due proportions—battleships, cruisers, and destroyers. Within a year the Admiralty can, and no doubt will, replace the five older battleships by new ones now approaching completion; and meantime the situation in the Mediterranean gives occasion for less anxiety than for several years past, since the French force is less formidable and our relations with our neighbours are of the friendliest character.

While adequate preparations for war are essential, the new cry that the Navy must be on a 'war footing' should not be encouraged. It amounts to a complete reversal of our national policy. The British Navy, as Cardinal Manning insisted, is a great instrument of peace. It is not an aggressive force. Its squadrons afloat are not intended to be supreme at any and every moment in every sea, but merely to be the nucleus and advance-guard of the reserves at home. In the defence of a world-wide empire, reliance must be placed on the mobility of the naval forces. The sea is dotted with concentrated masses of ships in order that on the whisper of trouble they may be swiftly moved into closer combination at any desired point. The claim that British supremacy means that in every sea the ships of the King must be in preponderating force cannot be admitted. Defence must continue to be organised on the old historic basis. Squadrons must be stationed in certain waters ready, as formerly, to combine as occasion requires. It is not these collections of ships alone that represent the might of the Empire. They are the tentacles of an organisation stretched out over the world's waters, ever prepared to move in obedience to the will of the Government. Behind our far-flung squadrons lies the reserve might in the English Channel and in the home ports. The maintenance of our supremacy depends on the Fleet as a whole, not on individual squadrons. These aggregations must be adequately organised as circumstances may from time to time dictate.

Because the French Ministry of Marine happen to have moved fourteen battleships into the Mediterranean—the whole force which is maintained in the Central Sea and the English Channel—for the purpose of holding legitimate peace manœuvres, it is unreasonable to raise an outcry that the British Navy is no longer supreme. This month, without withdrawing a single ship from the Mediterranean, the Admiralty have mobilised a far greater force in the English Channel. Might not French critics with equal justification urge that this is a danger to their country, and urge their authorities to place their fleet in the Channel on a war footing? In

Le Temps the hollowness of the agitation has been revealed. This journal remarks :

It is declared that Great Britain has only ten battleships in the Mediterranean to set against the fourteen which France is able to send there. The makers of this statement omit to add, however, that this fact arises from the temporary junction, for special manoeuvres, of the French Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons. Moreover, they carefully abstain from pointing out that in a few weeks an inverse situation will be brought about, to the detriment of France in the Channel. If the British alarmists make bold for their own ends to ascribe to France the intention of committing an act of brigandage by surprising Malta and Cyprus in time of peace, there seems to be no reason why we should not just as gratuitously attribute to Great Britain an equally criminal design on Brest and Cherbourg.

The Mediterranean and Channel Squadrons are the two divisions of one force, and they cannot be considered apart so long as the naval experts at the Admiralty advise the First Lord that they are satisfied with this mode of disposing the Fleet which will have to hold the Mediterranean. It has always been assumed that the junction of these two squadrons will be effected as soon as the relations between this country and any other Power, or alliance, become strained. Strategists have admitted the soundness of this policy, which has been repeatedly reviewed and as frequently endorsed. In these days of rapid telegraphic communication, the assumption that any nation in Europe will be able to stir ships now in reserve without the fact being known in London within a few hours will not be admitted by any reasonable man. The suggestion that such a supposition should be allowed to influence the naval policy of a nation whose marine forces are maintained primarily as a guarantee of peace is contrary to our traditions, and would render all friendly relations between the Powers of Europe impossible. Statesmen would be busy in dogging every squadron. While on one side of the Channel the British forces in home waters would be assembling to carry out the usual summer exercises at sea, France would be massing off Cherbourg and Brest as a precautionary measure, and since one of the fleets, that commanded by Admiral Sir Gerard Noel, is cruising in the North Sea, Germany would concentrate on a war footing off her shores.

If great nations are to descend to piracy, then the seas must become impossible for trading purposes and the whole social and commercial structure of the world will be shattered. The nations are not moving in this direction. Civilisation and the increased deadliness of armaments are making the possibility of war recede. Statesmen of France, Russia, Germany, or Great Britain will think not once or twice but many times, will try every expedient at their command, before Europe will be plunged into war. This is no excuse for lack of business organisation, for ceasing to strive to remove the many remediable sources of naval weakness, or for hesitating to urge on the Lords of the Admiralty their duty to maintain

the Fleet up to the requisite standard of adequate preparation for war, which is very different from the new claim that it should be on a 'war footing.' At a time when we are emerging from a period of anxiety owing to the neglect of the Empire's only line of defence for long years, those who would raise a panic do poor service to their country. Not by an alarmist and inaccurate presentation of the naval situation will the true efficiency of the Fleet be promoted, but by a careful examination of the needs of the Empire and an attempt to maintain that naval supremacy which Nelson left to us as a priceless heritage, without unduly irritating our neighbours and rivals. Perfection has not been attained. Nor, on the other hand, has the naval power of this country sunk to the insignificance which is often suggested in these days of pessimism.

Our naval construction is still in arrears in spite of all that Mr. Arnold-Forster, alert and businesslike, has been able to do. He is hopeful that we are making up the leeway. There are some encouraging signs, and, as soon as the ships now nearing completion are ready for sea, the Admiralty will be able to greatly strengthen the squadrons afloat, not so much by increasing the number of ships in commission as by replacing old ones by vessels of recent construction and more perfect fighting equipment. The speeches of Earl Selborne and Mr. Arnold-Forster in the Houses of Parliament show that the new Board at Whitehall are alive to their responsibilities, and the joint manœuvres this autumn of the Channel and Mediterranean Squadrons, in conjunction with the operations in the English Channel, now in progress, will effectively illustrate the Admiralty's scheme of defence.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

II

THE country has passed, almost without knowing it, and it is to be hoped, in safety, through another naval scare. The materials out of which such an agitation may be created are never far to seek, and some of them one would be sorry to see disappear. One is the belief which all of us now entertain that the navy is, in the words of the old statute, that whereon, under the good providence of God, the wealth, safety, and strength of the kingdom chiefly depend. Another is the habit of not trusting too blindly to the efficiency of any Government department. And a third is the rivalry between those who are interested mainly in the army and those who are interested mainly in the navy. Every advance made in the expenditure of one is apt to be regarded by the friends of the other as a disturbance of the proper balance between them. Besides these general causes of uneasiness, there is at the present moment abundant reason in the general condition of the Empire for anxiety that our naval defences should be secure. The South African war, with all its collateral perils, is still dragging on, and the hostility to this country which that war has produced, rightly or wrongly, among foreign peoples shows little or no sign of abatement. Add to this the distrust of our military administration which has sprung from the war, and it is not surprising that anxiety about the navy should have found expression in another naval scare.

The last scare has been in some important respects different from similar movements in previous years. It should be frankly admitted, especially by those who have withstood it, that there has been nothing of a party character in the agitation. That has not always been the case on former occasions, and it was certainly not the case in 1893. Again, the movement, instead of challenging the sufficiency of the navy as a whole, was, or appeared to be, directed exclusively against one portion of the navy—viz. the Mediterranean Fleet. The most serious element in the whole business was the alleged participation therein of naval officers of high rank, and indeed of all ranks. One need not take too seriously the much advertised 'Message from the Mediterranean Fleet'—a message the unanimity of which was said to be unbroken even by a single dissident. But the letter

addressed by Lord Charles Beresford to a private correspondent, and published in the newspapers a few weeks ago, stands, as far as I know, as a unique incident in public discussions of this kind. Its gravity, from the point of view of naval discipline, may be tested by the language used in the House of Lords on the 5th of July by so experienced and capable an officer as the Earl of Clanwilliam :—

He would be very glad to believe that that letter was a forgery, and he hoped the officer in question would obtain permission from his commander-in-chief to deny having directly or indirectly assented to the publication of that letter in the newspapers. Such publication would be a very grave act of insubordination, disloyal, and unbecoming an officer.

The correspondent to whom the letter was addressed has taken upon himself the responsibility for its publication. But he has not said that he published the letter without the authority of the writer, direct or indirect. In neither House of Parliament has the representative of the Admiralty promised that any administrative notice would be taken of the incident. It has been assumed, on no obvious grounds, that the publication was unauthorised. In the meantime no disclaimer such as that suggested by Lord Clanwilliam has been forthcoming. This unsatisfactory conclusion is not improved by the statements freely made in Parliamentary lobbies that similar letters from the Commander-in-Chief himself had been circulated among members. No such letters have been made public, and I prefer to believe that no such letters have been written.

What, then, is the subject-matter of all these animadversions? In the 'Message from the Mediterranean' we read that

destitute of a thinking department, weighted with a diplomacy the inefficiency of which makes the Foreign Office the ally of our enemies, the British Admiralty is confronted in the Mediterranean with a problem so serious that the recent visit of the First Lord and his colleagues to Malta during the actual session of Parliament is easily explained.

Far be it from me to deny the 'inefficiency' of our diplomacy in recent years, or to dispute the fact that the price we are paying for it is in part to be found in colossal Navy Estimates. What further or other price we have paid, or shall yet have to pay, is a question which would be out of order in this discussion. The problem of the Admiralty is how to cope with certain grave deficiencies revealed, we are to understand, to the new Board on its recent visit to Malta. One of these is the defenceless state of Egypt—about which, by the way, nothing was said by the critics of the Admiralty in the recent Parliamentary debates. The reference to the breakwater at Malta is probably an intelligent anticipation of the schedule to this year's Naval Works Bill. These successive enactments, it should be understood, have never from the first to the last of them been represented as final, and the forthcoming Bill, long overdue, will doubtless contain additions to the schedule, and the Malta Breakwater may be

one. It would be difficult, indeed, to make out a case of neglect against the Admiralty, so far as naval works are concerned. Since the policy was initiated by Lord Spencer's Board in 1895 the hands of the Admiralty have been full—so full that part of the unexpected and unexplained delay in some of these enterprises may be accounted for by their number and magnitude. It has certainly not been by lack of enterprise in undertaking new engagements that the Boards which have had to administer these Acts have failed. A more valid criticism might be that they have in some ways attempted too much.

Passing from these makeweights, we find the attacks on the Admiralty in the press and in Parliament to fall under two heads. One covers the complaint that the Mediterranean Fleet as it is now composed has been allowed to fall below its proper strength. There is, we are told, 'a deficiency in all classes of vessels, from battleships to destroyers.' It was this charge which bulked most largely in the newspapers, and, so far as I can ascertain, made most impression on the public mind. It was this charge which most conspicuously broke down in Parliament. I am not sure that it could be said to have been formulated there at all. Nobody told us how many ships of all classes the squadron ought to contain at this moment or why an increase is necessary. It became apparent that the criticism raised the whole question of the distribution of the British fleet, and was based on fundamental misconceptions. If I may venture to repeat some observations of my own, it sinned against the unities—the unity of the navy and the unity of the ocean. It appeared to imply that wherever in time of peace a fraction of the fleet of a friendly Power was to be found in any waters, there should we be in the midst of them, and in greater strength. It assumed the capacity of Parliament or outside critics to determine without the knowledge which the Admiralty, even under the most inefficient of Foreign Ministers, alone can possess, what ought at any moment to be the proper complement of any portion of our fighting fleet.

The Navy of England [said Lord Spencer] is required in every part of the globe. . . . I believe there has always been in our time at the Admiralty a plan, a scheme, most carefully thought out, of what shall be done in case of war. I know it existed in my day, and I believe it exists now. I would ask the First Lord, if that plan exists for the Mediterranean, and for other places, whether he can say that he considers the Mediterranean Fleet, and *fleets in other places*, sufficient or efficient, and whether, if war unfortunately came upon us, they are technically capable of carrying out the principles of a campaign which have been carefully laid down?

To this Lord Selborne, speaking, of course, on the authority of his naval advisers, made the only answer that he could have made:—

The Admiralty, and the Admiralty alone [he said], know at a given moment not only what are the number, but the exact state and condition, of the ships of

other Powers. The Admiralty alone has the whole information of the Foreign Office at its disposal, the Admiralty alone knows what the general calls of an Empire are on the navy for its service. The distribution of ships is necessarily governed by considerations of strategy. In peace also strategy is the main factor, but that main factor has constantly to be disturbed by considerations connected with the general duties and responsibilities of Empire. I entirely decline to accept the view offered to me that I am to consider the Mediterranean as a strategical unit by itself. It is nothing of the kind. The sea is all one and the navy is all one.

And he declared that the ships which, but for the calls on the navy in China and South Africa, would have gone to the Mediterranean, and other squadrons were sent elsewhere with the most perfect safety to the Empire. In short, the present condition of the Mediterranean Fleet, so far as numbers are concerned, has been determined by the same permanent principles of policy which have guided all Admiralties. It is scarcely credible that the dissatisfaction attributed to Mediterranean officers implies any repudiation of those principles. So far as it exists at all, it is more probably limited to those minor and miscellaneous details which fall under the second count of the indictment.

These details range over a wide field. Complaint is made of the absence of all kinds of fleet auxiliaries—hospital ships, repairing ships, frozen-meat stores, colliers, telegraph ships—and of the deficiency of many essential articles and implements—telescopic sights, gyroscopes, smokeless powder, armour-piercing shells, &c. Finally, complaint is made of the rations allowed to the men, which are compared at great length, and unfavourably, with the dietary of the London pauper.

Now it must be admitted at once that all of these are matters which, unlike the distribution of the fleet, may fairly be discussed in press and Parliament. They relate not to the Mediterranean Fleet in particular, but to the navy in general, and it is much to be regretted that they were mixed up with a discussion governed by entirely different considerations. But it would be difficult to conceive material less fitted for the promulgation of a scare. By some accident or blunder—it is difficult to say which—the Government allotted a special day for a debate on allegations which in the end had to be reserved for the normal discussion on Vote 8 (the Ship-building Vote). Nothing less like a 'scare' could well be imagined than the moderate suggestion of defects and the modest request for information with which the critics contented themselves. The explanations offered by the Admiralty in both Houses are before the country, and, so far as we can judge, the country on the whole is satisfied, and the scare is over, if it ever really began. No good purpose would be served by a further discussion of these details in this place. In the continuous progress of scientific invention, here

and elsewhere, constant adjustments and readjustments are needed in the navy. The complaints, well or ill founded, of all ranks of the *personnel*, require consideration and reconsideration. Every sign of interest in such topics on the part of the public or its representatives is to be welcomed, and one's only regret is that the number of those who in Parliament give serious attention to the greatest of all Imperial questions is usually so small.

Before parting with the subject let me devote a few lines to questions not involved in but directly related to the recent discussions. The attack on the composition of the Mediterranean Fleet was, as probably everybody now admits, a mistake due to misapprehension of the conditions governing distribution. Popular interest in it depended on its supposed connection with the much larger and quite different question whether the navy as a whole is strong enough for the duties laid upon it. The proper time for the consideration of that subject is when the Estimates for the year are laid before the House of Commons. More than once in recent years the Admiralty of the day has had to increase during the Session the provision proposed in the original Estimates. All Supplementary Estimates are to be regarded as a confession of miscalculation by the department responsible for them. They disturb the finance of the year and destroy the control, so far as that still exists, of the House of Commons. This year there have been as yet no supplementary proposals, and Parliament and the public have been in a position to estimate from the beginning the sufficiency of the Admiralty programme.

Now it so happens that this year, contrary to our experience for many years past, the programme of the Admiralty was seriously questioned, not on the ground of its insufficiency, but on the ground of its magnitude. In previous years there had been in many branches a failure to complete the programme laid down by the Government and sanctioned by Parliament, and current criticism related mostly to under-expenditure and retardation of work. This year, when the Estimates showed an addition of two millions to the figures of the year before, explanations were asked for, and I venture to think were not forthcoming.

Scarcely less dangerous than neglect of the navy would be the thoughtless acquiescence of the country in any naval expenditure, however large. One seems to see a disposition on the part of the public to believe that any proposed increase ought to be accepted as a matter of course. And the worst of it is that the annual increases to which we have become accustomed in the Navy Estimates do not reveal their full financial effect all at once. Every increase in the strength of the fleet—that is to say, in the Shipbuilding Vote—involves an automatic increase in other votes, which will not become apparent for many years. I have looked through the figures of the

Navy Estimates in the period preceding the Naval Defence Act, and I find that, on the whole, the Estimates in all votes were stationary, and that the Shipbuilding Vote bore to the total of the Navy Estimates the proportion of one to three. If this be the true proportion, and if we assume that the Shipbuilding Vote has now reached its standard, not to be increased in the future, then, when all the concomitant charges, including the non-effective charges, come into force, we shall find ourselves committed to Navy Estimates exceeding forty millions a year. In the Civil Services, and even to some extent in the army, we may satisfy ourselves that the amount annually voted is all to which the country is committed. There is no vote dominating and influencing all others like the Shipbuilding Vote in the Navy Estimates. It is, at any rate, perfectly certain that the vast sum of 33,000,000*l.* (including therein the probable expenditure under the Naval Works Bill) does not represent anything like the total amount to which we are committing the country in future years.

How, then, is the taxpayer to determine whether all this expenditure is really necessary or adequate? There is only one criterion open to him, and that is not always easy of application. We have reached a stage in our naval administration when by general admission our expenditure is determined by the expenditure of other Powers, or when, at any rate, our strength must be measured by its proportion to the naval forces of other Powers. In a recent number of this Review Sir R. Giffen expressed his satisfaction that a standard had been established for the navy by the proposition that its strength must equal that of any two other navies. No doubt this standard came to be adopted in consequence of apparent possibility of a combination between France and Russia against ourselves. It is a convenient kind of rule of thumb. If it cannot be used to fix absolutely the strength of any one limb of the navy it gives us, at any rate, a rough test of the sufficiency of the navy as a whole. But how is it to be applied?

There are three ways in which it ought to be possible to estimate the relative strength of different navies. We may compare the effective ships in being or about to be added to the fighting line. Or we may compare the *personnel* of the different navies. Or we may compare the expenditure.

(1) For the first of these methods we have materials available in the Comparative Returns periodically presented to Parliament, usually on the motion of Sir Charles Dilke.¹ If we could set ship against

¹ The Return distinguishes 'battleships, built and building; cruisers, built and building; coast-defence vessels, built and building; torpedo vessels, torpedo-boat destroyers, torpedo-boats, built and building,' and shows in each case the date of launch, displacement, and armament reduced to one common scale. The last Return is dated the 28th of March of this year, and is known as Parliamentary Paper No. 112 of Session 1901. The previous Return was dated the 1st of August, 1899, so that there is an interval of nearly two years between the two.

ship, accurately appreciating the fighting value of each, we might arrive at accurate conclusions. But I know not where any trustworthy analysis of this kind is to be found, and I certainly have not knowledge enough even to attempt such a thing. The comparison of totals is about all that even a First Lord aims at, as when, for example, Lord Selborne told us the other day that, of the 318 battleships belonging to Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, Japan, and the United States, Great Britain owns no fewer than 120, or rather more than a third.

An artificial unit of naval strength has, I believe, been devised by a French expert for the purpose of comparing the fleets of the world. I do not know how it is constituted or whether it possesses any value for its intended purpose. Any comparisons I propose to make now are intended as illustrations rather than proofs of our relative position, and for mere reasons of space must be limited to battleships.

Let us take as a starting-point the estimate of the writer on comparative strength in the *Naval Annual* for 1901. The following at the time of writing is his estimate of completed vessels of all classes for the three Powers usually put in comparison:—

—	England	France	Russia	France and Russia
First class . . .	26	10	8	18
Second class . . .	11	10	10	20
Third class . . .	10	11	1	12
Total . . .	47	31	19	50

This estimate was framed before the publication of the return of the fleets. The writer, Mr. John Leyland, concludes that we shall at the end of the year have a distinct superiority in completed first-class battleships over the Dual Alliance, but that the equality of the first two classes taken together is not reassuring, and suggests the urgent need for pushing forward the ships now in course of construction.

Besides numbers, a good many elements have to be taken into consideration, and an obvious factor is the relative age of the various vessels. The last ten years have been marked by great activity in naval shipbuilding, and I have attempted to put together some of the comparative results thereof in the immediately following lines. I treat as new ships all those to which are assigned in Sir Charles Dilke's Return dates of launch not earlier than the year 1901, or which are returned as 'building' simply without further specification of date. Roughly, at least, this may give us a more trustworthy test of strength than we can obtain by lumping together battleships of all classes and of all ages, some of which may

be of their full face value against rivals of a similar character, but of little or none against later, bigger, and better ships. And I have brought into the comparison the seven great naval Powers for which the Return provides us with particulars.

In the period in question Great Britain has added to her navy twenty-four battleships, having an aggregate tonnage of 332,170. There were building at the date of the Return sixteen battleships, having an aggregate tonnage of 230,000. When these are completed we shall have a total of forty new ships, with an aggregate tonnage of 560,000—exclusive of the three new battleships of 16,500 tons on the new programme of the present year.

The corresponding figures for France are thirteen battleships with an aggregate of about 130,000 tons built in the last ten years, and five battleships building at the date of the Return with an aggregate of 62,455 tons. The latter, however, include the two unnamed ships of 14,630 tons each, for which no money had been voted on the 15th of January last, and which ought therefore to be set against the three British battleships of this year's programme. Russia is represented for the same period by eight battleships aggregating about 82,876 tons built, and the battleships building at the date of the Return are reported as ten in number, with an aggregate of about 130,000 tons, including five for which no date of launch is given.

Germany is represented by twelve new battleships with an aggregate tonnage of a little over 80,000; of these six are a little over or a little under 10,000 tons, and the rest are small vessels. The battleships building are said to be ten in all, including two for which no money had been taken at the date of the Return, and for which no dimensions are given. The remaining eight include three of about 11,000 tons and five of 11,600 tons, for four of which the date of launch has not been given. The ascertained tonnage of the eight thus amounts to a little over 90,000.

Japan has five new battleships (the oldest dating from 1876) of an aggregate of 70,000, of which three are a little over or under 15,000 tons. There is one battleship building of 15,200 tons.

The United States has seven new battleships with an aggregate tonnage of a little over 70,000, and ten battleships building with an aggregate of 135,000 tons. Five of the latter, for which no date of launch is given, are said to be of 14,650 tons.

Italy is represented by only one new ship of a little over 13,000 tons, and by six ships building at the date of the Return with an aggregate tonnage a little in excess of 60,000. Four of these have no date of launch, and two were to be laid down in 1901.

The result may be stated in a summary form thus :—Of the 121 new battleships built or building for the navies of the seven Powers Great Britain counts for forty, exclusive of the three new battleships

of this year's programme. The aggregate tonnage of the entire series falls a little short of 1,500,000, of which the share belonging to Great Britain is 560,000 tons. These proportions may be advantageously compared with the official estimate of the First Lord, already adverted to, that of the entire fleet of battleships on the ocean the British share is rather more than a third. Almost the same proportion is revealed by the calculation just made. It yields the curious result that we appear to have been working not only to a two-Power standard, but to a standard of equality with half of the combined navies of the rest of the world.³

One curious and important fact brought out by the Return is the continuously increasing size of these vessels. Great Britain has advanced from the 14,150 tons of the *Royal Sovereign*, the oldest of the 'new' ships on our list, to the 16,500 tons of the three vessels of this year's new programme. France has gone up from the 11,190 tons of the *Brennus* to the 14,630 of the unnamed ships of this year's programme. Russia has three vessels exceeding 13,500 tons on her building list. The United States touches 14,650, and Japan 15,200 tons. That these figures have a reciprocal connection can hardly be doubted. The foreign navies have been following our lead, and our latest move is to go one better. The financial prospect opened up by this rivalry is serious indeed. The new British battleships, which are to bear the names of the King and the two great Colonies, will cost 1,300,000*l.* each. The three together will cost nearly as much as four ships of the same relative rank cost only a few years ago.

(2) The comparison of *personnel* is at once more difficult and more dangerous than the comparison of fleets. So far as it is possible at all, it should be used as a test of comparative progress rather than relative position. The resources of the French Inscription Maritime, for instance, make a disturbing element in any calculation founded upon the active-service list of Great Britain and France. So far as I have been able to discover, no light is thrown upon this part of the subject by the publications devoted to this description of naval questions. Our own Admiralty has not seen its way to add to Sir Charles Dilke's Return any information of this kind. Some six years ago I was able to obtain something like a comparative statement of the numbers on the active lists of France, Russia, and Italy. In 1895 France was credited with 41,500 men, Russia with 30,600, and Italy with 23,400. In the following year (1896) our own Admiralty made

³ It may be incidentally mentioned that the Return appears to be defective in the information it supplies respecting submarine boats. They do not appear in the British list of vessels at all, although we know that five *Holland*s were ordered so long ago as last September. The French list of four built and twelve building falls short of the official programme disclosed earlier in the year. The United States is credited with one submarine built and seven building.

provision in the Estimates for 93,850 men—a number falling short by a few hundreds of the aggregate of the three largest navies of the world next to our own. I found at the same time that during the preceding decade our list had risen to the numbers quoted from something like 60,000, whereas France and Russia were practically stationary, and Italy alone showed any considerable increase. In the present year our Navy Estimates provide for 118,625 men, the increase having been continuous since 1896. If one could have had from the Admiralty an estimate of the numbers which in foreign navies might fairly be considered to be those of an active-service list, we should have been able to apply another test of comparative progress if not of comparative strength. I am inclined to believe that in *personnel* we are relatively stronger than we were five years ago.

(3) The financial comparison is easier, and certainly not less trustworthy, than either of the other methods. We may take as the point of departure the year 1893. In that year the British Navy Estimates (net) amounted to a little over 14,000,000*l.*, which may be taken to have been a normal figure. For the present year the corresponding figure is 30,875,500*l.*; to which must be added the probable expenditure of 2,000,000*l.* under the Naval Works Acts. France, in 1893, was spending over 10,224,000*l.*; Russia, 5,543,000*l.*; Germany, 2,444,000*l.*; Italy, 4,113,843*l.*; and the United States about 5,000,000*l.* This year's estimates are for France 13,107,000*l.*; Russia, 10,114,348*l.*; Germany, 9,629,000*l.*; Italy, 4,548,000*l.*; and the United States, 17,838,000*l.*³

The first point to be observed is that whereas in 1893 the two Powers, France and Russia, were spending an aggregate of 16,000,000*l.* against our 14,000,000*l.* in the present year, we are spending an aggregate of 33,000,000*l.* against their combined total of a little over 23,000,000*l.* If we throw in Germany and Italy, we find our own expenditure for the year about four millions behind the aggregate (37,000,000*l.*) of the four European Powers next in strength to ourselves. These calculations take no account of Japan, for which I find no estimates of expenditure in the *Naval Annual*. It is impossible accordingly to follow, as regards expenditure, Lord Selborne's method in estimating, as regards battleships, the ratio borne by the British Navy to the other great navies of the world.

The next question suggested by the figures is, What becomes of our accepted two-Power standard? Devised originally to meet the suggested combination of France and Russia, is it to be held to apply to the new conditions created by the imposing developments now taking place in the navies of the United States, Germany, and Japan? If France and Russia only are to be considered, we are, so far as expenditure goes, far ahead of the standard, for our predominance in current expenditure is but a continuation of the financial

³ These figures are taken from Brassey's *Naval Annual* for 1901.

record of previous years. But if the standard is to be an abstract one, applying to any two Powers, we find ourselves confronted this year with the combined expenditure of the United States and France, amounting to nearly 31,000,000*l.* as against our 33,000,000*l.*, and suggesting the possibly not far-distant advent of a time when the two strongest Powers next to our own will be the American and the French, instead of the French and the Russian.

Finally, in the days before the recent great development began, the Shipbuilding Vote appears, as I have said, to have accounted for about one-third of the Naval Vote for the year. In 1893, when the total stood at 14,240,000*l.*, the Shipbuilding Vote amounted to about 4,700,000*l.* In the present year the Shipbuilding Vote amounts to 14,676,000*l.* We have seen already how the rise in shipbuilding has been generally followed by an increase in the number of the *personnel*. We must therefore keep our eyes open to the fact that, if the vast figures now sanctioned for shipbuilding are to be regarded as indicating a standard below which we are not to fall, we are in effect committing ourselves to Navy Estimates exceeding forty millions, even if there be no further elevation of the standard. Our competitors, no doubt, must face the like automatic increase. The prospect is serious enough for all the Powers, and not least serious for ourselves. It is to be hoped that some more auspicious Hague Conference may one day show us how to restrain a competition to which at present no end is visible. Our consolation is that every available test yields the same result. If our naval supremacy is not secured by the immense additions we have made to the navy in ships and men and money, how is it to be secured?

The vast increase in our expenditure has naturally caused many persons to ask whether the burden under our present system is fairly distributed. Writing in 1893, when fresh from a five years' tenure of the First Lordship, Lord George Hamilton defined the purposes for which the British Navy exists as 'the protection of the colonies, commerce, and territories of the British Empire against the united naval forces of the two strongest foreign fleets by maintaining against such a combination the command of the sea.' In every demand made by any Admiralty for public money the defence of the colonies occupies a premier position. The Mediterranean Fleet, which is held by the Navy League to be the one security for everything we hold dear in this country, provides precisely the same security for our self-governing colonies. Ireland and Scotland are not more or less than Australia or Canada protected by the British Navy as a whole. More than the Crown or the Court of Appeal the navy is the nexus of Empire, and I am not disposed to appraise highly the Imperialism of politicians who take no practical interest whatever in naval concerns. Not once or twice, but many

times of late, the claim has been made that the self-governing colonies should bear some share in this vast Imperial expenditure. The Chancellor of the Exchequer and other members of the Administration have candidly admitted that 'things cannot go on as they are.' The self-governing colonies are to the United Kingdom as one to four in population, and the poorest of them is probably richer than Ireland. The Leader of the House of Commons, speaking on behalf of the Government, declines to entertain the suggestion; and the unhappy Cape Colony is still alone in its voluntary recognition of its indebtedness to the navy. We do not even know what shape the new agreement as to the Australian flotilla is to take, but an opportunity will have been missed if something better than the now expiring arrangement does not take its place.

In this Review much has been said from time to time of the need for applying business principles to our great public departments. I have in the foregoing observations endeavoured to conform to the spirit of these articles, for of all our public departments the Admiralty is the one to which the application of business principles is at once the most necessary and the most easy. In the same spirit I should desire, in conclusion, to call attention to a certain looseness of control which has of late been apparent to outside but not unfriendly observers. There has been, as some of us think, a disposition to hand over too easily to committees appointed *ad hoc* the settlement of troublesome or complicated controversies. The Admiralty during the past year has not in our judgment been felicitous in its appointment of or dealings with such committees. On most, if not all, technical questions this great department has, or ought to have, within itself all the information needed for their settlement. It has, or ought to have, the best experts—naval, military, or scientific—at its call. The Board itself is a supreme committee of parliamentary and naval men, having no other *raison d'être* than to decide all such questions on its own responsibility. The disposition to permit this responsibility to slip into irresponsible hands has been most marked in the case of the Boiler Committee and the so-called Gibraltar Committee. The Boiler Committee was hurried into publishing an interim report, hurriedly accepted and acted on by the Admiralty. The report was not only incomplete but inconsistent, and already the new policy based upon its recommendations has had to be altered. The management of the Gibraltar Committee has been a still greater blunder. The subject was felt to be at once so important and so delicate that there was a general disposition to postpone or even evade its Parliamentary discussion, and so the Government was allowed without objection to appoint an unnamed committee or commission, with an unpublished reference, and without any obligation on the part of the Government to publish its report, if report there was to be. It was the Government rather

than the Admiralty as a department which proposed this very remarkable course. Now, if there is one question more than another which the Admiralty is bound to decide for itself, it is the Gibraltar question. The Admiralty staff have been working at it for years; they necessarily know more about it than anybody else, and it would have been well within the right of the department to communicate its decision to Parliament, together with such information as might safely be divulged. The result of the course at last adopted has been to increase tenfold the public discussion of a topic not altogether suited for such treatment, and yet we have by no means heard the last of it. The recommendations of the Committee exhibit a perplexing variety of opinion. They were originally such as no Admiralty could possibly adopt, and their reduction to practicability required, we have been told, the introduction of methods such as a public department rarely has to resort to. There can be but one result to the now inevitable Parliamentary discussion of the main Gibraltar question, but there can hardly be two opinions as to the weakness displayed by the Executive.

Again, the Government rather than the Admiralty is to be censured for the unsuccessful attempt to hush up the case of the breakdown of the Royal Yacht. No better example could be found to illustrate the weakness of the element of personal responsibility under our present administrative system. The Public Accounts Committee—the only committee having any surveillance over the acts of the Administration—had expressly reported the case to the House with animadversions of its own. When explanations were demanded in Committee of Supply, the Leader of the House, taking the matter into his own hands, denounced the request as a 'cruel attack' on the head of the construction branch. A mistake, he said, had been committed, the Admiralty was responsible, and there the matter must end. Can anybody pretend that 'responsibility' under such conditions has any meaning at all? An unknown person is responsible to his official chief; that chief is responsible to the department; the department to the Government; the Government to the House of Commons; and the House of Commons to the country. Such is the chain of official responsibility, every successive link being weaker than the last. Now in this case the Admiralty did hold an inquiry, and did distribute censure in various degrees among different officials. This fact was officially withheld from the House and the country, and became public only through the communication of stolen documents. Those who have advocated in a newspaper the application of business principles to public affairs may well be disheartened by the story of the Royal Yacht. It proves conclusively that the existing machinery for securing the responsibility of the executive to Parliament in matters of detail is merely futile. There is no question of party in administrative efficiency, and yet the party system prevents

administrative efficiency being brought to the test. Devolution is the cure for many of our Parliamentary evils, and the first effective step will be taken when the House of Commons makes up its mind to hand over to Committees of its own members the preliminary examination of the business proposals of the executive and the still more important critical examination of their business results. It will be surprising and disquieting to many to find the 'object-lesson' in the Admiralty.

EDMUND ROBERTSON.

POSTAL PETTIFOGGING

THERE is no pleasing the Post Office. For many years the writer has been in the habit of publishing in this Review more or less complete indictments of its offences, in the hope that the collective view might (as is sometimes the case when the *dossier* of a hardened offender is read out in Court) move the Departmental conscience to remorse.

One or other of the great officials concerned, however, has been accustomed to select some count which best permitted the introduction of mystifying logic and imposing but irrelevant facts, ignoring the accusations that went before equally with all that followed. It has been a favourite device to set off a questionable benefit against an unquestionable grievance; and more than once this special pleading has recalled Andrew Fairservice's plea, when charged with stealing the squire's horse, that the squire owed him money—which might or might not have been true, but which could hardly justify Andrew's high-handed proceedings.

My noble friend, the present Postmaster-General, has struck out a new line of defence. He calls attention to the public demands *en bloc*, and seeks to intimidate us by dwelling on the magnitude of them. He seems to look on a postal reformer very much as Goldsmith says Frederick the Great regarded a courtier, as a man whose desires are 'a fathomless abyss' which can never be filled up. There is something *naïf*, not to say comical, in this objection, which alleges the utter depravity of the accused as a reason for not attempting to mend him.

The Postmaster-General says :

Mr. Henniker Heaton had declared, in a letter, that it was possible to create an ideal Post Office. He wished he could accede to every one of his requests, but he had to consider Parliament; he was not master himself. In that letter Mr. Henniker Heaton's proposals were classified under no fewer than thirty heads. Three of those had been carried out before he wrote his letter, and one since; Parliamentary sanction would be required for nine, the sanction of the Treasury for thirteen, and the consent of foreign and Colonial Governments for six. And when he told them that if they carried out this ideal scheme of Mr. Heaton in its entirety it would absorb the whole of the four millions which the Chancellor of

the Exchequer expected the Post Office to provide, and would entail the raising of some forty or fifty millions capital, they would see that these demands for an ideal Post Office were not to be faced with a light heart.¹

Such an argument would be admissible if the question were what to do with a captured cannibal chief stained with every crime.

Some practical philosopher might fairly say: 'It is not sufficient to clothe this man in broadcloth, to send him to an evening school, or even to put him on the register. You must go to work gradually. Begin by persuading him to adopt the principles of vegetarianism. Then give him a large income, so that he may not be tempted to steal, and thrash him at every departure from conventional morals, until by degrees you shall have civilised him.'

Nevertheless, it may be advisable to indulge the whim of the Postmaster-General, and to show him one or two postal defects at a glance, rather than bewilder and discourage him by a full cinematographic display of the whole. Let us therefore take a couple of the most obvious instances of that uncompromising, unyielding, harsh, unjust, and provoking tendency in postal nature which a hard-pushed transatlantic philologist has defined as 'cussedness.'

A RAID ON 'HALFPENNY MATTER'

One thousand millions of postal packets, bearing on each a halfpenny stamp, pass every year through the British post-offices. This is about a third of the total number of articles posted. 'A holy war' is waged against this halfpenny matter by the officials. To begin with, there is the Departmental aversion to small change—the halfpennies and farthings which, in the eyes of the majority of mankind, are by no means despicable, but hard to get, representative of labour and sweat, and exchangeable for bread, meat, and other commodities. This aversion is betrayed in every detail of Post Office history and scowls in every paragraph of the *Post Office Guide*. Sometimes it would appear to be traceable to a hatred of fractions (a human and natural weakness) as tending to complicate accounts without adding greatly to totals; e.g. in the refusal of odd pence by the Savings Bank branch.

At other times it takes the form of accepting the obnoxious coin, but declining to give value for it, as in the charge of three farthings for a 'halfpenny (*sic*) postcard'—an imposition to which no other Post Office in the world descends. The meanest man, it has been said, was he who went about stealing coppers from blind men's hats: the Post Office in thus defrauding the poor, who buy but one postcard at a time, run that man very hard.

¹ Lord Londonderry at the Bristol Chamber of Commerce, the 24th of April, 1901.

A few weeks ago I wrote as follows to Lord Londonderry :

Your officers in the Postal Department in effect treat the halfpenny, issued by the Royal Mint, as if it were false money, coined by rogues. Recently a poor man in a country town presented at the principal post-office a postal order for 2s. 2½d., the 2½d. being, in accordance with the regulations, in stamps affixed; that is, gummed on to the postal order. He was only paid 2s. 2d., on the ground that the Post Office does not pay odd halfpence. The official reasons given are that 'it would create additional work and additional expense.'

But the aversion referred to is most clearly and amusingly exemplified in relation to the conveyance of 'book-post' matter—'amusingly' at least for those who look on, but hardly so for those who suffer. In considering the varied and versatile ingenuity with which the official victimises the unwary public on this point, we are reminded of our youthful delight as the unscrupulous clown beat and robbed and deluded all that presented themselves—Pantaloon, butcher, baker, nursemaid, and even policeman; but we remember our longing for the righteous *dénouement*, when Harlequin avenged all with his invisible wand.

The story is a simple one. It is the law that communications other than letters may be sent for a halfpenny per two ounces. The Post Office draughtsman has an easy and congenial task in drawing up a formidable barbed-wire fence system of exceptions, so interlaced and entwined that without the aid of wings passage is difficult. It is currently reported that only two persons in St. Martin's-le-Grand profess to understand the book-post regulations, and that these two differ profoundly in their interpretation of each and every proviso. If this be thought incredible, let the reader turn to the rules in question, which are to be found at pp. 4, 5, and 6 of the *Guide*. The beauty of this or that definition (from the official point of view) is that, while apparently enlightening the reader, it really deludes him. It is a guidepost which points in the direction of a hidden man-trap. Unfortunately the average citizen is innocent and confiding, or the very simplicity and openness of the draughtsman's language would awaken suspicion; just as the experienced poacher would mistrust notice-boards marked 'This way for pheasants,' 'Hares in this covert,' &c.

'IMITATIONS OF TYPEWRITING'

In a hydra-headed definition (professing to elucidate a previous one) the *Guide* says (p. 5): 'Expressions referring to print . . . shall include any mechanical process ordinarily used to produce a number of identical copies.' Now by employing carbon sheets the owner of a typewriter strikes off simultaneously two, ten, or even twenty 'identical copies,' the process being as purely 'mechanical' as printing. The typewriter is thus the trader's printing machine.

But if the confiding trader, relying on the definition, posts the copies at the halfpenny rate, he is pounced upon and fined. The Department will not tolerate typewriting except at the letter rate. How seriously this affects the value of a most useful instrument, to which all are so much indebted, needs not to be pointed out. But the officials go farther. They persecute printed *imitations* of typewriting. For many years they professed to be unable to distinguish these from the accursed reality, just as the aristocracy of the Southern States affect to loathe mulattos, quadroons, and octoroons not less than they loathe the full-blooded negro. After a long struggle we forced from them an ungracious concession. By a third expansion of the rule imitations may be posted at the book-packet rate if (a) posted at head or branch post-office, (b) if special attention be called to their nature, and (c) if at least twenty copies are posted at the same time.

So the man who wishes to send out ten circulars must send out other ten to secure the lower rate; and as this means loss, a large number of persons are virtually excluded from our 'concession.' 'Special attention' may not be called by means of an inscription, even if printed in large capitals and with scarlet ink: word of mouth is required. But the highest fence, concealing the widest ditch, in which most founder, remains. For (by a fourth explanatory definition) 'sub-offices, including all post-offices held at shops in London, are not available for posting circulars of this kind.' Now of the 21,940 post-offices in the United Kingdom, no less than 19,500 are sub-offices. These sub-offices were established in order to meet all public demand, and bring postal facilities to every man's door; but to them our concession is declared not to apply.

The reason for this exclusion is hardly complimentary to the intelligence of the London shopkeeper. It is feared that the old inability to distinguish typewriting from imitations of it, which once characterised the entire Department, still survives in shopkeeping circles, and that typewritten documents might be forwarded as 'imitations.' But what tradesman clever enough to earn a living in London would make twenty identical copies separately with his typewriter, when all might be struck off at one impression—*uno ictu*? And who outside of an infants' school is ignorant that typewriting shows through the paper with an irregular marking (especially the commas and other stops), whereas the back of printed paper shows absolute uniformity of impression, stops and all? It is useless to appeal to the officials concerned, or to try and overwhelm them with reasoning. The Secretary of the Post Office, like the Olympian boxer, fights best when on his back, and in contest with him it is unwise to bet heavy odds on 'the top dog.' By way of illustration there is here appended the copy of a letter addressed to me, and putting forward a sensible and reasonable suggestion which, though

rejected at St. Martin's-le-Grand, will probably commend itself to the public:

J. Henniker Heaton, Esq., M.P. :
House of Commons, London.

City Road, Birmingham.
20th of March, 1900.

DEAR SIR,—I think you may be interested in a matter upon which I have had some correspondence with the Post Office. We send out large quantities of type-written circulars, of which I enclose you a specimen, and they are posted in the envelopes of which I also enclose a specimen. By the regulations (see attached) these must be handed in at a head or branch post-office. We are two miles from the nearest head or branch post-office, but we have a dozen ordinary sub-post-offices within a few minutes of our premises. If we wish to send away, say, 100 parcels of samples and 100 circulars relating to them, we can hand in 100 parcels at the office a few doors away, but we must send a message two miles to hand in the circulars at the nearest branch or head office. I have suggested to the Postmaster-General that the regulation might reasonably be modified for the convenience of firms, like ourselves, who send away large numbers of such circulars.

What I propose is that we should be allowed to hand in at the nearest sub-post-office such circulars, done up into a parcel marked externally with the words 'typewritten circulars from So-and-so,' such parcel to be included in the ordinary letter-bag and sent to the head office by the mail-cart in the usual way.

I need hardly tell you that the Postmaster-General declines to do anything of the kind.

I am, sir,

Yours faithfully,
W. M. FREEMAN.

I appealed to the Postmaster-General, and he questioned my facts and declined to do anything. I knew he would have to yield ultimately, but I generally have to hammer away for two years to carry a reform.

WHAT IS A LETTER ?

Much of the time and energy of the Post Office staff is expended in searching haystacks of 'book-packet' matter for a communication 'in the nature of a letter,' as the *Guide* puts it. Whether the fines resulting compensate for one-tenth of such time and energy is open to doubt. But, as the physicist teaches us, energy is never lost; it merely assumes a new, and perhaps intenser, character. The zeal of the sorting department reappeared as a permanent glow of resentment in the public mind, just as the exertions of the Napoleonic *mouchard* produced popular disaffection and indirectly destroyed the Empire.

Reverting to the rules on 'book-packets' (p. 4 of the *Guide*), we find, amongst a score of involved and contradictory provisions, those relating to orders for goods, which are obviously of much importance to buyers and sellers of all classes.

Stripped of misleading verbiage, the simplest form of them seems to be: (1) Nothing 'in the nature of a letter' may be sent at the

'book-packet' ($\frac{1}{2}d.$) rate. (2) An order for goods, even though in the nature of a letter, may however be so sent. (3) But the verb which conveys the order must not be written; it must be *printed*. All dates, names, addresses, prices, modes of consignment, and other particulars may be in writing, but not the essential word or words which give sense to the document and make it an order for goods. The average trader has for many years been unable to grasp and profit by the distinction, and he will probably continue to infringe the rule in all innocence, and to regard those who drew it and those who enforce it as tricksters and oppressors. He reasons thus: 'In either case, whether the word "send" be printed or written, the communication is an order for goods, not a letter; and in either case the officials can verify its nature by a glance at it. Why, then, am I persecuted?'

An exasperated Chester butcher forwards me an order on which he had to pay a fine. It is couched in the following terms: 'Will you send by eleven o'clock to-morrow morning to Mrs. B—— a small leg of mutton?—18th of February, 1901.'

If the writer had omitted the first three words, 'will you send,' the document would in postal eyes have been unexceptionable. But it would also have been unintelligible; and none acquainted with the direct instinctively reasonable methods of woman will believe that it would ever be possible to persuade the British matron to write her orders without verbs.

The Post Office would appear to favour the universal employment of what may be styled the Pickwickian model: 'To Mrs. Bardell. Chops and tomato sauce.—Yours, Pickwick.' Even, however, had the fateful missive been addressed to an eating-house keeper as an 'order for goods,' it would still be considered as 'in the nature of a letter,' because it contains the word 'yours'; for no term or word of courtesy is tolerated in book-packets, and such expressions as 'please oblige' all entail a fine on the recipient. The Post Office punishes for politeness, and expects traders to write like traders, and to leave epistolary amenities and refinements to their betters, just as our ancient legislators forced the craftsman to wear cloth and the labourer fustian, silk and velvet being reserved for the nobility and gentry. These postal sumptuary laws should aim at the merit of uniformity of application. Thus the words 'with compliments,' which on a book-packet entail a fine, are tolerated on the fly-leaf of a book sent by post.

The commonest mistake is for a treasurer of a benefit society to add the words 'with thanks' to the receipt for a few shillings. For this act of politeness the recipient is fined one penny.

Uniformity of principle of application, as of language, does not distinguish the rules on any given subject in the *Guide*.

We have seen how practically anything may appear as an order

for goods, provided it be printed. Yet in a recent instance the receiver of a 'legal instrument' (an agreement form for a tenancy) was fined because a printed note required its despatch by a certain date. If this note had been *written* in the form as part of the agreement, there would have been no fine. Here we have the persecuted pen favoured for once at the expense of type.

SUICIDAL TENDENCY

Or take the rules regarding newspapers. 'If registered at the Post Office, the heaviest newspaper is transmissible for a halfpenny; but it can only be registered if (1) published at intervals not exceeding seven days, and (2) made up 'wholly or in great part of political or other news, or of articles relating thereto, or to other current topics, with or without advertisements.' The effect of this is to subsidise the morning, daily, and weekly newspapers, which return huge profits to the proprietors, and to discourage the circulation of high-class monthly magazines and reviews devoted to science, learning, and religion, as well as of the large number of trade journals. It is odd to find the most grasping of monopolies sacrificing part of its revenue to the amusement while refusing to aid in the instruction of the people.

It is still more curious to see an avaricious Department taxing advertisements, which are the chief feeders of the Post Office. The owner of a well-known trade journal proved some years ago that the Post Office derived a revenue of several thousands from the replies to advertisements in his paper in postage on letters and parcels, as to commission on Postal Orders; but he still has to pay double rates from on that paper. Thus British industry is hampered, while our agents disseminate trade notices from abroad at the lower tariff.

Why, one may inquire, is it permissible to print the old Edinburgh building on an envelope, but not on the cover of a note? The address is equally legible in both cases. The man who pays a penny is to be indulged, while the man who pays a halfpenny is to be harried. It is another raid on halfpenny matter with which we are

BLUNDERS

any loss or damage which on account of any mistake of a parcel.

The next prank of the Post Office is the 'Inquirer' (whose name the public would be—how to me by a well-known baronet) (whose name the public would be—how to the postal revenue), a 'merely' 'Salford' the 'Postmaster-General' relation of the facts. I am on my guard you have a notice actually issued by object to the embossed stamp on the envelope, perhaps because he is a monopolist, and

post, they admit embossed stamps on envelopes enclosed for reply and sent by book-post.

H. Heaton, Esq., M.P. :
House of Commons.

Monterey, Croix des Gardes, Cannes.

13th of April, 1901.

MY DEAR SIR,—I hope you will excuse my troubling you with this letter, but you have been the Champion of the Public, and have succeeded in setting aside so many of the Post Office eccentricities that I thought perhaps you could assist me in removing my grievance.

Like many other Englishmen, I go abroad for six months during the winter, and, having a banking account in London, I have occasionally to write for a cheque-book and for my pass-book to be sent by post. The Post Office authorities insist that a plain-cheque book must be paid letter postage, because it has an embossed receipt-stamp on each cheque; they also refuse to carry a pass-book by book-post if there are any paid cheques inside it.

I have just had to pay 3s. 1d. for a plain-cheque book which by book-post would have been 4d. It seems to me ridiculous that an embossed receipt-stamp on the cheque should make a cheque-book liable to letter postage instead of book-post. Apologising for troubling you,

I remain,

Yours faithfully,

SYDNEY H. WATERLOW.

VISITING-CARDS V. LABELS

The so-called 'book-post' system is full of anomalies; *e.g.* the master-General allows a packet of visiting-cards weighing two ounces to go through the post as halfpenny matter, but two-ounce packets of printed address-labels sent by merchants and traders at the rate of 2d. per dozen (and country growers, their customers, in order to ensure the rapid and certain delivery of perishable British products, were and are subjected to a fine, and are charged for at letter-rate). What defence can there be for this distinction between the merchant's and the trader's card? It is difficult to resist a suspicion that the officials of the Post Office use this as a bait. Thus one fine day it is announced that visiting-cards may go by book-post. But, except perhaps at Yule, the plain visiting-card would be a cause of bewildering labourer fustian, and the inscription as 'P. P. C.' or 'At home, the 4th of January' is illegible; but every inscription of this kind profits the Post Office instead of the sender. I have half a dozen indignant letters from country gentlemen about 'At home' cards, the hundreds of which on a book-packet do not do the deficiency of postage.

The commonest mistake is to add the words 'with thanks' to this act of politeness the recipient should thank the sender.

Uniformity of principle of distinguishing the rules on any given subject would be a great advantage. I have seen how practically an

land, if he resided across the water, write to me pointing out that

while manuscript sent to a newspaper editor is accepted at the half-penny rate, the addition of a small 'P.S.—This is not to be published' entails payment of the letter rate. And in order, he adds, to find out whether it is or is not meant for publication, the Post Office clerks have to read through every manuscript, not to find out whether it is in the nature of a letter, but to find out whether it is a letter meant to be printed. He closes his letter to me with this remark: 'I send you a form of the *Post Office Guide*, and recommend you to try and puzzle out the meaning. Five shillings for the solution.'

REGULATIONS AS TO TELEPHONES (from *Post Office Guide*)

The principal difficulty met with in distinguishing the principal sibilant sounds, especially in words containing the soft *c*, *s*, *z*.

In all cases letters the sound of which may be mistaken should be identified by analogy, thus:

c for cinder
s for sample
z for zero
J for January
A for America

R for Robert
D for December
I for Ireland
N for November
E for Edward

Nearly twelve months have elapsed, and I have not yet gained that five shillings. In the overture to the *Midsummer Night's Dream* Mendelssohn has introduced and made melody of the discordant bray of a most unmusical animal; and there may be professors of logic or mathematics able to make sense of the above par. I cannot. But one might pardon the draughtsman's want of lucidity, his treachery, or at least negligence, of which we have most cause to complain. It is all very well for the Secretary to quote passages from the *Guide* to those who complain of being fined; but to suggest that they ought to have borne them in mind. One recalls Sir Walter Scott's remark about the tardy cry of 'Gardy Noo' in old Edinburgh that, like the shriek of a water kelpie, it was too often the elegy rather than the warning of the traveller.

NON-LIABILITY FOR TELEGRAPH BLUNDERS

'Messrs. Pickford will not be liable for any loss or damage which may be incurred or sustained by reason or on account of any mistake or default in the transmission or delivery of a parcel.'

If Messrs. Pickford (most painstaking and punctual of carrying firms) issued such a notice, how indignant the public would be—how delighted Messrs. Pickford's rivals!

But substitute for 'Messrs. Pickford' the 'Postmaster-General' and for 'parcel' 'telegram,' and you have a notice actually issued by the chief of the Post Office; perhaps because he is a monopolist, and

has therefore no fear of rivals. The most important business of the country is transacted by telegraph. Among the thousands of telegraph clerks, there are of course some who make mistakes due to ignorance, inadvertence, or habitual negligence.

Such blunders, it is officially declared, do not affect the Postmaster-General. The person transmitting telegrams must take his chance of being served by a careless clerk—unless indeed he prefer to insure accuracy of transmission, not of delivery, by paying in all cases an additional 50 per cent. of the charges.

'They are my servants,' says the Postmaster-General, 'but I am not responsible for anything they do.' This is exactly the attitude of the Scottish drover who, when his collie stole some collops, explained to the irate flesher that the animal, though nominally belonging to him (the drover), maintained himself, and was alone responsible for such doings as that complained of (he—the drover—well knowing that, though Rab might be cursed, he could not be caught, or at least forced to restore the collops).

Here are a few instances which have come under my notice of the mistakes referred to:

(1) A firm at Newtownards sent the following telegram to a merchant at Glasgow: 'Send scarlet yarn 7d. per pound,' &c. It was perfectly plainly written, yet the transmitting clerk substituted 8d. for 7d., and the buyers, when ultimately required to pay, had lost 2l. 15s. 6d. With Irish ingenuity they first tried to induce the vendor to bear the loss, 'as it was a blunder of the Post Office officials.' This reason appeared insufficient to the cold, unsympathetic intellect of the Scot, and he declined. They then bethought themselves that the Postmaster-General was personally interested in the welfare of Newtownards, and applied to his lordship for compensation, which, alas! was curtly refused.

(2) A gentleman telegraphed to an agent to make certain bets, beginning thus 'Two pound Tyro, Miss Nelly, Favaros, Ugolino.' The telegraph said 'five' instead of 'two.' 'Two,' adds the incensed sportsman, 'was distinctly written by myself. I lost 20l. instead of 8l.' We must not allow any aversion to the practice of betting to blind us to the reality of a loss of 12l. imposed on a person who had the somewhat rare virtue of writing distinctly. On the other hand, the Postmaster-General's repudiation of a moral obligation is none the less heinous in another case where the sender, whose handwriting was defective, ordered that 'Villiers' should be backed, and the clerk wrote 'butter' instead of 'Villiers.' 'The word was badly written,' says the sender plaintively, 'but not like *butter*.'

(3) Owing to an English telegraphist's blunder a shipload of coal was sent from Australia to Rangoon when guano had really been ordered, and the loss amounted to 5,000l. The shipowner and coal-owner fought the matter out in court, while the Postmaster-General

stood by, as the Western settler's wife did while her husband struggled with a bear, to see which whipped.

Here is the Postmaster-General's reply to a complaint of a telegraph clerk's blunder which cost a man 2,000/.

General Post Office, London :

11th May, 1899.

SIR,—With reference to your letter of the 7th inst. I beg to enclose a copy of the telegram to which you refer.

It is much regretted that the message was incorrectly transmitted, and serious notice has been taken of the irregularity.

With regard to the question of compensation, it should be observed that the Department is not liable for expenses incurred or losses sustained in consequence of the inaccurate transmission of a telegram.

I am, Sir,

Your obedient servant,

G. McLAREN.

Examples of this kind could be multiplied, but those given will perhaps suffice to establish the grievance alleged.

With an immense surplus of nearly four millions sterling the Postmaster-General could surely devote a few thousands freely to meet losses occasioned by the neglect of telegraphists and, I will add, by the dishonesty of postmen who steal letters. The acknowledgment of this responsibility would make the clerks realise that the Department, as well as the public, was concerned in their vigilance; whereas at present, if complaints be made, the offender laughs, and the Postmaster-General at most shrugs his shoulders.

J. HENNIKER HEATON.

POSTSCRIPT

General Post Office, London.

8th July, 1901.

DEAR MR. HENNIKER HEATON,—I have considered the subject of your letter of March 23 last, respecting the restrictions upon the posting for transmission by book post of circulars in imitation typewritten characters, and I am glad to inform you that I have now sanctioned a modification of the existing regulations under which such circulars will be accepted at all Town Sub-Offices. As, however, there are objections to the final examination of the packets at such offices, the acceptance will be provisional and subject to their being found to be in order when they reach the nearest Head, District, or Branch Office.

I believe that this arrangement will meet the requirements of the public; and if it should be found desirable in special cases to extend the arrangement to a Country Sub-Office, I shall be glad to have this done wherever practicable.

Yours truly,

LONDONDERY.

J. Henniker Heaton, Esq., M.P.

The above letter was, curiously enough, received immediately after the despatch of the foregoing article to the Editor of this

Review. Lord Londonderry is justly recognised as one of the most alert, able, and sympathetic of Postmaster-Generals, yet his letter is absolutely typical of the Red-tape and Circumlocution Office. In place of giving a full and generous concession which would be warmly appreciated by the country clergymen and their wives who have heavy parochial work, summoning choirs, mothers' meetings, sewing ladies, and those interested in England's voluntary charities, the Postmaster-General confines the circulars to the towns, and then only subject to their being recalled at any moment.

A country clergyman often desires to send out a dozen circulars and not twenty. Every sixpence saved in the parish accounts is of importance. Yet he must continue to be harassed. It would, however, be ungracious to abstain from thanking Lord Londonderry for the concession.

H. H.

THE SUPREME COURT OF THE UNITED STATES

THE decisions of the Supreme Court of the United States in the Porto Rico or 'insular' cases are the most important decisions of that Court since the judgment in the 'Dred Scott' case, which heralded and hastened the Civil War. Those decisions are the latest word in a long controversy; one which began in the early days of the Republic; a controversy in which Jefferson took part in 1804, which Webster, Clay, and Calhoun debated in 1849 with reference to California and the North-West territories, which lay at the heart of the 'Dred Scott' case, and which reappears whenever new territory is acquired by the Union. I have read the published 'briefs' of counsel and the reports of the oral arguments in the 'insular cases,' and I find little of substance which is not stated for the two opposing opinions in the discussion in the United States Senate in 1849 by Calhoun and Webster with respect to the North-West territories; Webster contending that they formed no part of the United States properly so called; the 'arch-nullifier' arguing that the Constitution followed the flag always and everywhere. The real issue then was the extension of slavery. To-day it is the expansion of the 'American Empire,' and all that is implied therein. The legal arguments used in 1849 and the other day were the same.

There is a temptation to trace a likeness between the dispute before the Supreme Court and one of much older date—between the controversy as to the right of Congress to govern Porto Rico and that waged in last century with the mother country over the Stamp Act; Grenville and the English Ministry setting up a claim similar to that made by Congress, Burke and Camden and Pitt expounding doctrines similar to those which the Supreme Court has overruled. One can conceive the people of Porto Rico framing a 'declaration of rights and grievances' and seeking for inspiration in the famous declaration of 1765. The likeness, however, is really small; the comparison is far-fetched. The question before the Supreme Court was one peculiar to the United States. It arose from the difficulty of reconciling with the letter of a Constitution made by men who contemplated the acquisition

of no colonies the expansion of the United States along the lines which England has followed. Behind the legal questions is dread of the admission of a raw black population to the franchise, with the presence at Washington of black senators; dread of the competition of Porto Rico sugar, tobacco, and fruits with American products; dread of the increase of the power of the President and Congress, and of the ultimate effect of these outlying domains on republican institutions.

The Court was asked to order the return of customs-duties alleged to have been wrongfully levied at New York on goods coming from Porto Rico. The material facts were these:

The Tariff Act of the 24th of July 1897, known as the Dingley Act, imposed duties upon articles imported from foreign countries. Porto Rico was ceded by the Treaty of Paris, signed on the 10th of December, 1898, and confirmed by the Senate on the 6th of February 1899. Article II. of the treaty states that 'the civil rights and political status of the native inhabitants of the territories hereby ceded to the United States shall be determined by Congress.' Section 8, Article I., of the Constitution of the United States declares that 'all duties, imposts, and excises shall be uniform throughout the United States.' Was Porto Rico part of the 'United States' within the meaning of this section? Was Porto Rico a 'foreign country' within the meaning of the Tariff Act? Did the Constitution in whole or part automatically take effect in the newly acquired territory? If it did, Porto Rico sugar must enter freely and compete with Louisiana sugar, and sooner or later the people of Porto Rico must be admitted to the constitutional rights enjoyed by the people of New York or Boston.

Certain points were admitted, and among them these:

(1) The United States may acquire fresh territory, contiguous or distant, just as other States may. So much was admitted. It was an innovation all the same. If asked whether the Government which they were setting up could acquire colonies to be governed as are those of European States, most of the founders of the Republic would have answered, 'No; we are a partnership of freemen; only people suited for our institutions can live under them; true, we have "territories," which are in a sense colonies, but they are States in the making.' Jefferson had doubts and scruples as to the legality of acquiring Louisiana. Story was clear as to the unconstitutionality of annexing Texas. Such, however, was Jefferson's alarm at the prospect of France stepping into the shoes of Spain and acquiring the mouth of the Mississippi, that he cast aside his doubts. An emergency had arisen for which the Constitution had not provided. 'The less that is said about any constitutional difficulty the better. Congress should do what is necessary in silence. I find but one opinion as to the necessity of shutting up the Constitution for

some time.'¹ Webster predicted that a policy of expansion would imperil the Republic.

Arbitrary governments may have territories and distant possessions, because arbitrary governments may rule them by different laws and different systems. Russia may rule in the Ukraine and the provinces of the Caucasus and Kamschatka, by different codes, ordinances, or ukases. We can do no such thing. They must be *part* of us, or else strangers. I think I see that in progress which will disfigure and deform the Constitution. While these territories remain territories, they will be a trouble and an annoyance; they will draw after them vast expenses; they will probably require as many troops as we have maintained during the last twenty years to defend them against the Indian tribes. We must maintain an army at that vast distance; when they shall become slaves they will be still more likely to give us trouble. I think I see a course which is likely to turn the Constitution into a deformed monster, into a curse rather than a blessing; in fact, a frame of an unequal government not founded on popular representation, not founded on equality, but on the grossest inequality; and I think that this danger will go on, or that there is danger it will go on, until this Union flies to pieces. I resist it, to-day and always. Whoever falters or whoever flies, I continue the contest.²

Webster, who was by no means consistent as to this point, and who had the true advocate's gift of expressing alternately, with equal warmth, conflicting opinions, was convinced that the annexation of new dominions was an 'enormous, flagrant outrage' on the principles of civilisation was an 'enormous, flagrant outrage' on the principles of representative government. All these objections to acquiring territory have become matter of ancient history; the constitutional purists are silenced; and the United States have, in fact, acquired lands in all possible ways—by conquest, cession, and purchase; Oregon by settlement and discovery, Louisiana by cession from France, and Florida from Spain, California and New Mexico from Mexico, Alaska by purchase from Russia.

(2) Lands so acquired may be kept for an indefinite time in a state of tutelage. When a territory becomes a State is altogether discretionary. New Mexico and Arizona have been governed for very many years as territories.

(3) Conquered territory may be governed for an indefinite period under the 'War powers' of the President. This is sometimes said to be one of the innovations of *post bellum* jurisprudence. Innovation or not, it is now part of American constitutional law.

(4) The right of suffrage, the right of representation, and other political franchises may be withheld from the people of annexed territory until it becomes a State.

¹ Jefferson's *Works*, iv. 505. It is true that Jefferson sometimes thought differently. In 1786 he wrote from Paris to a friend: 'Our Confederacy must be viewed as the nest from which all America, north and south, is to be peopled.' Hamilton's comment on these scruples seems to have been that 'it would not do to carry the morals of a monk into the cabinet of a statesman.'

² Webster's *Works*, v. 292. Carl Schurz's *Life of Clay* shows very clearly the motives for expansion in the early part of last century.

To English lawyers, noting these admissions and reading some of the judgments of the Supreme Court, there seems to be a reversal of parts. On those who challenge the validity of fiscal measures discriminating between the State of New York and Porto Rico, it is incumbent to show that the prohibition of such discrimination is expressed or implied in the Constitution. In the power to acquire territory seems involved power to govern it in the manner best suited for it. Why must all parts of ceded soil, whether an island inhabited by savages or a country in a high state of civilisation, be treated alike? Annexation being permissible, the legality of the end seems to justify the use of appropriate means; 'the Government,' to cite the words of Marshall, C.J., 'which has a right to do an act, and imposed on it the duty of performing that act, must, according to the dictates of reason, be allowed to select the means; and those who contend that it may not select any appropriate means, that one particular mode of effecting the object is excepted, take upon themselves to prove the exception.' This is a point pressed by Mr. Justice Brown, one of the majority, who says: 'Power to acquire territory by treaty implies not only the power to govern such territory, but to prescribe upon what terms the United States will receive its inhabitants, and what their status shall be in what Chief Justice Marshall termed the "American Empire."' In nothing does the wisdom of the founders of the Constitution appear more than in their silence as to the means of giving effect to the principles which they formulated. Where they have descended to particulars, as in regard to the basis of direct taxation, they have bequeathed embarrassment and perplexity. A second fact of weight is that constitutional usage is, on the whole, in accordance with the view of the majority: the body of the Constitution has not gone with the flag. Witness the government of Alaska, and the decisions that a State may set up one system of law in one part of its territory, and another system in another. A long series of cases shows that the judiciary clauses of the Constitution do not apply to the Territories; that the phrase 'Courts of the United States' does not include territorial Courts of Justice. Thirdly, there is force in the argument elaborated by Professor Langdell, that in the Constitution the term 'United States' is used to describe (1) the States and territory or (2) the Government in its corporate capacity; that (3) as designating the entire territory over which the United States are sovereign the term is unknown to the Constitution; and that the provision as to equality of taxation in Section 8, Article I., relates to 'United States' in the first-named meaning.³ Fourthly, if there are *obiter dicta* by Marshall and Taney (notably those in *Loughborough v. Blake* and the 'Dred Scott case') against the view of the majority, there are others by the former judge in favour

³ *Harvard Law Review*, July 1899, p. 365. See also Mr. Boutell's remarks in the *Forum*, July 1900, p. 532.

of it. To speak of the decisions as if they were a complete reversal of well-established principles, a sort of *coup d'état*, is absurd and indecorous; to say with confidence that the majority were right, in regard to a question as to which men of skill and ability have differed, does not become any one. But, on the whole, the decisions seem to be well founded.

Though often explained, the powers and position of the Supreme Court are still unfamiliar to English lawyers. We have no equivalent of it, or, indeed, anything like it; even the Judicial Committee exercises no such powers as the Supreme Court; from time to time the former declares invalid the Acts of subordinate legislatures of the Canadian Dominion; it cannot control the Imperial Parliament. Having no written constitution, or any constitution in the sense in which American lawyers understand it—the last vote of the House of Commons being the latest constitutional amendment, and for us all Acts of Parliament being equally valid—we can strike out any new path without our courts being able to challenge the innovation. Countries possessing written constitutions—Germany and Switzerland for example—have no corresponding institution; no tribunal controls the Reichstag or Federal Assembly.⁴ The existence in the most powerful democracy of the world of a court which overrides Acts of Congress and State Legislatures is an abiding marvel. Had there been such a court with us, it would have pronounced invalid the Irish Land Acts; it would have annulled the chief section of the Workmen's Compensation Act; it would have made the Income Tax impossible, and blocked much of the legislation of recent years. English democracy murmurs at the intervention of the House of Lords: what should we think if nine old or elderly men, with neither coronets nor wigs, could set aside the most prized legislation of every session?

The power of interpreting the Constitution, and declaring invalid statutes which contravened it, was exercised by some of the State Courts in very early days before it was put in force by Marshall and Story. It was a fetter self-imposed by a strong law-abiding people, who thought that bills of rights and other constitutional safeguards were of no avail without such control. No clear trace of such a power is to be found in English institutions. The first distinct assertion of it goes back to 1780, when the Supreme Court of New Jersey acted upon it.⁵ It was reserved, however, for John Marshall to work out a doctrine which the State Judges of New Jersey, Rhode

⁴ Professor Laband holds that the power of deciding what is constitutional rests with the Kaiser. See Burgess's *Constitutional Law*, ii. 280, and *Political Science Quarterly*, v. 23. According to one view, the Supreme Court of the South African Republic had the right to declare null and void a resolution or Act of the Volksraad which was contrary to the terms of the *grondwet*. That view was rejected by Kotze, C.J., in 1894, in 'McCorkindale v. Bok,' Supreme Court, 1, 202. Subsequently the same judge, changing his opinion, held the contrary.

⁵ *Political Science Quarterly*, v. 225.

Island, and Virginia early asserted. Called upon to answer the question in 'Marbury v. Madison,' 'What is the duty of the judiciary when an Act is repugnant to the Constitution?' he declared the latter to be a paramount law which it was the province and duty of the judiciary to enforce.

There is one precious result of this judicial supervision. To a degree unknown elsewhere, successive generations of the people of the United States have become familiar with a higher law than the latest vote, with the conception of a true *Rechtsstaat*, with landmarks of liberty not to be moved in a tumultuous session. 'I see,' said one of the wisest men, 'that the state in which the law is above the rulers, and the rulers are the inferiors of the law, has salvation, and every blessing which the gods can confer.' I do not know what people could expect those blessings with more assurance than those who have submitted themselves to the Supreme Court, even when they disapproved of its decision. Perhaps to a future generation the creation and maintenance of this Court will appear more marvellous than the rapidity of the growth of the United States in wealth and population.

The impressions of an English lawyer as to the Court may be worth little. Such as they are, they are almost uniformly favourable. Business is conducted with dignity and decorum; counsel are rarely interrupted; their arguments are restricted to two hours—extended in the 'insular cases' to five. The tone and manner of the judgments befit the matter, and, when constitutional questions are considered, the judgments delivered by Mr. Justice Miller, Mr. Justice Matthews, Mr. Justice Bradley, and Mr. Justice Brewer, not to mention other members, present and past, of the Court, are acute and sagacious, with occasional passages comparable with the best pages of the *Federalist*. I note a free discussion of principles, an abstinence from the compilation of a mere *catalogue raisonné* of authorities, and readiness to seek light from other countries. After reading many of the judgments the pride of the American people in this Court is intelligible.⁶

In many respects it might serve as a model for the Supreme Court of the Empire. It is not broken up into two parts or composed of illustrious casuals. There is that separation of judicial and legislative function which Mr. Childers, in the pages of this Review,⁷ has insisted upon as essential to a tribunal which would satisfy Australia. The duties of the Federal Judges are exclusively judicial. The Supreme Court is recruited from the best lawyers in all parts of the United States. There are many complaints as to the state of the 'docket'; arrears are permitted in a way which would be here thought intolerable. The tribunal is rarely accused of inherent weakness. I am told that it is not at present so strong as it has

⁶ See Mr. Justice Field's survey of the recent work of the Court, in 24 *American Law Review*, p. 351.

⁷ *The Nineteenth Century*, July 1901, p. 152.

been ; but in point of ability it would probably compare favourably with any existing court.

Perhaps, to mention some drawbacks, there is a tendency in the judgments to diffuseness—the wholesome rule for the contraction of counsel's arguments not extending to the Court—and a proneness to bursts of a somewhat archaic form of eloquence. A more serious failing is occasionally unreality in the reasoning as to constitutional and other questions ; economical questions discussed professedly on judicial grounds only ; political matters treated as if they were questions of interpretation ; questions of living interest determined by reference to the text of an instrument framed by men who had problems of their own altogether different from ours. The validity, for example, of an ordinance of Eureka City prohibiting, under a fine of 25 dollars, the moving of any building or frame of building into a public street, is discussed with reference to a constitutional amendment intended to undo the effect of the 'Dred Scott' decision. It is the fashion at present for 'sociologists' and economists to disparage the labours of jurists. They who were once supposed to be able to explain everything in the mechanism of society, are often said to be incapable of explaining anything. This is unjust. But one can almost sympathise with the invectives of Gumpłowicz against the *Unsinn* of jurists when one sees intricate questions as to the incidence of taxation and railway rates decided solely with reference to authorities which go to show that inter-State commerce cannot be taxed.

A further observation : Along with admirable discussions of constitutional principles worthy of Hamilton or Marshall is to be found an outworn political philosophy belonging, if to any age, to that of the *contrat social*, to a time when political economy was in its infancy, sociology unborn, in which judicial explanations of institutions were accepted as final, and in which 'freedom of contract' was in all circumstances its own justification. Montesquieu heads one of his chapters with the remark 'qu'il ne faut point décider par les règles du droit civil quand il s'agit de décider par celles du droit politique.' He adds : 'Il est ridicule de prétendre décider des droits de royaumes, des nations et de l'univers par les mêmes maximes sur lesquelles on décide entre particuliers d'un droit pour une gouttière.' Plenty of apt illustrations of the wisdom of this remark could be found in the pages of the reports of the Supreme Court.

One group of cases in particular may here be mentioned. In applying the Commerce Clause of the Constitution to circumstances and questions never contemplated by its framers, the Court has spun an amazing web of subtle, often invisible, distinctions. What is trade and commerce 'with other countries and among the States ;' what is foreign, as distinguished from domestic, trade ; what commodities are the subjects of commerce ; at what stage in their

production or transportation they come within, at what stage they pass out of, Federal control; what is the real principle of 'the License Cases,' and 'the Passenger Cases'—in seeking to answer these questions great acuteness has been shown. But the task of reconciling the bewildering decisions appears to be too much for the best trained lawyers. They seem to be the vacillations of a Court which has neither received nor so far found any clear guiding principle.

Yet another criticism, which may appear to conflict with remarks already made. It is difficult to touch politics and be non-political; it is impossible to do so and avoid the suspicion of partisanship if the questions decided are those round which the battle rages. And at times, no doubt, the Court has given excuse for such suspicion. I am not referring to the erudite party pamphlets penned by some of the judges who were parties to the 'Dred Scott' decision. In recent times the Court has more than once appeared to be too sensitive to political currents. Thus, in 1880 it decided in favour of the legality of an Income Tax. In 1895, differently constituted and under different influences, it decided against the tax. There are complaints that the Court is prone to go back on its most solemn decisions. Those relative to the Income Tax are cases in point; others affecting the doctrines laid down in the celebrated Dartmouth College case might also be named. Then, too, the dissidence of dissent abounds among the Nine. Very often the decision of the Court is weakened by a minority almost as large as the majority. Indeed it is not too much to say that in every important case there is a dissentient tail. To a degree not known here the expression of difference of opinion seems to be both a pleasure and a duty. It seems strange that, after the head of the Court had elaborately examined the authorities, a *Puisne* should curtly observe, 'The authorities cited by the Chief Justice to sustain its [certain evidence] admissibility seem to me to establish conclusively the reverse.'⁸

The invalidity of the Income Tax was virtually pronounced, it has been said, by a majority of one. That is true of the decision in the 'insular cases;' but for Mr. Justice White changing his opinion the Government policy in Porto Rico or the Philippines would have been condemned. Let me cite as to this the words of an American judge:

A case involving title to property in Hot Springs, worth a quarter of a million of dollars, was decided by a bare majority, the Court standing five to four. The great Telephone Case, involving millions of dollars and the title to one of the greatest inventions of the age, and which turned mainly on issues of fact, was actually decided by a minority of the whole Court; one of the judges being dead and one disqualified, the case was decided by the opinion of four judges against three. Another case involving grave constitutional questions, affecting inter-State commerce and the police power of the States, was decided by a bare majority of eight judges who participated in the decision.

⁸ 98, U.S. p. 168.

I am told that this proneness to dissent has not the effect which might be expected—that it sometimes reconciles public opinion to decisions which would otherwise breed anger; there is the hope that the bare minority of to-day may ultimately become a majority.

There can be little doubt that the Supreme Court is entering a new phase. Questions as to which men feel almost as keenly as they once felt in regard to State rights confront the Court. It is appealed to in all economical controversies. And it cannot hold aloof. As elderly men, its members are inclined to temporise. They cannot, nevertheless, help applying principles adverse to interests which are growing and must grow. Right athwart the stream of socialistic and quasi-socialistic opinion lie certain constitutional principles, notably those relating to sanctity of contract and equality of taxation, which the Court must enforce. I admire the ingenuity with which the Nine open sluices and dig side-ducts and find outlets when the head of waters presses dangerously on the dam. But against some sudden freshets of opinion these devices may be futile.

Up to 1837, with Marshall and Story in the Court, its chief business was to assert and develop the Federal powers; to resist doctrines which would have broken up the Union. And that was done by Marshall with signal success. 'The great Chief Justice,' of whom biographers, painfully industrious, tell us little except that he was a good soldier, that he had a majestic presence, a pleasant smile, and a fine eye, that he played quoits well, appreciated good Madeira, and liked to talk theology, did scarcely less on the Bench for the Union than Washington or Grant in the battle-field.

Then came, with the advent of Taney to the Chief Justiceship, a change. Powers which Marshall had asserted lay in abeyance; the Court, no longer the 'thief of jurisdiction,' ceased to alarm the disciples of Jefferson, and Story in 1842 sorrowfully wrote: 'I am the last member now living of the old Court, and I cannot consent to remain where I cannot hope to see these doctrines recognised.' At last, with the surrender of Lee, the question of State rights was for ever settled: the Union became indestructible. After the war came before the Court a crowd of questions arising out of reconstruction, the solutions of which tended to strengthen the Presidential power. Of late a multitude of economical questions, novel and delicate, have presented themselves. In all the controversies between labour and capital, the arm of the Court is invoked. In the struggles between railways and their customers, between producers and consumers, between 'trusts' and the public, between State legislatures and corporations, between legislatures and taxpayers, in all important trials, in disputes as to the validity of charters of a corporation or provisions in State Public Health Acts, there is an appeal to the Supreme Court. The American lawyer has a sharp eye for a constitutional point. He can detect one lurking in a city ordinance as to dustbins or State

legislation as to the packing of cigarettes. Not a tin tack is driven wrong into the social fabric without some citizen complaining to the Supreme Court that he is deprived of his rights 'without due process of law,' contrary to the Fourteenth Amendment.

Such is the width of the language of the Contract Clause of the Constitution and of the Fourteenth Amendment, that a plausible case can always be made out. I take at random a few specimens of recent applications to the Court: application to declare unconstitutional a statute of Texas prohibiting foreign corporations created to carry out restrictions on trade; the regulations of a board of education which used its funds for promoting a high school for white children without providing a similar school for coloured children; the famous temperance statute of Ohio, known as the 'Dow Act'; a State statute imposing a licence tax on companies and corporations carrying on refining of sugar and molasses, but exempting planters and farmers refining their own sugar and molasses; a revenue Act of Georgia, levying a specific tax upon 'emigrant agents,' *i.e.* persons hiring labourers to be employed beyond the limits of the State; a Railway Transport Act of Nebraska regulating freights and charges; a State Act excluding oleomargarin. The Judges may at one moment be asked to determine the proper assessment of the cost of a municipal sewer, and at another to say who is to be Governor of a State.

So far as I can judge, the Court has of late been slow to exercise some of its powers, and quick to respond to complaints as to dangerous industrial corporations, and to the wishes for an equitable system of taxation. Only lately it declined to pronounce unconstitutional the Inheritance Federal Act of 1898—a statute formed on much the same lines as those of the Finance Act of 1894—or to condemn a progressive tax extending to federal securities. Still later it upheld the Texas Anti-Monopoly Act against an oil company which complained of its provisions as to competition as unconstitutional. It has decided in many cases that the rates of railways are subject to control. I have referred to the expedients of the Court for adapting old doctrines to modern requirements. One of these is a growing recognition of the wide area of the 'police' powers of the State not granted to the Federal Government; things which would once have been pronounced unconstitutional are not interfered with, on the ground that the 'right of contract is itself subject to certain limitations which the State may lawfully impose in the exercise of its police powers.' All the same, there are difficulties ahead. First, by reason of the very terms of the Contract and Commerce Clauses of the Constitution, and the Fourteenth Amendment; there are the plain prohibitions by the Constitution of things which State legislatures and municipalities do, and will more and more like to do. Next, by reason of doctrines to which the Court is committed. One

is the doctrine laid down in the 'Dartmouth College' case, that a charter to a corporation is a contract between it and the local legislature, which the latter cannot alter. The Court went so far as to say that exemptions from taxation in a charter could not be subsequently modified. No doubt of late this decision has been upheld in a half-hearted manner; some judges have declared themselves against it.⁹ But the doctrine, highly inconvenient though it be to prodigal or enterprising communities on the outlook for taxable property, cannot be entirely explained away. If a stranger may form an opinion on the point, the Court has on its side the most intelligent and stable minds. They lean upon the Federal judiciary and regard its power of reviewing legislation as among 'the legal safeguards of national sanity.' But it has its enemies, and its friends may well have their fears. There is dissatisfaction with the restrictions on direct taxation which it upholds; it has declared unconstitutional what many think 'the most just law ever placed upon the statute books of the Federal Government relative to taxation.' There is deep resentment at such expressions of opinion as these: 'Attempted State taxation is the mode most frequently adopted to affect contracts contrary to the constitutional inhibition. It most frequently calls for the exercise of our supervising power.' There are complaints that under cover of the maxim 'inter-State commerce cannot be taxed at all,' railways and other companies doing business in more than one State unfairly escape taxation. Many persons think that, even in its diluted form, the doctrine of the Dartmouth College case does mischief in a country where corporations are too strong; and some Governors of States have lately complained that the legislatures have not a free hand, by reason of the intervention and 'greed of jurisdiction' of the Supreme Court. In the United States, as here, there is a strong and growing opinion that contracts as to wages, hours of work, terms of employment, ought to be subject to supervision. I have seen the jurisdiction of the Court described as adverse to the working man. The Federal Circuit Judges have freely used injunctions against the operations of strikers; and in a widespread labour struggle, the Supreme Court could scarcely hold aloof.

The dream and hope of a few, 'Mr. Bryan, untrammelled by the Supreme Court,' may be dismissed. But constitutional amendments being out of the question, the antagonism between principles which the Court must expound and those which it is in the nature of democracy to assert must become more decided. Mr. Justice Brown, a member of the Court, has lately spoken of 'the manifest danger to the future of the country which lurks in the inflexibility of the Federal Constitution.' What will be the outcome? Will it be a case of 'fighting fate with constitutional theories'? There will be

* 'The Dartmouth College case has been practically reversed.' Report of American Bar Association, 1883-4, p. 86.

difficulties and friction, no doubt; it may be, from time to time, there will be attempts to leaven the Court with political elements; the inflexibility of the Constitution may be tempered by the flexibility of the Court. Let us hope that nothing will be done to injure a Court of which Americans have reason to be proud.

JOHN MACDONELL.

LAST MONTH

THE LIBERAL IMBROGLIO

ARE we at last on the eve of that reconstruction of parties which has been so often predicted and so long deferred? No one who does not possess the gift of prophecy can give a distinct answer to the question, but undoubtedly the events of the past two months, and more particularly those of the third week of July, seem to point to a great change in the position of parties as being more imminent now than it ever has been before. It is of course with the history of the Opposition during the past month that I have chiefly to concern myself here; but it is necessary that I should at the outset say something about the condition of the Ministerial party, as it has a direct bearing upon the whole question of reconstruction. No one can shut his eyes to the fact that widespread discontent is prevalent among the Ministerialists. The resentments which were aroused at the time when the Government was reconstructed last autumn have not been appeased; but what is more serious is the apparent eagerness of a large section of the Ministerialists to proclaim the fact that they regard His Majesty's Government as a worn-out body, struggling with problems which it cannot hope to solve successfully. When we turn from this wide generalisation to particulars, we see the Ministerial party acutely divided, not upon one but upon many different questions. Sir William Hart-Dyke solemnly rebukes Sir John Gorst because of his speeches on the new Education Bill; the proposal to alter the terms of the Accession declaration of the sovereign leads to a hot debate and an open revolt even in the Tory preserve of the House of Lords; the alleged deficiencies of the Navy evoke clamorous protests from the Government side in the House of Commons, while the new taxes upon coal and sugar have to run the gauntlet of hostile criticism alike from Conservatives and Liberals. One might prolong the list of questions upon which the supporters of the Ministry are divided in opinion almost indefinitely; but it is only necessary to refer to one other topic—the all-important topic of the war. Here it must be confessed that the divisions are not so apparent, at all events among the rank and file of the party. Taught by the melancholy spectacle presented by the Opposition, the main body of the Ministerialists have learned to speak and act

together on the question of the war; but the real division of opinion on this subject is none the less acute or serious because it is in the Cabinet rather than in either of the Chambers that it makes itself felt. Under normal conditions no dispassionate observer could come to any other conclusion than that the great Conservative party was in a very dangerous state. If that state is not actually one of danger the reason is to be found in the fact that the existing conditions are not normal owing to the extraordinary and unprecedented plight of the Opposition.

The story of the Opposition during the past month is one of remarkable interest and of unmistakable significance. To make it clear I must take it up at the point at which my narrative broke off a month ago. At that time everybody was talking of the speech made by Mr. Asquith at a dinner at the Liverpool Street Hotel. In this speech it will be remembered Mr. Asquith denied the right of Mr. Morley to assume that the declarations on the question of the war which fell from the lips of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, Sir William Harcourt, and other speakers at the banquet given by the so-called 'National Reform Union,' represented the true Liberal faith. He claimed, on the other hand, that men might be good Liberals who did not take the extreme views of the war, and of the unmitigated culpability of this country with regard to it, held by those whom for the sake of brevity I may call the pro-Boers. This speech in the first instance aroused great indignation among the members of the Left wing of the party. It was represented as an act of mutiny on the part of the speaker, and Mr. Asquith was openly charged in certain Radical newspapers with disloyalty to his leader, Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and with the intention of forming a new Cave of Adullam within the party of which he is one of the most eminent members. Then the Radical journalists altered their tactics. Mr. Asquith's speech they declared was, after all, much ado about nothing; it was an individual outburst of petulance which committed nobody but Mr. Asquith himself, and which might consequently be treated by everybody else with the silence of contempt. This was the position of things when I brought my chronicle to a close a month ago. At that time I remarked that if the advice to 'let bygones be bygones' and to bury the whole story, including Mr. Asquith's protest, in oblivion, was excellent, it was nevertheless advice which was hardly likely to be accepted. Very quickly this estimate of the probable course of events was confirmed. It was announced that, so far from being willing to allow Mr. Asquith's speech to pass away as an incident of no meaning or importance, his friends, and those who agreed with him in the line he had undertaken, were about to give a dinner in his honour for the special purpose of emphasising his teaching.

The dinner, when it was first announced, did not strike one as

being a very happy expedient. Mr. Asquith had made his position with regard to the Extreme Left of the Liberal party perfectly clear, and he had won the gratitude of the majority of the men of the Centre by doing so. That many Liberals should be annoyed by the effrontery with which the Anti-War journalists professed to make light of the speech and of Mr. Asquith himself was perfectly natural; but a dinner did not seem to be the best possible means of testing the strength of the party which agreed with the member for East Fife. Still, those of us who were not wholly convinced of the wisdom of this proposal were not at all prepared for the storm of which it was the immediate cause in the ranks of the already distracted Opposition. The most remarkable feature of this storm was the fact that it began, not among the rank and file, but in the very shrine of officialism. The dinner proposal was treated as a direct insult to the leader of the party, and a deliberate repudiation of his authority by those who were responsible for it. To the innocent outsider this interpretation of the proposal seemed to be little less than absurd. There had been dinners enough and to spare before. Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman had himself dined publicly with Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, and Mr. Philip Stanhope—all representatives of the Anti-War party. It was difficult to understand why Mr. Asquith should not dine with those members of the Liberal Centre who refused to accept the speeches and resolutions of the notorious Queen's Hall meeting as expressing the true Liberal creed. But though this was the outside aspect of the question over which the Opposition raged furiously for many days in the lobbies and smoking-rooms at Westminster, there was another side to it, known only to the initiated. The cry of 'intrigue' was raised, and once more we were assured that the dinner to Mr. Asquith really covered a plot devised by certain notorious wire-pullers, the object of which was the deposition of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman. The absurdity of such a charge in the case of Mr. Asquith himself was so manifest that those who were most hostile to the notion of the dinner expressly excepted that gentleman from all responsibility in connection with the plot. He had been imposed upon, they declared, 'trapped' by certain unscrupulous intriguers, and it was as much in his interest as in that of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that the dinner should be banned.

It is not for me or for any other person not in the House of Commons to say what truth may or may not lie behind the wild gossip of the lobby—the gossip which constitutes those 'sweepings' that are collected by the lobby correspondents for the edification of the unsophisticated readers of the newspapers. I have heard more than half a hundred stories during the past month of the doings and sayings of certain well-known members of Parliament in connection with the battle between the Right and the Left and the dinner to

Mr. Asquith. If I were to accept a quarter of these stories as being true, I should be driven to the conclusion that when Sir William Harcourt described the Opposition as being honeycombed with intrigue he was well within the mark. I should at the same time be compelled to believe that the intriguers were equally active and unscrupulous among both extremes of the party. Happily nobody is compelled to believe the gossip in which Tadpole and Taper still love to indulge; and rumours of intrigues in connection with so simple and apparently innocent a matter as the Asquith dinner might have passed all unheeded but for one unfortunate fact. That was that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, speaking at a dinner at Southampton, made open reference to the personal rivalries and intrigues of certain persons unnamed, and attributed the whole of the troubles in the Liberal party to this cause. Simultaneously with the delivery of this speech, which was not calculated to allay the popular excitement, the announcement was made that the Liberal party had been summoned by its leader to meet him in conference at the Reform Club.

I can recall many meetings of the Liberal party, some held in the Reform Club, which has long been and still is the recognised home of British Liberalism, some at the Foreign Office, and some at other places. To hold a party meeting was a favourite expedient with Mr. Gladstone when difficulties were developing themselves among his followers, and as a rule the expedient answered. But it is doubtful if a party meeting was ever before held for such reasons as those which induced Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to summon the conclave at the Reform Club on the 9th of July, and it is certain that never within our time has a meeting of this kind excited such widespread interest not merely among Liberals, but among all classes both at home and abroad. Indeed, abroad the belief seemed to prevail that this meeting was destined to have a great and immediate influence upon the war in South Africa. In some unexplained fashion the speeches delivered in the smoking-room in Pall Mall were to decide the issues which are now being slowly and painfully fought out by isolated parties of armed men on the shelterless veld of the Transvaal. Already the excitement which the summoning of this meeting occasioned is seen by most persons to have been ridiculous. Even more ridiculous than the excitement—more ridiculous and infinitely more contemptible—is the alarm which it seemed to cause among certain of the supporters of the Ministry. Some of the London newspapers—curiously ignorant of club law and the etiquette of club life—tried to induce the members of the Reform Club to rise against the committee of that institution in order to prevent a 'treasonable' assembly being held within its walls. These wisacres did not apparently see that they were doing their utmost to support the contention of a handful of pro-Boers like the speakers at the

Queen's Hall, that the whole of the Liberal party shares the views of Mr. Dillon and Mr. Labouchere. The justification of the meeting at the Reform Club lay in the fact that there is a large section of the party, undoubtedly a considerable majority, to whom cheers for De Wet and demands for the absolute independence of the Transvaal are as objectionable as they are to any Tory in the House of Commons. It seems a pity that this aspect of the question was for the moment forgotten under the pressure of the momentous problem, Ought we to dine with Mr. Asquith? For, after all, when one looks back upon it, this is seen to have been the real question that was debated, though not decided, by the one hundred and sixty Liberals who came together in response to the summons of their leader.

It is Sir Wilfrid Lawson, if I remember aright, who is responsible for an excellent story which tells how a man was once found lying in a dangerous position on the public highway in a state of helpless and almost speechless intoxication. Various attempts were made by a good Samaritan to learn the man's address in order that he might be conveyed to his own home. All were in vain. At last he was questioned as to where he came from, and the inquiry drew forth a response: 'I don't exactly reck-lect,' said the victim of a superabundant hospitality; 'it was either a wedding or a funeral—can't remember which—but whatever it was, it was a complete success!' This was in effect the verdict pronounced upon the Reform Club meeting after it had been duly held. Everybody who attended it seemed convinced that it was a complete success. The vote of confidence in Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman was carried not only with unanimity but with something like enthusiasm. Nor can this have surprised any one who knew the esteemed and respected leader of the Opposition. Whatever complaints men may at times have made with regard to the utterances of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, there is no question as to his popularity among all sections of his followers. His good temper, his desire to meet all the demands of a party which suffers from divisions of opinion on more than one question, his unflagging patience, and his unquestioned loyalty have won for him the affection even of those who on questions of mere opinion are furthest from him. He had therefore every reason to be satisfied with the way in which the party, without a dissentient voice, acclaimed him at the Reform Club. The speeches, too, were all couched in the same strain of personal loyalty to him. Not a word that could be called discordant was uttered. The members of the Extreme Left 'lay low' and were content to applaud the passing of the vote of confidence. Sir William Harcourt offered a few edifying comments upon the sin of intriguing and the duty of unflinching loyalty to the chosen leader—comments which were, however, received in a somewhat chilling silence by the assembled party. Sir William was happier in the reception given to his vehement protest

against the 'insolence' with which Sir Henry has been assailed by some leading Ministerialists. It was clear that the Opposition was at least united in its indignation at the attacks which Tory writers and speakers have made upon a man whose honesty is above suspicion. Mr. Asquith's speech was, by common consent, the chief feature of the proceedings. It was not a speech to which the mere report in the newspapers does justice. The speaker betrayed a warmth of feeling not usual to him, and in his defence of himself against the charge of disloyalty to the leader of his party he showed real emotion. But the most emphatic passage in a remarkable deliverance was that in which, admitting that the differences in the party on the question of the war were real and deep, he claimed for himself, and for those who thought with him, the right to express their opinions without being liable to the assumption that they were traitors or renegades to the Liberalism they professed and the party they served. Everything passed off in the happiest possible manner, and the unanimous verdict of those present was that the meeting had been an unqualified success.

But later on—only a few hours later—not a few of the jubilant Liberals began to ask themselves whether after all it was a funeral or a wedding at which they had been assisting. They had arrived at a *concordat*, but it was one which practically left everything as it had been before. The one fact that had been clearly established was that, while everybody was friendly to Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and loyal to his leadership, nobody was to be drummed out of the Liberal ranks because of his views upon the war. Yet the Asquith dinner—the incident which had led to the convening of the meeting—remained to be dealt with. If nothing further was said about it, and men were left free to attend it or not as they pleased, then there was a possibility that the *concordat* might last; but if not, the case was different. Unhappily, as I think, the leader of the Opposition was tempted to put forth his authority in order to secure the abandonment, or at least the postponement, of the dinner. He had no longer any reason to suppose that it was in any sense intended as a demonstration of hostility to himself. But he regarded it as a possible danger to the newly established unity of the party, such as it is, and he consequently felt it to be his duty, if he could, to secure either its abandonment or postponement. That he acted from the best of motives and in the most conciliatory manner cannot be disputed. But he had failed to take into account the strength of the determination of the members of the Right wing of his party to assert their own position in face of the aggressive action which the Left had so long been allowed to take unchecked and even unrebuked by the leader. His interposition failed, and the dinner duly took place.

But before it did so, the situation underwent another of the kaleidoscopic changes which have been so common of late. When

the Asquith dinner was first announced, all who were concerned in it seemed to be united in their determination that Lord Rosebery should take the chair. Lord Rosebery was completing his cure at Gastein, far from the madding crowd at Westminster; but the telegraph system extends even unto Gastein, as the ex-Premier doubtless had reason to know. Like a wise man, he declined to commit himself to any particular course of action by letter or telegram, and his return to England was, in consequence, awaited with no little anxiety. Within a couple of days of his arrival in London, it was known that, in spite of the appeals made to him, he had refused to attend the dinner. His refusal was based on reasons absolutely compatible with sympathy with Mr. Asquith's views and admiration for Mr. Asquith himself. It was, nevertheless, a bitter disappointment to many members of the Right wing, some of whom did not hesitate to comment freely upon what they regarded as Lord Rosebery's lack of interest in a grave political crisis affecting the fortunes of his old party. How far this charge was from being correct was proved on Wednesday, the 17th of July, when the newspapers published a letter from Lord Rosebery himself to a number of members of the City Liberal Club who had asked him for a speech on the political situation.

Whatever else may be thought of this remarkable document, no fair-minded person will deny that it was stamped by the great qualities of courage and frankness. Lord Rosebery, who has so long been denounced by his critics as a man whose silence was due more to timidity and lack of conviction than to any other cause, has shown that when he does break silence he can speak with a boldness and a freedom which must cause the average party politician to shrink aghast into his shell. In his letter he said on the housetop that which all men have been whispering in private, though no Liberal statesman before him had dared to say it in public. He denied the accuracy of the diagnosis of the disease from which Liberalism is suffering formed by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, and maintained that the differences in the party, so far from being due to personal jealousies, were brought about by an honest and irreconcilable division of opinion on a group of questions of the first importance. The letter was regarded in many quarters as a declaration that the time had come when Liberals must decide once for all whether they would give in their adhesion to an 'avowedly insular' party, of which Sir Wilfrid Lawson might be taken as the typical representative, or to a party which places as the first article of its creed the responsibilities and maintenance of 'our free and beneficent empire.' Of this second party Sir Edward Grey was singled out as the type. There was no beating about the bush in this grave manifesto. There was, indeed, only one ambiguous sentence in it. This was the sentence in which

the writer declared that, so far from desiring to re-enter the arena of party politics, he would 'never voluntarily return to it.' This was treated in some quarters, and notably in those where Lord Rosebery is not regarded with favour, as a proclamation of his final withdrawal from the Liberal party. The interpretation was absurdly incorrect, but it seems to have had the effect of causing the ex-Premier to fling another 'bombshell'—to use the phrase generally applied to his letter—even more startling than the original one was. On Friday, the 19th of July, the very day fixed for the Asquith banquet, Lord Rosebery went to the annual meeting of the City Liberal Club, and delivered himself of a speech in which he deliberately and emphatically 'crossed the t's and dotted the i's' of his Wednesday's letter, and proved that so far from having deserted the political arena he had returned to it with a vengeance. He repeated and accentuated his original statement as to the nature of the differences in the Liberal party, and declared that it was the unfortunate speeches at the dinner of the National Reform Union that had brought home to him the conviction that the two sections of the party could not continue to co-exist under the same standard. For himself he stated that 'for the present at any rate' he must plough his furrow alone, but before he got to the end of that furrow he thought it possible that he might find himself not alone. In this fashion it was that Lord Rosebery, for the first time since his memorable speech at Edinburgh in 1896, returned to the political arena as an active controversialist and possible leader.

The fact that this remarkable speech was made only a few hours before the Asquith dinner took place was unfortunate. Both Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey had preached the unity of the party, coupled with liberty to differ upon questions regarding the war. Lord Rosebery had told them plainly that no such unity was possible, and that the party must determine for itself which of the two streams of tendency, the insular or the national, was to prevail, before it could hope to recover its old authority and influence in the country. He did not treat the divisions on the questions of Imperialism as due solely to the South African war. He went so far as to declare that they had existed even in 1885, when as now we had a Little England party sitting side by side with the Imperialists on the Liberal benches. In short, Lord Rosebery, almost at the moment when the Asquith diners were assembling, made a declaration which virtually destroyed the significance of that gathering except as a personal tribute to Mr. Asquith. That it had a disconcerting effect upon most of the speakers at the dinner was evident. Neither the chairman nor the guest of the evening mentioned Lord Rosebery's name in their speeches. It was only Sir Henry Fowler who had the courage to do so, and who was rewarded by a hearty burst of cheering. For the rest, Mr. Asquith's speech was a firm reaffirmation of his opinions regard-

ing the war—opinions which are almost identical with those held by Lord Rosebery—coupled with the utterance of his personal belief that all Liberals may yet be induced to work together for the common good.

The speeches at the Asquith dinner, and more particularly the speech of the guest of the evening, showed that there is not the smallest intention on the part of the members of the Right to yield a jot or an iota of their claim to support His Majesty's Government in carrying on the war without forfeiting their right to remain within the Liberal fold. It is singularly unfortunate for the Liberal cause that, owing to the personal intervention of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, the attendance of Members of Parliament at the dinner was comparatively scanty. Owing to this fact we are still left in doubt as to the numerical strength of the two sections of the party in the House of Commons. The truth seems to be that it was only owing to the warm personal regard which is felt for Sir Henry himself that a large body of Liberals who share Mr. Asquith's views refrained from attending the dinner at which those views were acclaimed. Their abstention has undoubtedly given point to the bold declaration of Lord Rosebery that the time has arrived when men must choose under which master they will henceforth serve. The timid people who stayed away from the Asquith dinner, although they agreed with Mr. Asquith's opinions, because they did not wish to take any step that might seem to be an acknowledgment of the fact that the party is divided on the question of the war, have only accentuated that division. They have at the same time given the strongest possible justification for Lord Rosebery's vigorous and outspoken action. Until the members of the Opposition have acquired the courage of their opinions, and have shown that they are not to be prevented, even by their personal regard for their leader in the House of Commons, from proclaiming their convictions, they must remain in their present unhappy condition of impotence.

It is no light task to attempt to sum up the situation of the Liberal party after the Asquith dinner had taken place. Lord Rosebery's unexpected and startling interposition had changed everything, and for the moment had seemed only to make confusion worse confounded. The Anti-War journalists, who had been abusing Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Asquith because they had stuck to the arrangement for the dinner in spite of the opposition of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, suddenly veered round and hailed them as loyal gentlemen in comparison with the arch-traitor Lord Rosebery; the members of the Centre party deplored the fact that the ex-Premier ascribed the extravagances of a mere handful of fanatics to the party as a whole; the Imperialists were bewildered, and perhaps a little hurt, because Lord Rosebery's speech had interfered with the effect of Mr. Asquith's; the Extreme Left were delighted to see that there was a possibility of a breach within the limits of the Liberal

Imperialist party; while Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman, it was announced in the *Times*, though incorrectly as it subsequently appeared, had taken himself off, on the morrow of the Rosebery speech and the Asquith banquet, to the popular but remote watering-place of Marienbad.

Out of all this hurly-burly one or two facts emerge clearly and prominently. The first is that the small pro-Boer section, the section which was represented by the meeting at the Queen's Hall, has been exposed in its real weakness, and has been reduced to silence. Nobody now cares what Mr. Lloyd-George or Mr. Bryn Roberts may say about the war, for nobody in the Liberal ranks has dared to associate himself with them. The second fact is that the Right wing of the party has raised the standard of a sane Imperialism, and has thus given the timid Centre the chance of rallying to a positive Liberal creed in which the duties and obligations that Liberals owe to the empire as a whole will be fully recognised. The third fact is that Lord Rosebery has again entered the field, has formulated a policy of his own—a policy which differs but little from that expounded by Mr. Asquith—and has given us reason to believe that his conspicuous abilities and commanding influence may again be employed in the service of a party such as that which he sketched in his speech at the City Liberal Club—in other words, a party which would combine fidelity to the old Liberal principles on the great social questions which have been so completely neglected by the present Government, with a full recognition of the responsibilities which the growth of our empire imposes upon every man who is worthy of his citizenship. Whether these facts make for Liberal union or disunion, it is too soon to say. What they do indicate, and that unmistakably, is that union is impossible if the Extreme Left is to pursue the aggressive tactics of which the National Reform Union dinner was an example. Whether the active and ambitious men who form this small party group will be content to bow before the storm remains to be seen. If they are not content, then it is difficult to understand how a fresh schism and the reconstruction of parties can be avoided.

So much for the state of the Opposition. It is not a pleasant tale for a Liberal to tell; but it is part of the history of the time and must be told accordingly. The Ministerial party has, however, its own record in connection with the prevailing confusion of affairs. During the past month, as I mentioned at the beginning of this article, the causes of difference between the Government and more than one section of its supporters have increased in number. The slow progress of the war, the accusations so freely brought against Ministers on the subject both of our naval and military requirements, and many other features of the time, have made many Ministerialists frankly avow that they would welcome any change that

transferred the reins of power to fresh hands. Nor is there any reason to doubt that such a change would not upon the whole be unwelcome to Ministers themselves. They have openly and loudly deplored the condition of the Opposition because it makes an alternative Government impossible. There is no reason to suppose that they are dishonest in their lamentations, and one must therefore conclude that they would not be sorry to see a strong Opposition formed that might at some not distant day take office. This is one of the salient facts of the situation. Another fact is the line taken by the Liberal Unionist leaders in the ranks of the Ministry. Mr. Chamberlain, as everybody knows, has, for well-understood reasons, sought to identify the whole Opposition with the views on the war that are held only by the extreme members of the party. He has drawn no distinction between Mr. Asquith and Mr. Bryn Roberts, between Sir Edward Grey and Mr. Labouchere. A vote given to a Liberal, to any Liberal even the most pronounced of Imperialists, is, according to Mr. Chamberlain, a vote given to the Boers. We are all acquainted with this formula as an election cry. But since the Reform Club meeting, and the evidence which it has afforded of the strength of the determination of the Right wing of the Opposition to maintain their own opinions on the war, new tactics have been adopted by the Liberal Unionist chiefs. They have been attending more than one dinner during the month, and they have made more than one speech. The burden of these speeches, whether delivered by the Duke of Devonshire or the Colonial Secretary, has been the same. It has consisted of a loud and jubilant exultation over the happy lot of those Liberals who in 1886 cast off their allegiance to their party rather than accept the Home Rule policy of Mr. Gladstone, and of a sharp comparison between their fate and that of the Liberal Imperialists, who still remain within the Liberal ranks although they find themselves mocked at and proscribed by the active members of the Extreme Left. It is difficult to read these speeches without seeing that they are in effect an invitation to the Right wing of the Opposition to follow the example of the Liberal Unionists in 1886, and to secede bodily from the Liberal party. Is it a far-fetched theory to suppose that, if the Liberals of the Right and Right Centre were to accept this veiled invitation and were to break loose from the ties that unite them to their old party, they would at once form the nucleus of a new party towards which would gravitate, by a natural process, many of the discontented adherents of the Ministry, and some who, although not precisely discontented, would not be unwilling to try their fortunes under a new combination in which it might be presumed they would, as a matter of course, hold leading places? It is difficult to resist the conclusion that if the Liberal Imperialists made any overtures to the Liberal Unionists the latter would show that they were prepared to receive them with open arms.

Yet if any of the Liberal Unionists now in the Government entertain this theory, I believe that they are building a house upon the sand. Nothing was more striking in Mr. Asquith's speech at the Reform Club than the emphasis with which he declared his attachment to his old party, its traditions and its principles, and nothing that he said seemed to arouse more enthusiasm among those who heard him than did this declaration. If the Liberal Unionists imagine that they are likely to witness a great pilgrimage from the Liberal ranks to the Ministerial party they are labouring under a serious delusion. It is certainly not in this fashion that parties are likely to be reconstructed. The Liberals of to-day have passed through the fires of a great tribulation. They have seen their fairest hopes disappointed, and have had to spend twelve of the last fifteen years in the cold shade of Opposition. They have borne their ordeal with courage and cheerfulness. There are few amongst them who do not believe, in spite of all that they have suffered, that Mr. Gladstone was justified in the experiment which he attempted to carry out in 1886. They believe that this experiment failed owing mainly if not wholly to the fact that the leader of the Irish Home Rule party, Mr. Parnell himself, betrayed the cause which he had brought to the verge of success, and for purely personal reasons compassed its destruction. They have no intention of arraying themselves in white sheets and seeking admittance to the fold of Liberal Unionism in the garb of repentant sinners. But while they maintain this attitude almost to a man, they are not blind to the changed conditions of to-day, and above all to the complete rupture between themselves and the Irish party which followed the defeat of the second Home Rule Bill in 1894. They have publicly recognised the fact that Mr. Gladstone's scheme of Home Rule is dead, and I imagine that few of them are willing to see their party again take office in reliance upon the votes of the Irish party. This, unless I am mistaken, is the present position of the Right wing of the Opposition and of those who have hitherto hoped for the return of Lord Rosebery to active political life. When we take into account the new differences which have arisen within the party on the question of the war, and the firmness with which the men of the Right insist upon the duty of carrying the struggle as swiftly as possible to the only end that is now attainable, the suppression of the Boer resistance, we are driven to the conclusion that the old party foundations are being undermined, even although no one means to forego his share in the great heritage of principle and tradition to which every Liberal lays claim. A Liberal party freed from the fatal domination of the Irish members, and freed from the extreme views of the men who can see in the present struggle in South Africa nothing but the wickedness and cruelty of England, yet remaining on every essential question true to the old

creed of Liberalism, is a vision which may even now be growing into a substantial reality.

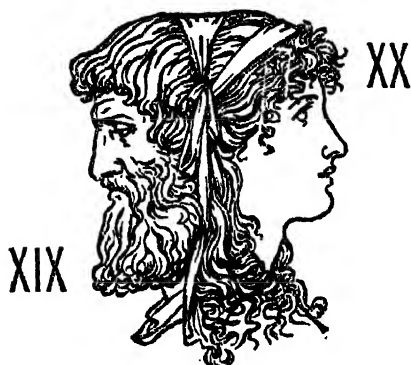
Last month witnessed no exciting events except those connected with the evolution of our political parties. In Parliament the Ministry cannot be said to have shone. The dropping of the Education Bill was a severe humiliation, which in other times might have had the most serious consequences. Things being as they are, a reverse of this kind is accepted by the Government in a spirit of mild complacency. The short temporary bill which has been brought in to take the place for the moment of the greater measure has not met with a very encouraging reception, though it cannot be believed that Ministers will not press it to a conclusion. The management of the business of the House of Commons has been the reverse of happy. The Opposition has had a legitimate ground of complaint in the fact that the measure for renewing the agricultural grants was introduced under the 'ten minutes rule.' Even Ministerialists felt called upon to protest against so clear a violation of the spirit of this rule. The discussions in Committee of Supply have afforded proof of the fact that obstruction is not wholly confined to the ranks of the Irish members; but it cannot be said, despite the prolonged sittings of the House of Commons, that there has been any debate during the month of first-class interest or importance. The House of Lords has been indulging itself in platonic attacks upon the Government which it supports, and Ministers have twice been defeated upon questions of no substantial importance. Undoubtedly the sitting of the Peers which excited most interest was that at which Earl Russell was tried, amid the stately formalities of a former age, for the crime of bigamy. There was no doubt as to his guilt; there was equally little doubt that he had sinned rather from an error of judgment than from any deliberate intention to break the law. If he had been tried at the Old Bailey it is morally certain that he would not have been sentenced to more than a week's imprisonment. The Peers, determined apparently to show their stern regard for justice without respect of persons, passed upon Earl Russell a sentence of three months' imprisonment. It cannot be said that the trial either in its form or its result tended to edification, and it is much to be hoped that it is the last event of the kind which will be witnessed at Westminster.

In South Africa two events of interest have happened during the month. One of these is the death of Mrs. Kruger, the homely, kindly-hearted Doppler lady who was for so many years the faithful companion and helpmeet of the ex-President. It is sad to think that she should have passed away at a time when it was impossible for her husband to be present at her deathbed. Whatever may have been the errors and offences of Mr. Kruger, he can command in this

affliction the sincere sympathy of his enemies as well as his friends. The other event of interest has been the capture of the staff and records of the 'acting Government' of the Orange State, and the very narrow escape of ex-President Steyn from the British troops. The documents which were secured proved that so long ago as May last the military leaders of the Boers had come to the conclusion that further resistance would be useless, and were anxious to make peace. Mr. Steyn, however, and presumably Mr. Kruger, believed that the resistance of the guerilla forces might still be prolonged, and this hope was clearly founded on the double conviction that Great Britain was growing weary of the painful and costly struggle, and that some movement in European politics might favourably affect the fortunes of the Boers. The political events at home during the past month, and the very distractions of the Liberal party which have attracted so much attention, show how completely unfounded was the belief of President Steyn so far as the first point was concerned, while nothing has happened in the wide field of Continental politics to give any support to the forlorn hope of European intervention in the interests of the conquered Republics.

WEMYSS REID.

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NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



No. CCXCV—SEPTEMBER 1901

*THE IRISH NUISANCE
AND HOW TO ABATE IT*

THE session just ended has left little or no traces upon our statute book. It will not be remembered for any serious attempt at legislation. Its time has been frittered away in irrelevant discussions, raised for the most part on questions which never ought to have been asked, and which never ought to have been answered. No doubt the war accounts largely for the barrenness of the legislative harvest. To speak the plain truth, neither the Ministry nor Parliament nor the country had the heart to occupy themselves with home legislation while public attention was absorbed by the campaign in South Africa. Even, however, if the war had been brought to a close before the meeting of Parliament the system of obstruction adopted by the Irish party must of itself have proved fatal to successful

legislation. Throughout the session we have had to deal with an Opposition not directed against any particular measure, but animated by the avowed desire to render parliamentary government impossible, and by so doing to bring the British constitution into discredit. The rules, regulations, and usages of the House of Commons are all based upon the assumption that its members, however they may disagree in their views, are all actuated by an honest intention to do their duty as the chosen representatives of the United Kingdom and to uphold the authority of Parliament. In virtue of this assumption every latitude has hitherto been allowed to parliamentary criticism provided it was directed to the defeat or amendment of measures to which any member might object, whether with or without due cause. This latitude has been abused by the Irish Nationalists in order to render the work of Parliament incapable of performance.

Seven years have come and gone since I wrote an article in this Review, entitled 'Justice to England,' in which I used the following words:

The common-sense of the British public may be relied upon to open their eyes to the plain fact that the Irish vote blocks the way to all legislation in the interest of England unless that legislation is of a kind to facilitate, or, at any rate not to retard, the cause of Home Rule. The Irish, whether Parnellites or anti-Parnellites, make no secret of their intention to render the concession of what they call justice to Ireland an essential preliminary to any act of justice to England. The British people are told in so many words that until they grant Home Rule to Ireland they are not to be allowed to legislate on their own affairs and for their own interests. And as things are the Nationalists have the power to make good their words.

The forecast made in 1894 has been more and more justified by every year that has passed; and now in 1901, under an Unionist Ministry, possessing an overwhelming majority in both Houses, the power of the Irish Nationalists to paralyse the action of the British Parliament has been made more manifest than ever.

So long as the conditions of our political system remain as they are, there is no reason to expect that the Irish nuisance—I know of no better term for the attitude adopted by the Nationalist party—will become abated. By granting household suffrage to Ireland we have placed parliamentary representation in the sister kingdom in the hands of an ignorant and needy peasantry, who, as long as they are guided by their priests and are led by professional agitators, will continue to elect members with the mandate to express their animosity towards England, to bring her government into disrepute, to encourage her enemies, to exult in her misfortunes, and to force upon her the choice of submitting to parliamentary impotence or of repealing the Union. These remarks do not, of course, apply to the loyal representatives returned by the Protestant constituencies. But, when all exceptions are noted, four-fifths of the Irish members are

open enemies of England, members of the Imperial Parliament whose avowed aim is to compel the United Kingdom to consent to the severance of the Union under pain of seeing the mother of parliaments deprived of her authority to rule. The only fact that can be predicted with any certainty about the composition of the next Parliament is that, whatever may be the electoral losses or successes of Conservatives or Liberals, the Irish Nationalist party will return to Westminster with undiminished, if not with increased, numbers. Nor is there any ground to imagine that after the next General Election the representatives returned on the Home Rule platform will be less hostile to England than their predecessors in the present Parliament. John Bright said, if I remember rightly, in connection with Mr. Bradlaugh, that however extreme a politician may be, somebody will always be found ready to go a step further. It seems difficult to imagine how the Irish Nationalists of the future can surpass Mr. Dillon or Mr. Redmond in their senseless hostility to England, or in the virulence of their insolent invectives. But just as O'Connell was succeeded by Isaac Butt, as Butt was replaced by Parnell, and as Parnell was followed by Dillon and O'Brien, so we may take it for granted that even these gentlemen will be supplanted in their turn by politicians even less worthy of the name.

I am afraid, too, we may reckon with absolute assurance upon the Nationalist party being backed, in the future as in the past, by an important section of the English Liberals. It would be an insult to such men as Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt, not to mention others, to suppose that they do not bitterly resent, both politically and personally, their enforced association with the men who never lose an opportunity of vilifying the country of their birth. I have seen too much of politics not to be aware that, with us, statesmen of high character and position will submit to any humiliation sooner than sacrifice the interests of their party. Still, one must draw the line somewhere; and I should have thought that the present and the former leader of the Liberal party might have drawn the line when on the vote for 44,000,000*l.* for the Army Mr. W. Redmond shouted out, 'The Army is not worth fourpence, not to say forty-four millions. The rottenest army in Europe!' or when on the grant to Lord Roberts Mr. McNeill declared 'that the war had been conducted by Lord Roberts with the *maximum* of cruelty and the *minimum* of humanity.' But on these and all the other numberless occasions throughout the session, when one Nationalist after another insulted the English Government, the English Army, and the English people, hardly one of the English Liberals had the manliness to stand up and declare that the language and the proceedings of the Irish Nationalists were a scandal against which he, as an Englishman, felt bound to raise his

protest. On the contrary, whenever the malignants went so far as to give rise to the intervention of the Speaker, some advanced Liberal was always forthcoming to palliate the outrage, while the bulk of the Liberal party signified their tacit approval either by voting with the Irish or by not voting at all. The cause of their acquiescence is capable of only one interpretation. The Liberals know that their only chance of regaining office, or of holding it if regained, is by securing the support of the Irish vote, and therefore they deem it their interest, if not their duty, to say or do nothing which can give umbrage to their unwelcome but indispensable allies. As it has been hitherto, so it must be hereafter.

If, therefore, the Irish nuisance remains unabated we must expect to see the machinery of parliamentary obstruction more fully developed and more unscrupulously employed. Scenes, to use the euphemism employed by reporters to describe the howls and shouts and screams by which the Nationalists express their disapproval, will become of more frequent occurrence, and will be distinguished by an even more flagrant disregard of good manners and common decency. Futile discussions, intended only to waste time, will be the order of the day. Divisions, which serve no purpose except to protract the sittings, will be forced night after night upon a weary legislature. Serious consideration and discussion of any question whatever will become impossible so long as the House of Commons is converted into a bear garden; and the whole of our administrative organisation, which depends for its efficiency on the authority of Parliament, will be put out of gear. Already there are symptoms that Parliament is losing its authority, and no longer commands its old influence in the country. Our leading newspapers, with the solitary exception of the *Times*, devote less and less space to parliamentary reports; the lists of names even on important divisions are given far less fully than they used to be a few years ago; and public opinion is far more influenced nowadays by newspaper articles than it is by parliamentary speeches. I do not say that the Irish nuisance is the sole cause of the decline in the authority of the legislature, but I do say that it is one of the chief causes. The British public finds it difficult to take serious account of an assembly which is powerless to maintain order and propriety within its own walls. The character of the House of Commons has inevitably deteriorated. There is a perceptible loss of self-respect amidst the rank and file of its members. Nobody in his senses would ever dream at present of describing the popular branch of the legislature as 'the best club in all London.' There is not a club in the West End or the City which would not have to close its doors if its members behaved towards each other in the fashion which has been introduced into Westminster by the Irish Nationalists. Evil communications corrupt good manners; and the British members of the House of Commons would be more than

human if association with the Nationalist gang had not lowered their standard of what is right and fair in parliamentary debate. Supposing the system of persistent obstruction adopted by the Nationalists were the mere outcome of individual spite and disaffection, there might be ground to hope that with the disappearance of certain individualities, who have gained an evil prominence amidst their colleagues, the system might be abandoned. But the system in question is not only 'pretty Fanny's way,' it is part and parcel of a deliberate policy. The Hibernian Home Rulers are convinced, as Mr. Chamberlain pointed out the other day, that if they keep on long enough paralysing the action of the Imperial Parliament, and bringing its authority into disrepute, they will wear out the patience of the British public and force Parliament to grant Home Rule to Ireland for the sake of getting rid of an intolerable nuisance. They have found that physical force is powerless against the British Government; that dynamite conspiracies are useless against the British police; and that political alliances are of no avail when confronted by the solid good sense of the British public. What they have failed to achieve by force they hope to obtain by importunity. Just as the Boers fancy they can wear out the patience of England by carrying on a guerilla warfare, so the Nationalists imagine they can coerce the British public into the concession of Home Rule by petty aggressions repeated in perpetuity. In both cases our assailants have some cause for their faith. The Boers remember how England surrendered after the defeat of Majuba. The Home Rulers remember how the Liberal party capitulated to Mr. Parnell after the Kilmainham compact. In both instances this belief will, I am convinced, prove a delusion. But I cannot expect our enemies, whether in South Africa or in Ireland, to discard their delusions till they learn by bitter experience that, if needs be, England is prepared and determined to adopt any measures which may be necessary for the maintenance of the United Kingdom at home and of the British Empire abroad. How can this knowledge be best brought home? That is the question for Englishmen to answer to-day.

In one of the last interviews I ever had with my old friend the late Mr. W. E. Forster he made a statement to me which has ever since remained engraved in my memory. We were sitting alone together after dinner, talking as usual about the Irish difficulty, when he remarked to me—

My experience in Ireland has led me to the conclusion that the real cause of the Irish difficulty is the possession by Ireland of parliamentary government. Every question which arises there is decided, not by the consideration of what is best for Ireland, but of what is best for the political interests of whichever of our two parties happens to be in power at the time the question arises. If Ireland could only be deprived of her Parliamentary representation for fifteen years and ruled during this suspension by me, or any man of courage and common-sense, I would undertake to make her peaceful, prosperous, and contented, and would

gladly stake my life on the success of my experiment. I cannot state this in public, as the utterance of such a sentiment would involve the loss of any political future there may be in store for me. But I should like my friends to know that this was my opinion.

I do not answer for the verbal accuracy of each of the words used, but I am absolutely certain as to their sense being correctly reported in the above statement. As Mr. Forster has now been dead for many years, I think there is no breach of confidence in stating the impression left on his mind by his long and arduous career as Secretary of State for Ireland under Mr. Gladstone's Administration.

It would be foreign to my purpose to discuss whether this drastic remedy for Irish disaffection would have proved successful. I think it well, however, that at the present crisis Mr. Forster's opinion should be known—an opinion which I believe is shared by many living British statesmen, Liberals as well as Conservatives; and that the Nationalists should be aware that there are not inconceivable contingencies under which a British Government might, in the interest of the United Kingdom, deem it necessary to deprive Ireland of Parliamentary representation for a more or less prolonged period. Happily these contingencies have not yet arisen; nor are they ever likely to arise, if the Irish malcontents realise that there are limits beyond which England cannot be assailed and harassed with impunity. It is only in the last resort that the British Parliament would consent to any measures which might be described as violations of the Act of Union. But if it once came to an issue of either dissolving the union between Great Britain and Ireland, or of modifying the act of partnership, the 'predominant partner' would choose the latter alternative without the slightest hesitation.

Personally I have very little confidence in any alterations of our Parliamentary procedure as a means of abating the Irish nuisance. So long as there remain in the House of Commons some fourscore representatives, acting in unison together, who are resolved to protract proceedings and thereby to render legislation impossible, they will always succeed in baffling any regulations designed to render obstruction impossible. Machiavelli says that every prisoner must in the end escape from durance, because the prisoner is always thinking of how to get out, while the gaoler cannot be always thinking of how to keep the prisoner in confinement. This remark applies to the relations between the Nationalists and the Government. Whatever regulations may be made for the suppression of obstruction, the former are bound to win, because they are always thinking of how to evade these regulations, while the latter cannot be always thinking of how to enforce them. It is, however, obvious that there are certain measures which might be taken to curb the virulence of the Nationalist attacks—attacks directed nominally against the British Ministry, but in reality directed against the

British Parliament and the British public. Every member of the Legislature has on taking his seat in Parliament to swear allegiance to the Sovereign; and it would be within the power of the House of Commons to pass a resolution to the effect that any member who broke his oath by expressing his open sympathy with His Majesty's enemies and his desire for the success of their arms, should be *ipso facto* expelled from the House of Commons, and that any seat rendered vacant by expulsion should not be filled again before the next General Election. If such a resolution had been passed, some dozen Nationalist members at least would have been expelled during the session, and the power of the Nationalist vote would for the time have been diminished in proportion. Still, after a little experience it would be easy for the Nationalists to so modify their language as to protect themselves against the charge of having offered distinct encouragement, if not actual assistance, to the King's enemies. Moreover, the relief obtained by this method would be only temporary, and would be deprived of its efficiency by the fact that it might have been represented as being adopted against Ireland and not against the United Kingdom as a whole.

Fortunately there exists a means of abating the Irish nuisance which cannot fairly be described as a violation of the Act of Union, which applies equally to all portions of the United Kingdom, and which is urgently demanded in the interest of the Imperial Parliament. The means in question is provided by a redistribution of seats throughout the United Kingdom. The basis of our existing representative system is the right of the majority to rule. Whether this right is a sound or unsound one in principle is not a question I am called upon to consider. It was deliberately adopted by the voice of the nation as represented by Parliament, and I may add that the measures by which supreme electoral power has been conceded to the most numerous, the poorest, and the least educated part of the population of the British Isles were supported by the Irish vote in Parliament. It follows logically that if the election of the representatives who have in the last resort to decide what party shall be in office, and what policy that party will have to pursue, is to be determined by the counting of heads, this counting must be conducted fairly. If, as at present, one part of the United Kingdom has an amount of representation utterly disproportionate to the number of its electors, the principle of the right of the majority to rule is manifestly violated. This violation can only be set aside by a redistribution of seats, so as to render the number of representatives proportionate to the numbers of the electors in the different constituencies. It is not our English fashion to attach extreme value to symmetry or to resent too bitterly any anomalies in our electoral system. If the Irish representatives had been content to conduct themselves in accordance with the conditions which are essential to the maintenance

of the authority of the Imperial Parliament, the British public would probably have been willing to support for some time longer the inconveniences which must arise from gross inequalities in the distribution of seats throughout the United Kingdom. But as these inequalities confer upon Ireland a numerical power in Parliament utterly inconsistent with the principle on which our national institutions are based, there is all the more reason for rearranging the distribution of seats in accordance with facts as they stand.

The figures speak for themselves. England, according to the careful calculations made by Mr. Kimber, the Member for Wandsworth, has 465 members; Wales has thirty; Scotland has seventy-two; while Ireland has 103. The total number of the electors in the United Kingdom under the present franchise, which approaches very closely to manhood suffrage, is 6,823,585. It follows as a matter of course that if we divide the number of the electors by the number of seats (670), we find that under any system of equal representation each constituency should consist in round numbers of 10,000 voters. Under any approximation to constituencies equal in respect of population England would be entitled to 499 members, thus gaining thirty-four seats. Scotland would have sixty-nine seats, thus losing three. Wales would remain as she is, with thirty seats; while Ireland would have seventy-two, thus being deprived of thirty-one seats. That this should be so is only common justice. England not only contains some five-sevenths of the total population of the British Isles, but she exceeds them in a far higher proportion in wealth and trade and industry; and if I had not the fear of Scotland before my eyes, I should add that the predominant partner surpasses the other members of the firm in average good sense and intelligence. I should, however, lay no great stress on these considerations, as under the suffrage now established, wisely or unwisely, in this country wealth, intelligence and education have practically no electoral power. One voter, according to our modern political creed, is as good as another; henceforward we are to be ruled by numbers. Then in the name of common sense and common justice let the numbers be counted in obedience to the rules of arithmetic. After all this is not much to ask.

In order to make my meaning clear let me try and explain one mode by which the distribution of seats could be made to conform to the general principle, that if the majority has a right to rule, this majority should be constituted on terms of equality in respect of all the electors of the United Kingdom in whatever part of the kingdom they may happen to reside either by birth or choice. A Commission would have to be appointed to rearrange the constituencies of the country. For the sake of simplicity it would be better if all constituencies were made approximately equal in numbers. But practically there would be great difficulties in splitting up large

constituencies. The object in view would be equally well carried out if the Commission adopted, as the basis of their report, the general principle that no constituency, however large, should have more than one member for every 10,000 electors within its boundaries, and that no constituency with less than 10,000 electors should have any member at all. The electors in these disestablished constituencies would not lose their votes, but would have to exercise their franchise in any constituency with which their borough or county might be grouped. Various other combinations may be suggested by which equality of representation might be attained. All I contend for is that equality should in as far as possible be based on a numerical footing. The real cause of the excess of seats in certain portions of the United Kingdom and of their deficiency in others is to be found simply and solely in the decrease or increase of population in various districts which are due to natural causes. Owing to events which have no bearing on the subject under discussion the population of Ireland has decreased by at least 30 per cent. since the Act of Union, while the population of England has increased enormously, not only absolutely, but still more relatively. There are many contingencies possible, though perhaps not probable, under which the natural causes I have referred to might cease to act. In this case Ireland, Scotland and Wales might become under-represented as compared with England. Under such a contingency they would have a fair right to demand that the distribution of seats should be rearranged so as to correspond with the numerical proportions of the electorate in their respective countries. It should therefore be provided that upon each decennial census the Commission should report if any discrepancy had arisen between the number of seats allotted to each portion of the United Kingdom and the number of the electorate in that portion, of a sufficiently grave character to call for legislative redress.

I need hardly say that such a measure as I suggest would affect not only the respective parliamentary representation of the four countries which compose the United Kingdom, but would affect even more strongly the respective parliamentary representation of the constituencies in every part of the United Kingdom. In England, where this effect would be the greatest, the action of economic and social causes—utterly beyond parliamentary control—is drawing the agricultural population from the country into the towns, and is depopulating the small country towns, and thereby swelling the population of the large cities. There are twenty-five boroughs and one county in this country possessing an electorate of under 5,000, which should therefore cease to possess any individual political existence, and whose electors would have to be incorporated, if possible, with one another, or would have to be merged in some adjacent constituency. It is manifest the result of this change would be to increase the power of the urban electorate at the cost of the rural element. For the

moment the Unionists would be the gainers by a change of this kind; but whether the gain is likely to be permanent is, to say the least, an open question. Even, however, if I held that the Radicals would gain in the long run by the artisan classes becoming more powerful at the polls than the agricultural classes, I should still hold that the equalisation of electoral power, so as to correspond with the increase or decrease of population in the various constituencies, is desirable not only as a matter of logic but as a matter of policy. From my point of view the question at issue is not one of party politics but of imperial politics.

In the case of Ireland the net result of such a change as that proposed is more doubtful. In the sister kingdom there are four boroughs and five counties whose electorate is under 5,000, the lowest being Newry with 1,148 electors, and the highest being King's County with 4,993. There are eighty-one constituencies with over 5,000 electors and under 10,000, and there are only twelve whose electorate exceeds 10,000. It is clear that if strict arithmetical rules were observed, the latter would be the only constituencies in Ireland which would be unaffected by a Bill declaring that no constituency should return a representative except where there was an electorate of over 10,000, and close upon seventy Irish constituencies would have to be reconstructed. But in a large number of instances the electorate in the Irish constituencies possessing over 5,000 and under 10,000 registered electors approaches so nearly to the superior limit that their right of representation might reasonably be left intact. Still it is manifest that the thirty-one seats Ireland would be called upon to surrender, in order to place her parliamentary representation on the same footing as that of the rest of the United Kingdom, would have to be mainly provided by the extinction of the smaller constituencies, that is, of those whose electorate does not exceed 7,000. The vast majority of these constituencies are represented by Nationalists. I am not sufficiently acquainted with Irish electoral affairs to give any calculation of my own as to the exact addition which the transfer of voting power from small to large constituencies would produce in Ireland. But I know that the Unionists across St. George's Channel consider that the transfer would be greatly to their advantage; and, what is more important, I gather from the intense hostility displayed by the Nationalists to any proposal for a redistribution of seats that the transfer in their opinion would be distinctly adverse to the Nationalist cause. If it is true, as both sides seem to agree, that under a fair system of representation the loyal North would command a far larger relative vote than it does under the existing system, it is reasonable to conclude that, by establishing throughout the United Kingdom the principle of representation in proportion to population, the Irish vote would not only be decreased from 103 to seventy-three, but that of the seventy-three members returned by

Ireland to the Imperial Parliament a far larger relative proportion would be Unionists than is the case at present. Supposing this is so, the Irish Nationalist vote would then be reduced to proportions which would render it no longer formidable for purposes of obstruction.

In as far as I can see there is one way only by which, short of a *coup d'état*, the reduction of the parliamentary representation of Ireland can be effected; and that is by legislation applying equally to all parts of the United Kingdom. I am by no means enamoured of the particular measure I have ventured to suggest, and I should be quite prepared to advocate any legislation which would effect the end I have in view, provided it was made applicable to England, Scotland, and Wales equally with Ireland. I can quite understand that the proposal I have made should meet with opposition from the English constituencies, which, under its operation, would cease to return members in their own names; from the members sitting for these constituencies; and from the electoral agents whom its enactment would deprive of their occupation and their importance. I can sympathise with the politicians who would regard with alarm the great increase of electoral power the change must necessarily confer on the Metropolis and on the great industrial centres of population, and who deprecate the consequent diminution of the political influence of our rural districts. I can appreciate the dislike to the disappearance of old names, old traditions, and old associations involved in the adoption of equal electoral districts, as the basis of our parliamentary representation. I have as little liking as most of my fellow countrymen for any abstract principle being made the ground for legislation. All I contend is that the abnormal representation conferred on the Irish electorate by our existing system constitutes a grave peril to the working of parliamentary government, and in consequence affects the welfare and safety of the commonwealth. The issue to be decided is whether the evils arising from the over-representation of Ireland do or do not outweigh the inconvenience inevitably produced by causing representation to depend automatically on population. Plural voting would clearly have to be abolished. The representation of the Universities could hardly be defended under a system of numerical representation. Small boroughs in England, as elsewhere, would have to be merged in large uniform constituencies. All this I admit. What I would urge is that, when we once adopted household suffrage, we rendered necessary the changes above indicated. Sooner or later they have got to come; and, in my opinion, the sooner they come the better.

There is, indeed, only one serious objection which can be raised against such a reduction in the representation of Ireland as that which I have proposed. It will undoubtedly be urged by the opponents of reduction that the change is precluded by the terms of the Act of Union, and that no reduction can be made in the number

of the seats allotted to Ireland in the Imperial Parliament without the consent of Ireland, as formulated by her legal representatives. It is obvious that this consent can never be obtained and, therefore, the objection is fatal, supposing its force is admitted. To this contention my reply would be that the number of seats laid down as allotted to Ireland by the Act of Union was not like the law of the Medes and Persians 'which altereth not.' At the time of the Union the number of representatives accorded to Ireland in the Imperial Parliament, as the consideration for the surrender of her own legislature, was regulated in accordance with her then population as compared with that of the other portions of the realm. As her population has decreased within the last century by at least thirty per cent., it is not unreasonable that her representation should be decreased proportionately. Were we to admit the contrary contention, it would follow that if, as is quite conceivable, her population should become only an insignificant fraction of the population of the United Kingdom she would still be entitled to return, as she does now, close upon one sixth of the members of the British Parliament : a conclusion which would best be answered by the phrase so familiar to all students of Euclid, *Quod est absurdum*. If the Act of Union is never to be modified in any particular, it is impossible to understand how vote by ballot, household suffrage, the disestablishment of the State Church, the alteration of the relations between landlords and tenants, and any number of similar acts of legislation never contemplated at the time of the Act of Union have been made law in Ireland without her representatives protesting against them as violations of the compact by which Ireland was indissolubly incorporated in the United Kingdom.

Still, though the Nationalists' contention is, as I hold, untenable, it is certain to be put forward whenever any change in our electoral system involving a redistribution of seats is brought forward in the Imperial Parliament. The plea that a reduction of the number of Irish representatives is *ultra vires* can obviously be only set aside by a Parliament wherein the Ministry of the day commands an overwhelming majority both in the Lords and in the Commons. The present Ministry commands this majority, but neither I nor anyone can predict how long this majority may be preserved, or, if it is once upset, how long a period may elapse before its restoration. No Government within our times has had such a reserve of power as the present, and the knowledge that this is so renders, however unjustly, a policy of inaction on their part a confession of incompetence. The war has been not only an excuse but a justification hitherto for not dealing with any political reforms. But this justification will no longer be available as soon as the war is finished, and, without being unduly sanguine, the probabilities seem to be strongly in favour of peace being restored before the commencement of next session. During the session now ended the Irish nuisance

has become more intolerable than it ever was before, and there is every reason to anticipate that it will become more and more intolerable with each succeeding year. It is all very well to talk about the wisdom of letting sleeping dogs lie. But when the dogs instead of sleeping are barking and biting, it is time to put on the muzzles. If therefore the Ministry are well advised they will introduce a Bill next session to abate the Irish nuisance, not by any repressive measures, but by carrying out the principle which forms the root of all democracy, the right of the majority to rule. The recent Unionist Demonstration at Blenheim gave Mr. Chamberlain an opportunity of showing that he was prepared to deal with the redistribution of seats, and experience has taught us that what Mr. Chamberlain wishes to have done he generally succeeds in getting done. An opportunity has come for doing justice to England. The parliamentary force at the disposal of the Government is fully capable of carrying a measure of redistribution which would give England and Ireland the full representation to which they are respectively entitled, and in the Unionist Cabinet we have more than one statesman exceptionally competent to devise and carry through Parliament a rearrangement of our constituencies which would satisfy at once public opinion and the requirements of abstract justice. The time, the power, the men, are forthcoming; and the welfare of the United Kingdom demands that so signal an opportunity to abate the Irish nuisance should be made use of promptly and resolutely.

EDWARD DICEY.

LORD ROSEBERY'S ESCAPE FROM HOUNDSDITCH

MR. GLADSTONE, as we now learn upon the unexpected testimony of Lord Tweedmouth, regarded the last twenty years of his life as having been spent in 'patching up old clothes.' His achievements as a sartorial artist in politics approached, it must be admitted, the miraculous. But the patched-up suits of 1880, 1885 and 1892, though they served their immediate purpose, have, on the expanding conditions of contemporary politics, proved wretched wearing material. Not even Mr. Gladstone could have patched them up again. With amused dismay the new generation of Progressives have lately witnessed Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman piecing together the Gladstonian rags and remnants, with Sir William Harcourt holding the scissors, and Mr. John Morley unctuously waxing the thread. Mr. Asquith and Sir Edward Grey are sufficiently up to date resolutely to refuse even to try on the repatched garment, but they are not in a position to decline to associate with those who still believe the Gladstonian cut to be fashionable. Lord Rosebery is the only person who has turned his back on Houndsditch and called for a complete new outfit. This is the first step towards the regeneration of the Opposition. I say the Opposition advisedly, for the political opportunity of the moment is not for a regeneration of Gladstonianism or of 'the Liberal Party,' or of anything else that had its day in the last century, but solely for a live Opposition. That Opposition, when it comes, may call itself the Liberal Party or any other name that may be convenient. But it is certain that it will not be the old Gladstonian Party—quite the contrary, in fact—and that it will not become a political force until, meeting the new needs and expressing the new aspirations of the twentieth century—dealing, as Lord Rosebery rightly says, 'in a new spirit with the new problems of the age'—it thereby makes itself into a practicable alternative to the Conservative Government.

What then is the matter with the Liberals? For fifty years, in the middle of the last century, we may recognise their party as 'a great instrument of progress,' wrenching away the shackles—

political, fiscal, legal, theological and social—that hindered individual advancement. The shackles are by no means wholly got rid of, but the political force of this old Liberalism is spent. During the last twenty years its aspirations and its watchwords, its ideas of daily life and its conceptions of the universe, have become increasingly distasteful to the ordinary citizen as he renews his youth from generation to generation. Its worship of individual liberty evokes no enthusiasm. Its reliance on ‘freedom of contract’ and ‘supply and demand,’ with its corresponding ‘voluntaryism’ in religion and philanthropy, now seems to work out disastrously for the masses, who are too poor to have what the economists call an ‘effective demand’ for even the minimum conditions of physical and mental health necessary to national well-being. Its very admiration for that favourite Fenian abstraction, the ‘principle of nationality,’ now appears to us as but Individualism writ large, being, in truth, the assertion that each distinct race, merely because it thinks itself a distinct race (which it never is, by the way), has an inherent right to have its own government, and work out its own policy, unfettered by any consideration of the effect of this independence on other races, or on the world at large.

Of all this the rising generations of voters are deadily tired. When they hear the leading Liberal debater shouting the Liberal war cry of fifty years ago, ‘Peace, Retrenchment and Reform,’ and explaining it as a claim for absolute quiescence in Downing Street, with the Treasury cutting down all expenditure, and the Cabinet doing nothing but tinker with the electoral machinery, what can they say but ‘You are old, Father William’? And when they turn from Whig aspirations to Whig proposals, they see the official Liberal leaders, for lack of any live principle, committing themselves to a medley of projects which the man in the street, no less than the experienced administrator, regards as impracticable.

Unable to conceive their own obsolescence, the Liberals of the old rock account for the collapse of their party by the personal quarrels of their leaders. They have haled those leaders to the Reform Club, and insisted on a public outpouring of affection and esteem to reassure the nation as to their solidarity. The leaders have outpoured accordingly in moving copiousness, and we have now no excuse for doubting the warm friendship for Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman that underlies the resolution of so many of his colleagues to allow no public utterance of himself or his admirers to pass without prompt and explicit repudiation. But though this Reform Club farce has imposed on nobody—not even on the actors themselves—it has reduced the illusion of Liberal solidarity to absurdity, only to confirm another and more dangerous illusion, namely, that it is the South African War that has wrecked the Liberal Party. On the contrary, the war has raised the old Liberal

guard from insignificance to unpopularity, for the party had fallen so low that even unpopularity was a promotion. Lord Rosebery is only emphasising the obvious when he insists that the impotency of the Liberal Party, as an instrument either of opposition or of government, dates from much further back than the Boer ultimatum. Have we so soon forgotten the contemptuous disgust with which, in 1895, the great mass of Englishmen turned away from the Liberal Party? The collapse does not date even from Mr. Gladstone's proposal in 1886 to set up Ireland as a self-governing state. The smashing defeat of 1895 was only the culmination of a steady alienation from Liberalism of the great centres of population, which began to be visible even in 1874. London and Lancashire have ever since persisted in this adverse verdict. The most startling feature of the election of 1885—still prior to the Home Rule Bill—was the extent to which Liberalism was rejected by the boroughs. All that has happened since that date has but confirmed the great centres of population in their positive aversion to Gladstonianism. This, and not the ephemeral dispute about the war, is the bottom fact of the political situation. Thirty years ago the great boroughs were enthusiastic for Liberalism. By an uninterrupted process of conversion they have now become flatly opposed to it. The fact that to-day the Conservative Party finds its chief strongholds not in the lethargic and stationary rural counties, drained of their young men, but in the intellectually active and rapidly growing life of the towns (containing two-thirds of the nation), proves that the Liberalism of Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Morley is not the Progressive instinct of the twentieth century. The Progressive instinct always exists, and will always, in time, raise up an opposition to the party which strives to maintain the vested interests of the existing order. The Liberal Party can be strong only in so far as it is the political organ of that Progressive instinct. It held that position for so large a part of the last century that it came to believe that it held it by natural right. How is it that it has now lost it?

The answer is that, during the last twenty or thirty years, we have become a new people. 'Early Victorian' England now lies, in effect, centuries behind us. Such things do happen. The processes which make one generation differ from another operate sometimes slowly and imperceptibly, sometimes quickly and even suddenly. At one period centuries may pass without any discoverable difference in the mind or character of a nation. At another new ideas are precipitated and new parties crystallised almost before the old parliamentary hands have time to prove their visionariness. Such an epoch of transformation we now recognise, to cite only one instance, in the reign of Elizabeth. We note, within a single generation, a distinct change in the content of men's minds. Their standpoints are shifted. Their horizons are suddenly enlarged. Their whole

way of considering things is altered, and lo! a new England. In the same sense, the historian of the future will recognise, in the last quarter of the nineteenth century, the birth of another new England. Elizabethan England changed because Englishmen became aware of new relationships. They saw themselves linked on, almost suddenly, with the past in classic antiquity, and with the future in America. The England of this generation is changing because Englishmen have had revealed to them another new world of relationships, of which they were before unconscious. This time it is not a new continent that the ordinary man has discovered, but a new category. We have become aware, almost in a flash, that we are not merely individuals, but members of a community, nay, citizens of the world. This new self-consciousness is no mere intellectual fancy, but a hard fact that comes home to us in our daily life. The labourer in the slum tenement, competing for employment at the factory gate, has become conscious that his comfort and his progress depend, not wholly or mainly on himself, or on any other individual, but upon the proper organisation of his Trade Union and the activity of the factory inspector. The shopkeeper or the manufacturer sees his prosperity wax or wane, his own industry and sagacity remaining the same, according to the good government of his city, the efficiency with which his nation is organised, and the influence which his Empire is able to exercise in the councils, and consequently in the commerce, of the world. Hence the ordinary elector, be he workman or manufacturer, shopkeeper or merchant, has lost his interest in individual 'rights,' or abstract 'equality,' political or religious. The freedom that he now wants is not individual but corporate freedom—freedom for his Trade Union to bargain collectively, freedom for his co-operative society to buy and sell and manufacture, freedom for his municipality to supply all the common needs of the town, freedom, above all, from the narrow insularity which keeps his nation backing, 'on principle,' out of its proper place in the comity of the world. In short, the opening of the twentieth century finds us all, to the dismay of the old-fashioned Individualist, 'thinking in communities.'

Now the trouble with Gladstonian Liberalism is that, by instinct, by tradition, and by the positive precepts of its past exponents, it 'thinks in individuals.' It visualises the world as a world of independent Roundheads, with separate ends, and abstract rights to pursue those ends. We see old-fashioned Liberals, for instance, still hankering after the disestablishment and disendowment of all State Churches, on the plea of religious equality; meaning that it is unfair to give any public money or public advantage to any denomination from which any individual taxpayer dissents. But if it be so, all corporate action is unfair. We are all dissenters from some part or another of the action of the communities of which we are members.

How far the maintenance of a State Church really makes for national well-being—how otherwise than by national establishment and public endowment we can secure, in every parish, whether it cares and can afford to pay for it or not, the presence of a teacher of morality and an exponent of higher intellectual and social life—is a matter for careful investigation. But the notion that there is anything inherently wrong in compelling all citizens to help to maintain religious observances or religious instruction of which some of them individually disapprove, is part of the characteristically Whig conception of the citizen's contribution to the expenses of the social organisation, as a bill paid by a private man for certain specific commodities which he has ordered and purchased for his own use. On this conception the Quaker is robbed when his taxes are spent on the Army and Navy; the Protestant is outraged by seeing his contributions help to support a Roman Catholic school or university; the teetotaler is wronged at having to provide the naval ration of rum. What nonsense it all sounds in the twentieth century! The Gladstonian section of the Liberal Party remains, in fact, axiomatically hostile to the State. It is not 'little Englandism' that is the matter with them; it is, as Huxley and Matthew Arnold correctly diagnosed, administrative Nihilism. Hence in politics they are inveterately negative, instinctively iconoclastic. They have hung up temperance reform and educational reform for a quarter of a century, because, instead of seeking to enable the citizen to refresh himself without being poisoned or inebriated, and to get the children thoroughly taught, they have wanted primarily to revenge their outraged temperance principles on the publican and their outraged Nonconformist principles on the Church. Of such Liberals it may be said that the destructive revolutionary tradition is in their bones; they will reform nothing unless it can be done at the expense of their enemies. Moral superiority, virtuous indignation, are necessities of political life to them; a Liberal reform is never simply a social means to a social end, but a campaign of Good against Evil. Their conception of freedom means only breaking somebody's bonds asunder. When the 'higher freedom' of corporate life is in question, they become angrily reactionary, and denounce and obstruct every new development of common action. If we seek for the greatest enemy of municipal enterprise, we find him in Sir Henry Fowler. If we ask who is the most successful opponent of any extension of 'the Common Rule' of factory legislation to wider fields of usefulness, the answer is Mr. John Morley. And when a leader is needed by those whose unalterable instinct it is to resist to the uttermost every painful effort towards the higher organisation of that greatest of co-operative societies, the State itself, who than Sir William Harcourt, at his most eloquent, can be more surely depended upon? Not that I have any right to reproach these eminent ones for

standing by their principles. The principles were fresh once—in the last quarter of the eighteenth century. Their exponents' minds were fresh, too—about the middle of the nineteenth. But Adam Smith is dead, and Queen Anne, and even Sir Robert Peel; while as to Gladstone, he is by far the dearest of them all. It is kinder to say so bluntly than to encourage his survivors to attempt to conjure themselves into office by a name which, in its owner's lifetime, ended by being hardly able to command even a Scotch constituency; for we cannot believe that Midlothian would have proved safer than Newcastle or Derby had its greatest Liberal representative contested it in 1895. And I confess that I feel the hopelessness, even the comic absurdity, of seeming to invite his more elderly lieutenants, at their ages, to change their spots—to turn over a new leaf and devote themselves to obtaining the greatest possible development of municipal activity, the most comprehensive extension of the Factory Acts, or the fullest utilisation of the Government departments in the service of the public. I know too well that they quite honestly consider such aims to be mischievous. They are aiming at something else, namely, at the abstract right of the individual to lead exactly the kind of life that he likes (and can pay for), unpenalised by any taxation for purposes of which he individually disapproves. They are, in fact, still 'thinking in individuals.'

This same atomic conception of society, transferred from the State at home to the British Empire as a whole, colours the Liberal propaganda of Home Rule for Ireland, and its latest metamorphosis, the demand for the independence of the Transvaal. There is good argument for the devolution, within the United Kingdom, of local business to provincial assemblies, in the interest of the efficiency of the House of Commons itself. There is every reason to prefer, for the rebuilding of the civilisation of British South Africa, the model of the Australian Commonwealth rather than that of Malta or Mauritius. But Irish Home Rule and Boer independence are passionately advocated on the plea of the abstract right of these 'nationalities' to separate existence. For the very reason that these races are assumed to have ends which differ from, and perhaps conflict with, those of the British Empire as a whole, it is asserted that they must, in justice, be allowed to pursue these ends at whatever cost to themselves and to their neighbours. What *vieux jeu* all this 'Early Victorian' nationalism now seems! What have we, the citizens of a commonwealth of four distinct races in these little islands alone (five if we include our Jews); of fellow citizens in our states over sea sprung from all European nations, conspicuously French, Italian, and Dutch; of countless tribes and castes of all human colours and nearly all human languages; what, in the name of common sense have we to do with obsolete hypocrisies about peoples 'rightly struggling to be free'? Our obvious duty with the

British Empire is deliberately so to organise it as to promote the maximum development of each individual state within its bounds. As with the factory or the slum at home, this maximum of individual development will not be secured by allowing each unit to pursue its own ends without reference to the welfare of the whole. The central idea of the old Liberalism, hostile as it was to the development of the State within these isles, was naturally unsympathetic to the deliberate organisation of the Empire over sea.

Has then the nation become Conservative? Not in the least. The pleasant-mannered young gentlemen of no occupation, the portly manufacturers and the estimable country squires who sit on the Conservative benches, as every one who knows them personally will admit, no more share the feelings of the new England of the town electorate than does Sir William Harcourt. Far from having learnt to 'think in communities,' there is no satisfactory evidence of their having, in politics, learnt to think at all. Their very triumph is not their own. They are elected, not in order to put Conservatism into power, but in order to keep Gladstonianism out. Two advantages, indeed, they have, which make their election possible. The modern Conservative candidate is politically a man without prejudices. No abstract principle forbids him to listen sympathetically to any proposal for reform. Hence he seems on the platform less belated than the official Liberal, with his stock of shop-soiled principles at full price. And, most useful of all at the present juncture, the modern Conservative, unlike the Gladstonian Liberal, is quite happy and ungrudging in paying out the Imperialist commonplaces which convey to a constituency a stimulatingly blustering impression that he is conscious of the British Empire as a whole. Into this blustering impression the enthusiastic voter is allowed to read as much consciousness as he himself has attained to of Imperial rights, duties and interests in the sphere of world politics. This, however, is mere hustings manner. Conservative cabinets at work, like Conservative members in the House of Commons, show themselves no more in accord with the new England of the twentieth century than do the Liberals. When the question is one of making any more effective use of the State departments, Sir Michael Hicks-Beach is as old-fashioned as Sir William Harcourt. As to our Presidents of the Local Government Board, they are about as much at home in twentieth-century municipal affairs as King James the First would be in a modern trade arbitration. Whether they are called Fowler, Chaplin, or Long, makes no difference that is discoverable by the provincial town-clerks or the chairmen of the committees of the London County Council; all alike are impenitent decriers of the magnificent social structure that is rising all over the country, ignorant of their duties, missing their great opportunities, and naturally hostile to any extension of the local government activity which has already far outgrown their

knowledge and capacity. In the efficiency of the War Office and Admiralty, the elector has, to put it as moderately as possible, no more confidence to-day than he had seven years ago. It may be an injustice to meritorious Ministers in humbler station, but there is every reason to believe that the British public takes Lord Salisbury as the type of his own Government. Now Lord Salisbury simply does not believe in the possibility of improvement in human affairs—a view which is rather the philosophy of an independent income and a peerage than of the mass of electors existing in obviously improvable circumstances.

But to expatiate on the disappointment of the country with the present Government would be to hit a Ministry when it is down. Lord Salisbury's Ministry has disgusted not only the educationists and the temperance reformers but also the Churchmen, the philanthropists, the municipal councillors, the business men, the Services and the Naval Leaguers. And yet this much-slighted Government is as strong, electorally, as ever it was. We keep it in office lest a worse thing befall us—to wit, a Government of Gladstonian ghosts. And until an alternative Government that has thoroughly purged itself of Gladstonian Liberalism comes in sight, the 'Cecil dynasty,' as the Radical papers love to call it, will reign *faute de mieux*.

Where, then, is this alternative Government likely to be discovered? Ten years ago, had I been then writing such an article, I might have persuaded myself that only in the rise of an independent Socialist party could the alternative be found. For Democratic Socialism, as a theory of economic and political State organisation, has at least the double merit of being based on the latest political science, and in accord with the aspirations of the new England of to-day. Indeed, we can now see that the rise of the organised Socialist movement in England after 1880 was only one symptom of the political change of heart which the nation was experiencing. Just for this reason the propaganda of practical Socialism has, during the last twenty years, had a great effect on English thought. In my judgment it has powerfully contributed, and will certainly continue to contribute, to the decay of the old political creeds. But, looking back on the last two decades, we see that this effect has come, not so much in causing people to abandon their political parties, or to abstain from using the party watchwords, as in forcing upon their attention an altogether novel criticism, and in changing their whole way of looking at things. What hinders the formation of a separate Socialist party in England is always that the increase of Socialism is so much faster than that of professed and organised Socialists. The effect of the Socialist propaganda on our matter of fact nation is like the overflow of a flooded river. It extends horizontally with a certain rapidity, but vertically only with extreme slowness, perhaps never reaching any high point. It first

wets everyone's boots, and then steals unobtrusively over the ankles and knees, producing an amphibious condition in which the elector or statesman, whilst strongly objecting to being called a Socialist, or to join any avowedly Socialist organisation, nevertheless becomes convinced that an enlightened and progressive interpretation of his traditional political creed, Conservative or Liberal, demands the addition of collectivist items to the party programme. But by the time the professed Socialists were weaned from their primitive policy of the 'conversion of England' and the formation of an all-powerful Socialist party, to a policy of permeating the existing parties, the political horizon was widened by the rise of Imperial questions, and the advent of modern world-politics. The Socialists, having no definite views of their own on foreign policy, immediately found their boom of 1885-1892 collapsing; and for a time they could only account for this by 'the apathy of the working classes.' When the war came the secret was out. Outside the two spheres of labour and local government the majority of the Socialist leaders proved to be, notably with regard to the British Empire, mere administrative Nihilists—that is to say, ultra-nationalist, ultra-Gladstonian, old-Liberal to the finger-tips. They out-morleyed Mr. Morley in their utterances on the burning topic of the day; and now the Independent Labour Party is as hopelessly out of the running as the Gladstonian Party. On the issues of 'nationalism' and the Empire, Mr. Hyndman and Mr. Keir Hardie find themselves, in fact, by honest conviction, on the same platform as Sir Wilfrid Lawson and Mr. Labouchere.

It appears, then, that without some new grouping of the electorate, without the inspiration of some new thought, no virile and fecund Opposition, let alone an alternative Government, is conceivable. No front Opposition Bench can be really effective—still less can it cross the floor of the House of Commons—unless it expresses, not alone the views of its own political partisans, but also the inarticulate criticism of the mass of the community. Outside the narrow ranks of the 'political workers' of either party, the millions of citizens are quietly pursuing their ordinary business—weavers at the loom, mechanics at the lathe, teachers in the schools, ministers of religion toiling in the slums of our cities, doctors going their rounds, manufacturers at their mills, merchants and bankers journeying daily to their offices, patient investigators working out scientific problems, public-spirited men and women struggling 'gegen die Dummheit' on Town Councils and School Boards. It is these men's judgments on public affairs, these men's impressions and aspirations, which, in the England of to-day, give force and backing to the words of statesmen. And if now we inquire what it is that comes into these men's minds when they read their newspapers, when they, in their particular calling, impinge on some corner

of public administration, or when, in their own lives, some public disaster comes home to them, there is but one answer. They are not thinking of Liberalism or Conservatism or Socialism. What is in their minds is a burning feeling of shame at the 'failure' of England—shame for the lack of capacity of its governors, shame for the inability of Parliament to get through even its routine business, shame for the absence of grip and resourcefulness of our statesmen, shame for the pompous inefficiency of every branch of our public administration, shame for the slackness of our merchants and traders that transfers our commercial supremacy to the United States, shame for the supineness which looks on unmoved at the continued degradation of our race by drunkenness and gambling, slum life, and all the horrors of the sweated trades, as rampant to-day in all our great centres of population as they were when officially revealed fifteen years ago. This sense of shame has yet to be transmitted into political action. Lord Rosebery's quick political wit seizes this fact, and rightly pronounces that 'the country is ripe for a domestic programme,' which shall breathe 'new life into the administrative dry bones of our public offices.' The party and the statesmen whom these men will support, the leaders for whom they are hungering, are those who shall convince them that above all other considerations they stand for a policy of National Efficiency.

But let no politician delude himself that the utterance of this or any other shibboleth, however eloquently worded, will open for him the gates of power. The Tapers and Tadpoles of to-day, like those of sixty years ago, still put their faith in a 'good cry.' Above all, they say, avoid a programme. Do not commit yourself to any particular reforms. Deal only in phrases, and say that you cannot prescribe until you are called in. This, however, is merely the obsolete pedantry of the Tadpole-Taper trade. It is 'Early Victorian' politics. No leader will attract the support of the mass of unpolitical citizens—who in this juncture, at any rate, alone can give a decisive vote—without expanding his thesis of National Efficiency into a comprehensive and definite programme. Nay, he must do more. He must understand his programme, believe in his programme, be inspired by his programme. He will, in fact, lead the English people—eager just now for National Efficiency, they care not how—only by becoming a personified programme of National Efficiency in every department of life.

Here Mr. Asquith is on the right tack :

What is the use of an Empire [he asks] if it does not breed and maintain in the truest and fullest sense of the word an Imperial race? What is the use of talking about Empire if here, at its very centre, there is always to be found a mass of people, stunted in education, a prey to intemperance, huddled and congested beyond the possibility of realising in any true sense either social or domestic life?

To-day, in the United Kingdom, there are, Sir Robert Giffen tells

us, not fewer than eight millions of persons, one-fifth of the whole population, existing under conditions represented by a family income of less than a pound a week, and constituting not merely a disgrace, but a positive danger to our civilisation. These are the victims of 'sweating' in one or other of its forms, condemned, as the House of Lords' Committee emphatically declared, to 'earnings barely sufficient to sustain existence; hours of labour such as to make the lives of the workers periods of almost ceaseless toil; sanitary conditions injurious to the health of the persons employed and dangerous to the public.'

The first and most indispensable step towards National Efficiency is the healing of the open sore by which this industrial parasitism is draining away the vitality of the race. There is no doubt about the remedy, no uncertainty among those who have really worked at the problem. We have passed through the experimental stage of factory legislation, and we now know that it is no mere coincidence that these eight millions of persons correspond almost precisely with the sections from whom we have hitherto withheld the effective protection of the Factory Acts. 'Every society is judged,' says Mr. Asquith, 'and survives, according to the material and moral minimum which it prescribes to its members.' Note the word 'prescribes.' But when Mr. Asquith was in office he found, as Mr. Ritchie has found, that the usual timid little Factory Bill was a thankless undertaking, received sulkily by the House, and either ignored by the electorate or denounced for its omissions and concessions by capital and labour alike. The statesman who is really inspired by the idea of National Efficiency will stump the country in favour of a 'National Minimum' standard of life, below which no employer in any trade in any part of the kingdom shall be allowed to descend. He will elaborate this minimum of humane order—already admitted in principle in a hundred Acts of Parliament—with all the force that eloquence can give to economic science, into a new industrial charter, imperatively required, not merely or even mainly for the comfort of the workers, but absolutely for the success of our industry in competition with the world. With the widespread support which this policy would secure, not only from the whole Trade Union world and the two millions of organised co-operators, but also from ministers of religion of all denominations, doctors and nurses, sanitary officers and teachers, Poor Law administrators and modern economists, and even the enlightened employers themselves, he would be able to expand our uneven and incomplete Factory Acts into a systematic and all-embracing code, prescribing for every manual worker employed a minimum of education, sanitation, leisure, and wages as the inviolable starting-point of industrial competition.¹

¹ For the economic necessity for factory legislation, especially in relation to

But factory legislation alone, however effective and complete, can secure Mr. Asquith's 'moral and material minimum' only so far as the conditions of employment are concerned. Even more than in the factory, the Empire is rooted in the home. How can we build up an effective State—how, even, can we get an efficient army—out of the stunted, anæmic, demoralised denizens of the slum tenements of our great cities? Can we, even as a mere matter of business, any longer afford to allow the eight millions of whom I have already spoken—the 'submerged fifth' of our nation—to be housed, washed, and watered worse than our horses? Is it not clear that one of the first and most indispensable steps towards National Efficiency is to make really effective that 'National Minimum' of sanitation which is already nominally compulsory by law? This means a great extension of municipal activity in town and country. It means a new point of view for the Local Government Board, which must cease to do evil and learn to do well, by dropping its lazy routine of obstruction and discouragement, and rousing itself to be prompt with its stimulus, eagerly oncoming with its help, and, when necessary, swift and ruthless with its compulsion. For the Local Government Board has, though no President seems to be aware of it, an even higher duty in sanitation than stimulus and help. It is the guardian of the National Minimum. To it is committed the great trust of seeing that no single family in the land is denied the indispensable conditions of healthy life. So far as house accommodation, ventilation, good drainage and pure water are concerned, Parliament has long ago embodied this National Minimum of sanitation in police, and locally applicable Public Health Acts, which it is the duty of the Local Government Board to enforce upon local authorities, but as these ought to do upon individuals. Can it be possible for the Local Government Board to allow (as it has done) one locality after another, merely out of stupidity, or incapacity, or parsimony, demonstrably to foster malignant disease and bring up its quota of citizens in a condition of impaired vitality? Why does not the Local Government Board undertake a systematic harrying up of the backward districts, regularly insisting, for instance, that all those having death-rates above the average of the kingdom shall put themselves in order, improve their drainage, lay on new water supply, and insure, by one means or another, a supply of healthy houses sufficient to enable every family to comply with the formula of 'three rooms and a scullery,' as the minimum necessary for breeding an even moderately Imperial race? Every medical officer knows that it is quite possible, within a generation after the adoption of such a genuine foreign competition, see the recently published *Case for the Factory Acts* (Grant Richards, London, 2s. 6d.).

enforcement of the National Minimum of sanitation, to bring down the average death-rate by at least 5 per 1,000, and the sickness experience by at least a third. The equivalent money gain to the community would be many millions sterling. A single friendly society, the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows, would, it has been calculated, save a quarter of a million annually in benefits alone. I measure my words when I say that the neglect of the Local Government Board to enforce even the existing legal National Minimum of sanitation caused, last year, more deaths than the whole South African War.

A Ministry really inspired with a passion for National Efficiency would, however, know how to use other instruments besides compulsion. The Government must set itself, as Mr. Asquith aptly puts it, 'to raise the standard of life.' This is specially the sphere of local initiative and corporate enterprise, of beneficent competition rigorously stopped by law from the downward way, but freed, stimulated and encouraged in every experiment on the upward way. We have seen how the Local Government Board has necessarily to be always coercing its local authorities to secure the National Minimum; for anything beyond that minimum the wise Minister would mingle premiums with his pressure. He would, by his public speeches, by personal interviews with mayors and town clerks, and by the departmental publications, set on foot the utmost possible emulation among the various local governing bodies, as to which could make the greatest strides in municipal activity. We already have the different towns compared, quarter by quarter, in respect of their death-rates, and present only crudely, unscientifically and imperfectly, the standard of life, by should not the Local Government Board set of the kingdom all local governing bodies of each class into honourable competition of humankind one another by an annual investigation of municipal efficiency, working out their statistical marks for excellence in drainage, water supply, paving, cleansing, watching and lighting, housing, hospital accommodation, medical service, sickness experience and mortality, and publicly classifying them all according to the result of the examination? Nay, a Ministry keenly inspired with the passion for National Efficiency would call into play every possible incentive to local improvement. The King might give a 'Shield of Honour' to the local authority which had made the greatest progress in the year, together with a Knighthood to the mayor, and a Companionship of the Bath to the clerk, the engineer, and the medical officer of health. On the other hand, the six or eight districts which stood at the bottom of the list would be held up to public opprobrium, and, in the last resort, their elected bodies summarily dissolved, in order to give the inhabitants an opportunity to choose more competent administrators.

If honour and shame fail to appeal to the ratepayers of our most backward communities, there remains the potent lever of pecuniary self-interest. For England has, almost without being aware of it, invented exactly that relationship between central and local government which enables the greatest possible progress to be made. To let each locality really manage its own affairs in its own way—the anarchic freedom of American local administration—is not only to place an intolerable burden upon the poorer districts, but also to give up the all-important principle of the enforcement of a National Minimum. On the other hand, to subject the local authorities to the orders of a central government—the autocratic Minister of the Interior of continental systems—would be to barter away our birthright of local self-government for the pottage of bureaucratic administration. The middle way has, for half a century, been found through that most advantageous of expedients, the grant in aid. We see this in its best form in the police grant. When each locality did its own ‘watching’ in its own way, thieves and highwaymen enjoyed as much liberty as the local governing bodies themselves. When this state of things became unendurable, eager reformers urged a national police force. But England had an anti-Napoleonic horror of a centralised gendarmerie, acting under orders from London. The solution was found in an empirical compromise. Parliament has, since 1856, required by statute that every county and every borough in Great Britain shall maintain an efficient police force. This is the policy of the National Minimum. But avowedly local authorities very much disliked providing anything like enough police, and as the enormous growth of an uneducated and almost desperate ‘proletariat’ which was produced by the industrial revolution forced successive Governments to be very much in earnest about police efficiency, they applied a potent stimulus to it. A grant in aid of the cost of the local police force was offered to the justices and town councillors—at first one-quarter, and now one-half, of their actual expenditure on this service, however large this may be. As the grant is conditional on the force being maintained in efficiency, the Home Office is able, without impairing the independence, or offending the dignity of the local authorities, to inspect all the provincial police forces. The Home Secretary has no power to order any improvement. But his annual inspection enables him to call pointed attention to any shortcomings, and to observe, with circumlocutory official politeness, that if the defect should not have got itself remedied, somehow or another, before the next inspection, he might find himself under the regrettable necessity of withholding the certificate without which the grant cannot be paid. The result of this constant expert criticism and central pressure, coupled with the unlimited grant in aid, is that the strength and efficiency of the

provincial police forces has increased during the past generation by leaps and bounds, without any loss of local autonomy, and without the creation of any centralised bureaucracy. We need not consider whether this very great development of the county and borough police was or was not required for national efficiency. The point is that, as successive Ministers really wanted it, they were able, by their fortunate discovery of the instrument of the grant in aid, *varying automatically with the growth of the service, and conditional on its efficiency*, to bring about the improvement they desired. The story of the establishment and progressive efficiency of the English provincial police force is destined to become a classic example of the perfect relationship between central and local self-government.

Unfortunately, Ministers have had so little desire for efficiency in any other branch of local government, and have made so little study of the subject, that grants in aid have been, in other directions, perverted into mere doles in relief of the rates. Gladstone—to whom the very idea of promoting the utmost possible efficiency of government was alien—simply hated them all, even the police grant, with an indiscriminating hatred. The great bulk of the Liberal Party has echoed him, knowing no better. But the grants in aid are there, to the extent, all told, of some fifteen millions sterling annually; and no Ministry dependent on the ratepayers' vote will ever dream, by withdrawing this subsidy, of suddenly raising rates by two shillings in the pound. The outcry of Sir William Harcourt and the old-fashioned section of the Liberal Party is therefore mere echolalia, a much worse complaint, by the way, than megalomania. What we have to do is to give up all pretence of abolishing grants in aid, or even of objecting to their inevitable increase, in order to enlist their aid in the promotion of National Efficiency. A mere rearrangement of the existing infertile subventions would enable a separate grant to be made, on conditions similar to those of the present police grant, in aid of each branch of local administration which it is considered desirable to promote, not only for police and schools but for such humdrum but fundamentally important services as roads and bridges, paving and lighting, water-supply and housing, baths and wash-houses, parks and libraries.

Passing from the municipal services of daily life to the collective provisions for those sections of the community who are avowedly unable to provide for themselves, what a vista of urgently needed reform is opened up by the Poor Law! Three-quarters of a century ago the nation was saved from hideous disaster by the little knot of social investigators who, by inventing the workhouse test, found the means of stopping the pauperism of the able-bodied. The central department charged with Poor Law administration adopted this invention, and has lived on it ever since. Liberal and Conservative

Ministers alike have since done their best, even at the cost of some public uneasiness, to maintain the 'principles of 1834.' But a Government department cannot, any more than a business undertaking, go on living for ever on a single invention. The semi-penal workhouse was excellent for its purpose of a test of able-bodied destitution. We now know that it is the worst possible place for the children, the sick and the aged, who comprise the vast majority of present-day 'paupers.' But the Local Government Board has never incorporated this new truth. It exhausts its energies in trying to prevent Boards of Guardians from giving outdoor relief, without insisting, with equal positiveness, that the children, the sick and the aged shall, at all costs, be saved from the workhouse. The policy of National Efficiency, applied to the Poor Law, would replace the present critical and repressive attitude of the Local Government Board by a positive programme of Poor Law reform. What an energetic President would take in hand would be, not only the vigorous discouragement of outdoor relief to the able-bodied (women no less than men), but an equally vigorous insistence on the humane treatment of the aged, the most scientific provision for the sick, and, above all, the best possible rearing of the 'children of the State.' In no branch of the work of the Local Government Board is there more opening for improvement than in the case of the children. Here and there, indeed, enlightened Boards of Guardians have, after many difficulties, extracted the approval of the central department for carefully considered plans of 'scattered homes' and 'cottage homes,' 'boarding-out' and emigration. But in scores of unions up and down the country the Local Government Board tolerates, year after year, a treatment of pauper children quite 'Early Victorian' in its parsimonious thriftlessness. There are still thousands of children in actual workhouses, still tens of thousands in ophthalmic barrack schools; the level of their education is still such that, to give only one example, not a single pauper child in all London has ever won one of the London County Council's junior scholarships. In spite of the decay of apprenticeship, practically nothing has yet been done to give them any genuine technical instruction; and hundreds of them are still annually bundled off the hands of the Guardians into such occupations as hair-cutting and shaving, from which they are destined, in too many cases, to recruit the ranks of unskilled labour. Or take again the treatment of the sick poor. When a man is ill, the only profitable thing for the community is to cure him as thoroughly as possible with the least possible delay. Yet it cost years of patient struggle before Mr. William Rathbone and other far-sighted philanthropists could force the Local Government Board to require trained nurses, or even to allow Boards of Guardians to train nurses, for the sick poor. Even to this day, whilst some workhouse infirmaries are nearly as

well equipped as a good hospital, they are all seriously understaffed. What is far graver, the Local Government Board allows dozens of unions to go on, year after year, with workhouse infirmaries so foul, so badly equipped, and so destitute of adequate medical and nursing staff—in short, so far behind the standard of an up-to-date general hospital—as plainly to delay recovery. Year after year its own officials report the same shortcomings—in one case going so far as to declare that the Guardians ought to be indicted for manslaughter. Yet no President has grit enough to put his foot down, and enforce, upon these backward unions, even the standard of the rest. Nevertheless, the 50,000 indoor pauper children and the 100,000 pauper sick constitute no trivial part of the human material out of which our Empire has to be built.

So far I have been dealing with the prevention of disease and premature death, and the building up of the nervous and muscular vitality of the race. This, it is clear, the twentieth century will regard as the primary duty of Government. As such, it must necessarily form the principal plank in any Imperial programme that will appeal to the Progressive instinct of the country. But it is not enough that we rear a physically healthy race. The policy of National Efficiency involves a great development of public education. Here again the law is in advance of the administration. So far as the schooling of children is concerned, Parliament has long since endorsed the policy of a National Minimum, to be compulsorily enforced on every locality and every individual. The guardian and interpreter of this National Minimum is the Board of Education. No Education Minister has ever found the House of Commons cut down his estimates, or express anything but satisfaction at the growth of the education vote. The Board of Education, moreover, has full powers to fine, dissolve, and even to supersede any local authority that fails in its duty. So far as instruction up to fourteen is concerned, it is clearly not the fault of Parliament if any child, in any part of the kingdom, is denied the most efficient education that pedagogic science can devise.

Unfortunately we have never yet had a Prime Minister or a Chancellor of the Exchequer who had any conception of the duty of the Government to insist on National Efficiency in education, or, with the one exception of Mr. Arthur Acland, an Education Minister who had any power of standing up either against his own permanent staff, or against the unwarranted but frequent interferences of the Treasury with educational policy. Unfortunately, too, both Conservatives and Liberals have, in dealing with primary education, been hampered by the particularism in schools which stands in the way of any national policy of education. One party has backed denominational schools, and has only grudgingly admitted the need for School Boards. The other party, with at least equal intolerance,

has backed Board Schools and only grudgingly allowed denominational schools to exist. The result of this sectarian and unsectarian narrowness, and of the incapacity of the Education Department itself, is that, after a whole generation of nominal compulsion, we are still only at the beginning of the task. Over at least a third of England, the schools, the training of the teachers, the scope and content of the curriculum, and even the attendance of the children, are so inferior as to amount to a national scandal, whilst only in the picked samples of a few towns do we rise to the common level of Switzerland. It is in the class-rooms of these schools that the future battles of the Empire for commercial prosperity are being already lost. What the country now needs, and what it will presently clamour for—perhaps too late—is a national policy in education. It is tired of the old particularism in schools. So long as freedom of conscience is maintained, and reasonable public control secured, the younger generation cares not a jot what particular modicum of religious instruction is combined with the secular education. It has not the slightest wish to starve out the Church or the Roman Catholic schools, and really prefers them to go on supplying a useful alternative to municipal administration. And seeing that we cannot possibly shut up the voluntary schools (which educate half the children in the land), the ordinary non-political citizen cannot see why the old feud should any longer be allowed to paralyse national education; why both sets of schools cannot once for all be frankly accepted as equally parts of the national system; why the Board of Education cannot do its statutory duty and firmly bring up all schools, whatever their management, to the same high (and annually rising) national standard of secular efficiency; and why the whole cost of these necessary improvements should not be freely granted, under reasonable conditions of audit and control, from national funds. And the tantalising thing is that all this needs no further legislation. The Duke of Devonshire could decree it all to-morrow, after one Cabinet Council, by a stroke of the pen. All that stands between us and a really effective National Minimum of education is a strong Education Minister who really knows his business, who is backed by his Cabinet against the natural resistance of the Chancellor of the Exchequer to the necessary increase of the grant, and who will stand no insubordination from either his own or the Treasury clerks.

But all this concerns only primary education, which the nation thought that it had settled so long ago as 1870. It is now prepared to see the building up of an equally national system of secondary education, and even of university education of a certain sort. In nothing, indeed, has the present Government incurred more discredit than its failure to carry through its secondary education proposals, except perhaps in the timidity of the proposals themselves. The man in the street cannot be interested by carefully minimised

reforms, effecting nothing but such half-hearted changes as only experts can understand. He, no more than Mr. Balfour, can bring himself to care about a mere change in the name of the present Technical Education Committees. His imagination and patriotism must be roused by a large-hearted plan for bring the whole of our educational machinery up to the level of that of any other country. Assure him politely that energetic local authorities here and there will presently provide technical schools and a scholarship ladder, and he will not even pretend to understand what it means; but he will wake up if he is told that the whole system is to be so reorganised that every clever child, in every part of the country, shall get the best possible training that can be devised. To get this done he quite realises that there must be a substantial grant in aid of secondary education. Moreover, the man in the street, though he knows nothing accurately, has got into his mind the uncomfortable conviction that Germany and the United States are outstripping us, not merely in general education and commercial 'cuteness,' but also in chemistry and electricity, engineering and business organisation in the largest sense. Not that I would pretend that our friend in the street knows much about these subjects. But when he sees in his local paper that tenders have been received by the local authority for the latest thing in electrical plant, and that the leading English firms not only ask about double the price quoted by the best German-Swiss companies, but naïvely fortify their absurd demands by promising, if they get the contract, to put up the necessary works to execute it (thereby confessing that it is their inexperience that they offer as an inducement), then even the suburban tradesman's mind begins to clear, and to make itself up on the subject. Nothing would be more widely popular at the present time, certainly nothing is more calculated to promote National Efficiency, than a large policy of Government aid to the highest technical colleges and the universities. The statesman who first summons up courage enough to cut himself loose from official pedantries on this point, and demand a grant of half a million a year with which to establish in the United Kingdom a dozen perfectly equipped faculties of science, engineering, economics, and modern languages would score a permanent success.

I can indulge in no further detail. The policy of National Efficiency here sketched out for the Home Office, the Local Government Board, and the Board of Education, needs, of course, to be worked out in equal detail for the other departments. The reorganisation of the War Office and the substitution of a system of scientific fighting for our present romantic and incapable 'soldiering'; the energetic rehandling of the Budget (which now yields no more per head than it did a hundred years ago), so as to assert the claims of the State as the sleeping partner in the unearned increment both of urban land values and the huge gains of monopolised industry;

the reform of local taxation on the lines of an assessment according to site-value instead of the present penalising of the building and improving of houses; the rescue of our present 'tied' refreshment houses from the tyranny of the brewer, and the adjustment of their number and hours of business to the actual needs of each locality; the reform of the House of Commons by confining all ordinary speeches to a quarter of an hour, and the increased devolution of business to committees—all these are but points in the same policy of National Efficiency by which every part of the central and local machinery of the State needs to be knit together into an organically working whole.

To sum up. What the mass of non-political citizens are just now craving for is virility in government—virility in South Africa, virility in our relations with the rest of the world, and, by no means least, virility in grappling with the problems of domestic administration. It is now evident even to Conservatives that what with lack of faith and lack of knowledge, what with the dominance of vested interests and the paralysing infection of political cynicism, no such virility is to be hoped for in the present Government. The nation is looking around for an alternative, but can find none. The war has completed its disgust with old-fashioned Liberalism, with its complaisant insularity, its fanatical intolerance, and its unscientific Individualism. At the beginning of the twentieth century, Gladstonianism is as dead as the dodo, and Jingoism is going the way of all rowdy fashions when they have been slept on.

So far Lord Rosebery and Mr. Asquith, Mr. Haldane and Sir Edward Grey are right in their diagnosis. The nation sees that these men, in their different opportunities, have had the courage to cast off the old clothes. But at present we are all in the dark as to what is to be the new outfit. Before the non-political citizen will rally to a new standard, he will need to be convinced that those who raise it not only accept the principle of National Efficiency, but have a clear vision of how they intend to work this principle out in each of the departments of State activity. Lord Rosebery is struck by the repeated electoral successes of the Progressive party in the London County Council. But these successes were not gained by any enunciation of general principles, or merely by the declaration that the Progressives stood for progress, or for efficiency in the abstract. They were, as Lord Rosebery knows, won by a persistent and all pervading propaganda of a detailed programme of reform in every department; resolute, and even extreme in its character; put forward by a group of men who had definitely thought out what they intended to get done; and who, at the risk of calumny and misunderstanding at the West-end and in the City, did not shrink from painting the sky red with their projects. Thus it was that they gathered into one irresistible force, strong enough to carry their party through four successive general elections, the whole

Progressive instinct of the Metropolis. Now, the up-to-date business man or Progressive-minded workman is satisfied that Lord Rosebery and Sir Edward Grey know their own minds about the Empire, and that they have both the knowledge and the conviction necessary to get done what they wish. But in this respect, to the man in the street at any rate, they offer no advantages over Lord Salisbury and Mr. Chamberlain. The question is, What steps would their alternative Government take to insure the rearing of an Imperial race? What action have they in mind for healing the open sore of the sweated trades: what do they intend to do with the Poor Law: what plan have they thought out for stimulating and directing the utmost possible municipal enterprise in sanitation and housing: what is their scheme for a comprehensive national system of education from the infant school to the university: what are their practical conclusions as to increasing the grants in aid and assessing site values: how do they intend to transform the present silly procedure of the House of Commons: do they propose to simply neglect the military situation? It is on questions of this sort that they must, during the next few years, mark themselves out from their opponents, and convince us that they have a faith and a programme rooted no less in knowledge than in conviction. To think out such a programme is, of course, irksome, and, as every political Polonius will advise, to commit yourself to it is inconvenient—if you do not believe in it. But, to create a live Opposition—still more, to construct an alternative Government—this new thought and this new propaganda must be undertaken. If even one-half of the study and conviction, money and capacity, were put into such a campaign for the next five years that Cobden and Bright put into the Anti-Corn Law League, the country could be won for a policy of National Efficiency. Without the pledge of virility which a campaign of this sort would afford, the nation will not be persuaded.

Such a campaign cannot be undertaken by any one man, however eminent. It involves the close co-operation of a group of men of diverse temperaments and varied talents, imbued with a common faith and a common purpose, and eager to work out, and severally to expound, how each department of national life can be raised to its highest possible efficiency. If he does nothing but plough his own furrow, Lord Rosebery will, I fear, have to plough it alone.

SIDNEY WEBB.

WESTMINSTER ABBEY AND THE CORONATION

The Abbey of Westminster hath been always held the greatest sanctuary and rendezvous of devotion of the whole Island; whereunto the situation of the very place seems to contribute much, and to strike a holy kind of reverence and sweetness of melting piety in the hearts of the beholders.—*Howell's Perilustration of London*, 1657.

AROUND no building within the British Empire will greater interest soon be concentrated than around Westminster Abbey, for within its venerable walls will take place the Coronation of King Edward the Seventh.

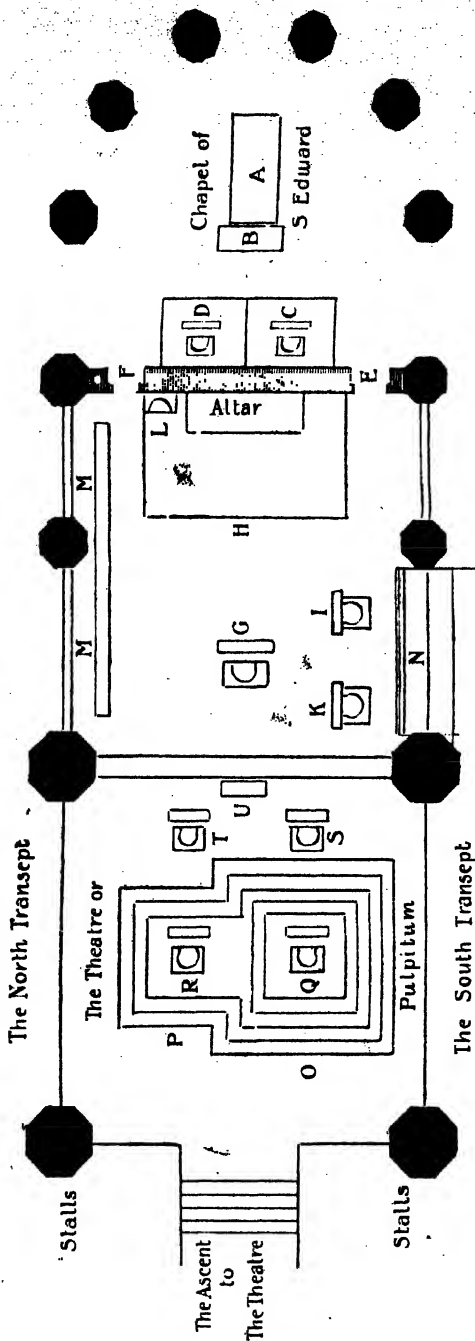
Those who are intimately acquainted with the church can alone appreciate the difficulties which attend the preparations that must be made in and around the fabric in order to prepare it for the ceremony; the huge stages and scaffolds that must needs be erected to accommodate the numbers of persons who are officially entitled to be present at the ceremony; the risks and, alas that it must be said, the damage which the ancient walls are forced to endure on such occasions.

It is easy to find fault and express regret, but the difficulties which present themselves to the officials upon whom it devolves to make arrangements must in no way be overlooked.

At each successive Coronation the troubles increase. The church remains the same in size as before, the walls get older, and with age and the destructive action of the London filth are more tender and friable than ever they were; but the number of official personages is ever on the increase; an empire has taken form since the last Coronation and must be represented; the peerage has increased by a great percentage and, perhaps chief difficulty of all, as by it the numbers are immensely increased of persons who have no official position, the ladies demand admission in a way heretofore unknown.

A great ceremonial, more especially when it is a religious ceremonial, is nothing unless it be in every respect conducted with the utmost dignity and unless care be taken that the surroundings are also conducive to that dignity.

PLAN NO. 1.—PLAN OF EASTERN LIMB OF WESTMINSTER ABBEY PREPARED FOR THE CORONATION.



A Tomb of St. Edward Confessor.

B Altar at head of tomb.

C The King's throne, with a chair and faldstool therein.

D The Queen's throne

E Door through which the King passes to his throne to disrobe.

F Queen passes to her

G King Edward's or Coronation Chair. Herein the King is anointed and crowned.

H Steps to the altar where the Queen is anointed and crowned.

I Chair and faldstool where the King sits during the sermon and kneels during the Litany.

K " " " " " " " " " " " "

L " " " " " " " " " " " "

M The bench for the Bishops.

N The gallery for royal personages.

O The King's throne, being an ascent of 5 steps above the theatre.

P The Queen's throne, being an ascent of 3 steps.

Q The chair of State in which the King is enthroned.

R Queen

S The chair and faldstool where the King first sits and kneels and where he stands during the recognition.

T The chair and faldstool where the Queen first kneels and sits.

U The desk at which the Litany is sung.

We may ask ourselves, How far is this dignity likely to be maintained unless the lines followed both at the last Coronation and at the Jubilee Service in 1887 are most materially changed?

Far from augmenting the dignity of the ceremony, the monstrous blockade of galleries in every possible and impossible corner, and the terrible want of taste shown in the way they were clothed, masked the interior of the church and converted it in appearance to something but little better than a country circus tricked out in red baize. It was only when one's eyes were raised above these vulgarities that the unsurpassed beauties of the building were still seen to assert themselves.

At the last three Coronations and at the Jubilee Service of 1887, the effort to attain the impossible, to cram thousands of persons into a building never intended to hold more than half the number, has not only led to improprieties of arrangement, but it has introduced an element of personal danger, both to the chief actors in the pageant and to those who assist by their presence, that cannot be too determinately insisted upon. The risks are appalling.

The ceremony of the Coronation and the preparation necessary for it may be looked at from two points of view. One, that part of it which concerns the persons actually taking part in the ceremonial; the other, that part which concerns the spectators who 'assist'; for the fact must not be overlooked that 'the recognition' of the King by the representative personages in the church assembled is really a very important feature in the Coronation. To accommodate these persons special preparations are absolutely necessary. As far back as we have any record, platforms, stages, and galleries have been set up to meet the requirements of the case.

It will be interesting in the first place to explain to my readers what have been the arrangements of the platforms, seats, etc., provided for the reception of the King, the Queen, and those officiating at the ceremony of the Coronation—arrangements hallowed by long custom. Then I must endeavour to show how the galleries and stages for spectators, once of moderate dimensions, have invaded and overwhelmed the interior of the church.

In *The History of the Coronation of James the Second*, by 'Francis Sandford, Lancaster Herald, 1687,' we find the ordering of the whole matter very clearly set forth, with diagrams and engravings. This book is accepted as one of the chief authorities on the subject.

* In essentials the arrangements have been retained with but little change.

At the crossing of the church was erected a square platform extending over the whole of the space between the four great pillars which support the lantern. (See Plan No. 1.) This was called 'The Theatre or Pulpitum,' and is called the theatre now. This was and

is of necessity fairly well raised, as on it the King stands for the ceremony of recognition.

Upon this is placed the throne. The word throne does not in Sandford's nomenclature mean the King's seat; it means the platform raised by five steps above the theatre and on which stood the King's chair of State. Seated on this chair he was enthroned.

Still on the platform of the theatre, and immediately to the north or left of the King's throne, was placed that of the Queen; on it the chair of State in which she was enthroned.

Still on the platform called the theatre, and east of the thrones, stood two more chairs, each with its faldstool; one being the chair where the King first 'kneeled and sate,' and where he stood during 'the recognition,' the other where the Queen first 'kneeled and sate.'

In front of the last named seats and to the east was the Litany desk.

We now come to the space east of the theatre and immediately in front of the altar. In the middle of the space was placed the venerable chair of King Edward—the Coronation Chair. Sitting in this the Sovereigns have been anointed and crowned from the time of Edward the Second.

To the south or right of this chair, and facing north, stood two chairs with their faldstools; one for the King and one for the Queen. Here Their Majesties sate during the sermon and kneeled during the Litany.

Behind these chairs were placed certain royal personages.

On the north side, and facing the chairs, sat the Bench of Bishops, whilst close to the altar on the north side was a seat and faldstool for the Archbishop of Canterbury.

The reredos, with the two doorways, one on the north and one on the south of the altar, stood then as it does now.

Immediately behind it was 'a traverse' or enclosed closet for the King and another for the Queen. Into his traverse the King passed to be unrobed after his enthronisation.

As we have before said, the general ordering of affairs as regards the arrangements for the Coronation itself have undergone no serious change, but have been continued at all subsequent Coronations.

Things are, however, very different when we come to deal with the preparations made in the church to receive the spectators.

An examination of Sandford's plan shows us that there were but few galleries erected in his time. Six benches were set up on the south or right side of the theatre for the Peers and six more on the north side for the Peeresses.

The last two bays of the transepts north and south were filled with sloping stages for spectators. No gallery for the members of the House of Commons is shown. They had a special place later on.

There were galleries over the stalls, but although the choir was

very much filled up with seats, the stalls themselves are shown in the prints of the time and do not seem to have been removed, as was done subsequently. A range of seats was set up in the north and south aisles of the nave.

At each subsequent Coronation more galleries were erected, but the indecency of treating the Coronation as a mere theatrical spectacle, overlooking the fact that it is a religious ceremonial in a church, does not make its appearance till later.

The gradual transformation of the church into a theatre, or one would more correctly describe it as a circus, began by erecting a great sloping platform, facing west and rising from the top of the reredos.

To establish this contrivance it was necessary to cover over and shroud in boards, beams, and darkness the chapel of St. Edward the Confessor, the resting-place of kings and also the place in which was the King's 'traverse'—a place intimately connected with parts of the ceremonial. No sooner was the King crowned and anointed than he had to enter this dismal den under the feet of his subjects.

The Commons were placed in this gallery, the Speaker sitting in a State chair in the middle of the front row. The King or Queen, as the case might be, was thus subjected to the extraordinary indecency, not to say impertinence, of rows of curious people staring them straight in the face and at the distance of but a very few feet, not only at the time of their being anointed, but even at the solemn moment of the reception of the Holy Sacrament.

We cannot too much appreciate the fact that King Edward the Seventh has commanded that this abominable gallery shall not be again set up.

But scarcely less indecent are two galleries set up on the north and south sides of the Sanctuary, in the bay immediately overlooking the altar. The occupants of these galleries have a position nearly as impertinent as those persons had in the eastern gallery, no longer to be erected. It must be remembered that the royal gallery occupies the westernmost of the two bays on the south side of the Sanctuary, and does not in the same degree overlook the altar.

At the Coronation of King George the Third there seems to have been a clean sweep made of all the church furniture. The stalls were removed and two tiers of galleries were set up in their places; the solid stone choir screen retained its place, but piles of seats rose above it; in fact everything was done to concentrate the spectators round about the theatre, altogether at the expense of the dignity of the Coronation as a solemn religious ceremony.

It is needless to say that as the respect due to the religious aspect of the service was overlooked, in the same degree were the glories of the Abbey Church as a setting to such a ceremony put out of sight. But for the accident of the pointed arches and groined

roof rising overhead, the show would have been better housed in the Albert Hall (had it then existed), with royal personages in the arena to be stared at.

At the Coronation of George the Fourth things reached their climax, and the precedent then given seems to have been very closely followed at the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

A plan of the seats at the last Coronation shows us that every effort was made to turn the church into a circus. To the east the benches rose tier above tier to an immense height from the ground, and, standing on legs up above, rose a second gallery. In the north and south transepts the benches rose in similar tiers, whilst a new development manifested itself at the west end of the choir. Not only were seats raised on the screen, but they were continued upward to a vast height on a timber edifice which projected into the nave. This was tricked out with sham masonry in the Gothic taste and was considered to match very admirably the marble columns of the venerable church.

By such a contrivance as this the nave was practically cut off from the choir and became a mere passage way. Only those persons perched in little galleries hung out from the triforium (which at the time was called 'the vaultings' and 'the nunneries') could catch a glimpse of the ceremony in the choir.

The aisles of the nave were provided with seats and galleries.

On the occasion of the Jubilee in 1887 there was a slight variation in the arrangements, in some respects an improvement, for a successful effort was made to include the nave as a part of the church. The choir screen was not encumbered with piles of seats. The organ, played as it is from the top of this screen and placed partly on it and partly on either hand, lent itself admirably to retaining the music in its accustomed place—in that place where, in churches of the first magnitude, we expect to find it. The band and chorus occupied sloping galleries in the aisles just east of the organ. The musical effect was excellent. Nothing could, however, have been more undignified in result than the innovation of erecting three galleries, one over the other, filling in the whole of the west end of the church.

The gallery at the lowest level had its front about 10 feet from the floor and extended forward some 30 feet. Above this, on legs, blocking the west window, was the second gallery, and again, above this, rose the third. The back tiers of seats in this topmost gallery were some 80 feet from the floor; steep and terrible was the outlook, and only suited to steeplejacks, sailors, or such hardy folk. It is needless to say that the dignity of the west end of the church was absolutely done away with, whilst the danger to the lives of those who occupied this monstrous erection, with its inadequate stairs, was so great as to render the erection of such a pile of timber inex-

cusable. Apart from its ugliness and its danger there came with it the extraordinary indecency of the arrangement as a matter of the Sovereign's dignity.

On alighting from her carriage and entering what should have been Westminster Abbey, its roof soaring high in the air, instead of seeing at once before her that solemn and noble interior, one of the most splendid things the world can show, Her Majesty found herself in a little dark passage some 10 feet high, crushed down beneath the feet of many of her subjects. It was not until she emerged from this poky passage that she found herself in Westminster Abbey, short by many feet of its length.

Before we finally dispose of these scaffolds and galleries, we may be permitted to ask, in view of the fact that the ceremony is one of a religious character; that it takes place in one of the most beautiful churches in the world, in the historical treasure house, not only of England nor even of Greater Britain, but of all the English speaking race; that unless it be conducted with dignity and associated with all that can conduce to dignity the ceremony had better not be done at all—we may ask, Is it right or reasonable to cram in at the risk, not only of their own lives, but of the lives of the royal personages, the chief actors, twice as many people as the place will hold, merely that they may be spectators? Treated with decency and reverence the place will properly accommodate perhaps 5,000 (which we venture to believe is a number sufficient to include all those who should be present officially). The rest can be very adequately accommodated elsewhere. It is, however, of no use merely to find fault and not to venture on suggesting a remedy. This it is hoped to do presently.

But we must in the meantime return to the interior of the Abbey and admire the way in which the degradation of taste can be traced between the time of the Coronation of King James the Second and that of Queen Victoria. To put the matter in a few words. The degradation manifests itself most strongly in the same ratio that the beauty and ecclesiastical dignity of the church have been effaced and lost sight of.

We see by the engravings in Sandford's book that the galleries were in his time of modest dimensions and that the eastern arm of the church was hung with tapestries. We have a list of them:

'Ten pieces of Boscages in the Choir. Four pieces of the history of Abraham at the Altar. One piece of Joshua, one piece of boscage at the end of the scaffolds. One Persian offering Carpet.'

The engraving shows us that the throne was covered with a carpet of good design, probably Eastern, for we find that in the furnishing of the rooms prepared for the King and Queen at the Palace of Westminster, there were 'in the Prince's room two large Turkey Carpets, in the House of Lords one large Turkey Carpet upon the Throne, one Turkey Carpet upon the Table.' In

the inner court of wards one Turkey Carpet, one Persian Carpet, and so on.

It will presently be our misfortune to describe the carpets laid down at the later Coronations and at the Jubilee of 1887.

At the Coronation of King George the Third things were going to the bad ; the east end of the church immediately about the altar was completely disguised with hangings, whilst above the altar and staring in the face of Their Majesties sat the Speaker and the Commons, as before stated. Red baize was rampant. At the Coronation of King George the Fourth things were even worse. Red baize showed itself on the seats, on the theatre, in the organ loft, and in the nave. Red baize, in fact, proclaimed itself to be, as it ever has remained, the refuge for that curious blank, the English official mind, when it has to deal with what are called 'decorations.'

Whether it be on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of the new Town Hall at Little Pedlington, the reception of C.I.V.s, or the arrival of the local magnate at the railway station, the inevitable red baize shines forth.

At the Coronation of our Kings, surely, something not quite so common might be found ; the seats may appropriately be covered with crimson, but the gallery fronts should surely be adorned, as they were in old times, with carpets, tapestries, or hangings of some fine pattern and colour.

To return to the adornments at the Coronation of George the Fourth.

The reredos was 'draped,' in the heavy bed curtain style, with blue and gold brocade, coiled up with ropes of gold ! The floor was covered with a pile carpet of 'garter blue' ; the pattern is described as 'the Norman Rose with the ermine'—we must leave the Heralds to settle what this was. At the Coronation of Queen Victoria very much the same precedent was followed. Red baize reigned supreme ; the interior of the church was transformed ; needless to say for the worse. But in none of these cases, be it observed, was the west end of the church completely disguised by galleries or the dignity of the entrance destroyed, as at the Jubilee of 1887.

In the *Times* of the 22nd of June, 1887, the interior of the church is described. Even the newspaper reporter is rather shocked. 'Handed over as it has been to hundreds of workmen for many weeks past, the interior of Westminster Abbey is not easily recognizable. In its disguise of timber and red cloth it bears almost the aspect of a circus.'

I can claim to have had as good an opportunity of examining this triumph of official taste as was possible. It was my good fortune to be one of the Stewards on the Jubilee day having charge of the gallery immediately north of the Sanctuary and extending back over Islip's Chantry. On the second day, i.e. when the musical

part of the ceremony was repeated for the benefit of the Westminster charities, I had the charge of half the Stewards, having all the north side of the Abbey under me, and Mr. John Thynne had the south side. During the construction of the scaffolds and during their removal I had constant access to the interior of the church. As regards the effect of all the galleries 'draped' as they were, the resultant colour was very detestable. What they were pleased to call 'the bath red' was selected. It is a painful truth, but we must admit it, that being an official colour of modern days it is horrible in tone, as all officially selected colours are.¹

The floor was covered with a carpet incredibly mean and inartistic in effect. The ground of it was bath red, which, in large quantities, has the tint of cold blood; this was dotted over at intervals of perhaps a foot apart with a ridiculous travesty of the Star of the Bath in white shaded with dirty grey. As a back-ground, anything more mean, spotty, and worrying could not have been devised. The fronts of the galleries were covered with red cloth or baize and mean little festoons were 'draped' along. The effect was indeed, as stated in the *Times*, like a circus, and a poor one too. Looking into the nave and seeing the entrance of Her Majesty, coming out as she did from a little hole under the towering and crowded galleries beneath which she walked, it was impossible not to think of the country circus, the horses coming into the ring under a red baize box with a braying band in it. This was the place of entry for that august Lady, in whose reverence we had all assembled.

Why should these things be so ill done? We shall perhaps cease to wonder when we learn how the preparations were devised. To complete the effect of the interior of the church the 'draping' of the galleries was handed over (can it be believed?) to a firm of undertakers—the eminently respectable and entirely unsuitable firm of Messrs. Banting.

Instead of the horrible blood coloured carpet, why was not the floor laid with Eastern rugs? as has before been asked; these are not only sumptuous in themselves but form a splendid background for the pageant, and it should certainly be kept in view that all the decorations or adornments must not be self-assertive, but must be looked upon as a foil to the groups of people taking part in the ceremony. None of the gallery fronts should be hung with red; such a colour, and such a badly selected tone of that colour, had, on the occasion of the Jubilee, but the effect of bringing the ugly galleries into notice; while the prominent galleries were hung with Eastern carpets, the less prominent might have been hung with some patterned stuff, which need have been by no means costly. The King

¹ What could be more killing to all surroundings and crudely vulgar than the colour, misnamed purple, used at Queen Victoria's funeral. By contrast, it turned everything near it an unwholesome green.

is to be crowned—the greatest of all great ceremonies. The officials drape the church in *red baize*, having handed over this part of the work to the taste of an undertaker! Whilst good taste is disgusted with the meanness and poverty of resource displayed on the great occasion, the lover of art is not less distressed with the risks and absolute damage done to the fabric of Westminster Abbey and the treasures it contains, and this chiefly by reason of the monstrous scaffolds and galleries thrust into every hole and corner. When we reflect on how little regard was paid to objects of antiquity, unless they were Roman, in the eighteenth century, we cannot wonder that the monuments and walls of the Abbey were carelessly knocked about. In this matter, at any rate, an effort for the better has been made. An attempt was made at the Coronation of George the Fourth to use more care. In the *Observer* of the 23rd of July, 1821, we find it stated as follows:

The preparations here, as in Westminster Hall, took place under a warrant from the Treasury, and the first step taken was completely to encase all the valuable monuments, with which the Abbey is stored, with boards, so as to prevent mutilation or injury. It is worthy to state, too, that all the galleries, and every other building, was elevated without a single hook or nail being driven into the fabric.

It is also stated that at the time of the Coronation of Queen Victoria similar precautions were taken, but there is not a little evidence to show that whilst intentions were good they were not very well carried out.

I was informed by the late Mr. Thos. Hill, who rebuilt and enlarged the organ at Westminster Abbey, that he was present at the preparations for the Coronation of Queen Victoria and saw, amongst other things, a carpenter with a common handsaw cut off pinnacles from one of the tombs as they got in the way of certain beams for galleries. The pinnacles were thrown in a basket with the intention no doubt of replacing them at a convenient season. Whether that season ever came we do not know.²

² *The Gentleman's Magazine*, July 18, 1839, p. 368.—'Being at the Abbey the other day, on entering the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, we were surprised and disgusted at observing a recent mutilation of the once beautiful brass of John of Waltham, Bishop of Salisbury. This brass when perfect, displayed the figure of the Bishop under a triple canopy, the whole surmounted by an arch supported by open shafts containing niches filled with figures of saints. At some distant period one of the shafts, and most of the small figures, were lost; and in this state it is seen engraved in Harding's work, and so remained till the late Coronation, a short time previous to which we took impressions of it. The mutilation now spoken of, and which has reduced the brass to a mere wreck, consists of the lower part of the Bishop's figure, with a considerable portion of the remnant of the canopy and the only remaining figure, St. John the Evangelist. It appears this destruction was committed by some of the labourers engaged in removing the scaffolding, and who removed the fragments. On expressing surprise to the vergier that so wanton an act should have been permitted to pass unnoticed, what was the answer?

'That the Abbey was at the time under the absolute control of the Government,

What one saw at the time of the preparations for the Jubilee in 1887 is, however, more to the point. On no previous occasion had the interior of Westminster Abbey been more encumbered with galleries, and one may venture to affirm that on no previous occasion was so much care taken to avoid doing injury. The arrangements of the galleries and their construction were carried out with much ingenuity under the care of Mr. (now Sir John) Taylor, of the Office of Works. The ponderous and lofty structures were, in almost all cases, made to stand independent of the walls of the venerable church.

It is needless to say that to gain this end, immense beams were laid by way of a foundation on the pavements of the church, and the weight on these was very great.

It is but a small thing to load the pavement of an ordinary building with very considerable weight, but at Westminster Abbey things are different. Especially in the eastern part of the church the floors are riddled with burials of more or less antiquity. An inspection of any one of the plans which are placed in the Abbey for the guidance of visitors will testify to this fact.

In that part of the church known as the North Ambulatory, flanking Edward the Confessor's Chapel, the floor yielded considerably beneath the weight, and probably it did so to a less degree in other places.

These floors are laid with ancient tomb slabs, matrices of brasses, and still bear traces of inscriptions. On these rested the ponderous beams and galleries.

In the chapel of King Edward the Confessor, immediately behind the reredos, as in the space immediately in front of the high altar, are ancient pavements which are unique.³

On the pavement in the Confessor's Chapel, which is a species of mosaic of porphyry and serpentine laid down in the time of King Edward the First, rested the unseemly scaffold which closed in the whole of the eastern end of the church. There is perhaps no form of pavement which could suffer so much as this under the hobnailed boots of the British workman. The King has forbidden that the scaffolds shall again incumber this part of the church, but at the time of the Jubilee the pavement suffered not a little.

Of the still more remarkable pavement in front of the altar we will speak presently in relation to the treatment meted out to the Coronation Chair.

If the reader will walk round the interior of Westminster Abbey, and therefore those whose duty it is to attend to the preservation of the monuments, had the jurisdiction taken out of their hands: they were even unable to gain admittance themselves, except as a special favour.'

This is always the case, and was so on the occasion of the late Jubilee preparations. The proper guardians of the Abbey are turned out.—S. C.

³ See the description of them in *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, by Geo. Gilbert Scott, R.A., Parker, 1863, p. 97.

especially following the line of the curved aisle or ambulatory which surrounds the apse, will look at the wealth of royal and other tombs, sculptured with the utmost delicacy and richness, will admire the pinnacles, gables, crockets, and ornaments which strike the eye in whatever direction he may look, and will then picture to himself the whole of this museum of mediæval art lost in the midst of huge beams and scaffoldings rising right up to the aisle vaults, he may to a slight degree realise the danger to which this part of the church and its priceless contents have been subjected since it became the fashion to shroud up the interior with galleries, not only the condemned gallery, but those over the side aisles of the apse—galleries from which the curious spectators can stare right into the faces of the King and Queen at the most solemn moments of the ceremony. When the time came to remove the scaffolds the same care was no doubt exercised as was made use of at the time they were raised; it was, however, not until then that the damage done was revealed.

The walls over the delicately pointed arches of the apse, built in Henry the Third's reign, are entirely covered with a carved diaper. The dirt of London and the sulphur have combined to reduce the wall surfaces not only here, but throughout the church, to a condition so tender as to yield under a very slight blow. The face crumbles off and reveals a patch vividly white by contrast. When the gallery over the Confessor's Chapel was removed, a white band sloping upwards to the level of the triforium was revealed, the carved surface of the stone bruised and battered. In the transepts the same thing was seen. At the west end of the nave, where the three storeys of galleries had completely blotted out the west window, the walls were a mere mass of scabs and bruises, reaching from a height of at least 80 feet almost to the floor. The official mind was not a little exercised at this, knowing that many watchful eyes were about. In a moment of happy inspiration a remedy suggested itself. Dirt from the London streets was collected. A nice soup was made of it in buckets, and this was dabbed on to the wounded places with mops. This I saw done. The walls at the west end of the nave were not thus treated, and doubtless those who know where to look can even now see marks of the Jubilee scaffolds.

Reference has already been made to the Coronation Chair, which, at the time of the Coronation, is placed immediately in front of the altar facing east. This chair is one of the most interesting pieces of historic furniture that exists; as a venerable witness in the long history of this country its value cannot be over-estimated, and not only so, but as a work of art, made by order of King Edward the First to inclose the stone from Scone, its importance is equally great.⁴ What was the fate that befell this chair under the sympathetic charge of the officials?

⁴ *Gleanings from Westminster Abbey*, p. 121.

Mature reflection convinced these gentlemen that it did not look sufficiently 'smart,' and, no doubt, had it been placed, grey with age and history on the 'bath red' spotted carpet, surrounded as it was with the gimcrack brass railings from St. James's Palace, it would have stood a silent and yet eloquent witness against modern official taste.

The chair was placed in the hands of the upholsterers. It was smeared with brown stain and varnish, and otherwise tinkered by Messrs. Banting's man.

Dragged along by sundry workmen over the unprotected mosaic pavement of Abbot Ware, I myself saw the chair brought round from the recesses where it had been 'doctored.' The flat surfaces of the chair, back, and arms, still retain in places the ancient gesso ornamentation. Into these surfaces Mr. Wright, the Clerk of Works of the Abbey, found Messrs. Banting's men driving 'tacks' to hold some of their upholsteries, and very properly protested.

A question was asked in the House on the treatment to which the Coronation Chair was being subjected. We quote from the *Athenæum* of the 9th of July, 1887:

On Tuesday, Mr. Plunket, being further questioned about the Coronation Chair, admitted that it had been stained, which he denied a fortnight ago. With respect to the 'restoration' of the chair, he said that 'certain missing portions were of necessity for the purpose of the recent ceremony replaced by new work.' The missing portions are some parts of the old tracery broken away, and which were replaced by modern stuff stuck on with varnish. The statement that such a 'restoration' was of necessity, shows the more how unfit those for whom Mr. Plunket speaks are to have the manipulation of any monument of historical or artistic value. If the chair had been defective in any structural part, some repairs would have been 'of necessity' to fit it for use. But it was sound and good, and much more substantial than the gimcrack modern seats which the Lord Chamberlain set round it for the use of the Royal family. The defects are simply those incident to the chair's antiquity, which, in these days, is itself at least as grand an ornament as can adorn a monarch's throne.

The outcry was so great that it was thought well to remove, as far as possible, the 'restorations.' The upholsterers again came to the fore and, supplied with spirit, set to work to wash off the stain and discolorations, which had made the venerable relic look like a piece of furniture straight from the Tottenham Court Road. Having dabbed on the spirit, they were seen to wipe it off with the tails of their rough cotton working shirts.

To complete the history of this unhappy chair when it figured, standing on the middle of 'The Theatre,' at the Jubilee of 1887, it should be stated that the authorities provided a faldstool or *prie-dieu* for Her Majesty's convenience. This was so artfully contrived that, after an effort lasting for a few seconds, Her Majesty, who endeavoured to kneel at it, was forced to abandon the attempt; indeed, only a man of over six feet high could have used it.

As a 'text' to this paper I have made use of a few words by an

old writer, feeling that they make the most excellent of commentaries on the way the great ceremonies are actually carried out. How much do such arrangements as I have been forced to describe suit the place that 'hath been always held the greatest sanctuary and rendezvous of devotion of the whole Island'? Tricked out like a circus 'a holy kind of reverence and sweetness of melting piety' does not arise 'in the hearts of the beholders.'

Nor is the demeanour of the terrible crowd of persons assembled within the church walls such as suits our text. Indeed, crammed together as they have been, sitting in the church for hours before the ceremony began, what could be expected? Eating, talking, reading books and newspapers have been amongst the least of the offences.

Here are a few extracts from newspapers.

At the Coronation of King George the Fourth, 'About four o'clock in the morning the gates of the Abbey were thrown open.' 'The space immediately behind the gallery formed an extensive and commodious lobby, through which the company lounged at their leisure. Agents attended from some of the most considerable confectioners in town, tables were set out under proper superintendence, and ices, fruits, wine, sandwiches, and such savoury messes were to be obtained of good quality, and upon reasonable terms.'

At the Coronation of King William the Fourth, behind the galleries were found 'extensive places for promenade or refreshment.'

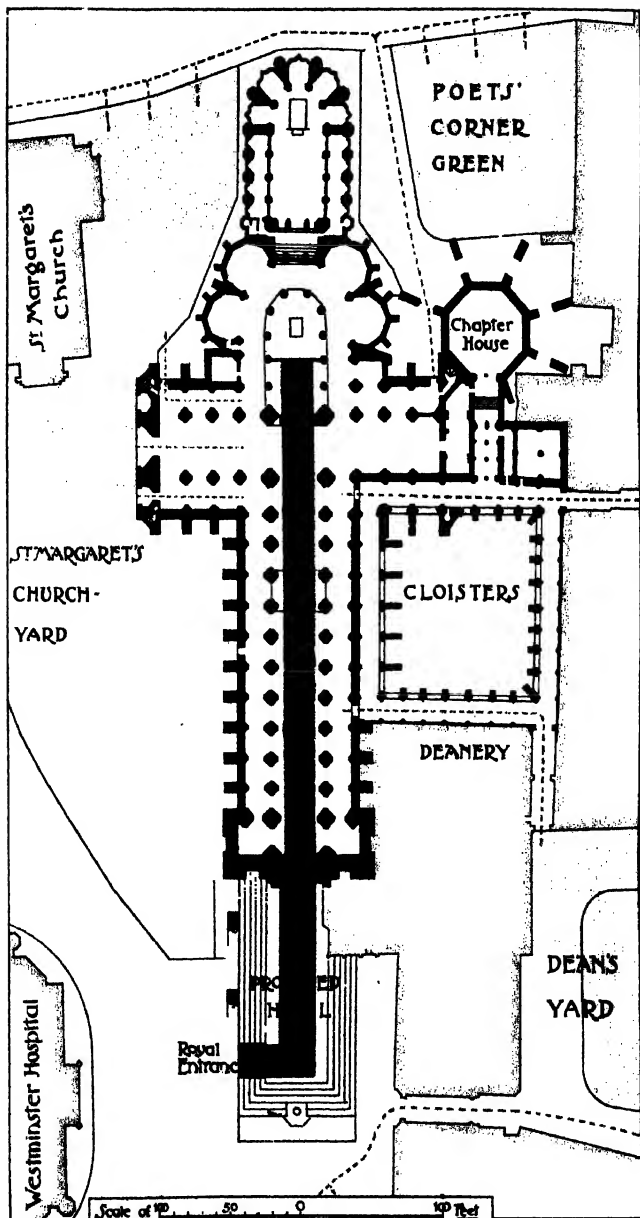
In the *Ingoldsby Legends* Mr. Barny Maguire describes for us the scramble for food at the Coronation of Queen Victoria.

At the Jubilee of 1887 I can testify that the demeanour of the crowd was but little better than above described, and on that occasion the doors of the church were not opened before eight in the morning.

One piece of behaviour on the part of the assembly seemed to me peculiarly disgusting. At the moment the Queen sat, alone, how terribly alone, in that vast crowd, and with what memories of the past thronging about her, a moment that I am not at all ashamed to say made me feel disposed to weep out of sympathy and reverence, there were many people in the galleries in front and immediately right and left staring straight in her face through opera glasses. It was not a part of the Stewards' duties to stop such vulgarities, or how gladly would one have done it.

I have ventured to submit the plan annexed to this article (see Plan No. 2), elaborated in conjunction with my friend Mr. St. John Hope, to show that at any rate in some way, whilst the church would be relieved, a great number of persons could be provided with official seats attached to the Abbey; whilst the long hours of waiting and many of the indecencies which have hitherto taken place within the church itself might be, as I believe, effectually coped with.

Plan N^o 2.



As to seating accommodation, it needs but the elaboration and enlargement of a structure which has on previous occasions been erected at the west front of the church.

At the Coronation of Queen Victoria, we read that 'a Gothic edifice, painted with so much ingenuity by Mr. Tomkins, the scene painter, as to have all the appearance of good masonry,' was set up. This was, no doubt, a beautiful work of art in the Strawberry Hill style, and we may hope will not be reproduced.

It is, however, evident that a very large and stately hall which could hold some 2,000 people could be placed here. The necessary waiting rooms which were contained in Mr. Tomkins's Gothic edifice could be attached, and, standing in the open as it would do, abundance of stairs could be arranged for the safety of the spectators, whilst the structure itself could be for the most part composed of incombustible materials.

Under the old conditions, when the King started from Westminster Hall and walked on a raised platform to the Abbey, there were, of course, very great facilities for providing official seats.

In addition to the suggestion for the temporary hall, our plan also shows a project by which, although the multitude must be assembled in good time, it need not be drafted off into the church until a comparatively short time before the hour appointed for the ceremony.

Let the area of Dean's Yard be covered in, within this space is abundant room for those conveniences which have hitherto actually been set up within the church itself and for any amount of breakfast tables. Persons to be seated in the south side of the church could here be assembled.

Similar inclosures set up at Poets' Corner and in St. Margaret's Church Yard would serve for the north side of the church and parts of the eastern limb.

It will be found that the carriage traffic is in no way interfered with. The passage through Dean's Yard remains open as before, and at the east end of the Abbey there is unlimited room.

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THE FIRST BRITISH SETTLERS IN SOUTH AFRICA

It is to be feared that to many persons in England, who are well informed on ordinary topics, South African history begins only with the Jameson Raid.

Even at the present time, there may be a handful of people left who still believe that the Raid was the cause of the war, instead of adopting Mr. Kruger's more sensible view, that the true cause of the war was the hoisting of the British Flag upon the Castle of Capetown in 1806. Enough evidence has been laid before the British public during the last eighteen months to convince all sensible and unprejudiced persons that the South African situation cannot be gauged by the shallow sentimentalists who repeat *ad nauseam* their parrot cry that the war was caused by 'those wicked capitalists and their Raid.' It is hopeless to convince such persons against their will, and it is far better to leave them in an ignorance which is blissful in proportion as it is invincible.

But there are others who know little or nothing of South African history, and are honestly anxious to learn something of the underlying facts of the situation. I desire to lay before them the brief outlines of the story of the first British settlement in South Africa.

There is a general idea that the Boer is the 'son of the soil,' to whom the country properly belongs, and that the British population are practically aliens and new comers. But nothing could be further from the truth.

The British population of South Africa consists of two distinct strata. Upon the surface we have that newer British population which has been drawn to the country within the last thirty years by the diamond fields and gold fields. Beneath the surface we have the old basis of the older British settlers. These are the men who anted themselves upon the land in the early part of the last century, long before diamonds and gold were discovered, and their descendants have become true 'Britishers of the veld,' whose fathers toiled with indomitable perseverance, amidst perils almost without parallel, to found British civilisation

and British liberties in South Africa. It is these men who are the true backbone of the British element in South Africa.

During the political controversies that preceded the war they have for the most part been silent. They joined the South African League, as the sole political organisation possible to them whereby their fixed determination that South Africa should not become an Afrikaner republic could find outward expression. They attended public meetings in support of Lord Milner's firm attitude towards Krugerism, which filled them with the first dawning of hope for a strenuous and consistent British policy that they had known since Majuba. They were content to allow the newer British population to take the lead in the 'Uitlander' agitation, because their hopes for a consistent British policy had been disappointed over and over again by the vacillations of nearly eighty years. There were elements in the newer population that did not appeal to them. The feverish energy and speculative spirit of the new commercial and mining population took their breath away. They were afraid that some of the Johannesburg Reformers were preparing in their perplexity to grasp political power for themselves, and form an Anglo-Dutch Republic of the Transvaal apart from the Empire and the Flag. The final failure of the Bloemfontein Conference in 1899 roused them from the silence begotten of long years of hopelessness and disappointment to the watchfulness of eager expectation. They got their rifles ready, and thanked God for the insolent ultimatum of the Republics.

They flew to arms, and formed the backbone of the 25,000 Cape Colonists who have fought so bravely during the present war.

The 5,000 gallant Natalians, who represented a younger colonisation of some sixty years ago, were not one whit behind them in the courage and spirit with which they took the field to drive back the invaders of their country. The deeds of the Natal forces within Ladysmith and with General Buller's relieving force will live in the pages of history. The Cape Colony 'Britishers of the veldt' were with Baden-Powell in Mafeking, with Plumer in his efforts to relieve it, with General Sir E. Brabant in the hard fighting done by his Colonial division, with Colonel Dalgety and his Cape Mounted Rifles in the defence of Wepener, and in many a hard-won victory which is now half forgotten owing to the vast area over which the campaign has been fought and the difficulty of piecing together its complex story. The second invasion of the Colony in December last caused a still greater number of British farmers to take the field. From first to last we may fairly reckon that in this war almost every available man of the older British population has borne arms in defence of the Throne and Flag.

I do not desire to forget the brave deeds of the new comers. The Imperial Light Horse and the South African Light Horse were

mainly recruited from Johannesburg men. The newer population have freely spent their money in equipping troops, and have shed their blood for the cause with the utmost gallantry and devotion. Two Johannesburg officers of the Imperial Light Horse have won the Victoria Cross during this campaign, but one of these I am glad to know was born in Grahamstown, the city of the settlers.

The story of the early British Colonists is well worth the telling. It not only forms a very important underlying factor of the situation, but it is a story of indomitable British pluck and energy that deserves to be remembered in the annals of our colonisation.

During our first occupation of the Cape in 1795 no attempt was made to introduce British settlers as a measure of State policy.

After our final capture of the Cape in 1806, a few persons came to South Africa on their own responsibility, but the British element, outside official circles, was so small that it became practically submerged in the Boer population. The East India Company's civil servants were allowed to make the Cape a health resort, and many of them were accustomed to go there on furlough. They improved the suburbs of Capetown, but very few of them became permanent residents. The present Western Province of the Cape Colony was practically Dutch, and was for many years as little influenced in its population by British rule as Cyprus is to-day.

The frontier districts of the Colony were very thinly populated. The powerful Kafir tribes were in a perpetual state of unrest. They had driven out the aboriginal Hottentots and were pressing westward. The Dutch Government had founded the frontier town of Graaf Reinet in 1786, in order to keep some hold upon the handful of Boer farmers who had settled upon the frontier and were leading the lawless life of border nomads in perpetual conflict with the natives. In 1795 the Boers of the Graaf Reinet district rebelled against the Dutch Government at Capetown, and set up an independent republic which lasted until 1796, when it was put down by a British force under General Vandeleur. It is a strange coincidence that the two Boers who hauled down the British Flag when it was hoisted at Graaf Reinet after our first capture of the Cape, in 1795, were named Kruger and Joubert. These men were the ancestral kinsmen of the more famous Kruger and Joubert of our own day. The problem of the Cape frontier was a difficult one to solve. Sir John Cradock in 1814 founded the village and magistracy of Cradock, which lies to the eastward of Graaf Reinet, and a small military post had been formed at Algoa Bay, on the present site of Port Elizabeth, some years previously. But the whole district was a chaos of lawlessness diversified by incessant border warfare. Lord Charles Somerset, the elder brother of Lord Raglan, who commanded in the Crimea, was the successor of Sir John Cradock as Governor of the Cape.

He was autocratic in his methods and despotic in his administration, but he was the first Governor who attempted to solve the frontier problem on right lines. He saw that Great Britain held the Cape only by the power of the sword. The frontier districts were fertile and could carry a large population. He was statesman enough to see that South Africa could never become British unless a British population could be planted on the soil so that it could take permanent root in the country.

Isolated British settlements would be submerged by the Boer population. Isolated settlers would intermarry with the Dutch and become 'Batavis ipsais Bataviores.' A British settlement on a large scale was needed, so that a whole tract of country could become British.

At the close of the great struggle with France that culminated at Waterloo the times were favourable for Lord Charles Somerset's plans. England was in a state of political transition and commercial depression. Many officers of the Army and Navy were put on half-pay, and there was a general desire to relieve the congested population of the mother country by some scheme of emigration which would provide an outlet for the energies of half-pay officers and impoverished country gentlemen, as well as for farmers, labourers, and artisans.

On the 12th of July, 1819, Mr. Vansittart, the Chancellor of the Exchequer, moved to expend 50,000*l.* in sending a party of some 4,000 British emigrants to occupy the frontier districts of the Cape Colony. The vote was passed, and 90,000 applications to emigrate to South Africa were received. The greatest possible pains and care were exercised in selecting the 4,000 chosen to go, and the older British population of the Cape Colony have every reason to be proud of the settlers of 1820 whose descendants they are. As I write, the news of the death of Sir Richard Southey at the age of ninety-four has reached me. He was one of the last survivors of the settlers, having landed with his father and brothers at the age of eleven from the *Hennersley Castle*. He fought through the Kafir wars, and became Colonial Secretary of the Cape Colony, and afterwards Lieutenant-Governor of the Diamond Fields, before the territory was annexed to the Cape. His record of public service has been an honourable one, and his career has been typical of the leading class of the British settlers.

A fleet of twenty-six emigrant ships was chartered by the British Government to bring the settlers to South Africa. The first emigrant ships to arrive were the *Chapman* and the *Nautilus*, which cast anchor in Algoa Bay on the 9th of April, 1820. The first settlers landed on the open beach on the 10th of April, a day which has been kept in the Eastern Province of the Cape Colony as a most memorable anniversary. The rest of the emigrant fleet anchored in

Algoa Bay shortly afterwards, and the settlers were encamped in tents on the site of Main Street, the chief thoroughfare of Port Elizabeth.

When I first took charge of St. Mary's, Port Elizabeth, in 1875, one of my old 'Settler' parishioners told me that her tent was pitched on the present site of St. Mary's Collegiate Church, which was subsequently built by the settlers of Port Elizabeth when they founded the town as 'the Settlers' Port.'

The Lieutenant-Governor, Sir Rufane Shaw Donkin, aided by Colonel Cuyler, a New York loyalist who had settled in South Africa and was magistrate of the district, received the emigrants with the utmost kindness, and personally superintended their settlement upon the land allotted to them. He named Port Elizabeth after his wife, and some of the settlers remained there to begin to build up its prosperity. There was a small garrison who held Fort Frederick, which was named after the Duke of York who was so unfortunate a Commander-in-Chief of the British Army in the early days of the last century.

The population when the settlers came was about sixty persons, and one or two small vessels came into harbour during the year. In 1825 the shipping returns showed 23 vessels, in 1830 there were 50 vessels, in 1835 there were 73. In 1843 the port was used by 144 vessels, and the exports had risen from 5,200*l.* in 1822 to 144,888*l.*, and the imports from 13,090*l.* to 135,919*l.* During this interval the population had risen from 60 to over 3,000, who were almost entirely British. The 'Settlers' Port' still maintains its British character. The Roman Catholics, Presbyterians, Wesleyans, Independents and Baptists are strongly represented, whilst the English Church has eight churches in the town and suburbs. But there never has been a Dutch reformed place of worship in Port Elizabeth, which is a sure test of its British nationality, because the Dutch certainly set us a good example in building places of worship wherever there are enough of their people to form a congregation. The present population of Port Elizabeth is about 40,000. The number of vessels in port in 1899 was 584, and the total value of the imports was 6,016,237*l.*, whilst the exports amounted to 2,370,779*l.* These statistics show the growth of the largest town founded by the British settlers of 1820. The fact of its rapid increase in the days before diamonds and gold were discovered (for no fewer than 222 vessels entered the port in 1870, the year of the settlers' Jubilee) shows what these men did when they settled upon the land and turned villages into towns.

In 1820 Grahamstown was a small military post, established in 1812 by Colonel Graham, whose descendants are still with us, occupying honourable posts in the public service. On St. George's Day, 1819, 10,000 Kafir warriors, led by their prophet and chief, Mokanna,

attempted to capture Grahamstown by assault. Colonel Willshire, who was in command, had two six-pounders, a company of the 30th Regiment, and a small force of the Cape Corps, with some details of other regiments. The Kafirs rushed the barrack square, but the sixty men holding the barracks beat them off with a heroism equalled only by Chard and Bromehead's defence of Rorke's Drift. The rest of the little garrison held their own with equal bravery in the detached posts which they occupied. The two guns were well served, and, after losing over 1,000 killed, the Kafir army finally retreated. Colonel Willshire's force was too exhausted to pursue them, but the Kafirs learnt a lesson. From that day to this they have never attempted to attack a British fortified post in the open and in daylight. The Kafirs were checked but not subdued. When the settlers were conducted to their allotments in Lower Albany they were warned by Colonel Cuyler 'never to leave their guns behind' when they went out to work on the land. They were planted in a desolate tract of country which was exposed to the constant risk of Kafir forays. They, however, resolutely set to work. In a few months rude houses took the place of their tents, and they ploughed and sowed and reaped enough to supplement their Government rations. They suffered from a terrible drought in 1821, and from destructive floods in 1823. They were reduced to extremities, and had to use roasted barley for coffee, and a native herb for tea (still known as 'settler's tea'), and as their clothes wore out they had to use sheepskins, and weave home-made hats from rushes, whilst they were thankful to smoke dried potato-tops instead of tobacco. The settlers applied to the Government for aid, and relief funds were raised in Capetown, St. Helena, England and America to succour their distress. But this crisis of the settlement proved to be a blessing in disguise. Many of the settlers who were artisans took to town life and leavened the Dutch villages of Graaf Reinet, Cradock, Somerset and Colesberg with an English population.

Grahamstown became the settlers' capital, and its population increased rapidly until it reached its present level of about 12,000 inhabitants.

More emigrants came from England, and in 1844, when the settlers kept the 25th anniversary of their landing, one of their number, the Rev. W. Shaw, the first Wesleyan minister of the settlement, delivered an address at Grahamstown from which I quote the following words :

The British settlers of 1820 are no longer limited within the comparatively narrow boundaries of Lower Albany. They soon became the principal owners of Port Elizabeth, built on the very shores of Algoa Bay, where they first landed; and as events in later years (the Great Trek of 1835) led to the emigration of a large proportion of the old Dutch colonists, they acquired by purchase from them the most valuable portions of Upper Albany, and of the divisions of Uitenhage,

Somerset, and Cradock, and a few of them are found even in the more remote divisions of Graaf Reinet and Colesberg; so that it is now hardly a correct description to speak of them as the Albany settlers. They should rather be designated the British settlers of the Eastern Province, for to a great extent they have Anglicised the principal districts which form the government of the Eastern Province of the Cape of Good Hope. The population has received small accessions, from time to time, of British-born subjects who, blending with the original settlers, have thus become one people with them, and it may be safely affirmed that the 4,000 landed at Algoa Bay have now grown into a population of British origin of at least 16,000 souls. The fixed property now belonging to the British settlers of the Eastern Province cannot be estimated at a less value than one million pounds sterling.

Mr. Shaw, who was a man of considerable insight, proceeds to remark upon the official trade returns of 1843, and to note that the exports from Port Elizabeth were valued at 144,868*l.* while the imports were only 135,919*l.* The balance of 8,969*l.* in favour of the exports shows very conclusively that the British settlement of the Eastern Province was on a sound basis of prosperity thirty years before the diamond fields were discovered and forty-three years before the gold fields of Johannesburg were opened. At the present time the balance between imports and exports in the Cape Colony does not show such a sound basis of successful production as the British settlement showed in 1843.

Mr. Shaw's concluding words on this subject are worth quoting :

This trade, which has been wholly created since the arrival of the settlers, employs annually nearly 40,000 tons of shipping, and by thus affording employment for British capital and skill the nation may be justly regarded as having long ago received full value for the 50,000*l.* expended on the establishment of this settlement, and we now owe to England nothing but the gratitude which I trust will ever bind the British population of this land to love the mother country and to prove themselves loyal to its Throne and Government.

It will be remembered that these words were spoken in 1844, when the loyalty of the British settlers had already been severely strained by the policy of the Home Government. The settlers in 1823 had asked for a Royal Commission of inquiry into their position. Lord Charles Somerset had ruled them with an arbitrary hand from Capetown, a capital 600 miles away, where their grievances were ignored, and their desires for a free Press and a local Government were misinterpreted. The commissioners reported in favour of a separate local Government for the Eastern Province in 1826, and the freedom of the Press was granted in 1829. But the separation of the British Eastern Province from the Dutch Western Province was never carried out. A Lieutenant-Governor was subsequently appointed to reside in Grahamstown, which was a half-measure foredoomed to failure. There was no active hostility on the part of the Cape Dutch against the settlers, but there was a passive dislike, which was not lessened by the fact that the British settlers occupied

by purchase the greater part of the land vacated by the Boers of the Eastern Province at the time of the 'Great Trek' in 1835. This smouldering feeling of alienation between the Eastern and Western Provinces made its influence felt at Government House. The Governor of the Cape found that the peaceful, if sullen, acquiescence of the Western Province Dutch gave him less trouble than the British settlers of the East, who were always making demands upon his energy.

The Kafirs were always stealing the settlers' cattle, and at first they were allowed to pursue the thieves and recover their stock or its equivalent. Sir R. Bourke, who succeeded Lord C. Somerset in 1826, forbade this practice, and the wisest of the frontier farmers foresaw trouble from this mistaken leniency.

On Christmas Day, 1834, a force of about 12,000 Kafirs burst upon the British settlers without a moment's warning. The patient work of fourteen years was undone in fourteen days. Twenty-two British farmers were pitilessly murdered in cold blood, their crops were destroyed, 456 homesteads were burnt, 5,700 horses, 11,400 cattle, and 169,000 sheep and goats were driven off as booty to Kafirland. The official value of the settlers' property thus destroyed amounted to 300,400*l*. The survivors of the massacre fled to Grahamstown and other centres. Sir Harry Smith, the Commander of the forces, rode on horseback the whole 600 miles from Capetown to Grahamstown in six days, and he rapidly organised a force to punish the marauders. The new Governor, Sir Benjamin D'Urban, speedily followed him, and the war ended with the death of Hintza, the paramount chief of Kaffraria, whose successor was his son Kreli, who lived to head the last Kafir rebellion, in 1877.

Sir B. D'Urban saw the necessity of maintaining law and order amongst the turbulent Kafirs of the frontier. He annexed the territory now known as British Kaffraria under the title of the Province of Queen Adelaide, and established a military post named King Williamstown, which afterwards became a prosperous British centre. But this annexation vexed certain philanthropists in England, and they had a powerful friend at the Colonial Office in the person of Lord Glenelg. The British settlers were traduced and slandered in England by the ignorant 'Little Englanders' of 1835, just as the Johannesburg 'Uitlanders' and the Cape loyalists have been slandered by the 'Pro-Boers' of to-day. Sir Benjamin D'Urban was thrown to the wolves, and recalled by the Colonial Office of 1835, just as Sir Bartle Frere was recalled in 1881, and just as Lord Milner would be recalled if the Kruger party in the British Parliament, and their renegade allies Messrs. Merriman and Sauer, could work their own sweet will at the present time.

Lord Glenelg's famous despatch was the direct source of the costly and ruinous Kafir wars of 1846 and 1851. It cost Great

Britain a vast amount of blood and treasure expended in those wars, which need never have been wasted if Sir Benjamin D'Urban's policy had been upheld. It strained the loyalty of the British settlers to the breaking-point, and made every Boer in South Africa despise the folly and weakness of the Imperial Government. The Boers began to think that such a Government could be insulted and defied with impunity.

Lord Glenelg first directed 'that the claim of sovereignty over the new province bounded by the Keiskama and the Kei must be renounced. It rests upon a conquest resulting from a war in which, as far as I am at present enabled to judge, the original justice is on the side of the conquered, not of the victorious party.'

He also told the British settlers in the same despatch that '*the Kafirs had ample justification for the late war.*' 'Ample justification' for the Christmas of 1834, when the Kafirs, emboldened by years of stock-stealing and murdering unavenged, suddenly overwhelmed the settlers in a torrent of pitiless slaughter and desolation.

Sir B. D'Urban solemnly protested against the abandonment of the new province, which had been annexed as a just equivalent for the 300,400*l.* worth of property which the Kafirs had looted and destroyed. The answer of Lord Glenelg was his prompt dismissal from his office as Governor of the Cape. There is an airy *insouciance* of folly in Lord Glenelg's reply that was a characteristic of the Whig Colonial policy of the day. He said: 'You announce to me the abandonment of the Province of Adelaide, and cast on me the responsibility of all the consequent disasters you predict. I am perfectly ready to take upon myself the sole and exclusive responsibility on this occasion.'

This abandonment of territory was in some ways worse than the retrocession of the Transvaal after Majuba. We have been told by Lord Kimberley that the surrender of 1881 was dictated by fear of rebellion in the Cape Colony, and fear of the action of the Free State, after President Brand had warned the Gladstone Government that he could no longer hold his people back if the Transvaal war continued. The magnanimity bubble has been finally pricked.

But Lord Glenelg's surrender was without excuse. It paved the way for the surrender of Majuba by laying the foundation of that hearty and derisive contempt for the British Government, and its chameleon-like policy, that has characterised the Boers for the last sixty years. The Glenelg despatch is one of the root-factors of the present situation.

I need not enter upon the history of the Kafir War of 1846, which cost the Imperial Government a million of money, and brought ruin again to many British Colonists. Nor have I space to record the still more costly war of 1851, which employed a large

Imperial force and nearly 10,000 Colonists before it was brought to a close by Sir G. Cathcart, who afterwards fell at Inkerman.

These wars were the harvest of the dragon's teeth sown by Lord Glenelg and his pseudo-philanthropical 'Little Englanders.'

It is a marvel to me that 'the Britishers of the veld' remained loyal. But they are loyal to the core *now*, as they always have been, and one cannot wonder at their inherited profound distrust of the Imperial Parliament, after their past experience of its vacillating policy, which is the inevitable result of treating colonial affairs from a party standpoint. I have spoken of their silence during the preliminary stages of the present crisis in South African history. It is accounted for by the pathetic union of hopeless distrust of British policy with passionate loyalty to the Throne and Flag. They remember the fate of Sir Benjamin D'Urban and Sir Bartle Frere, and they are only just beginning to believe that Mr. Chamberlain and Lord Milner will not share that fate under the influence of some gust of popular opinion begotten of weariness with the guerilla stage of the war. They prefer just now to fight the Boer without speculating overmuch upon the immediate future of South Africa. They have been deceived and disappointed not only by measures but by men.

In 1838 Mr. Gladstone strongly espoused the cause of the British settlers against the aspersions of Lord Glenelg. He drew the attention of the House of Commons to a petition from Grahamstown, and spoke vehemently of the danger of abandoning the new province which Sir B. D'Urban had annexed. He strongly advocated the claims of the British settlers for consideration, and moved for a Commission of inquiry into 'our past and present relations with the frontier Kafirs.' Sir G. C. Grey opposed him, and was instructed by his party to make to the House one of the most outrageous statements that have ever been uttered within its walls. He asserted that there had been 'a series of continual aggressions by the British settlers on the Kafirs which were disgraceful to the British name.' Mr. Gladstone's motion was defeated by nine votes. But the Colonists were grateful to him as their champion; and it was an added bitterness to some, who remembered what their fathers had told them, that the champion of the British settlers in 1838 was the author of the Majuba surrender in 1881. Another consequence of Lord Glenelg's policy was the stimulus it gave to the emigrant Boers, who already hated and despised the British Government more than enough. The early British pioneers of Natal who preceded the Boer invasion of that territory in 1837 were some of them settlers of 1820. Sir Theophilus Shepstone, the most famous Natal politician of later years, came out as a child with his father, who was one of the British settlers of 1820. The story of the foundation of the Republic of Natal by the emigrant Boers is well known. It is not equally well

known that the heroic Richard King, who volunteered to escape from Durban when it was besieged by the Boers in 1842, and rode alone through Kafirland several hundred miles to the nearest British post to tell the story of the imminent peril of the beleaguered garrison, was the son of a British settler of the Eastern Province. But the occupation of Natal as a British Colony, and the suppression of the emigrant Boer Republic, was but a transitory gleam of a sounder British policy. The success of this policy in establishing a thorough British Colony has been amply justified by the whole-hearted loyalty of Natal and the bravery of her sons during the present war. And yet the Colonial Office had not learned its lesson. Sir Harry Smith defeated the emigrant Boers at Boomplaats in 1849, and established the Orange River Sovereignty with its capital at Bloemfontein. But the cold fit once more paralysed the Colonial Office. The story of the surrender of the Sovereignty in 1854, and the consequent formation of the Orange Free State, is alike humiliating and disgraceful. In vain the British settlers of the Eastern Province protested against it by public meetings and by every means in their power. They had taken heart of grace when the attempt of the Boers to form a republic in Natal had been frustrated by British annexation.

But the abandonment of the loyalist inhabitants of the Sovereignty, and the base employment of money payments to the amount of 48,691*l.* by Sir G. Clark to compensate the loyalists, whom he termed 'obstructionists,' and thus to stifle their opposition to the hauling down of the British Flag at Bloemfontein, filled the hearts of the settlers with sorrow and shame.

It was unlikely that they could look forward with any hope to the establishment of parliamentary government in the Cape Colony in 1854. The Parliament was to sit at Capetown, and the Eastern Province members had to face a long and toilsome journey only to find themselves a parliamentary minority amidst unsympathetic surroundings. The first Bishop of Capetown, Dr. Robert Gray, was a shrewd observer of the currents of thought and life in South Africa. In his diary of his visitation in 1850 he notes the fears of the few English in the Graaf Reinet district lest the Cape Parliament should prove a means of placing the British population under the heel of the Boer. This forecast, even before the days of responsible government at the Cape, proved only too true. He also notes when he was at Bloemfontein the unrest of the Transvaal Boers. They had already begun to provide themselves with artillery, and a party of them had gone down to Delagoa Bay and forcibly carried off two pieces of artillery belonging to the Portuguese Government. The Transvaal President replied to the Governor's demand for restitution by offering to pay for the guns. The Portuguese Governor replied by saying that he dared not sell them

for fear of offending the British Government, and the Boers kept the guns without payment. The Bishop's journal also states that the Transvaal Boers talked of demanding Natal from the British Government. The germs of the policy of the ultimatum of 1899 were latent in 1850.

The British population of the Eastern Province and Natal grew and prospered. Capetown itself became more English and the towns and villages of the Western Province began to attract English tradesmen and artisans. But the Boer population of the Western Province held the land. There were a few English farmers scattered here and there, in too great isolation to exercise any strong political influence.

The British population of the Eastern Province felt that they were in evil case. They saw that they could never turn their minority into a majority in the Cape Parliament. They saw Natal flourishing as a separate British Colony, under its own government, and in the 'sixties they once more demanded separation from the Western Province, as they had done in 1826. The agitation grew into a determined and enthusiastic movement. The settlers had founded, directly or indirectly, the British towns of Port Elizabeth, Grahamstown, Fort Beaufort, Queenstown, King Williamstown, and East London, and though the last two towns were separately administered as belonging to British Kaffraria, it was felt that the British urban and rural population around the centres I have named would form a solid and united British Colony which could control and govern the partially Anglicised districts of Uitenhage, Somerset, Cradock, Colesberg, Burghersdorp, and Aliwal North. The British population of this proposed Eastern Province Colony would have been much larger than that of the Colony of Natal. Had separation been granted in 1864 the progress of the Eastern Province would have advanced with great rapidity. The feeling of the British population ran so high that Sir P. Wodehouse, the Governor of the Cape, summoned the Cape Parliament to meet in Grahamstown instead of Capetown for the Session of 1864. But the experiment was not repeated, and an indirect refusal to the petition for separation was skilfully engineered by the introduction of responsible government in 1872. The British population of the Eastern Province opposed it tooth and nail. They foresaw its peril, and feared the future, when the limited check of Ministers appointed by the British Government would be removed, and Ministers responsible to the Cape Parliament *only* would take their place. They knew that sooner or later the Cape Dutch would dominate the Cabinet in office, even if they did not take office themselves, as they have since shown themselves able to do.

No wonder if the older British population lost heart, and ceased to concern themselves actively with politics. Let me recapitulate

their sorrows and disappointments. The refusal of a separate Government in 1826, the injustice of Lord Glenelg and others in 1835, the recall of Sir B. D'Urban and the reversal of his policy, which caused the Kafir wars of 1846 and 1851, the shameful retrocession of the Orange River Sovereignty in 1854, the persistent refusal to satisfy their just demand for separation from the Western Province ten years afterwards, and the forcing of responsible government upon them in 1872, were enough to take the heart out of any people. Sir Bartle Frere filled them with hope once more when he came out in 1877 to carry Lord Carnarvon's Confederation Act, which would have made room for their existence as a separate Colony. But his recall, and the injustice with which he was treated, speedily extinguished their hopes. And what of their present position? They furnish an object lesson for Sir H. C. Bannerman, who, in his speech at Southampton on the 2nd of July of this year, was so abysmally ignorant of the facts of South African history that he declared that the Boer population must *always* outnumber the British, and that any attempt at British emigration on a large scale was foredoomed to failure, as a useless and unjustifiable expedient. He is one of the people who know only the newer British population. He has never grasped the fact that the older population of 'the Britishers of the veld' increased from 4,000 original settlers of 1820 to 16,000 in 1844. At the present time I reckon that the British population of the Eastern Province amounts to 60,000 on the lowest estimate, and although there are a proportion of newcomers in the large towns, it must be noted that the descendants of the settlers are to be found in Kimberley, Johannesburg, and Rhodesia. In fact, it is difficult to find a portion of South Africa into which they have not penetrated. My own opinion is that the older British population amounts at the present time to about 100,000 at the very least. This is answer enough to Sir H. C. Bannerman's idea that British emigration would prove a failure. But one must make excuses for the mistakes of a politician who spends his time in attempting to balance the unwieldy pyramid of Liberalism upon its apex—or titular leader.

It is time for the Imperial Government to remember the claims of the descendants of the settlers of 1820, and of the older British population generally. Lord Milner understands them, and appreciates their loyalty, and they are impervious to the cheap sneers of Mr. Bryce in the House of Commons. They are used to the sneers of the globe-trotting M.P. who spends a few months in South Africa, and then, out of the plenitude of his ignorance, satisfies the Job-like aspiration of the British Colonist, 'O that mine adversary had written a book!'

South Africa and its entire political system or systems is in the

melting-pot, and reconstruction is inevitable. I agree with Mr. Rhodes in his view that Confederation into a united South African Sovereignty, composed of Colonies retaining their local self-government, cannot be wrought from *within*. The passive hostility of the Cape Dutch to any measure tending to consolidate British rule in South Africa will be dogged and persistent. I honestly believe that in their stubbornness they would prefer to leave their kinsmen in the Transvaal and Orange River Colony under perpetual Crown Colony government rather than consent to a Confederation which would leave them with the same political liberties as Australians and Canadians. The absolute folly of the persons who imagine that the war could have been stopped if Lord Roberts had offered the Boers the constitutional liberties of British Colonists after the capture of Pretoria, is beyond the reach of argument. The Boers have been fighting all along for an independence which would expel the British Empire from South Africa. They knew all along that they would, if defeated, obtain equal rights with British Colonists *within* the Empire. They are fighting now, and have fought from the beginning, as absolute irreconcilables to any inclusion within the British Empire on any terms whatsoever. We cannot shut our eyes to this plain fact. The overtures of Mr. Kruger and Mr. Steyn to Lord Salisbury after the capture of Bloemfontein prove this fact up to the hilt. Their attitude now is the same as it was then. For this reason the Boers are very likely to abstain from politics altogether after the war, if they find themselves impotent to hinder and thwart by constitutional means the pacification of South Africa. Mr. Rhodes knows this, and has therefore declared that the future constitution of the confederated Colonies of South Africa must be imposed upon them from *without*, by the strong hand of the Imperial Government. The sooner this is done the better it will be for South Africa. The only people who have a right to be consulted are the South African loyalists. The wishes of Natal must be carefully considered, and that loyal Colony will be prepared to make great sacrifices for the sake of South African unity under the British Flag. Rhodesia must be consulted, for her sons have fought boldly and well in this war. The newer British population and the handful of Dutch loyalists will be consulted, as a matter of course. But I venture to plead most earnestly for the older British population, whose claims to consideration I have set forth in this article. They will not push forward their own claims, but the silent patience of their loyalty deserves to be rewarded. During the last six months the majority of them have desired the suspension of the Cape Constitution because the responsible government of the Cape Colony has become more impossible than ever. But their main desire is to help and not to hinder the peaceful settlement of South Africa. In what way can they be of most use? The Eastern Province contains

a settled British population much larger than that of Natal. But it has been politically outnumbered in Cape politics. Sir Charles Warren has had more experience in South Africa as an administrator than as a soldier. In an article published in this Review for January, 1900, I quoted his opinion in favour of separating the Cape Colony into two Governments. I have always held this view myself, and I believe that the Eastern Province would become more powerful as a British factor than Natal, if it became a separate Colony. The Grahamstown Press has recently urged this course with considerable ability. The Cape Colony is too unwieldy in area to enter into a South African Confederation without subdivision. The subdivision of the Cape Colony would split the Bond into two parts, and the Eastern Province is British enough to keep its own Dutch population within due bounds. Natal has done this, and so can the descendants of the settlers of 1820. Let England give these loyal sons of hers the opportunity they have waited for since they first petitioned for a separate Government in 1826. South Africa would then be a Federation of six Colonies—namely, (i) Cape Colony (West), (ii) the Eastern Province, (iii) Natal, (iv) Rhodesia, (v) the Transvaal, (vi) the Orange River Colony; and four of these Colonies would be practically British, so that there would never be a Boer majority in the Parliament of the Confederation. We might then hope for present peace and future unity.

A. THEODORE WIRGMAN, D.D.

Canon of Grahamstown.

RECENT SCIENCE

I

THE exploration of the higher layers of the atmosphere by the aid of high-level observatories, kites, and balloons continues to engross the attention of meteorologists. This is not a mere fashion—science also has its fashions—but an urgent need. To gain knowledge of what is going on in the air, miles above the earth's surface, has become a matter of first necessity. Those who issue the weather forecasts see that they can make no further progress so long as they do not extend their observations higher up in the air envelope of our globe; and those who work upon the theory of the general circulation of the atmosphere come to the same conclusion. Our instruments carefully record the displacements of cold and warm air close to the earth's surface; but it is only at much greater heights that we find the mighty air-currents blowing undisturbed round the earth, and discover the origin of the great 'heat waves' and waves of cold weather. Thereto we must go to study them. Glaisher had fully understood this necessity when he undertook his venturesome balloon ascents; but while interest in such explorations died away in Britain, it was born with a new vigour in the United States, in France, in Germany, in Austria, in Russia, and the work is now carried on with a remarkable zeal.

The idea was, first, to build meteorological observatories on the tops of high isolated peaks. The Sonnblick observatory, which won a world-reputation for its work, the Ben Nevis in Scotland, Jansen's Mont Blanc observatory, Abbas-tuman in the Caucasus, Arequipa in Peru, and so on, were the fruit of that effort—the highest observatory in the world having been planted by the Americans in Peru, on the El Misti peak, at an altitude of 19,200 feet.

These institutions have already rendered good service to science.¹ However, they necessarily remain but few in number; they do not reach the uppermost levels of the atmosphere, and moreover the air-currents which are observed on more or less isolated peaks still remain complicated by the proximity of the plains and the

¹ Some of the scientific results obtained at the high-level observatories have already been mentioned in these pages (*Nineteenth Century*, March 1899).

mountains. Consequently, the United States meteorologists, keeping in view their practical aim—the prediction of weather—came to the conclusion that a survey of the temperatures, pressures, and air-currents which prevail at a height of, let us say, one mile above the surface of the soil, ought to be made regularly every day over the whole of the American continent. Seventeen spots were selected for that purpose, and the idea of Willis Moore—the promoter of this scheme—was that every morning kites provided with self-registering instruments would be flown at each of these spots, so as to bring down regular reports of temperature, pressure, and so on from the one-mile level above the soil.²

The problem was evidently by no means an easy one. A small kite would not lift the instrument-box when the wind was not strong enough, while a big kite was liable to break off its moorings when it met a stronger wind at a higher level, and thus to be lost for ever. Finally, the American meteorologists settled upon the Hargrave type of kite, which has the shape of a quadrangular box of which the lid and the bottom have been removed, or rather of a tandem composed of two such boxes. Thousands of such kites of miniature dimensions are now flown by old and young at all watering-places. The meteorological kite is of course much bigger than the toy. It has eighty to ninety square feet of lifting surface (slightly concave), and it is held by a steel piano wire. A spring bridle, a machine for winding up miles of wire when the kite is brought down, and a meteorograph—that is, an instrument weighing a trifle over two pounds, but containing self-registering instruments for taking note of temperature, pressure, moisture, and force of the wind—complete the equipment. The length of the wire which is paid out and the angle of its inclination give the exact height reached by the kite.

The kite became in this way a powerful aid to meteorology. Gradually perfected, it extended its excursions higher and higher in the air, and while the first kites hardly reached an altitude of 2,070 feet, they now rise beyond 12,000 feet, and thus penetrate into regions of which the normal temperature is near the Fahrenheit zero. Altogether, the kite offers many advantages. The height it has reached being measured directly, a control of barometric measurements is obtained. Its ascension can be slackened at will so as to be sure that the instruments have taken the temperature of their surroundings, and it may be kept any length of time at a given height so as to represent a real floating observatory. But it has also its disadvantages. Thus the scheme of Willis Moore could only partially be realised, as there are many days (54 per cent. on the average)

² See the very interesting paper by Willis Moore in *Weather Bureau Publications*, No. 138 (1897) and No. 191 (1899, reprint from *Forum*), and in a succession of issues of the *Monthly Weather Review*, Washington, 1897-1901, vols. xxv. to xxix.

when the kites cannot be flown either for lack of wind or on account of too much wind. With all that, the kites were doing good work, when the Cuban War, which put the meteorological service to a hard, practical test, and the subsequent necessity of extending the meteorological net over the West Indies, put an end to the regular kite-explorations.

Most valuable data, especially as regards the laws of decrease of temperature in the higher strata of air, were obtained during the 1,217 kite ascensions which had been made in the meantime.³ It was also found that the kite observations would often warn the meteorologist about the coming changes of weather; a 'hot wave' was actually caught while it was coming. As to the clouds, their coming down at nights and their floating higher up in daytime were registered with perfect accuracy by the instruments attached to the kites. Most interesting observations relative to the circulation of air in areas of low and high pressure were also made in this way.⁴

While the United States made thus a speciality of kites, France took chiefly to unmanned balloons, or *ballons sondes*. The very first experiments proved to be most encouraging, when an unmanned balloon launched from Paris by Hermite rose to a height of 45,000 feet, its self-recording instruments working perfectly to an altitude of 36,000 feet; while Assmann's unmanned balloon, launched from Berlin, crossed over in ten hours to the Servian frontier, and brought full records of its journey. It rose to about 46,500 feet, where the barometric pressure was only $3\frac{3}{10}$ inches—thus showing that eight-ninths of the whole atmospheric air lay below the balloon. In both cases the temperature at the 36,000-foot level was found to be much lower than it was expected; namely, as low as 60 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero (—51 degrees and —52 degrees Celsius respectively). Eight balloons out of ten came down to the earth in perfect order. Consequently, beginning in the spring of 1898, Teisserenc de Bort, at Trappes, near Paris, has regularly launched his *ballons sondes*, several each month, so that he could report in 1900, and tabulate the results of no fewer than 240 ascensions. A sort of nearly permanent floating observatory was thus established. One-half of the balloons reached the 27,000-foot level, one-quarter rose to 39,000 feet, and several went beyond the altitude of 42,000 feet (eight miles). Very few were lost. An inscription in different languages, asking those who find the balloon to take care of it and to warn the nearest observatory, promising a reward of a few pounds for that trouble, is quite sufficient—even in Russia—to secure the safety of the messenger which descends from the skies. An excess

³ H. C. Frankenfield, in *Monthly Weather Review*; also in *Nature*, Nov. 29, 1900, lxiii, 109.

⁴ Especially on September 21–24, 1898. See Helm Clayton's *Studies of Cyclonic and Anticyclonic Phenomena with Kites*, in *Blue Hill Observatory Bulletin*, 1899, No. 1.

of zeal is all that is to be feared—the good people who took care of one of the early balloons of Violle going even through the trouble of well polishing a smoked cylinder upon which the records of the meteorograph were scratched by a needle, thus wiping off both ‘the dirt’ and the records.⁵

At the same time the system of exploration of the atmosphere by means of manned balloons was worked out, especially in Germany, and partly also in Russia, where one of the members of the military balloon staff, Pomortseff, published in 1891 the results of his forty ascensions, and fully confirmed Hann’s conclusions as regards the distribution of temperature in areas of low and high pressure. However, isolated observations, even when they are numerous, are not sufficient, and at the international aeronautic conferences of 1896 and 1898 it was agreed between Austrian, Bavarian, Belgian, French, German, and Russian aeronauts that international ascents at the beginning of each month would be organised. Manned and unmanned balloons, as also captive balloon-kites, consequently start in considerable numbers on given days from Paris, Brussels, Strasburg, Munich, Berlin, Vienna, and St. Petersburg—all provided with identical or similar instruments, approved by the conferences. In this international exploration Germany stands foremost with her manned balloons, the difficulty of breathing in the extremely rarefied air of the great altitudes having been overcome by taking a supply of oxygen. In this way Dr. Berson could reach at Berlin an altitude of 9,155 metres (30,030 feet), and so long as his supply of oxygen lasted he experienced none of the symptoms of ‘mountain disease.’ No man had been before at such a height, but even this record was beaten on the 1st of August last by Berson and Süring, who reached the altitude of 10,300 metres (33,700 feet), finding there a temperature of -40 degrees Fahrenheit. As to the unmanned balloons, they have explored, of course, still greater heights; the capricious Berlin *ballon sonde* ‘Cirrus’ rose as high as 53,500 and 60,600 feet, while one of Teisserenc de Bort’s unmanned balloons went to a height of 22 kilometres, *i.e.* about $13\frac{1}{2}$ miles.

The results obtained from all these explorations of the last twelve years are already full of importance. Everyone knows that the temperature of the air decreases as we rise higher and higher in the atmosphere, and that the summits of our high mountains lie amidst layers of air so cool that the snow does not disappear from them. There may be occasionally a local inversion of temperatures—that is, in certain localities, under certain conditions, especially under

⁵ See Teisserenc de Bort’s reports in *Comptes Rendus*, 1899, vol. cxxix. pp. 131 and 417, and 1900, vol. cxxxi. p. 920. Analysed and discussed by Cleveland Abbé in *Monthly Weather Review*, September 1899, p. 415 (tables); by W. Trabert before the Natural Sciences Verein at Vienna, and in *Jahrbuch der Naturwissenschaften*, xv. 246; and in *Nature*.

a cloudy sky, the temperature may increase up to a certain height; but as a rule it decreases as we rise above the soil at a rate of from three to five Fahrenheit degrees for each thousand feet. Consequently, even in summer we find in middle Europe the temperature of freezing at a height of from 6,600 to 10,000 feet, and a still greater cold prevails at still greater heights.

However, it was never expected by meteorologists that the upper layers of the atmosphere would be so cold as they are in reality. It appears now that all the observations of Glaisher, upon which our knowledge of the upper layers was chiefly based, gave too high temperatures. Not only because a thermometer, unless it is very sensitive and the air round it well ventilated, takes some time before it shows the real temperature of the layer of air which the balloon is piercing, but especially because of the solar radiation, which, in the high layers of a rarefied atmosphere and in the full sunshine which reigns above the clouds, is very strong, and overheats the instruments. This was one of the first difficulties which the meteorologists had to overcome before such perfected instruments as Assmann's psychrometer and the instruments of Violle and Teisserenc de Bort were introduced. Thus it appears now that the average temperature at an altitude of 20,000 feet is 13 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero (as against Glaisher's 3 degrees to 32 degrees Fahrenheit), and that at the altitude of 25,000 feet the air is full 35 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero, instead of the -4 degrees to $+16$ degrees Fahrenheit which Glaisher gave for that altitude.⁶ Such low temperatures prevail, it must be remarked, all the year round.⁷

Another important fact was revealed by these explorations. It was generally believed that the decrease of temperature becomes slower and slower in the higher portions of the atmosphere. It appears, however, that at great altitudes it is the reverse which prevails. The ratio of decrease, which is about three Fahrenheit degrees for each 1,000 feet in the lower strata, grows higher and

⁶ In order to be sure that the distribution of temperatures over the British Isles is not very much different from what it is over North Germany and North France, Berson and Süring made two simultaneous ascensions—the one, in his own balloon, from London, and the other from Berlin. At the altitude of 20,000 feet both found almost identical temperatures, which were the usual ones for that time of the year. Direct experiments were also made upon a thermometer placed in the way Glaisher used to place his instrument; it gave much too high readings. As it is known, however, that the gradient of temperature-decrease is different on the Atlantic border of the United States and in the interior of the continent, it is most desirable that Britain should at last join the Continental nations in their exploration of the atmosphere.

⁷ Here is a table which will give an idea of the distribution of temperatures (in Fahrenheit degrees) in the atmosphere. Trabert obtained it by comparing the German results with those of Teisserenc de Bort:—

Height in feet:	The soil	6,600	16,500	23,000	26,000	32,800
North Germany:	50°	32°	1°	-20°	-36°	...
North France:	48°	32°	3°	-20°	-36°	-60°

higher, reaching nearly twice as much at the highest levels. This upsets many a current theory.

It would be impossible to analyse here the extremely interesting deductions which Cleveland Abbé makes from the explorations of Teisserenc de Bort, or those which Bezold draws from the German balloon explorations; still less would it be possible to mention the mass of information contained in the luxuriously edited *Wissenschaftliche Luftfahrten*.⁸ Two points, however, deserve a special mention. One is the quite unexpected discovery that the difference between summer and winter is felt even at such great altitudes as 30,000 feet. Of course, the seasons are not so well pronounced there as they are with us; but even at this great height they are fully noticeable—the average temperature of the 30,000-foot layer in March being about 65 degrees below the Fahrenheit zero, while that of August (the warmest month) is only -44 degrees.⁹ Higher up, the layers of extremely thin rarefied air are even much cooler than that, and rapidly merge into the frozen depths of the interplanetary space.

Another extremely interesting fact is this. Everyone knows the spell of cold weather which we experience in Europe and Northern Asia about the middle or in the first half of May—the so-called *Saints de glace* of the French peasants. This 'cold wave' has long since been a puzzle for meteorologists. It is so widely spread that some cosmic cause—not telluric—was suspected; but then, the retardation with which the cold reaches Siberia, whereto it comes about the 20th or 22nd of May, was an argument against the cosmic origin of the cold wave. If it were due to the earth entering an especially cold portion of the solar system, no such retardation would take place. Consequently, an international balloon ascent was organised on the 13th of May, 1897, balloons starting on that day from Strasbourg, Berlin, and St. Petersburg. These ascents proved that the cold wave surely is not due to some small local disturbance, such as icebergs and the like. It is caused by a mass of air, 30,000 feet thick and covering all Europe, which is brought into a rotatory motion, so that cold air from the north is brought down upon Western Europe, while warm air is poured upon Eastern Europe from the southwest. What is the cause of that regularly recurring rotation of the atmosphere we do not know yet, but the amount of energy it represents is immense, and its cause must be consequently more general than mere local disturbances.

Altogether when one rises in a balloon far above the petty asperities of the earth's surface, one finds also a much simpler distribution of temperatures, pressures, and air-currents; and it will be through such data as those which were collected during an inter-

⁸ Edited by R. Assmann and A. Berson. Bezold's introductory review, very suggestive, has appeared as a separate pamphlet.

⁹ Teisserenc de Bort, in *Comptes Rendus*, 1900, vol. cxxxi.

national ascent on the 3rd of October, 1899, that knowledge will be won about the cyclonic and anti-cyclonic disturbances to which our weather is due.

II

When a mathematician intends to analyse the effects of some cause over a wide series of phenomena, he wilfully neglects in his calculations a number of secondary causes interfering with the same phenomena; he tries to ascertain the effects of the main cause in their simplest form. He calls then the result which he has obtained 'a first approximation.' Later on, after all the effects of the main cause have been studied in detail and verified upon thousands of applications, and when it appears that the main cause is not sufficient to explain all the phenomena, then a generation or two of explorers apply their energies towards disentangling the effects of all those causes which were neglected at the outset, but some of which may entirely alter the aspect of phenomena. They endeavour to find a new expression for the law enunciated in the first approximation, to discover some still broader generalisation of which the first would appear as a consequence, or as a particular case only.

All sciences proceed in this way. All 'natural laws' (as was admirably expressed once by Mendeléeff in the discussion of his own periodical law) have the same character of successive approximation—Kepler's laws of the movements of planets; the Boyle-Marriott's law of gases; nay, universal gravitation itself, whose cause and relations to attractions and repulsions at small distances have yet to be found. The more so is it true of the series of great discoveries which were made in 1858–1862: the kinetic theory of gases, the mechanical theory of heat, the periodic law of chemical elements, the physico-chemical basis of life, the cell theory, the origin of species. All these are now under revision, not because anyone doubts the mechanical origin of heat and electricity, or the physical basis of life, or the mutability of species, but because nearly all that could be done on the solid ground of the 'first approximations' has been done, and new, still more generalised expressions of these natural laws are sought for. Of course, the 'man in the street' and the semi-scientist who knows something of the results of science, but is not familiar with the methods of scientific discovery, never fail to raise at such times their voices and to proclaim 'the failure of science.' In reality, however, these are periods when the birth is prepared of still wider and still deeper generalisations.

This remark applies to the theory of evolution. The main points which Darwin and Wallace had so much difficulty to prove are now established truths. Nowadays there is almost no man of science who would not admit—even at the risk of being

excommunicated by some Church—that all the species of plants and animals have been slowly evolved in the course of ages out of a common stock of simplest organisms; that new species are evolved still; and that natural selection plays a very important part in fixing the variations which continually appear among both plants and animals. But the naturalist is no longer satisfied with these statements. He wants to know (as Darwin himself wanted) the cause of the variations which we call ‘accidental.’ Are they really ‘hap-hazard,’ or, maybe, do they take certain definite directions—partly under the influence of environment, and partly under the guidance of previous evolution? And if it be so, what is the real part of natural selection in the evolution of new species? In other words, the naturalist is no longer satisfied with saying that—supposing there were no other causes at work but the accidental individual variations which appear in each species, the hereditary transmission of these variations, and natural selection in the struggle for life—these three causes alone would do to explain the origin of species and their marvellous adaptation to environment. He wants to know, not how species *may* have originated, but how they *do* originate in reality.¹⁰

It would be materially impossible to give even a faint idea of the immense, overpowering amount of work which is being done now in this direction, and still less of the numerous side-issues involved in this work. One group only of these researches will consequently be analysed in the following pages: the work that is being done, experimentally, in order to see how the structure, the various organs, and the forms of plants and animals are modified by environment. ‘Experimental morphology’ or ‘physiological morphology’ is the name of this young branch of the science of evolution.

Variability is a law of Nature. Just as there are not two men exactly alike, so there are not two plants or two animals which would not differ from each other in many respects. It appears, however, that variability, even if it be quite accidental and ‘hap-hazard,’ has its laws. If we measure the length of the wings in a great number of birds, or the dimensions of many crabs, or the stature of many men, we find that the accidental differences below and above the average are submitted to the same laws as accidental errors in a physical or astronomical measurement. The number of small variations is very great, while the larger ones are relatively few—their number decreasing (roughly speaking) in proportion to

¹⁰ Many works dealing with the present position of the theory of natural selection have been published lately. The following two may be recommended to the general reader: *The Method of Evolution*, by Professor H. W. Conn, New York, 1900; and *Ueber die Bedeutung und Tragweite des Darwin'schen Selektionsprincip*, by L. Plate, Leipzig, 1900.

the square of the size of the variation. This law, enunciated long ago by Quételet, has been proved by Wallace, Galton, K. Pearson, Weldon, Lloyd Morgan, De Vries, and many others to apply to most morphological and even to psychical phenomena. Moreover, it appears that although individual variations are greater, as a rule, than they were supposed to be, they soon reach a limit. Galton has proved, and biologists have confirmed it, that the more exceptionally some peculiarity is developed in a number of individuals, the more their descendants will have the tendency to revert to the average type; there will be 'retrogression'—a 'return to mediocrity'—unless some external or inner cause tends to accentuate variation in the same direction.

Altogether Quételet's law applies only to those cases in which variations are strictly accidental—that is, hap-hazard in the true sense of the word; in such cases the variations in one direction compensate those which occur in the opposite direction; and if we figure them by means of a curve, the curve is symmetrical. But in very many cases the curves are not symmetrical; the variations below the average are not equal in numbers to those above the average. We have then, as W. T. Thiselton-Dyer would say, 'a stimulated variation.'¹¹ The curve may even indicate by its form the appearance of a new incipient species, modified in this or that of its features.¹² In such cases it is the duty of experimental morphology to step in and to find out which cause or group of causes may tend to modify the species.

An immense amount of work is being done now in this domain;¹³ and it is a growing conviction among biologists that, at least as regards plants, there is not one single organ which could not be modified in a permanent way by merely altering the conditions of temperature, light, moisture, and especially nutrition, under which the plant is reared at certain early periods of its development. A few examples will better illustrate what has been achieved in this direction.

Beginning with the lower organisms, Chamberland and Roux proved in 1883 that the mere keeping of bacteria in an anti-septic substance will totally modify them. A new species will

¹¹ See his most suggestive letter on 'Variation and Specific Stability' in *Nature*, vol. li. 1895, p. 459.

¹² C. B. Davenport, 'A Precise Criterion of Species,' and J. W. Blankinship, 'The Chief Differential and Specific *versus* Individual Characters,' in *Science*, May 20 and June 3, 1898; fully analysed by Varigny in *Année Biologique*, iv. 470, *seq.* The mathematical treatment of the variation curves is, as is known, busily carried on by K. Pearson. A comprehensible analysis of the methods used in these researches will be found in Geo. Duncker's *Die Methoden der Variations-Statistik*, Leipzig, 1899; and in C. B. Davenport's *Statistical Methods, with Special Reference to Biological Variation*, New York, 1899.

¹³ Part of it has been already mentioned in these pages, *Nineteenth Century*, April 1894.

be created, which will differ both in form and physiological functions from its ancestor—a species which will propagate, retaining its new characteristics. L. Errera on the other side has proved, not only the powers of adaptation of certain fungi to new media, but the hereditary transmission of their adaptations as well—the new generation thriving much better in the new medium to which it has adapted itself than in the medium in which its ancestors formerly used to grow;¹⁴ and the researches of Professor Klebs, Ray, and Schostakowitch upon some other fungi further confirm and develop these views.¹⁵ It may only be remarked that although these researches on lower organisms are considered by biologists as quite conclusive, and applicable to higher organisms as well, they do not very much appeal to those who are not specialists in these branches.

However, there is no lack of evidence taken from the higher plants. The experiments of Gaston Bonnier are especially striking. His earlier work was already mentioned in these pages,¹⁶ and it was shown how, by transplanting several plants from a valley to an Alpine level in the Alps and the Pyrenees, or *vice versâ*, he entirely changed, in one single generation, both the general aspect of the plant and its inner structure. Both were rendered 'Alpine' in a plant taken from the valley, and *vice versâ*; and new races or varieties adapted to their new surroundings—'incipient species,' to use Darwin's words—were thus obtained under the direct influence of environment.

During the last few years Bonnier has made his experiments even more conclusive by submitting plants to artificial cold and excessive moisture—permanent in some experiments, and alternating with warmth and dryness in others. In this way he transformed valley plants into their Alpine varieties in the course of a couple of months. He took several annual and several bi-annual plants—obtained from the same seeds or from a division of one individual—and divided them into four lots. Lot 1 was brought up in a box provided with a glass wall turned northwards and kept by means of ice at a low temperature, which only varied between 38 degrees and 48 degrees Fahr., while moisture within the box was kept at from 80 to 96 per cent. Lot 2 was cultivated in the open air at Fontainebleau, and was thus submitted to the usual summer variations of temperature (59 degrees to 86 degrees Fahr.) and moisture (from 64 to 91 per cent.). Lot 3 was submitted, like Alpine plants, to the extremes of temperature and moisture: it was brought up at daytime in the open air, and at night in the iced box. Finally, there was a fourth lot, submitted to

¹⁴ *Bulletins de l'Académie de Belgique*, 1899, p. 81.

¹⁵ J. Ray, in *Revue Générale de Botanique*, 1897, vol. ix.; analysed in full, with valuable remarks, by M. Radais in *Année Biologique*, iii. 501; Schostakowitch, in *Flora*, vol. lxxxiv. p. 88.

¹⁶ *Nineteenth Century*, April 1894

the same conditions as 1 and 3, but less severe, in a warmer box. In two months the plants of the first lot, and especially those of the third lot (submitted to sudden changes), had already taken the general and the special characters of Alpine plants—smaller size; stronger stems with short internodes; smaller, thicker, and stronger leaves; and, with those of them which bloomed, a more rapid blooming. The plants of the third lot had even taken the reddish colour of the leaves characteristic of Alpine plants (due in both cases to the presence of anthocyan), while those of Lot 1 remained quite green. Lot 2 remained, of course, unchanged; and the plants of Lot 4 were more similar to those which had grown in the open air than to those of the two other lots.¹⁷ No better proof of adaptive forms created directly by environment (Buffon's and Lamarck's view) could be given.

Another series of equally successful experiments was made by Bonnier, in order to see whether Fontainebleau plants cultivated on the shores of the Mediterranean would not take the well-known characters of circum-Mediterranean vegetation, due to the special climate-conditions of the region (woody stems; broader, thicker, leather-like leaves with strong nerves; and so on). Two lots of plants, belonging to forty-three different species, some of them bi-annuals, but originated in each case from the same individual, were grown—one lot at La Garde near Toulon, and the other at Fontainebleau in soil brought from La Garde. Nearly all species of the first lot took, in the very first generation, more or less the Mediterranean aspect, but none of them showed variation in the opposite direction. During the second summer the changes were even more marked. The Fontainebleau species, *Senecio Jacobæa* (Ragwort *Senecio*), became similar in several of its characters to the Mediterranean species, *Senecio nemorosus*; our common ash, *Fraxinus excelsior*, became like the *F. parvifolia*, G. G., of the Mediterranean coasts; and so on.¹⁸ The importance of these experiments need not be emphasised. When we see that environment so rapidly creates itself the adaptation, we shall necessarily be more cautious in speaking of the natural selection of quite accidental individual variations.

If Bonnier's experiments stood quite alone, they would already carry a considerable weight; but at the present time any number of similar researches and experiments could be mentioned—all telling the same tale of a *direct* action of the conditions of growth for producing considerable and rapid adaptive changes in plants. Joh. Schmidt, for instance, obtains at will the anatomical structure of the leaves in the sea-pea (*Lathyrus maritimus*) which characterises the East Danish or the West Danish specimens of this species

¹⁷ *Comptes Rendus*, 1898, vol. cxxvii. p. 307; and 1899, vol. cxxviii. p. 1143.

¹⁸ *Comptes Rendus*, 1899, vol. cxxix. p. 1207.

by simply adding more or less salt to the water with which he waters his cultures, or by altering the amount of exposure to sunlight during germination.¹⁹ K. Goebel shows the alterations which strong light produces in leaves, and the potency of the habitual inherited forms.²⁰ G. Haberlandt, not satisfied with merely altering the colour or the shape or the number of existing organs, creates a new organ for the secretion of water from the leaves of a tropical liana.²¹ Hermann Vöchting, continuing his extremely interesting, previously mentioned researches into the effects of low temperature and considerable light-intensity, obtains in this way rampant varieties of plants, and maintains in them asexual reproduction.²² De Vries, by cultivating a South African composite plant, *Othonna crassifolia*, and its near congener, *Othonna carnosa*, in both moist and dry soil and atmosphere, obtains two quite different plants.²³ W. Wollny, taking up the whole question of the influence of moisture upon the forms and the structure of plants, proves by experiments conducted in three separate conservatories—one very dry, the other very damp, and the third of an average dampness—that this factor alone is capable of producing the most important modifications in plants, both in their forms and their structure. A great dampness increases, of course, the growth of the stems and leaves, but hinders the development of chlorophyll; the stomates appear on both sides of the leaves and increase in numbers and size; while the thorns of our common furze (*Ulex europæus*) are completely transformed into leaves—that is, he obtains by surplus moisture the opposite of what Lhôtelier obtained in a very dry atmosphere.²⁴ And so on.

In short, we have by this time a quite solid body of evidence to prove that in plants adaptive forms *are* created by the direct physical action of environment.

Let us next consider, then, two other series of researches which have a bearing upon two other important points of the theory of evolution. Both were made by the Dutch botanist De Vries, one

¹⁹ *Botanisk Tidskrift*, 1899, xxii. 166; analysed in *Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, xiv. 562.

²⁰ *Flora*, vol. lxxii. 1.

²¹ *Festschrift für Schwendener*; analysed in several reviews.

²² *Jahrbücher für wissenschaftlich Botanik*, vol. xxv. 1893, p. 149; *Berichte der deutschen Botanischen Gesellschaft*, vol. xvi. 1898, p. 37.

²³ In *Mutationstheorie*, p. 103, he reproduces his photographs of the two plants. He gives also a photograph of Bonnier's Alpine and valley plants.

²⁴ *Forschungen aus dem Gebiete der Agrikulturphysik*, vol. xx. 1898, p. 397; *Naturwissenschaftliche Rundschau*, xiii. 617. A very suggestive work by Julius Sachs, 'Mechanomorphosis and Phylogeny: a Contribution to Physiological Morphology' (*Flora*, 1894, p. 225), must be indicated in this place. He deals in it with a group of physiological causes, common to most plants, which necessarily must act in producing this or that form, and thus produce parallel forms in the different large divisions of the vegetable kingdom. Stahl's classical work on the influence of lighted and shaded position upon the leaves (*Jenaer Zeitschrift*, xvi. 1883) may also be mentioned in this place, as also O. Hertwig's *Mechanomorphosis*, the work of Professor Kny, and so on.

of the greatest botanists living. For the last fifteen years De Vries has cultivated a great number of so-called monstrosities, or rather aberrant types, such as the five-leaved clover or the many-headed poppy (*Papaver somniferum polycephalum*), of which the stamens have been transformed into a great number of carpels, so that the poppy-head is surrounded by a crown of secondary heads. It is now a favourite with some gardeners. The conditions under which these new varieties have been obtained were carefully studied by De Vries, and his conclusion is that—taking the poppy as an instance—it entirely depends upon heavy manuring or not, upon the keeping the seedlings wide apart or crowded, and upon the supply of temperature and light—upon *nutrition*, in a word (taking nutrition in its old, wide sense)—whether we obtain from the seeds of the many-headed variety of poppy a similarly many-headed progeny or individuals which will only have the rudiments of the additional heads. But these influences, to be effective, must bear on the plant in its early youth, during the first six or seven weeks after germination. The maintenance of a new variety is a mere matter of nutrition, De Vries says, and ‘selection is simply the picking-out of the best-fed individuals.’ ‘The acquired characters, as the name goes in zoology and anthropology, have their parallel in botany in the *nutrition-modifications*.’²⁵

Now—and this is the main point—De Vries, like most botanists, does not doubt a moment that these ‘acquired characters’ are transmitted by inheritance from the mother plant to its progeny. Without such a transmission, of which the botanist sees such an abundance of illustrations, no cumulative selection would even be possible.²⁶ In fact, if a certain deviation from the normal type—say, a five-leaved clover—has been obtained by plenty of nutrition, the progeny of this plant will give as much as 50, 80, or even 97 per cent. of plants showing the same variation—provided high nutrition were maintained. Even in bad conditions, with poor nutrition, the many-headed poppy shows a tendency to reproduce in a succession of generations the additional carpels. Of course, in order to fix the variation, a selection of two or three generations of best-fed

²⁵ *Die Mutationstheorie*, vol. i. p. 93, Leipzig, 1901, and in fact all the fourth chapter. The latest researches of J. MacLeod further confirm this idea. See also the previous important work of MacLeod *Over de Bevruchting der Bloemen*, Ghent, 1894 (summary in French at the end of the volume).

²⁶ See *Comptes Rendus*, vol. cxviii. 1899, p. 125; also pp. 97–100 of *Die Mutationstheorie*, vol. i. It must also be remarked that De Vries has a voice in these matters. He is one of the pleiade of anatomists represented by Van Beneden, Boveri, Strasburger, Guignard, Fol, the brothers Hertwig, Maupas, Blütschli, Verworn, and many others, upon whose work Weismann’s theory—or, rather, rapidly altered theories—was based, and he is the author of *Intracellulare Pangenesis*. The substance of this work was mentioned in a previous review: *Nineteenth Century*, December 1892.

individuals will be required.²⁷ But the accumulation of a newly acquired variation is so rapid that De Vries considers two or three—*maximum* five or six—generations as quite sufficient for obtaining the maximum of possible variation of a given character. Vilmorin, as is known, obtained the cultivated carrot out of the wild one in five generations; Carrière did the same with the radish, Buckmann with parsley, and so on.

The other group of researches by De Vries has perhaps a still deeper bearing upon the theory of evolution—I mean, his work upon the sudden appearance of what Darwin called 'single variations.' They are not submitted to Quételet's law, which applies only to the individual 'continuous' variations, but they appear occasionally with certain plants, under certain conditions, and at certain periods with a striking force. In such cases a new species—quite well determined and fully maintained in its progeny, if precautions be taken to prevent cross-breeding—appears all of a sudden, with all its fixed specific characters. Not all plants show this capacity, the great number of them showing a remarkable fixity of characters²⁸ (Thiselton Dyer made some time ago some excellent remarks upon this subject in *Nature*, vol. li.), and out of a great number of species tested by De Vries only one, the *Oenothera Lamarckiana*, displayed the capacity of giving origin all of a sudden to several new species; but it possessed it to a wonderful extent, no fewer than seven new species having been obtained in the course of a few years—not by means of selection, but in consequence of spontaneous variation. Each of the new species appeared quite fixed in the cultures, the individuals of the fifth or sixth generation of the new species being exactly alike to those of the first generation. However, these facts are so significant, and yet so new, that their bearing upon the theory of evolution cannot yet be appreciated in full.²⁹

It may be said, of course, and it has been said, that new races of domesticated plants and new varieties obtained by botanists in special conditions are not lasting; that they retain their new characters only so long as the conditions under which they have been bred continue to exist, but they return to their primitive form if they are let grow wild. But the same—we now learn—is true of wild species as well. The wild carrot and the wild radish also cease in a few years to be what they have been for hundreds of generations as soon as they are placed in conditions of an especially favourable nutrition. The

²⁷ Hugo de Vries, 'L'Unité dans la Variation' (*Revue de l'Université de Bruxelles*, iii. April 1895); 'Alimentation et Sélection' (*Volume jubilaire de la Société de Biologie*, Paris, 1899). Both summed up in *Mutationstheorie*, first fascicule, ch. iv.

²⁸ Judging from a footnote in *Mutationstheorie*, the plants capable of such variations may be more numerous than may be thought.

²⁹ In *Mutationstheorie*, of which the second fascicule is just out, the new species are fully described, with coloured plates and photographs of seedlings.

Alpine plant surely is a very stable species or sub-species, but it becomes quite a new plant when it is grown in the lowlands. It seemstherefore that we must accustom ourselves to consider the species as nothing else but a temporary equilibrium established, under given conditions of environment, between hereditarily transmitted dispositions (the accumulated result of previous evolution) and the given conditions of climate, living surroundings, and nutrition—a variable function, the mathematician would say, of these four variables. This is, at least, the conclusion one is forcibly brought to by the study of the researches faintly sketched in the preceding pages.

But what else are all other phenomena of Nature? Are they not, too, manifestations of a temporarily, more or less stable equilibrium between the various forces—an equilibrium which sometimes is destroyed in a few seconds or in a few hours, and sometimes, being itself a product of ages, requires ages for being altered?

III

Experiments tending to prove that adaptive characters in animals may be a direct result of their physical environment are evidently less numerous than they are for plants. Not only are such experiments more difficult, but they require also accommodations which the zoologist seldom has at his disposal. Our marine and lacustrine biological stations are few, and inland zoological stations are still smaller in numbers. Still, there are already a few researches which throw some light on the subject.

In lower animals variations are easily obtained by altering their surroundings. Thus K nstler has found that with the protozoa a slight change in the conditions of their life, such as the keeping of the basins of the zoological garden all the year round under glass, results in considerable variation which renders certain species unrecognisable.³⁰ With higher organisms variation must necessarily be slower, but it is none the less evident. H. M. Vernon, who has experimented upon something like ten thousand larv e or *plutei* of echinoderms—chiefly sea-urchins—has found that the sizes of the larv e and the proportions of their different parts may be altered by mere changes of temperature. If the temperature of the water in which the fecundation of the eggs takes place be lowered to 46 degrees Fahrenheit, be it only for a minute, or raised beyond a certain limit, the obtained larv e are by about 5 per cent. shorter than the average ones. If a small quantity of fresh water, or an extremely small quantity of uric acid, be added to the salt water in which the larv e are bred, they will increase in size by from 10 to 15 per cent.; and in all cases the proportions of the appendages to the body will be altered. Individuals which, if they were found isolated would

³⁰ *Actes de la Soci t  Lin enne de Bordeaux*, vol. liii. p. 1; summed up in *Annuaire Biologique* for 1898, iv. 450.

have been described as separate sub-races, are produced by mere changes of temperature, salinity, and proportion of nourishing substances in water.³¹

The researches of Dr. A. Viré into the cave-dwelling animals of France, and especially the experiments he has made, under Milne-Edwards, in a laboratory specially arranged for this purpose in the obscurity of the Paris *catacombes*, are still more conclusive. It is known that the animals which live in caves and subterranean streamlets offer certain peculiarities. In most cases they are blind; their eyes have been atrophied, while the organs of touch and smell (Leydig's *Riechzapfen*) have taken a considerable development. The animal takes altogether a form so different from its nearest relatives living in broad daylight that the cave-dwellers are usually described by zoologists as separate species. As to the current explanation of the cave forms, it is well known. Out of countless accidental individual variations which occur in each species (slightly less developed eyes, slightly increased organs of the other senses), natural selection has picked out, in a long succession of generations, those individuals which accidentally exhibited variations favourable for cave-life. They survived and left progeny, while those which did not exhibit the useful variations died out. An explanation, by the way, which it is easy to suggest, but very difficult to submit to the test of experiment. Volumes have consequently been written to prove that such a 'retrogressive variation' of certain organs offers no difficulty for the theory of natural selection.

The researches of Viré lead the whole discussion in a different channel—that of experiment. A few years ago Viré and Raymond discovered in the Cévennes caves two crustaceans which were described by Dollfus as new species (*Sphæromides raymondi* and *Stenasellus virei*).³² Both crustaceans had no eyes, but the organs of touch (fine, movable hairs) and the organs of smell (the *Riechzapfen*) had taken a considerable development. The latter were especially large in comparison with those of the common *Asellus* which lives in the open-air little streams about Paris. It was found also that while the common *Asellus* of the streams has a well-developed eye, coloured black, the same *Asellus* has it much paler when it lives underground, and only a red spot is retained in the catacombs; finally, there is no trace of an eye in the Cévennes *Stenasellus*. This was the result of observation. Then, since 1897, Viré began direct experiments on these animals, which he continued in the laboratory opened in the catacombs. These experiments are

³¹ H. M. Vernon, 'The Causes of Variation,' in *Science Progress*, vol. xi. 1897, p. 229.

³² *Comptes Rendus*, vol. cxxv. 1897, pp. 130, 131; Armand Viré, *La Faune souterraine de France*, Paris, 1900. The book contains all necessary illustrations and a full bibliography.

only at their beginning, but still they have already given some important results. Placed in the open light, the *Niphargus virei*, which is coloured in rose, becomes covered in a few weeks with pigment spots of a beautiful brown colour, thus rapidly returning to its ancestral form. On the other side, the grey-green pigment of the common *Gammarus puteanus* begins to disappear after a ten months' sojourn in the tanks of the laboratory, and with most specimens it disappears entirely after a twenty months' stay in obscurity. As to the growth of the organs of touch and smell, they were developed in a common *Gammarus fluvialilis* kept for fifteen months in the catacomb laboratory (in forty-three specimens out of a lot of forty-six) so as to attain nearly half the size they have in the cave *Niphargus*. The evolution of the organs of smell began after a three months' stay in the underground laboratory. It is worthy of note that during the fifteen months that the experiment lasted the eye had not yet undergone any noticeable modification. Altogether the pigment of the eye seems to be much more persistent than the pigment to which the general coloration is due. We have thus, in Viré's work, the first steps made towards a real study of the origin of cave forms of animals; and at the very first steps in this direction Nature was already caught in its work of making new species.

A considerable amount of research is being made at the same time in order to find out the physiological causes of colour and coloration in the animal kingdom. Everyone remembers, of course, the charming chapter 'Colour and Environment' in Wallace's *Darwinism*, written from the point of view of natural selection.

In the Arctic regions [he wrote] there are a number of animals which are wholly white all the year round, or which only turn white in winter. . . . The obvious explanation of this style of coloration is that it is protective, serving to conceal the herbivorous species from their enemies, and enabling carnivorous animals to approach their prey unperceived. [And further on:] Whenever we find Arctic animals which, from whatever cause, do not require protection by the white colour, then neither the cold nor the snow-glare has any effect upon their coloration. The sable retains its rich brown throughout the Siberian winter. . . . Then we have that thoroughly Arctic animal, the musk-sheep, which is brown and conspicuous; but this animal is gregarious, and its safety depends on its association in small herds.

But what about the Polar fox, it may be asked, one of the most gregarious animals in Steller's times?—the Arctic and sub-Arctic birds which surely need no protection when they come together in scores of thousands to rear their progeny in the Arctic and sub-Arctic lands?—the white Arctic owls?—or the Yakute horses, which also breed in small groups like the musk-sheep, never undergo artificial selection, and yet display that well-known marked tendency for a white coating? So much so that Middendorff, in our discussions in the early times of *Darwinism*, used to make of these horses a favourite argument to

prove the necessity of a *physiological* explanation as against the natural selection explanation. It may also be added that those Russian zoologists who have had much to do with the animals of the Steppes are inclined, too, to look for a physiological explanation of the dusky and sandy coloration of these animals.

The matter is, however, beset with great difficulties, which one realises in full on reading the honest statement and analysis of our knowledge—or, rather, our ignorance—in these matters which is made by Miss Newbigin in her book *Colour in Nature* (London, 1898). We certainly are bound to recognise that the beautiful colours which we see on the wings of the butterflies and the moths are in some way connected with the physiological activity of the insect. Surely, as has been shown by Scudder and further confirmed by A. G. Mayer in 1897, the markings of the butterflies and moths are not accidental but structural. The markings are disposed symmetrically in the consecutive interspaces between the nervures; the ocelli are usually situated between the same branches of homologous veins; and so on. Even when the markings are changed in our experiments, the changes, as indicated by Fisher,³³ follow certain rules; while other changes may be explained either by an arrest of development or an increased internal activity for maintaining the necessary temperature, as was suggested by Urech. We surely may continue to say that the markings of insects are 'accidental'; but we must take the word 'accidental' in the sense Darwin used it—that is, due to causes still unknown—and in no other sense but this.

One fact relative to the colours and the markings of a number of butterflies and moths is, however, well established by this time; namely, that they depend to a great extent upon the conditions of temperature and light under which the caterpillars and the pupæ of these lepidoptera have been reared. Such researches were begun some five-and-twenty years ago by Dorfmeister and Weismann, and have been continued since by Merrifield and Dixey in this country, Standfuss, Fisher, Urech, and a number of other explorers. Mr. Merrifield began his experiments in 1887. It is known that many species of moths and butterflies appear under two different forms—formerly described as two different species—one of which is bred in spring and the other later on in the summer. This 'seasonal dimorphism' is widely spread in Nature, and occurs even in plants. Now Merrifield's experiments, in conformity with those of Weismann, Standfuss, and others, have proved that one of the two seasonal forms may be bred from larvæ of the other form by simply altering the temperature under which the larvæ are reared. The two seasonal forms differ both in colour and in their markings, but, to use Mr. Dixey's words, 'the pattern or outline of the markings could be made to vary

³³ *Entomologische Nachrichten*, 1898, xxiv., p. 37; summed up in several scientific reviews.

independently of the general colouring, and he [Mr. Merrifield] obtained from the same brood individuals showing summer markings with summer colouring, summer markings with an approach towards spring colouring, spring markings with summer colouring, and spring markings with almost the spring colouring.'³⁴

As a rule, a cooler temperature gave darker colours, and cooling of the larvæ without a subsequent forcing of them in a warm temperature gave the darkest moths. In the common butterfly, *Vanessa urticae*, a moderately low temperature generally deepened the colouring to some extent, lowered the tone of the yellow patches, and spread the dark portions. It appeared moreover that the size and, though less markedly, the shape of the wings were affected by the temperature of breeding; or, the wings being somewhat reduced in size, the scales became scanty and deficient in pigment so as to show the membrane of the wing.³⁵ It is also interesting to note that while some cooled specimens of *Vanessa urticae* bore resemblance to a northern variety, some of the heated specimens were like a southern form, and that (as was indicated by C. W. Barker) the rain-period butterflies of Natal differ from those of the dry period precisely in all those directions in which variation was obtained by cooling. Again we have in these experiments a peep, so to say, into Nature's ways of originating new species.

Finally we have the well-known experiments of E. B. Poulton, who changed the colours of several common species of British caterpillars from green to various hues of brown and grey by rearing them amidst darkened surroundings (black and brown twigs were mixed with their food, or they were placed in dark-painted boxes, and so on), and the experiments of J. T. Cunningham on fishes. Poulton's experiments are so well known to the general reader from his most interesting popular book *Colour in Animals*, as also from Wallace's *Darwinism*, that a mere reference to these now classical researches is sufficient.³⁶ As to the experiments of J. T. Cunning-

³⁴ The original accounts of Mr. Merrifield were published in the *Transactions of the Entomological Society of London*. F. A. Dixey has summed them up in *Nature*, December 23, 1897 (vol. lvii. p. 184), reproducing some of the very interesting drawings. A detailed account of Weismann's experiments (frequently mentioned in his previous writings) was only published in 1895, in *Zoologische Jahrbücher, Abtheilung für Systematik*, Bd. viii.

³⁵ F. A. Dixey expressed, in connection with Merrifield's experiments, the idea that certain of the modifications produced in *Vanessa atalanta* by both heat and cold show a return towards the ancestral type of *V. calithoe* and to a still older form of *Vanessa*. Fischer, on the basis of his extensive experiments, expressed also the idea that the variations provoked in butterflies by different temperatures are arrests of development (*Hemmungs-Erscheinungen*), in consequence of which older atavistic forms are fixed; and he developed the same ideas in a book, *Neue experimentelle Untersuchungen und Betrachtungen über das Wesen und die Ursachen der Aberration in der Faltergruppe Vanessa*, Berlin, 1896. The idea is, however, contradicted by Urech, and needs confirmation.

³⁶ The experiments are most suggestive, and raise a number of secondary questions, for which the original memoir must be consulted in *Transactions of the*

ham, although they are less known, they are also very conclusive. It is known that in most fishes the upper surface is more or less coloured, while the lower surface remains uncoloured and has a silvery aspect; and that this double coloration is generally supposed to have originated as a means of protection for the fishes. It evidently permits a fish not to be detected by its enemies. However, Cunningham made experiments in order to see whether the absence of coloration on the ventral surface may not be due to the absence of light falling upon it. He consequently kept a number of young flounders in two separate basins, one of which was provided with mirrors so as to illuminate the lower surface of the fishes as well, while the other was of the ordinary sort. The result was that after a time a certain amount of coloration appeared on the ventral sides of the flounders of the first basin, first in the middle portion of the body, and then spreading both ways towards head and tail. It is true that small spots of pigment appeared on the ventral surfaces of a few fishes of the second basin as well, as they often do in nature; but the percentage of spotted individuals was small and the spots did not increase.³⁷

It must be confessed that all these researches are only first steps towards the foundation of a science of which the need is badly felt—the physiological experimental morphology of animals. These first steps are in the right direction; but they are very slow, and probably will remain slow so long as the matter is not taken in hand by physiologists. Consequently, without even attempting to touch upon the wide subject of variation in free nature, or of palæontological evidence, I will permit myself to mention here one set only of observations taken from this vast domain, because they throw some additional light upon the facts mentioned in the foregoing pages. I mean the well-known wonderful collection of land molluscs which was brought together by J. T. Gulick, and which illustrates the incredible amount of variation that takes place in the family of Achatinellæ on the small territory of the Oahu Island of the Sandwich group. Having lately had the privilege of examining this collection at Boston under the guidance of Professor Hyatt, who gave me full explanations about the work he is doing now upon this collection, I will take the liberty of adding a few words to what has been said about it by Wallace and Romanes. The Oahu Island has, as is known, a range of mountains nearly forty miles long along

Entomological Society of London, 1892, p. 293 (good Summary by G. H. Carpenter in *Natural Science*, April, 1893, ii. 287), as also the memoir of Miss Lillian Gould and two of W. Bateson in the same volume. The memoir of E. B. Poulton contains also observations subsequent to the publication of his book.

³⁷ *Journal of the Marine Biological Association*, 1893, iii. p. 111. Summed up in many reviews; also in Miss Newbigin's book. Considerations of pace compel me to leave for another occasion the 'wilful' changes of colour in certain animals which may be better dealt with in connection with mimicry.

its eastern coast. Several valleys are excavated on the inner slope of this range, and each valley has its own representatives of the Achatinellæ land molluscs, which could be described in full conscience as separate species, more than 100 in number, with several hundred varieties. A broad valley separates this range from another shorter and lower range running along the opposite coast.

The doubts which the author of *Darwinism* has expressed concerning the complete identity of climatic conditions in all the valleys are probably justified. There is, I was told, a slight difference between the maritime and the land slope of the first range, and there is, so far as information goes, a difference in the rainfall at one end of this range and at its other end. But when one sees the strikingly minute and yet persistent differences between the species and varieties—each limited to its own valley or valleys—and grows acquainted with Professor Hyatt's many years' work in order to follow the molluscs in their migrations from the maritime slope to the different valleys of the land slope, and next across the flat land towards the second ridge, and sees the growth of this or that minute distinction in the course of time and migration, one cannot but accept the explanation of Professor Hyatt. Variation once having set in a certain direction has continued in that direction so long as conditions not unfavourable for it have prevailed; and isolation, geographical and physiological, has prevented cross-breeding. On the other side, on examining the collection of Gulick, one feels that one must overstrain the potentialities of that admirable theory of natural selection if one attempts to explain through it the maintenance and the growth of such insignificant yet persistent specific characters, as, for instance, the very slightly different markings appearing in this or that species, and gradually developed in the next ones.

We have thus a solid body of evidence growing from year to year, and showing us how variations in the structure and the forms of animals and especially of plants are arising in nature as a direct result of the mutual intercourse between organism and environment. To this Weismann and his 'neo-Darwinist' followers will probably reply that all these facts are of little value, because acquired characters are not transmitted by heredity. We have seen that in plants they are. No botanist evidently believes that a scar in a plant or a mutilation can be transmitted, any more than a scar in the ear of a man or a clipped tail in a rat, which, as Celesia remarks, is made to breed immediately after the tail has been clipped. But the most prominent botanists are of opinion that if the equilibrium between nutrition (in its wide sense) and expenditure has been broken, and a new adjustment has been produced in the plant, this adaptation will be transmitted in most cases by heredity; and that so long as the new conditions last, the plant will *not* have to begin

its adjustment afresh in each generation. The effect will be cumulative. We are consequently authorised to suspect—although proof or disproof of this has not yet been attempted—that something similar will be found in animals; that, for instance, the cave animals of Viré, born from his *Asellus* specimens in the underground laboratory, will not have the eyes so developed, and their olfactory organs so undeveloped, as they are in an *Asellus* taken from an open-air stream.

As to Weismann's theoretical views one remark only need be added here to what has been already said in a previous Review (April 1894), namely, that most of the founders of our present knowledge about fertilisation refuse to accept Weismann's theories, and that one of them, Boveri, has lately proved by continuing his series of remarkable discoveries that the whole question of heredity is still in a state in which generalisations like Weismann's are premature. They surely stimulate research. But no sooner are they born than they must be recast, new discoveries still rapidly following each other. But this subject is so interesting in itself that it will have to be dealt with separately on some future occasion.

P. KROPOTKIN.

INTERNATIONAL BOAT-RACING

SINCE the date of last Henley Regatta correspondence and controversy have arisen in the *Times* and other journals on the subject of a suggestion that in future Henley Regatta should be closed against foreign entries.

Three distinct classes of views seem to have been promulgated. These are (1) to close it unconditionally; (2) to do so subject to the understanding that some alternative time and place should be arranged whereat amateur visitors shall, if desirous, be able to try conclusions with the best English opponents; (3) to let the regatta remain under its present regulations.

In order to appreciate the situation and the full bearing of the several proposals, it seems desirable, as a prelude, to examine the history and records of prior aquatic international rencontres.

EARLIEST MATCHES

Professionals from over-sea were the first to measure their strength against British oarsmen. In 1863 Green, the Australian, met Robert Chambers, of the Tyne, over the Thames champion course. In 1866 Hammill, of Pennsylvania, tried conclusions with Harry Kelley on the Tyne. In each case the Britisher showed decisive superiority. In 1876 Joseph Sadler, then elderly and grizzled, lost the Thames championship to Trickett, the Australian. Since that date British professional oarsmanship has been but second class compared to Australian and Canadian talent, and even against the best scullers of the States.

These three professional sculling contests were international in every sense; British aquatic supremacy had been challenged in each case, and on each occasion the British champion of the day did battle.

In 1869 amateur international boat-racing was first seen in this country. Harvard, U.S., challenged Oxford, who were winners of the University match that year. In 1872 the Atalanta Club of New York challenged the London Rowing Club, who held the Stewards' Cup of Henley. Both these races were for four oars, were rowed over the Putney course, and were won by England. In 1876 the

German Frankfort Club challenged London R.C. to a four-oar match from Putney to Mortlake. London won this also.

These three amateur matches had every status in repute of international competition; they stand on a pedestal by themselves, distinct from all other subsequent rencontres with aliens.

In 1881 Cornell University, U.S., competed unsuccessfully for the Stewards' Cup, Henley; committing fouls and coming in astern. Their partisans alleged that they had not obtained a full chance of testing their merits. Accordingly a match was arranged to come off on the Henley course a few days after the regatta, between them and Hertford College, who had eventually won the Stewards' Cup. In that match Cornell ran into the bank when apparently out of the race. Cornell subsequently competed, unsuccessfully, at the ensuing Metropolitan Regatta, against London R.C. and Thames R.C. In 1882 the Hillsdale, U.S., four-oar challenged the Thames R.C. They were eventually accepted, though grave doubts existed as to the amateur qualification of the Hillsdale crew; and there had been later scandals current as to the status of some of the Cornells of 1881. Thames had no premiership in British aquatics that year. Their eight had lost at Henley and their four had not started. They won this match easily at the finish after some inexcusable fouling by Hillsdale. Since that date set matches between British amateurs and aliens, whether representative or otherwise, have not been renewed.

LATTER-DAY REGATTA MEETINGS

HENLEY

In lieu of challenges of this sort we have in later years been favoured with periodical entries of American and other crews at Henley Regatta. In 1878 was the first attack by Americans on Henley challenge cups (actually earlier than the Cornell and Hillsdale episodes, *supra*). One of the Atalanta four had started for the Diamonds in 1872, and won a trial heat; but the first alien entries of importance date from 1878. In that year two American fours entered; one was the Shoe-wae-ce-mette, competing for Stewards' Cup only, and the other Columbia College, entered for both Stewards' and Visitors'. The 'Shoes' were the better of the two. They met and defeated Columbia in a trial heat for the Stewards'. There was also Lee, the American sculler: one whose amateurship was doubtful even then, and who, after he had returned to his own country, threw off the mask and traded openly as a professional.

In the racing, London beat the 'Shoes' easily for the final heat of the Stewards'. T. C. Edwards-Moss of Oxford defeated Lee for the Diamonds, while Columbia won the Visitors' Cup, which is confined to schools and colleges. Without undue national prejudice

it may be recorded that the Jesus (Cambridge) four were obviously the best of those competitors for the Visitors' Cup; but before they encountered Columbia they had rowed that same day two severe eight-oared races, for Grand Challenge and Ladies' Plate—a handicap which practical oarsmen will fully appreciate. In 1885 a formidable Toronto four entered for the Stewards' Cup. In a trial heat they, being fresh, met two tired Cambridge fours, the members of which had in the morning rowed a severe losing eight-oar race. Trinity Hall won, Toronto second; Third Trinity fouled piles.

Up to that time these various competitions by visitors at Henley had not been reckoned to bear any serious international aspect. In consequence the English crews who opposed them did not depart from their long-standing practice of entering and competing for a plurality of races and in different kinds of boats; although our visitors in each instance had the advantage of confining themselves to four-oar rowing only. It was felt to be a handicap thus to meet in a fatigued state visitors who were making specialities of their own entries, but as the theory of international glamour had not been seriously propounded at that date by the Press and by the uninitiated public of either country, English oarsmen were content to take the regatta and its vicissitudes for better or worse, and to grin and bear it in the event of some fresh visitors fluking a win against tired Britishers as in the Visitors' Cup of 1878. It may also be observed that in none of these cases was the blue ribbon of the regatta—the Grand Challenge—assailed under these unequal conditions.

It has already been mentioned that the *bona fides* of the alleged amateur status of certain of these foreign entries had been a subject of suspicion and in some cases of actual subsequent exposure as spurious. As the result, the Henley executive remodelled their requirements for foreign entries, stipulating for lengthy notice of intention to compete, so as to give time for inquiry into antecedents when necessary. It was hoped that these precautions would be effectual to prevent any but true amateurs as judged by the definition of the Amateur Rowing Association from passing muster. As regards entries for eights and fours in later years there is reason to hope that regatta requisitions have been reasonably effectual in barring pseudo-amateurs. In the sculls, however, the authorities seem to have been, in their own opinion, twice caught napping. In consequence they declined to receive renewed entries from Ooms, the Dutchman, who won the Diamonds in 1892, or from Ten Eyck, the son of the American boat jobber, who won them in 1897. There had also been a French sculler, Lein—unsuccessful in 1881—whose amateurship was much questioned after that regatta.

During the 'nineties there were, in addition to the two scullers Ooms and Ten Eyck, various other visitor entries. In 1895 there was a Cornell eight for the Grand Challenge, a French crew for the

Thames Cup; a Yale eight for the Grand Challenge in 1896. In 1897 a Utrecht eight for the Grand and a four for the same Club for the Stewards', also a Winnipeg four for the Stewards', and a Nereus Dutch eight which won the Thames Cup in 1895. There were also divers minor and unsuccessful stranger scullers. In 1899 there were Belgian, Dutch, and Canadian eights for the Grand, a Canadian four for the Stewards', and a Canadian sculler; a German Hammonia four racing for Stewards' only. In 1900 we had a Belgian eight for the Grand; and in this year the Pennsylvania and Belgian eights each confining their attention to the Grand Challenge only. The win by the Nereus eight for the Thames—or second-class eight-oar Cup, for which no Grand Challenge competitor may start—is the only adverse record, as regards eights and fours.

DEDUCTIONS

It may be observed that in these records of regatta competitions against visitors the victorious British crews, as also those which have succumbed in trial heats to visitors, have been found entered and competing in a plurality of races at the regatta. It will also be noted that the Canadian Toronto crew, when they pay us the honour of a visit, adopt the British practice of 'having a flutter' (to use a gambling expression) more or less all round; they do not pot-hunt for some one specialised and selected cup. The Utrecht Club, also, followed the same sportsmanlike line when they competed in 1897. On the other hand, American visitors appear to prefer to confine themselves to one entry, and to lay themselves out specially for it. Now, rowing men know full well the importance of thorough unison in work for a boat's crew; they also know how much a crew are likely, on the average, to fall short in this requirement, and to fail to attain best unison, when they have to split their practice in a diversity of vessels, handling different oars, and using different seats and rowlocks, with different companions, on each voyage. No trainer of a professional sculler for an important stake would allow his charge to disport himself in practice in an eight, four, or pair within many weeks of his match. This evinces the recognised value of settled practice in one craft and on one seat for a given race; quite irrespective of the factor of freshness versus fatigue, when a crew that has already been to the post starts with muscles more or less stiff, strained, and depleted, against an untired opponent.

So long as no special prestige is involved in races rowed under such unequal conditions no harm is done; but if we find that a repute of international rowing becomes gradually attached, by the whim and enthusiasm of an international audience and Press, and by visitors themselves, to such rencontres, British oarsmen appear to be justified in beginning to consider how they may best arrange to meet

such visitors and to defend their own credit upon strictly level terms. It seems to be nationally undesirable, apart from aquatic interests, that home prestige should be made sport of, upon unequal terms.

In the steeplechase world, until rules were modified to abate the scandal, it used to be common for certain owners to reserve, for so-called 'hunters' races, some selected animal, and to train him exclusively with a view to the contest, qualifying him by just showing him hounds for an hour or two on stray days, while his future *bonâ fide* hunter opponents were seeing the end of run after run to within a day or two of the fall of the flag. As Lindsay Gordon puts it :

They call hunted fairly
A horse that has barely
Been stripped for a trot within sight of the hounds.

And yet this nursing and specialisation in hunters' races bore a strong family resemblance to the modern Transatlantic tactics of nursing some specialised crew for one Cup at Henley.

Further, as to the pseudo-champion glamour which is beginning to range round these regatta scrambles, let us take a simile from the chess world. Lasker, the champion, and other crack players like him frequently give exhibitions of simultaneous play against a plurality of opponents. Yet suppose the exhibitor were to lose one or even all his games under such circumstances, no one would suggest that the victors of the hour would have the smallest pretension to dub themselves champions for their performance. Further, while seeking analogy in chess, it may be recorded that in that sport victory in tournament play is never reputed to carry championship with it ; the latter title has to be won or lost by match play between two opponents at a time. In like manner rowing experts will agree that regatta contests, though they may throw light upon merit, and may even foreshadow the result of future matches, do not rank so decisively as matches. When Renforth defeated Harry Kelley for a sculling prize at a Thames regatta, his coming merit was foreshadowed ; but his claim to be champion was not conceded till he had rowed a set and prepared match against the veteran.

THE FUTURE OF INTERNATIONAL ROWING

I must observe that in discussing this subject I decline to raise any question as to amateur status on the part of visitors. In my opinion that feature stands independently, and on a distinct basis. I must for the purposes of the present inquiry start with the hypothesis that we are dealing with amateurs on both sides.

I must premise, as postulates, that from no special fault of our own, Henley Regatta *rencontres* appear to be now in favour with

aspirant visitors, in preference to the old-fashioned matches such as those of 1869, 1872, and 1876. Secondly that, also from no fault of British oarsmen nor with their approval, these latter-day regatta rencontres have widely acquired a spurious repute as international among non-aquatic audiences whose want of experience in the science and in its attendant circumstances perhaps explains their tacit acceptance of the international theory.

The views of Dr. Warre, Messrs. W. H. Grenfell, M.P., R. C. Lehmann, and others, who advocate the closing of Henley and limitation of it to home crews, are based mainly upon the statistically unequal nature, under existing circumstances, of these trials of strength between home crews and visitors at Henley, read in conjunction with the spurious international glamour which has of late become associated with such contests. Visitors (certainly Americans) appear to make, so to speak, an absolute business of preparation for the Henley invasion; devoting to it time and labour even in excess of what could be expected of ordinary professionals racing for a living: whereas home crews are wont to take Henley *en passant*, following their vocations of life, business or educational, to within a week or so of the racing, and accommodating such training practice as they can meantime spare to the exigencies of such vocations. Also, as described *supra*, such visitors (Americans) prefer to select and specialise for one prize only at a time. All this is technically legitimate under regatta rules, and it would be impracticable to legislate against it. But if such contests are to be reckoned in these days to assume international proportions, they should at least be at even weights and not handicapped, with the weights against home crews. The application of the closure, if it is ever to come, is most timely at the present juncture while the Grand Challenge and Stewards' remain successfully defended time after time against heavy odds.

Those eminent oarsmen (such as Messieurs Muttlebury, Wauchope, and others) who view this proposal for closure with disapproval appear to take up the position that of two classes of evils they select what seems to them to be the less. Their intimate knowledge of the regatta enables them to weigh fully the extent to which home crews, hurriedly trained and heavily entered, are handicapped against specialised alien aspirants. On the other hand they estimate that the evils of (1) anticipated loss of public interest by reason of the absence of aliens, (2) the possible taunt of cowardice against both home crews and Henley executive, will outweigh the first-named drawback.

There is undoubted force in this view; if I fail to agree with their deduction that matters should remain *in statu quo* it is because it seems to me that they do not weigh fully, or perhaps do not consider at all, the policy of providing a new field for international rowing, as part and parcel of a scheme for the closure of Henley.

I also think that perhaps they tacitly postulate more than can be safely conceded as corollaries to the evils numbered (1) and (2).

As to evil (1) I fully assent that much public interest at present attaches to these alien visits. At the same time I am not assured that the present concert pitch of public interest and of regatta popularity would remain unimpaired even if no change were made, or that the racing would remain as full and the interest in consequence remain as great if the present regulations should continue; e.g. it would be subject for regret if the various first-class races—eights, fours, pairs, and sculls—should, to protect international honour, be some day told off to specific defenders; as in athletic sports, where distinct representatives contend for distinctive events. Yet if certain visitors are to continue to specialise, and also to claim international supremacy in the event of scoring, some such defensive policy may in time be forced upon British clubs. This year, as a very minor sample of what I mean, the Leander pair scratched, in order to reserve strength for the Club eight v. Pennsylvania in the race for the Grand. Carry this doctrine in imagination somewhat further. In 1899 the final heat for the Grand lay between Leander and London. Some of the Leander men, rowing under Magdalen College flag, had to contest the Stewards' fours against the German four, Hammonia, later in the day, after the Grand race. Suppose that, instead of holding the Germans cheap (as they did, even with the prior race to be taken out of themselves), Magdalen and their friends had felt the four-oar issue to be touch and go; and suppose patriots had pressed them to abandon the Grand, for London to walk over (as a safe British victory in any event), and to devote all energies to the 'international' honour at stake in the fours. Suppose again that the like principle had been urged upon Trinity Hall in 1885 (*vide supra*), when they had in prospect a four-oar race against fresh visitors, to follow an expected gruelling in the Grand. Who is to say that some day some such situation may not arise, and if so, would not the regatta and public interest suffer as much or more by such scratchings and eleventh-hour reservations than it would gain by excitement over the one or two international heats to which general and all-round sport was being sacrificed?

As to evil (2), i.e. the possible imputation of national cowardice. I admit force in it; I will also say that, while advocating the closing of the regatta, I do not do so quite unconditionally, as perhaps some of my friends may be disposed to do, but only with the understanding that some fully efficient substitute for international amateur boat-racing be simultaneously provided.

I would simply propose to 'change the venue' for these contests—for these handicap regatta rencontres of late dubbed 'international'—and to establish, if possible under the same authority as Henley, a new and more satisfactory opening for alien aspirants for national aquatic honours.

I do not anticipate that the prestige of Henley trophies would diminish by reason of this closure. They stood high enough when foreign aspirants exclusively challenged for matches on the champion course; a course far more suitable for testing style and stamina than the shorter reach of Henley. Also, the status of Ladies' Plate and Visitors' Cup has not been impaired by the regatta regulation after 1878, which added the words 'in the United Kingdom' to the qualification for entry for them. Also, the Wingfield Sculls remain as prized as ever, in spite of the ruling that the terms of the founders' donation bar aliens from competing for the Amateur Championship which goes with their possession.

What I should desire would be a restoration of Henley, by ordinance, to what it was by practice up to 1878, viz. the United Kingdom Regatta, or, if possible, in these Imperial days, a Regatta for the United Kingdom and the Colonies. To this *status quo* of 1878, with the same facilities that then existed for challenges, I would add the bonus of a foundation of international challenge prizes, for eights and fours at the least.

Next, I should desire to see those challenge prizes both promoted and controlled by the Henley executive and by no other body. For the following reason. I deprecate the possible taunt that any timidity of the Henley executive closed the regatta, and that it was left to extraneous enterprise to provide a substitute for international competition. I should desire to anticipate and to estop such an interpretation of circumstances. The imputation would be impossible if the Henley executive could arrange to promote and control the substituted international competition with its changed venue.

Una eademque manus vulnus opemque ferat.

As to details of management of the new enterprise, it would be unsafe, not to say presumptuous, to propound more than a very cursory draft. I, however, venture to offer a skeleton sketch.

- (1) Cups to be found for international competition.
- (2) Open to all amateurs that would qualify for Grand Challenge under 1901 rules.
- (3) International racing for the Cups to be held only in event of challenges from abroad. (No challenge, no regatta.) As to venue: Metropolitan course.
- (4) Time; say, end of July, to afford some two or three clear weeks' minimum preparation for British crews after Henley. Colonials also to be free to enter (independent of the undecided question whether Henley is to remain open to them).
- (5) Challengers to give notice of any intention to compete, by dates in advance, similar to those now required for notification of alien Henley entries. Home defenders to notify entry at dates analogous to home entries for Henley. Any number of British crews allowed

to row if once international racing takes place ; subject to the right of the Committee to weed rubbish entries.

(6) Challenge cups to return to executive at close of a year's tenure by winners, and to be retained by executive until another international occasion.

(7) Regatta executive to have a free hand in arranging days and dates for heats (if more than one heat), according to the programme to be drawn up after close of entries. This stipulation in view of the severity of the Metropolitan course, and the requirements for two or more days' rest between heats.

Note. As to condition (3). The policy of it is to retain the prestige of such international prizes, by making them subjects for contest only when challenges arise from outside the kingdom. If an international regatta were brought off annually, irrespective of the presence of visitors, it would probably soon lose in prestige by reason of the meeting becoming, in a probable majority of years when no visitors were competing, only a *réchauffé* of Henley, with the form of most crews exposed. If it were thus perennial, it might sink to the disappointing level of the Metropolitan Regatta. Hence it would seem advisable that each cup, after a year's tenure, should be restored to the executive, to lie in lavender till some new alien challenge should be on the *tapis*.¹

The effect of a foundation such as the above would be to return to the status such as existed in 1869, 1872, and 1876, with the additional incentive of trophies thrown in to reward alien enterprise. It would also enable a plurality of simultaneous alien challengers to try conclusions contemporaneously with each other, as well as with our home crews, instead of leaving them to arrange, if possible, a series of independent matches against individual clubs.

If international boat-racing could be put on some such footing, I feel confident that home crews would then be blandly content, even if challenging visitors were to train for nine months on end for the goal of their ambition ; and also, if home defence were then to fail, there would be no detraction from the merits of an invader's victory, on any score of fatigue by extra races, or of interrupted and intermittent practice in pluralities of vessels.

Aliens of truly sporting and not of pot-hunting proclivities would surely prefer such a system of measuring strength with Britishers on equal terms, to the more uncertain gauge of relative powers which Henley racing under existing circumstances produces ; when tired and heavily entered crews clash with visitors that are fresh and specialised.

¹ In 1867 was held the 'British International Regatta' at Paris. It came off shortly after Henley. All the best crews of the season competed at it. The success of that isolated venture seems to be illustrative of the readiness with which British crews would in these days keep together and train on for a Home International Regatta, provided that it was not hackneyed and was confined to occasions of challenges.

As to the foundation. Funds would be forthcoming ten times over. Yet it is not bulk of bullion alone that will give dignity to a challenged trophy. Conditions of competition are the main factor in effecting prestige, as witness the reputation attaching to the simple challenge trophy and victor's badge of the Wingfield Sculls. Antiquity and association will of themselves enhance any trophy. For this reason, while on the subject, I wish to point out that there happens to be in existence, and withal in disuse, an old rowing trophy over which only the Grand Challenge can claim eight-oared precedence. This is the 'Gold' cup of the Thames Regatta that existed in the 'forties. Henley Regatta began in 1839, the Thames Regatta in 1843. The latter founded its cups with the old-fashioned condition that if won thrice consecutively by the same club they became absolute property. Hence it arose that this Gold Cup, which during its brief tenure of the river ranked perhaps as high as the Henley Grand—a cup which brought out Oxford, Cambridge, and Leander to row abreast for it, and which fell to each coterie in turn—was fated too soon to vanish from ken by becoming the private property of the old Thames Club of that era, who won it eventually thrice consecutively.

That club has long been extinct as a local habitation and even as a name. It is said that barely two, if so many, of its old champions survive; and the cup belongs in tontine to those survivors, the chief of whom is the time-honoured President of the Kingston Rowing Club, Mr. Rhodes Cobb.

If arrangements could be made with these veterans for the transfer of their rights in this trophy, upon terms and conditions satisfactory to themselves, to a foundation as a new International Challenge Cup, the revived prize—bearing engraved names of historic oarsmen—would start with an intrinsic prestige of its own in excess of any which a double weight of brand-new bullion would bestow. If such a cup could be obtained as a nucleus of the new foundation, any concomitant prize for fours, even new in manufacture, would also obtain some initial prestige under the shade of the greater and more time-honoured eight-oar trophy.

Such is a scheme for the future of international amateur boat-racing. All pros and cons considered, I feel that an institution of special international cups contemporaneous and co-ordinate with any closure of Henley, and recognised as part and parcel of one homogeneous plan, is of primary importance. Second only to this I lay stress on the importance of the entire reform being under the Henley executive, both for the sake of fair fame of home aquatics, and to ensure efficient administration. The suggestion as to diplomatic negotiations for the possible reconstitution of the Gold Cup is but subsidiary; sentimental but not absolutely essential.

W. B. WOODGATE.

LORD LYTTON'S NOVELS

THE nineteenth century was essentially the Age of Faith : people would believe in anything. At the beginning of the century a new religion was founded upon the basis of polygamy, with a gospel demonstrably of human origin. It prospered greatly, and has only been stamped out by the pressure of that tyrannical public opinion which is rapidly moulding the mind of the States on lines which, for dull uniformity, can only be paralleled in Russia. But even that opinion has not yet succeeded in stamping out the other new religion, more prosperous even than Mormonism, which was founded at the end of the century, which includes in its ritual a parody of the Lord's Prayer, and which is based upon the blank denial of obvious facts.

These are two comparatively sane manifestations of the strangest phenomenon of the century. There are many others. People who denied the Apostolical succession were quite prepared to maintain the apostleship of Edward Irving. Even the gods of ancient Egypt lived again ; and men and women to whom Christianity was an idle dream bowed awestruck at the name of Isis. The miracles of the Gospels were challenged and championed in turn by giants of controversy ; but while the giants wrestled in the classic arena, thousands of lesser mortals were stirred in their obscurity by miracles involving tricks with teacups and cigarettes. Jeremiah was rejected as a prophet ; but Kut Humi took his place. Nor are we to suppose that this was mere idle speculation. Action followed on conversion, and men and women who spurned the idea of a Lenten fast as something superstitious and even shocking, were quite ready to hound themselves into mental and physical anæmia at the command of Mages who dwelt beyond the Himalayas or the Rockies. How far it is true that Devil-worship revived is uncertain. The reports of sects of 'Diabolistes' (the orthodox), with their Protestant rivals the 'Satanistes' (or *vice versâ*), may have been exaggerated. But it is certain that men satisfied their hungry faith by worshipping each other. In their 'Temples of Humanity' they preached a quaint if intelligible pessimism, which found outward expression in a kind of mundane Nirvana, where dinner came regularly.

In the track of this gruesome array there trooped a crowd of camp-followers—fortune-tellers, table-turners, spiritualists. Witches thrived again; not the awesome hags of Saul and Shakespeare, but well-dressed people who dealt in daylight for guineas. The gentler impulses of our nature were pressed into the service of these fallen angels. The revolt which all noble minds must feel at the gross abuse of alcohol, the tenderness for animal life which is one of the most attractive traits of the English character, were both enlisted and dragged at the chariot-wheels of less respectable impulses.

In all this Lord Lytton saw his chance. At first for pleasure, and later for curiosity, and at last for business reasons, he saturated his mind with the lore of magic. Its vocabulary was familiar to him; and among crystal globes and steel divining rods and elixirs of life he moved as a professor in his laboratory. There is another reason why Lytton's supernatural writings remain, while so much else that was highly considered at the time has been forgotten. In the first Lord Lytton there were two men: one the man of business, clear-headed, industrious, a man among men; the other, the being gifted (or cursed) with a riotous imagination. His pen was equally at the service of either of these interesting characters. When he was in the world he was of the world. As Cabinet Minister, playwright, sportsman, or man of fashion he took high rank. One would naturally infer that a mind nourished on such various food would produce remarkable work when it turned to fiction. But, on the contrary, when the study-doors were closed and the pen was taken up, imagination—so long repressed while its master dealt with leases, and treaties, and copyrights, and points of honour—was no longer kept in wholesome check. Where works of imagination were written, when the subject answered to the exaltation of Lytton's character, results permanent, because the offspring of natural effort, were obtained. *The Haulers and the Hauler* is the most terrifying ghost story ever written, not even excepting *The Mark of the Beast* and *At the End of the Passage*. Not only is it the best story, but it is the best piece of narrative prose that Lytton ever signed. In almost all his other works we feel the conflict between what Lytton would fain have written, and what he was condemned to write by the exigencies of his situation. For here we come to the secret of the considerable output of Lytton's genius, as well as to the explanation of his atrocious style. He wanted money badly; he wrote for money, careless of what he signed so long as it sold. When his imagination was too long kept in hand, it rebelled against the prolonged restraint, and condemned its master—since he must write of everyday life—to a confusion of ideas and expressions.

So much was said in the nineteenth century, so much will probably continue to be said in the twentieth century, of the sovereign effect of classical education on the mind of man, that the case of

Lord Lytton has too long escaped notice. A classical education, so we are told, has a twofold effect (like some springs at Homburg): if a mind is flabby the classics brace and strengthen it, if exuberant and somewhat undisciplined the classics steady and chasten it. Without the classics no man can write English. English without a stiffening of Latin and Greek is like a plant requiring support; it sprawls ineffectively; whereas, when braced up by its only possible supporter it will look well and perhaps bear good fruit. The opposite school of thought disdains metaphor, and maintains that a language which cannot be perfectly mastered except by the aid of two other languages, both dead, is itself not fit to live. But it also rejects with scorn the idea that English must always remain in the subordinate and degraded position that votaries of the classics consider its proper place.

According to Mr. Isaac Todhunter, the issue was not fairly joined until the year 1861. We may accept this date from so eminent an authority as trustworthy; it gives exactly forty years of conflict up to the present moment, during which time the case of Lord Lytton has never been cited by the eager combatants on either side.

His education was exclusively classical; it was conducted firstly at a classical seminary, and later at Trinity and Trinity Hall, Cambridge. He was awarded a Chancellor's medal, and although he did not distinguish himself otherwise (except at the Union) he always posed as essentially the man with the 'education of a gentleman.' Yet if we examine his writings we find a very melancholy series of compositions. Just as the young orator begins 'Good Heavens, Sir!' when addressing the Speaker, while the maturer man adopts a less impassioned exordium, even so are we prepared to find very young writers indulging a weakness for italics, notes of exclamation and little comments in two or three foreign languages. But we do not expect to find a practised writer allowing himself to write 'Diavolo!' or 'tout Paris' or 'auf Wiedersehen!' when the rest of the page purports to be written in English.

So far from endeavouring to weed these schoolboy tricks out of his pages, Lytton relied a great deal upon their effect, and very wisely, no doubt. He was addressing ignorant readers who had a few shillings to spare, and were for the first time in their history prepared to read fiction. He fooled their taste to the top of its bent. The odd little tags in Greek, Latin, French, German, and Italian with which he filled his pages were found to be very acceptable. Lytton discovered his public early, and it never deserted him. His hold upon it was unshakable, and his business instinct told him as much. But he must not only have felt sure of his readers, he must have felt considerable contempt for them (and perhaps for himself) before he could venture on a grimace like the twenty-seventh chapter of *Paul Clifford*.

CHAPTER XXVII

Caliban. Hast thou not dropped from heaven?—*Tempest.*

Peter McGrawler.

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Lytton was paid about one thousand pounds for each of his novels. The books contained some forty chapters apiece. Consequently, if he could persuade his public to accept a deplorable antic like this, and pay him twenty-five pounds for it, he was quite right in putting no more into the twenty-seventh chapter of *Paul Clifford* than a line from Shakespeare, and 106 notes of exclamation. But what has become of the dignity, the polish, and the self-restraint that we are given to understand are inevitably acquired by the study of the best classical models?

Lytton was neither ignorant, nor untrained, nor inexperienced. He deliberately wrote down to the level of the paying public of his day. For example: 'There is a certain tone about London society which enfeebles the mind without exciting it; and this state of temperament, more than all others, engenders satiety.' This profound reflection occurs in the novel of *Godolphin*, which was dedicated to Count D'Orsay. The dedication probably increased the sales considerably. There is something great about audacity when it rises to such heights. But the quality which brought Lytton a considerable income proved his ruin as a man of letters. He accustomed himself from early manhood to write his worst and to thrive by the process; and there came in his latter days a time when he might in the maturity of his powers have written something really great. The opportunity was there, but Lytton had ruined himself mentally, and the *Parisians* was a failure. This novel, taken in contrast with the rest of Lytton's work, tells in forcible language an old tale, often forgotten, but ever true. For Lytton, it had been the choice of Hercules. He might learn to write well, but clearly (after *Pelham*) he could safely throw style to the winds. He could sell whatever rubbish he chose to write as fast as his pen would travel. It did not matter if the social and moral reflections were babyish; it did not matter if the plot wandered; it did not matter if a glossary was wanted for the thieves' slang—all was swallowed whole by a greedy public. He did not require to polish his dialogue; his cheap sneers were accepted

eagerly for philosophy. He wrote much of love-making, and he wrote in such a fashion that we hurriedly turn the page to escape from the distressing scenes. His heroines are mostly consumptive, and his heroes are always in some doubt as to whether or no they really are attached to the young lady whom they are addressing at the moment. We turn with hope to the scenes of foreign travel, and we wish that we had stayed in England, however trying the company there might have been. Lytton wrote a great deal about foreign travel, and he wrote like a tourist. He wrote also about politics, and he was well qualified to do so. He was one of the very few novelists who have sat in both Houses of Parliament and also held office, but he wrote about politics like a schoolboy. It was not that he could not have done better if he had wished; but the superficial manner paid best. His writing is, therefore, far less impressive than that of Mr. Trollope, who never sat even in the Commons, and who was compelled to study the forms of the House (for the purpose of his novels) under the ægis of Mr. Speaker Brand.

Lytton thought a great deal, and wrote a great deal, about eating and drinking. There is no more difficult subject to approach with dignity. In *Paris*, M. Zola describes a sumptuous breakfast, and notes the effect of the coffee afterwards: 'qui caressait les digestions ravies.' One turns with shame from the scene; and very probably, M. Zola desired to produce that effect. But at least his method is sound, and his terms of expression apposite. In *Pelham*, Lord Lytton described two young gentlemen feasting in Paris, and contrasted their delicate food with that of their neighbours (English) who were calling for fried soles and potatoes. Fried soles and potatoes is probably exactly what Lord Lytton's readers would have ordered, and they would, perhaps, be impressed with a sense of their rusticity in finding their taste derided by their favourite author. But the incident is not interesting, or amusing, or important.

If these views are sound, what was the secret of Lytton's success? The secret is that he carried on, in prose, the Byronic tradition. There was much in common between the two men. Lytton possessed Byron's prodigality of expression, his undisciplined energy, his sense of the sonorous. Neither man really cared for, or understood, art—not even the art of his own craft. Both men were capable of any height, and deliberately preferred the lower level. Both possessed the gift of posing—for which, perhaps, there were more opportunities seventy years ago than there are now. Lytton, like Byron, contrived to envelop himself and his works in a romantic atmosphere, where both the author and his creations looked far grander than they were in reality.

The days in which Lytton prospered were the great days of English novelists; but nobody cared to carry on the Byronic tradition except Lytton. Even Lytton, industrious though he was, might

have failed if he had not woven the supernatural into every work where he could create an excuse for its introduction. Besides the attraction of melancholy, melodrama, passion, and languor, Lytton provided a thrill which was all his own. The 'Thing,' the 'Horror,' the 'One,' which dogged his characters, and which rested in all the terrors of the Unknown—about which pages and chapters were written, but of which nothing was stated definitely, except that it began with a capital letter, excited the nerves of his readers. When a creature like Zanoni assures his pupil that he has lived 5,000 years, and adds that after all he cannot penetrate the secrets of the heart of the meanest boor, we feel on good terms at once with the supernatural: after all, it is something like ourselves. It is in *Zanoni* that we are first introduced to Adon-Ai, a being who was presented a second time to the British public with such appalling seriousness forty years later.

This all-pervading sense of mystery is perhaps the only point which Mr. Calverley missed when he wrote his famous lines on Lytton's works:

Read not Milton, for he is dry; nor Shakespeare, for he wrote of common life:
Nor Scott, for his romances, though fascinating, are yet intelligible:
Nor Thackeray, for he is a Hogarth, a photographer who flattereth not:
Nor Kingsley, for he shall teach thee that thou shouldst not dream, but do.
Read incessantly thy Burke; that Burke who nobler than he of old,
Treateth of the Peer and the Peeress, the truly Sublime and Beautiful:
Likewise study the 'creations' of 'the Prince of Modern Romance';
Sigh over Leonard the Martyr, and smile on Pelham the puppy:
Learn how 'love is the dram-drinking of existence';
And how we 'invoke in the Gadara of our still closets,
The beautiful ghost of the Ideal, with the simple wand of the Pen.'
Listen how Maltravers and the orphan 'forgot all but love,'
And how Devereux's family chaplain 'made and unmade kings':
How Eugene Aram, though a thief, a liar, and a murderer,
Yet, being intellectual, was among the noblest of mankind.
So shalt thou live in a world peopled with heroes and master-spirits;
And if thou canst not realize the Ideal, thou shalt at any rate idealize the Real.

Nothing is missed here except Lytton's remarkable command of the machinery of the supernatural, and the amount of attention which his mysteriousness won for him at a time when all men and women of his public were easily attracted by hints of the Unrevealed. It was, no doubt, good to read of Romance; but much better to read of Romance written by one who 'could an' if he would' tell of the Impossible and the Unimagined.

Before we consider what Lord Lytton might have done, had he been born in 1850 instead of 1803, let us consider what he might have done had he not deliberately debauched his intelligence by writing down to the level of a public which he despised. There came a time—1870—when a great thing had to be written: it has not been written yet. The drama, or melodrama, of the Second Empire is

full of light and shadow—a magnificent subject. France, the land of charm, gallantry, and romance, was still ruled by an Emperor. That Sovereign's government has been denounced with invective so fierce that it calls for courage to maintain that the invective is unnecessarily fierce. The Court, we are told, was tawdry; but it was as magnificent as expenditure could make it, and we in England were not ashamed to copy its fashions. A magnificent French Court must have been a wonderful sight; and Lytton knew it, and might have described it. The Emperor, we are told, was a criminal; but he was incontestably a mighty force, if only by reason of that knack of throwing an atmosphere around himself, in which Lytton excelled. And after all he was a man, haggard with the burden of eighteen years of Empire; not such an Empire as we have been privileged to see ruled by one Sovereign for the period of Napoleon's whole life, but an Empire dogged by secret societies, with the memory of Orsini behind it and the shadow of Bismarck ahead, a shadow growing ever darker and darker as the Empire raced to its fall. There, too, was Paris the beautiful, a capital gay and grand while Berlin was still a provincial town and London the squalid London which Charles Dickens knew. The entrancing beauty of the Empress, and the attractive character of the child heir to the throne—an heir destined to so tragic a fate—engaged the sentiments and the affection of Frenchmen. The sad memories of Queen Hortense dwelt in the land, and the bands played 'Partant pour la Syrie' in the evening. We never hear 'Partant pour la Syrie' now; the 'Marseillaise' has played it down. Everywhere was the Army; the Army of France, hitherto invincible, maintaining the foppish traditions of the Grand Century, a gorgeous array with great memories behind it, and some base ones, but still the Army of France, hastening like everything else that was French, except the inexhaustible charm of the people, to its tragic end, as the patient clerk Von Moltke laboured at returns and statistics beyond the Rhine.

Here are the rough materials of a great romance; and if Lytton had used the opportunities which forty years of literary work must have thrown in his way he might have produced something as great as the *Vicomte de Bragelonne*, or *Esmond*. But, on the contrary, we find that Lytton's mannerisms are as marked as they were when *Pelham* appeared. We take a page at hazard from the first volume, and we find 'café,' 'sorbet,' 'petit verre,' 'savoir vivre,' 'garçon,' 'gouvernante,' and 'coupé.' We find during the commotions narrated in the fourth volume that somebody was wounded by an 'obus.' No sooner does the scene shift, temporarily, to Italy, than we find 'contadino,' 'Eccellenza,' 'Inglese,' 'Padre,' and 'cognoscenti.' 'Fanatico' has no deep meaning that cannot be expressed in English, and 'maman' is not so different from 'mama' that it cannot be safely translated. As regards the action, Lytton was far feebler than Gregor Samaroff.

Where there were opportunities for grand narrative or episode we find nothing more important than duels with 'spadassins,' bitter reflections by 'gentilhommes' of the old 'régime,' and some comments on England which would hardly find a place in a well-edited school magazine. How is this for the fruits of fifty years spent in living and observing life? 'It is very droll that, though the middle class entirely govern the melancholy Albion, it is the only country in Europe in which the middle class seem to have no amusements—nay, they legislate against amusement. They have no leisure day but Sunday; and on that day they close all their theatres—even their museums and picture galleries. What amusements there may be in London are for the higher classes and the lowest.'

It is very easy to produce pages of this kind of writing. If Lytton found that his public would buy it he was undoubtedly right to take no more trouble with his work. Literature, for him, was a means to an end, not an object in itself; and if he had lived to-day his resource and audacity would have found even fuller scope. The reward for satisfying the taste of the reading public of the twentieth century is incalculable: where it was formerly counted in hundreds of pounds it is now counted in thousands. Had Lytton lived now he would have seen and seized all his opportunities. The prestige of mere wealth has greatly increased, and Lytton would have wasted no energy over side issues which were important in his own time. Just at present one public is attracted by long stories in frigid prose about nothing in particular. Lytton would have produced stories of any length about nothing at all. If other people wrote in four volumes, Lytton would have droned through fourteen, or forty if necessary; while the nullity and frigidity of his style would have struck Oxford dumb with envy. Another large public (perhaps the same) loves impropriety presented as a rebuke to impropriety. Lytton would have placed his manuscripts (written to suit this public) in the hands of the smartest criminal lawyer in London. He would have passed nothing for press that his lawyer was not prepared to defend; and when his book appeared London would have been shaken from West to East with one long lucrative shudder of delightedly outraged propriety. When English, correct and incorrect, had been exhausted and had each yielded a large fortune, Lytton would have learnt Scotch. In a very short time he would have produced a shelf of stories in sufficiently good Scotch to pass muster, each flavoured with appropriate maunderings making the narrative suitable for Sunday-afternoon reading. They would have had an immense popularity: the sales would have been unparalleled, and Lytton might have bought another estate with the proceeds. But when bogies came into fashion, how would the feeble imps of our own time have shrunk abashed into their caverns before the stride of Lytton's majestic spectres! This wonderful man was perfectly capable of inventing an entirely new

religion, with himself as the Mage or even the Object of Adoration; in which case there are no limits to the incense which would have been offered at his altar or the gold which would have poured into his treasury.

Is this an exaggeration? Let us consider, then, what Lytton actually achieved. For style he cared nothing: his own manner remained the same, explosive and undisciplined, except in the very rare cases where he was interested in his own productions. But as for the matter, there is no subject capable of romantic treatment which this astonishingly versatile man did not make his own. So long as cheap cynicism, paltry witticisms, and little stories about 'success in society' paid, Lytton wrote them, and wrote them as well as stories of this kind can be written. When taste grew ultra-Byronic—perhaps under the stimulus of Lytton's writing—Lytton followed it as far as was safe, and then commenced writing for the more domestic public. Thieves' patter was in the fashion for some time, and Lytton promptly showed his admiring public that he knew more about the patter than the thieves themselves. Then came the turn of the historical novel, and *Rienzi*, *The Last of the Barons*, and *Devereux* showed that Lytton could write about any country and any period, and could write quite well enough for his works to sell. His ghost stories scared his readers literally into fits.

So that the forecast of Lytton's fortunes, had he lived fifty years later, may stand. His commercial instincts were admirable, but his works have very little relation to literature. Had he lived now, he would have written English, as he could very well have done in his own time if he had cared to take the trouble. He did not care to take the trouble because it did not pay. In his day the public admired Mr. Thackeray, not for his style, which was almost perfect, but for his teaching (which was entirely harmful), for his knowing way of writing about great people, and for his boisterous gaiety, which is positively distressing. What place, then, does Lytton take in the studies of any reader of the future who shall endeavour to master the social life of England in a century which may then be far removed from the memory of man? His place is not unimportant; although there is not much to be learnt about England from his works, two or three points of decided social interest may be noted. The first is the very wide gulf which separated classes from each other. In Lytton's novels we are conscious of the presence of a real 'mob,' a dangerous class, not arising from temporary slackness of trade, but permanent, and permanently degraded. We are equally conscious of an aristocracy which appears to be an entire stranger to its neighbours of the middle classes. The middle classes themselves are drawn as ignorant and uninteresting, with dingy surroundings and uncouth manners. That Lytton made a considerable fortune out of the middle classes is in itself suggestive. The state of mind which

causes servant girls to prefer stories about wicked counts to stories about people in their own rank of life was widely spread, and proved very useful to Lytton. We are also conscious of a marked affectation in manners, and of a grotesque attempt to imitate those manners on the part of people to whom they did not naturally belong. The social insignificance of Germany, and the position of Italy as a dead country full of sentimental memories, is contrasted with the influence of France, which is paramount. In matters of taste and fashion France gave the lead to Europe, and England humbly followed in her wake. Then we are to remember that these novels appeared in the years when Englishmen loved to call themselves 'practical,' 'downright,' 'common-sense,' and not too sensitive. The note has changed of late years; but how much diffidence apparently lay behind this confidence and bluster! Above all, what credulousness—what a longing after belief! Was all this the last shiver of dying superstition, or was it the first faint breeze before the dawn of a steadier faith springing from wider knowledge?

WALTER FREWEN LORD.

THE SIEGES OF DERRY AND LIMERICK

WHEN England rejected James the Second for his impolitic and arbitrary efforts to introduce the strange principle of religious toleration, his first hope of coming to his own again lay in his Irish Catholic subjects. They, it is true, had no great reason for devotion to a Stuart. For them 'the Restoration' had been an empty phrase. While in England and Scotland the Royalists had regained their lands from the Puritans, their Irish brethren had perforce to content themselves with a regal 'thank you.' Acts of Settlement and Explanation and Courts of Claims left most of the Cromwellians in undisturbed possession of their newly acquired property. Of the portion they did disgorge, James, then Duke of York, and other royal favourites had appropriated immense slices.

The Irish Catholics at the Revolution numbered some 900,000 of the population. They were poor, and unarmed; opposed to them stood some 300,000 English Protestant colonists, backed by all the resources of their country and the veteran army of the Prince of Orange. But King James was coming from France with aid from the great Louis; to strike for him was to strike for their civil and religious rights, so once more the people of Ireland, 'home of lost causes,' went forth to the fight. The dominant section, on the other hand, seeing with the eyes of their time, regarded as iniquitous the attempt to reduce them to a position of equality—they feared, of inferiority. Macaulay has limned their motives in a phrase: 'selfishness sublimed into public spirit.' Thus the country was plunged into civil strife, which was at once a racial, a religious and a land war.

The aim of the fugitive King was not merely to save one crown from the wreck of his fortunes, but also to regain the other two. In devising his schemes, Tirconnell, his Catholic viceroy, had to weigh many factors; the intentions and resources of James, of his ally Louis the Fourteenth, and of William; of the Irish Protestants, of the Anglo-Irish or pure Jacobites, his own party, and of the Old Irish, whom he regarded with suspicion. 'Lying Dick Talbot' was an able opportunist, utilising Irish grievances and French ambitions

to advance Jacobite interests; but a sordid political trimmer he was not. His master's account of his policy, at least, tallies with events. He 'strove underhand to amuse the Prince of Orange's agents . . . which made the English slight Ireland for a time . . . and, with as much prudence as dexterity, soon put the kingdom in a tolerable condition of defence.'

Upon his coming to Ireland some three years before, he had disbanded the Protestant Militia, and since then had steadily replaced Protestant officers in the army by Catholics. In December 1688, he began to issue commissions for new levies, and within two months 50,000 Catholics had enlisted for the war, but a large proportion of them had soon to be disbanded for want of arms and food.

Meanwhile unrest among the Protestants of Ireland grew to a head. Wild rumours of Popish plots for wholesale massacre were circulated, and memories of the miseries of 1641 were recalled. They were, however, slow to take up arms against the Government, for the issue in England was still in doubt.

Before the end of 1688, Tirconnell had committed an apparently trifling error, but the gravity of its consequences proved steadily cumulative. On the 23rd of November he withdrew the Protestant Lord Mountjoy's regiment from Derry, but the newly raised regiment of the Catholic Earl of Antrim, with which he intended to replace it, was not ready for this duty until a fortnight later, during which time the city was left without a garrison.

On the morning of the 7th of December, 1688, the unwelcome intelligence reached Derry that Antrim's ragged regiment of Irish and Highlanders (bloody-minded scoundrels there was no doubt) were on the march within a couple of miles of the city.

As the news spread, excited crowds gathered in the streets, loudly debating whether they should refuse entry to the King's troops or not. 'However, divers of those who made some figure in the town wished the thing were done, yet none of them thought fit to be themselves active.' But the excitement of the populace momentarily increased as they saw Antrim's 'Redshanks' appear upon the opposite bank of the Foyle, row over, and advance rapidly towards Ferry Gate. For a few breathless moments great issues hung in the balance. But while the *bourgeois* were counting the cost, 'a few resolute apprentice boys' crossed the Rubicon. Drawing their swords, they seized the keys at the Mainguard, rushed to Ferry Gate, drew up the bridge, and locked the gate in the very faces of the soldiers, who were now but sixty yards away. This overt act of war 'like magic roused a unanimous spirit of defence.' The other three gates were quickly secured, as well as the magazine, containing but eight or nine barrels of powder and a few hundred muskets. Next day most of the Catholics were expelled, the Protestant Bishop and others left the city, but numbers poured in from the country to join the rebels.

Soon news came that the Enniskilleners, with equal determination and even greater daring, had refused to receive a Jacobite garrison.

Meanwhile Lord Mountjoy and Lieutenant-Colonel Lundy, with six companies of their regiment, were ordered to Derry by Tirconnell. After much discussion, two companies, all Protestants, were admitted; the others were not allowed in until they had been 'purged of Papists.' In the South an attempted rising of Protestants was suppressed. In Sligo they occupied several towns, and in Ulster formed a Defence Association and raised regiments. But before their organisation was completed the Jacobites were upon them, and on the 14th of March they fled in panic at the 'Break of Dromore.' After this many Protestants left the country, and large numbers accepted protection from the Jacobites.

On the 17th of March King James landed at Kinsale accompanied by De Rosen and some 400 French officers and gunners, bringing 500,000 crowns, and arms and ammunition for 10,000 men. About the same time the first instalment of assistance from William reached Derry: 8,000 stand of arms, 480 barrels of powder, 595*l.*, and a commission to Lundy as Governor. Next day the mask was entirely thrown off, and William and Mary were proclaimed in the City. In the beginning of April the Irish army passed the Bann, and the Protestants from all sides fell back on Derry 'as their last refuge.'

The Derry of 1689 was a walled city, oblong in shape, about a mile in circumference, standing upon the northern face of a peninsula formed on the left bank of the Foyle by a bend in the river, which enters the Lough some four miles lower down. There was then no bridge over the river at Derry, where it is very deep and some 350 yards wide. The city is built on a hill sloping up from the water's edge to a height of 119 feet, on which the cathedral stands. There were four entrances: Ferryquay Gate on the east, Shipquay Gate on the north, Butcher's Gate on the west, and Bishop's Gate on the south. The walls, which were thick and defended by several bastions, varied in height from 24 to 12 feet, being lower on the sides protected by the river. Upon them were mounted some twenty pieces of cannon. The hills upon both banks rendered the city untenable against an army provided with a siege train. To the south, and on the promontory, was another hill on which a windmill stood; beyond it were meadows which merged into a morass skirting the western side.

Dissatisfaction with Lundy had been steadily developing into suspicion. He had advised the falling back on Derry. Now he showed such gross negligence in securing the river fords and passes that Hamilton's dragoons, on the 15th of April, succeeded in crossing at Cladyford in face of superior numbers.

On the very day of the defeat Colonels Cunningham and Richards

had come into Lough Foyle with two regiments. On the 16th they came to Derry, and a council of war was held, to which some of the principal officers were refused admittance. Upon Lundy's representations, which were not contradicted by officers who had been some time in the town, the Council resolved that, as the place was not tenable against a well-appointed army, the regiments should not be landed, and the principal officers should privately withdraw.

King James had now joined his army, and on the 17th of April, from his camp at St. Johnstown, five miles from Derry, offered honourable terms of surrender.

On the 18th, James, having been assured that the sight of their monarch demanding admission would induce the citizens to surrender, rode up with his staff at the head of his army to the strand above the windmill to receive a reply to his proposals. Hamilton had guaranteed that while negotiations were pending he would not march his army within four miles of the city. Lundy and his Council, then in session, had given orders to the gunners not to fire until the King's demands were known; but his advance in force brought on a crisis.

While James was approaching the walls Captain Murray galloped up from Culmore Fort with a strong force of horse. His appearance at their backs roused the men on the walls to such a pitch of enthusiasm that they opened fire upon the King and killed an officer of his staff. Whereupon the Jacobites retreated precipitately to their camp, followed by apologies from the moderate party for the conduct of 'so tumultuous and intractable a rabble.' A few days later the King returned to Dublin. Meanwhile, in the city, the disorder culminated in revolt. As the Council sat drafting articles of surrender, the captain of their guard threw open Shipquay Gate, and Murray rode through the city with his troopers, escorted by an excited crowd. While the echoes of their cheers rang in the Council Chamber, Murray strode in. He scoffed at the idea of surrender, passionately vindicated the soldiers from the aspersion of cowardice Lundy had cast upon them, and telling the Governor to his face that his conduct 'had declared him either fool or knave,' swung out of the room to harangue the men outside.

The Council proceeded to finish the terms of surrender; but the control of the city had passed into more determined hands. That night, Murray and his party seized the city keys, and placed guards at the gates and upon the walls. Next day, a new Council was called together. Major Baker was elected Governor, and the Rev. George Walker was appointed as his assistant, to take charge of the stores.

Few of the old councillors could show themselves; some escaped to the shipping; Lundy, above all, dared not venture in the streets. Through respect for the commission he bore, the Governor connived at his escape, which he effected with the utmost difficulty, in disguise. He reached Scotland, was arrested, and, upon examination before the

House of Commons, his conduct was found 'very faulty,' and the two Colonels who had adopted his suggestions were cashiered. So ended his doubtful record. History must concur with the House of Commons in the verdict of 'not proven,' for though his acts wore the appearance of treachery, faintheartedness and incapacity would produce similar effects. He could scarcely know the inefficiency of Hamilton's army; he did not turn his coat; and, it should be noted, the new Council actually continued his policy.

Their first proceeding was to elect deputies to arrange terms of surrender. But Murray refused to be a party to their cowardly tactics, and the populace once more decided the fate of their city.

Now began the citizen soldiers' siege. The garrison was formed into eight regiments, numbering 341 officers and 7,020 men.

Here, with the exception of the garrison of Enniskillen, were the flower of the fighting men of the British colonists in Ulster. They were inexperienced in war, but living, as they did, amidst a hostile population, most of them had been trained to the use of arms. The superiority of their musketry fire over that of the Irish levies, who had handled their inferior weapons for the first time but a few months before, was decisive. The population at the commencement of the siege is estimated at 20,000, some 10,000 more had been allowed by the besiegers to depart, and this injudicious clemency had a most important effect upon the result of the operations.

The Jacobite forces were about 10,000, and within a month had risen to 20,000 men. On the 20th of April they occupied Pennyburn Hill, about a mile N.W., so cutting off communication with Culmore Fort (four miles below, upon the left bank of the Foyle), the surrender of which, on the 23rd, lessened the chances of relief by sea.

On the 21st the citizens made their first sortie. All who cared to go went out, heedless of military order.

Colonel Murray, with a few horse, gallantly sustained a charge by James's cavalry, but most of his troops fled, hotly pursued to the city gates by the Jacobites. The Derry foot, however, lined the ditches and poured in such a deadly flanking fire upon them as they returned, that they lost over 200 men, including Generals Maumont, Pusingan and several other officers. The loss of the besieged was comparatively slight. After this baptism of fire they engaged in frequent sallies, conducted after the same fashion. Volunteer skirmishers got into action, and many others straggled out into the fighting line.

Before the end of April the besiegers planted their few culverins and mortars in an orchard beyond the river and within eighty perches of the city. As it would be useless, even were it practicable, to batter a breach on the river side of the city, their intermittent fire was directed against the houses, with some effect. During the whole siege, however, they were unable to throw in more than some 600

bombs. To minimise the effect upon a city of such small area, the inhabitants erected barricades and tore up the pavements of the streets. As deserters daily brought information to the enemy, they had frequently to shift their magazines, and, at times, were compelled to shelter along the walls and in the most remote quarters of the town.

On the night of the 5th of May, the Jacobites under Brigadier Ramsey drove in the outposts at the Windmill Hill. By dawn they had a line drawn across from the river to the bog, and were preparing to plant a battery before the besieged realised they had lost the key to their position. But at 4 o'clock in the morning of the 6th, before their officers could form them properly for attack, the eager Derry men sallied forth and beat back the Jacobites with severe loss.

Baker soon had a strong intrenchment completed across the hill from the bog to the water, where it was protected by redoubts from the enfilading fire of the Irish battery beyond the river.

For some weeks after this, owing, says Walker, to 'the enemies' want of courage and our want of horse,' unimportant skirmishes were the only incidents. But the investment became much closer. The Jacobites pitched their main camp at Ballougry Hill, two miles south-west of Derry, and erected sixteen forts around the city, in which, however, they could only mount six guns.

The lack of discipline among the defenders soon became apparent. Rumours of treachery filled the air. From time to time officers and men deserted. Colonel Mitchelburn was suspected by Governor Baker. They quarrelled, fought, and Mitchelburn was wounded and placed under arrest. No less a person than the Rev. George Walker also fell under suspicion. His management of stores, a delicate task, jealously criticised, excited discontent, and it was even proposed to prosecute him for embezzlement and treachery. The old churchman—he was now about seventy years—appears to have been a religious zealot, full of the fierce bigotry of his time, energetic, narrow-minded and conceited. But that he was rogue or traitor is incredible.

On the 4th of June the besiegers made a supreme effort to capture the lines on Windmill Hill. They did not attempt to batter a breach in the intrenchments, and it was after seven o'clock in the morning when they had formed for the attack. On the left, a picked body of Grenadiers led the assault upon the intrenchments between the bog and the Windmill. The main body of the Irish infantry advanced against the Windmill and the lines sloping towards the river. It was low water, and on the right three squadrons of Irish cavalry prepared by a charge along the strand to turn the position or clear the earthworks, which were lower at this end. The besieged had manned their lines in force. Many were armed with long fowling pieces, which carried farther than the Irish muskets, and, formed in several ranks, maintained a rapid and deadly fire.

Under cover of their guns beyond the river, which opened a cross

fire upon the defenders, the Irish dragoons, carrying fagots before them to fill the ditch, dashed up, cheering as they came.

The first squadron, all picked volunteers, who had sworn to mount the works, was splendidly led by Colonel Butler, son of Lord Mountgarrett, who urged his horse right on top of the intrenchment, but, as he landed inside, was taken prisoner. Some thirty troopers, clad in armour, were behind him, but their horses were quickly shot down, and only one or two succeeded in topping the works. While the other squadrons hung back outside, the defenders swarmed out on the strand with musket, pike, and scythe, and put them to flight with great loss. The central attack had as little success. The infantry advancing, with a line of Colonels at their head, were met by a tremendous fire. Some of them, however, pushed right up to the works, which could not easily be scaled without ladders, and most of these were killed in the ditch or 'hailed over by the hair of their heads.' Meanwhile the Irish Grenadiers had pushed home a fierce assault and driven the defenders out of the redoubts upon their right. But the arrival of reinforcements checked their flight; and the very women of Derry, who had been carrying ammunition and food to the fighting line, now joined boldly in the fray, and hurled stones upon the Grenadiers, who were, in turn, beaten out of the works and pursued across the meadows with great slaughter.

About this time a gleam of hope came with the appearance below Culmore of three ships, the advanced guard of Kirke's fleet. On the 8th of June the *Greyhound* frigate opened fire upon the fort, and encountered a heavy cannonade from both sides of the river. In beating out of the narrow channel she grounded, but got off in a sinking condition, with seventeen shots below water and fifty more in her upper works. This warm reception was not calculated to encourage Kirke, who arrived with his fleet a few days later. Colonel Richards, who had been on the *Greyhound*, reported that it was probable boats were sunk in the channel, and he had seen through his glass an obstruction stretching across the river.

This was the great boom, made of fir timbers chained together, and bound round with cable a foot thick, which had been thrown across the Foyle above Brook Hall, between Charles Fort and Grange Fort, about half-way between Culmore and Derry.

The Jacobites now redoubled their exertions to bar the passage. A fourth redoubt was thrown up on the left bank, and musketeers lined trenches on both sides. So keen a watch was kept, that it was only on the 25th of June, after several attempts, Kirke succeeded in communicating with the city, thanks to a daring exploit by Captain Roche—'the swimmer.' Then for nearly three weeks longer no further news arrived, and the garrison raged at his unaccountable inactivity. Meanwhile the brave Governor Baker died on the 30th

of June, having nominated his former opponent, Mitchelburn, as his successor.

Towards the end of the month General de Rosen had arrived in the Jacobite camp. He drew the lines of investment still closer, transferred the mortars across the river to a hill above the bog on the western side, and bombarded more persistently than before.

On the 27th of June Hamilton had again held out favourable proposals, which de Rosen followed up on the 30th by a proclamation that if the citizens did not come to terms by the 1st of July, they should get none: Ulster should be laid waste, and all the Protestants, protected or not, driven under the walls of Derry. As his threats proved as unavailing as his desultory bombardment, he at once proceeded to show his earnestness. On the 2nd and 3rd of July all the Protestants, men, women, and children, within ten miles of Derry—some 1,200 in number—were driven under the walls. There they spent a miserable night: some few were smuggled in contrary to orders, for if their friends took pity upon them the citizens' provisions would soon be exhausted: the poor creatures even entreated the garrison to hold firm. To this stratagem the besieged replied by setting up a gallows in view of the enemy's camp, and threatening to hang a score of prisoners. De Rosen's 'barbarous Muscovite' policy, as James termed it, having proved futile—and being bitterly resented in the camp by the co-religionists of the victims—on the 4th of July the unfortunate Protestants were sent to their homes, and actually provided with food and money for the journey.¹ The garrison had taken in some able-bodied recruits, while some 500 of the exhausted citizens mingled with the crowd outside, but many, detected by their emaciated appearance and horrible pallor, were sent back.

On the 11th the Jacobites again offered a parley, and the besieged, now in dire straits, were more disposed to entertain their proposals. About this time tallow, rendered not more palatable by the title of 'French butter,' formed part of the soldiers' rations, and, it is recorded, 'mixed with meal, ginger, pepper, and aniseed, made most excellent pancakes.' Later on, starch, disguised as 'Dutch flour,' was even considered wholesome. Salted hides and horseflesh were luxuries; dogs, cats, rats, and mice fetched good prices; herbs and weeds were eagerly devoured; every day scores perished, and hopes from Kirke sank lower. Rumours of treachery were renewed; jealousies arose amongst the leaders, and a mutinous spirit amongst the men, for the city was drifting into the anarchy of despair.

On the 13th of July commissioners were sent out to confer with the Jacobites. While the deliberations were in progress, a message came from Kirke. Relief, he said, was impossible by the river; he was moving round to Inch in Lough Swilly to divert the enemy; he

¹ Ash's *Journal*, 4th of July, 1689.

had sent stores to Enniskillen, and hourly expected 6,000 men from England. With them he would attack the besiegers, who could not stand much longer in their trenches; for the condition of the Jacobites was little better than that of their antagonists. Feeding upon oatmeal, water and lean beef, and suffering from exposure, they sickened and died fast.

In the city a council of war on the 14th of July adopted the policy of 'No Surrender,' if they were not allowed until the 26th of July, and the negotiations ended.

On both sides now it was a contest of endurance. On the 16th Kirke's fleet left the Lough and the weary monotony of the succeeding two weeks was broken but by a few skirmishes. The pinch of famine grew sharper; the ravages of disease more widespread. Courts-martial sat daily to repress disorder. Still the city endured sullenly.

Sunday, the 28th of July, dawned, and the lean defenders must have prayed that the end—for good or ill—might come.

As the long summer's day dragged on, the dull eyes of the gaunt watchers on the walls, listlessly gazing down the Foyle, lighted on a few distant sails in the Lough, and many a starving man cursed them for laggards. The flag on the church tower dipped sadly, the cannon boomed a last appeal, and over the water came a reply from the guns of the ships. Towards evening a northerly breeze blew fair up the channel. The tide was coming in and the vessels stood up towards Culmore—as the fleet had often done before. But Walker had ere now written to Kirke that the boom was broken; Schomberg had urged him; and he had ordered a last attempt.

The *Dartmouth* frigate engaged the fort at close range, while, covered by her guns, two small storeships—the *Mountjoy* and the *Phoenix*—slipped by, delivering their broadsides as they passed.

As the two ships were seen to emerge from the smoke of the cannonade, murmurs ran along the walls of Derry, and from all quarters of the city a ghastly crowd came tottering to the ramparts. In silence they gaped, while down the river the Irish musketry crackled and the guns, dragged from place to place along the banks, harassed the ships. They steadily replied, drifting slowly up the narrow channel, for the wind had dropped.

The *Mountjoy* first reached the boom. She struck it, quivered, and ran aground; shouts of triumph rose along the Irish lines; and she was lost to view in the smoke of the batteries and her own answering broadsides. The *Swallow's* long-boat had come up with the ships, barricaded, so that to the Irish it looked like 'a boat with a house on it.' Now, heedless of the heavy fire, her crew plied axe and cutlass vigorously upon the boom, which by this time must have been much damaged by the action of the water. The Irish prepared boats to board the stranded vessel, but the rising tide and the recoil from a broadside floated her again. Her Captain, Browning, had been

killed, but once more she was sent against the boom, and this time crashed right through. As she slowly forged ahead, still firing, a hoarse cheer went up from the city. It was the *Phoenix*, however, that, at ten o'clock that night, first reached the quay. Torches waved, bonfires blazed, cannon roared, the church bells pealed, and the triumphant yells of the populace echoed across the Foyle. Then for two days longer the Jacobites clung to their trenches, and, on the night of the 31st of July, decamped by the light of their blazing huts.

So, after 105 days, ended the historic defence. By sword and disease Derry had lost over 3,000 men and the besiegers some 8,000. Here had been a rough 'camp of exercise' for two raw armies, and both sides paid dearly for the lessons of 'the ridiculous siege,' as *A Jacobite Narrative* terms it.

Courage and endurance both sides had shown. Strategy could hardly be expected from either, and little was displayed. The Jacobite want of artillery was, to some extent, counterbalanced by the Williamite lack of cavalry. Though many of the Jacobite officers were professional military men, French, English, and Scotch, as well as Irish, a large proportion of them were but recruits; many of the captains had been 'cobblers, tailors and footmen;' on the whole, a brave, but careless and ignorant lot. Their General, Hamilton, had never before seen a siege. Maumont and Pusignan had been killed early in the struggle. Pointis, the artilleryist, had no siege train. Soon after his arrival de Rosen had written to James that his heart bled at the negligence which supplied his troops with arms, the greater part of which were damaged, while there was not in the army a gunsmith to mend them. His strongest battalions of foot had but 200 effective men, his strongest troops of cavalry but fourteen. The army, too, he pointed out, was weakened by the withdrawal of Berwick's detachment, watching Inniskillen. The river, moreover, hindered free communication. In addition to these sources of weakness, the preliminary operations of the besiegers were aimless; they did not yet realise the determination of the opposition, and were slow in converting the siege into a blockade. More artillery might have been procured. Such as they had was not used to the best effect, its fire was not sufficiently concentrated, and the poor opposition to the relief gave rise to suspicions of treachery. The boom, too, or a second one, should have been placed under the guns of Culmore Fort, while one or two vessels sunk in the channel would have effectively prevented relief.

On the other hand, had the defenders been well handled in the early stages of the siege, they might have successfully adopted offensive-defensive tactics, for which the division by the river of the enemy's force, which at first was but 10,000 men, lent an opportunity. Doubt-

less they had not recovered from the effects of Lundy's incompetence. Their tardy saviour, Kirke, was neither a Nelson nor a Farragut; indeed, it should be remembered, he was not a sailor at all. His inaction, after every allowance for difficulties of navigation, was pusillanimous; but his Fabian policy was none the less effective. He had wrung out of the citizens of Derry the very last grain of aid they could give the Williamite cause. Had they been relieved earlier, the exhaustion of James's army would not have been so complete.

When Schomberg landed in August 1689, with 20,000 men, the petty civil war developed into a great international struggle.

The Jacobites did not despair. Arms and money were scarce, but recruits were plenty. In March 1690, Lauzun brought over 7,000 French troops. The 'Grand Monarch' had not yet realised the importance of the struggle. William had—at last—and in June came himself to Ireland.

When on the 1st of July the rival Kings met at the Boyne, James was but half-hearted. By nightfall he and his advisers had entirely lost heart. But their Irish troops were no more cowed after that battle than the Ulster Protestants had been after Cladyford. There had been a skirmish, not a general engagement: the raw army had done some gallant fighting at Oldbridge Ford, and their retreat, before a superior veteran force, was by no means a rout. Nevertheless, the beaten trio—the English King, his Anglo-Irish viceroy, and his French generalissimo—promptly threw all the discredit upon their Irish troops. William, too, did not doubt that the game was over. In reality, it had but begun. He had to encounter a new force—the power of the Irish people, resurgent, after forty years' bitter contact with mother earth. For, to the surprise of all the foreigners, who had not gauged the sentiments behind the Irish uprising, the greater part of the Jacobite army had assembled at Limerick a week or two after the defeat. The Old Irish party attributed the pitiable indecision of James to a 'wrong maxim of state,' an idea 'that the only way to recover England was to lose Ireland,'² as he could not hope to regain the allegiance of his British subjects while he headed an Irish or a French army. Though James had fled to France, whither Lauzun and his men were anxious to follow, the Old Irish, headed by General Sarsfield, Brigadier Henry Luttrell, and most of the Irish officers, decided to send envoys to assure the two Kings of their resolution to defend the country. Tirconnell, however, detached Sarsfield with a small party to watch the movements of the enemy, and in his absence gained over most of the principal officers to his peace policy; while Lauzun, declaring that the city 'could be taken with roasted apples,' marched away to Galway with all the French troops, eight

² *Macaria Excidium*, ed. by O'Callaghan, p. 42.

guns and much ammunition. But upon William's approach Sarsfield returned to Limerick, and the defence of the city was resolved upon.

On the 9th of July, William left Dublin on his march to the south. Wexford, Clonmel and Kilkenny were abandoned, and Waterford and Duncannon Fort surrendered with the honours of war. General Douglas, however, whom he had detached to besiege Athlone, the key to Connaught, was repulsed, and came to join his master, who awaited him at Caherconlish, a few miles from Limerick.

The old town was then the second city of Ireland in extent and population. The Shannon, navigable to that point, divided it into two distinct segments. The older, known as the English town, containing the cathedral and most of the principal buildings, occupied the southern and more elevated portion of an island some two miles in circumference, low lying in the Shannon. Thomond Bridge, a narrow stone structure some eighty yards long, linked this 'King's Island' to the county Clare. It was connected by Ball's Bridge, spanning the narrower eastern arm of the river, with the Irish town upon the county Limerick bank.

Both towns were fortified after a fashion, which the French officers, trained in the new school of Vauban, scoffed at, as they had at the walls of Derry. The English town was defended by a wall, strongest on the north-east face, which commanded the lower ground of the island, mostly a swampy tract, which was surrounded by a strong line of circumvallation. Just below Thomond Bridge King John's castle stood, on the island at the water's edge. The walls of the Irish town, being unprotected by the river, were stronger, being double, and containing five bastions and some towers. Beyond these, to the north-east, the Irish had erected some outworks, and from the south gate, where, on a spur, the heaviest guns were planted, a covered way ran beside the walls to St. John's Gate. Near this was a battery of three guns—called, from its colour, the 'Black Battery.' This north-eastern side bore the brunt of the Williamite attack.

It had already begun. On the 9th of August the King himself appeared before the town. The Irish skirmishers retired to the walls, and William, pitching his camp at Singland, with the river on his right, summoned the city to surrender. Old Boisseleau, whom Tirconnell had appointed Governor, replied that he preferred to merit the esteem of the Prince of Orange by a vigorous defence.

Tirconnell now marched off to join Lanzun, having left 8,000 regular but ill-armed troops for the defence. The cavalry, however, returned to the neighbourhood of the city, and a little later a strange figure, one Baldearg O'Donnell, entered with some 7,000 Rapparees, or Irish irregulars, who had rallied round him because there was an Irish prophecy that an O'Donnell 'with a red spot' (baldearg) would free his country, and he fulfilled this essential condition. Thus the defending force amounted to nearly 20,000 men, against which

William had an army estimated by Williamite authorities at from 20,000³ to 38,500.⁴ But for siege operations, of course, this disparity of numbers gave him no preponderance.

William, like James at Derry, confident that the city would surrender upon his approach, had brought only a field train. His battering train of guns, stores and pontoons was now on the way from Dublin, escorted by two troops of Villiers' Horse. A French deserter had brought word of this to the Irish, and on the 11th of August a country gentleman reported to the Williamites that the previous night Sarsfield, with a party of horse, had passed the Shannon at Killaloe. At first they were not inclined to believe him, but he was brought before the King, who at once called a council of war, and Sir John Lanier, with 500 horse, was sent that night to meet the guns.

Sarsfield was not sleeping. He had ridden out of Limerick the previous evening with 600 picked horsemen. 'Galloping Hogan,' a hard-riding chief of Rapparees, who knew every inch of the country, was with him. The column marched to Killaloe. Here, passing at the back of the town, they crossed a ford above the bridge between the Pier-head and Ballyvalley, and their long night ride ended at Keeper Hill. Tradition has enshrined every detail.

All next day Sarsfield and his men 'lurked among the mountains.' Their scouts reported that William's convoy had lain at Cashel on Sunday, and on Monday marched beyond Cullen to Ballyneety, or Whitestown, fourteen miles from Limerick. The unsuspecting escort turned most of their tired horses out to grass, made their dispositions carelessly, and, posting a slender guard, fell to sleep, little dreaming of danger from a beaten enemy so near their own camp. Fortune had given Sarsfield an additional chance of success. One of his horsemen, it is said, found out the English password from the wife of a Williamite soldier who had lost her way. Curiously enough, it was the name of the Irish leader. When the moon rose, like the flying clouds which favoured them Sarsfield's Horse moved down cautiously upon the doomed convoy. To an outpost's challenge they gave the reply and, quickening their stride, bore down upon the camp. Again a sentinel's call rang out, and this time the Irish reply was 'Sarsfield is the word and'—as the sentry went down beneath a sabre-stroke—'Sarsfield is the man!' Then, with a mighty shout, the six hundred swept down upon the Williamites. A bugle shrieked the alarm 'To horse!' It was too late. The dragoons were upon them, riding them down, sabreing and pistolling them as they started from sleep. A few made a hopeless effort to defend

³ Harris, *Life of William III.*, p. 285.

⁴ Griffyth's *Villare Hibernicum*, quoted by O'Callaghan, notes to *Macaria Hibernicum*, p. 368.

themselves, for in that wild onset the vengeful Irish gave little quarter. The rest fled.

Little time was there now to complete the work, for Lanier's escort was upon the road. The spoil to be got rid of consisted of 6 twenty-four pounder cannon, 2 eighteen pounders, 5 mortars, 153 wagons of stores, 18 pontoons, 12 casks of biscuits and 400 draught-horses. The Irish troopers worked with a will. They smashed the boats, drew the guns together, crammed them with powder, plunged the muzzles into the ground, dragged the ammunition-carts around them, and, scattering the Williamite powder over the great heap, laid a train to a safe distance and withdrew. Then from the darkness came a dazzling flash and a mighty roar woke the echoes of the hills. The dull rumble reached even William's camp. Lanier heard it too. He saw the great brightness, as of dawn, and galloped madly forward.

When he came up, the *débris* of the convoy was burning furiously. Only two of the guns remained undamaged. The 400 draught-horses and 100 troop-horses were gone. Lanier caught a glimpse of Sarsfield's rearguard, and instantly wheeled to the left to cut him off from the Shannon, but he made a great *détour* to Banagher, crossed the river, and returned to Limerick in triumph.

The moral effect of this achievement was immense. The delay to the operations eventually proved the most serious consequence. Some days passed before two great guns and a mortar were brought from Waterford. The loss of the cannon was not so annoying as that of the horses and ammunition, and, without the pontoons, guns could not be brought to the Clare side.

Though a sustained artillery duel went on, there was a lull in active operations until the 17th, when the trenches were opened.

From this onward the siege was pressed with great energy. William, from forty pieces, incessantly poured shot and shell and red-hot balls into the city, whose guns vigorously replied. After fierce assaults and sallies several of the outworks were captured. On the 25th, under the fire of a new battery raised within sixty yards of the walls, a breach yawned. The Irish brought up wool-sacks to it, and the English brought up drink to the gunners, 'which,' says Story, 'made them ply their work very heartily, and, for all the wool-sacks, the wall began to fly again.' All day on the 26th the fire of a score of great guns was concentrated upon the breach, and through the anxious night fire-balls, bombs, and 'carcasses' rained upon the city, for William had at last decided to deliver the assault.

The breach was now twelve yards wide in the wall near St. John's Gate, and over the Black Battery. On the 27th of August all the Grenadiers in the army, over 500 strong, were marched into the advanced trenches: the regiments of Douglas, Stuart, Meath, Lisburn, and the Brandenburghers were formed up behind: on the

right was a battalion of Blue Dutch : on the left, the Danes. General Douglas commanded.

The forenoon was spent in getting the troops on both sides into position, and it was half-past three when, as William took his stand at Cromwell's Fort to witness the capture of the city, the hush of that sweltering summer's day was broken by the booming of three guns from the camp. Upon the signal the waiting Grenadiers—strange figures in their uniforms of piebald yellow and red, their cope-crowned, furred caps, with jangling bells hanging from their belts—leapt from the trenches, and ran towards the counterscarp, firing their pieces and throwing their new-fangled missiles. They were greeted with a deadly fusillade from the walls, but pushed steadily on : drove the Irish from the counterscarp, and entered the breach pell-mell with them. Some of them succeeded in pressing into the town, while their supports rushed forward to hold the counterscarp. This they clung to doggedly, but could make no further headway. For behind the breach a masked battery of three guns now opened upon them, with 'cartridge shot,' and prevented them from aiding the Grenadiers, who were soon slowly forced back through the breach. They had been roughly handled during their brief visit to Limerick. 'Some were shot, some taken, and the rest came out again, but very few without being wounded.'

The Irish, rallying, manned the breach anew, and for three hours a desperate struggle raged in that narrow way.

Once more William's veterans fought their way into the streets, and Boisseleau called up his last reserves. From the side streets the citizens, seizing the readiest implements, rushed out to aid their hard-pressed soldiers. They turned the tide. Fighting stubbornly, the Williamites were driven back foot by foot, and hurled out through the breach. The King flung forward his reserves. In vain : plied with unceasing cannon-shot and musketry, they could not cross the deadly zone. Missiles of every kind were rained upon them. MacMahon's regiment, having no weapons, cast down stones upon the assailants, and the very women, says the Williamite historian, hurling stones and broken bottles, 'boldly stood in the breach and were nearer our men than their own.'

While the fight was hottest, the Brandenburgers swarmed up on the Black Battery, and a yellow glare shot through the dust clouds, and a louder crash rang above the general uproar, as a quantity of powder was fired beneath them with deadly effect.

Lord Talbot's dragoons sallied out through St. John's Gate and took the stormers in flank, and then the Irish swept down irresistibly and beat them to their very trenches. It was after seven o'clock in the evening, and a great cloud of battle-smoke trailed away from the city to the top of Keeper Mountain. The assault had cost William some 2,000 men killed and wounded. The loss of the defenders was,

of course, much less severe. Yet it had been heavy; and among the dead and dying on the streets and in the breach lay not a few of the humble heroines of the city. But, like their sisters of Derry, they had baffled a King. For William, on the 30th of August, after blowing up some of his stores and firing his camp, marched his army into winter quarters, and withdrew himself to England.

After the repulse of William the hopes of the Irish ran high.

But when, next year, the tide of war again rolled round the walls of Limerick, their prospects were gloomier than before. Cork, Kinsale and Athlone had been taken; Aughrim had been lost; Galway, after a show of resistance, had surrendered.

Though the moral effect of Aughrim was greater than that of the Boyne, Tircconnell, at last aware that the Irish troops could fight, determined to hold out. He appealed to France for an immediate supply of stores, and called to arms all the Irish between the ages of sixteen and sixty. But the Jacobites were soon left without an organiser. Tircconnell died on the 14th of August, 1691.

Ginkel had already approached Limerick, more confident than even William had been of a speedy surrender.

But, seeing no immediate prospect of it, he awaited his siege train at Cahirconlish; for the fortifications of Limerick, especially of the Irish town, had been greatly strengthened since the preceding year.

The conduct of the second siege of Limerick on both sides is puzzling. 'It appears to be a mock siege,' says *A Jacobite Narrative*, bitterly. How could Ginkel, coming late in the season, hope to take it with 22,000 men, after his master had failed with superior forces? The fact was that the siege was carried on as much by secret intrigue as by open warfare. Ginkel had opened correspondence with many of the Irish officers, who, disheartened by a long series of disasters, began to think of their estates. Sarsfield was compelled to denounce even his old comrade, Henry Luttrell, as a traitor. D'Usson was now Governor of Limerick, with de Tessé second in command, so that Sarsfield, though the soul of the defence, could not take official control.

On the 25th the city was invested. Next day a powerful siege train arrived, and in the evening the trenches were opened. On the 27th an English fleet came up the river within a mile of the town. This gave Ginkel an opportunity of staying longer than William had, for, when roads became impassable, he could remove his guns by sea. On the 30th the bombardment began, and before next morning over 100 bombs had been thrown into the town. Time was everything, and Ginkel pressed the attack, which this time was directed at the English town, across King's Island. But though the destruction of houses was enormous and frequent fires broke out, the stout defences sustained little damage. Ginkel grew restless; he landed

his heavy guns from the fleet; ordered them to be re-embarked, countermanded, and ordered anew. He even thought of blockading the river with a small squadron and retiring to winter quarters. When his main battery on the north-east of the town, near the island, was finished, nearly sixty guns opened together upon the city—the hottest bombardment Limerick had ever sustained.

By the 9th of September a great breach was made in the wall within King's Island, between the Abbey and Ball's Bridge. But stormers would have to advance under fire 200 paces from behind their battery to the river, ford it, and then cover nearly 400 paces more before gaining its foot. So this undertaking was abandoned.

Ginkel had heard rumours of a French expedition, and now prepared to pass into Clare, a movement which did not apparently promise any greater success. His engineers examined the river for miles in search of a suitable crossing-place. At last one was found at St. Thomas's Island, two miles above the town, and he tried a repetition of the tactics that had worsted St. Ruth at Athlone. Most of the guns were drawn off from the batteries, but at midnight on the 15th of September the laying of the pontoons began. Brigadier Clifford, commanding the Jacobite cavalry on the Clare side, was warned that the enemy were at work; but before he moved, the bridge was finished; and at dawn the Williamites pushed across. His gross neglect—which he frankly admitted—would stamp him as a traitor, but for the fact that he went, afterwards, with the Brigade to France.

His troops, on foot, lined the hedges, but were quickly driven out, and the Williamites poured over the bridge, and advanced towards Sheldon's cavalry camp, on a hillside two miles away.

Near this great numbers of the citizens, including the Irish Lords Justices, and many ladies and gentlemen who had fled from the bombardment, were encamped in rude shelters made of sheets and blankets. Now these wretched people—awakened to find the enemy upon them—streamed in panic to Thomond Bridge. Had Ginkel's cavalry pursued, all was lost. Sheldon, however, showed a bold front, and the Williamites retired across the river that afternoon, leaving a strong guard at their bridge.

Ginkel did not at once follow up this success. To do so by military operations was, indeed, so difficult that once more he determined to go into winter quarters. His 'correspondence with the moderate party in town, who were for preserving their country by a submission,' says William's biographer, cannot have been long formed. It was the 22nd before he crossed the Shannon in force. After two hours' skirmishing, his infantry advanced upon the defences covering Thomond Bridge, under an ineffective fire from the walls. In two small forts, and in quarries and sandpits in front of them, 800 Irish were posted. After a fierce struggle, these were

out-numbered and driven across Thomond Bridge. Seeing Ginkel's Grenadiers pressing forward, the excited French Major of the guard raised the drawbridge, leaving most of the fugitives huddled together on the bridge at the mercy of their foes. Nearly 600 were cut down or drowned.

However, Ginkel's task seemed yet far from accomplishment. His army was now divided; he had not brought over his heavy guns; to ford the wide and rapid river, or cross the narrow bridge, under the fire of the walls, was almost impracticable.

But the country was exhausted, there were but a few weeks' provisions in the city, the cavalry were cut off from it, hope of French aid had gone, Ginkel had offered good terms, and the army could yet be saved. If surrender were delayed a little longer, all was lost. So negotiations were at length opened.

The Lords Justices arrived in Ginkel's camp on the 1st of October, and, hearing the Irish had made overtures, suppressed more favourable terms which they had been empowered to offer. Finally, on the 3rd of October, 1691, the treaty was signed. By it, the Catholics were allowed the same freedom of worship as they possessed in the reign of Charles the Second.⁵ The inhabitants of Limerick, and all then in arms for James, should hold all estates to which they were entitled under Charles the Second, or since, and could exercise all professions and trades as in the reign of James the Second, upon taking the oath of allegiance to William and Mary.

The Irish troops marched out 'with drums beating and colours flying.' Those who wished could enter the French service. Sarsfield exhorted them, their bishops blessed them, and on the 6th, under the eyes of Ginkel and Sarsfield, they made their decision. 12,000 grim and ragged soldiers—they were veterans by now—marched under the standard of Louis. Some 2,000 had filed off to return to their homes or to enter the service of William.

About a fortnight later the French arrived, but the long agony of the three years' war had ended.

Seven years later the longer agony of the Penal Laws began.

Success attends the side that makes least mistakes, and the management of the Jacobites, says their own chronicler, ruefully, had been 'stark naught.'

The surrender was not occasioned by the incidents of the siege, but was the culmination of a series of misfortunes. The patriotic movement lacked a head. The brave and chivalrous Sarsfield, the

⁵ 'The period since the Reformation in which the Irish Catholics were most unmo-
lested in their worship was the reign of Charles II.' . . . 'It is true that the laws
of Elizabeth against Catholicism remained unrepealed, but they had become almost
wholly obsolete, and as they were not enforced during the reign of Charles II., it was
assumed that they could not be enforced after the Treaty of Limerick.'—Lecky.
History of Ireland in the Eighteenth Century, vol. i. p. 139.

idol of the Irish, was, after all, but a Jacobite officer. He was too great-hearted to be a Cromwell or a Napoleon. Had he, like them, created opportunities for himself, his memory might have been less lovable, but his achievements greater. He was not a Lally Tollendal; but, could he have foreseen how the treaty would be kept, he would have clung to his defences to the end, like that grim warrior at Pondicherry.

Historical studies, says Renan, are often a danger to nationality, which is built up by the fusion of races: for union is always brutally created. So, for all, it is good to forget. (*'Pour tous il est bon de savoir oublier.'*) But, surely, Knowledge is better than Forgetfulness? For, though a religious war, the war in Ireland was not one of extermination.

Both Derry and Limerick have their memories of glorious deeds of courage and endurance. Both had been abandoned by regular soldiers as untenable: both, with newly levied troops, had successfully defied a monarch at the head of a victorious army; both, too, had their unsolved problems of treachery and intrigue. The influence of sea power was one of the chief factors in deciding the fate of each. Had James possessed a navy, Derry would have fallen and Limerick been relieved. Had Louis not possessed a navy superior, at the time, to William's, neither of the sieges would have taken place. Both cities depended for relief upon sea-borne aid from a foreign king. But while William threw his whole energy into the Irish struggle, Louis, until it was too late, regarded it as a side issue, and took but a mild interest in the result. At Derry James lost two crowns, at Limerick the third. Upon the fate of the small city on the Foyle hung the fate of Scotland and England. But for its long defence James might have sent an army to Scotland and entered England with the Highlanders. Even had it surrendered at the end, the result would have been unchanged. Had the city on the Shannon held out, William could not have transferred an army to the Continent to aid the confederacy against Louis, whose foes would have been compelled to sue for peace, leaving him free to restore the Stuart, who was an importunate beggar at his Court.

Derry was the scene of a great episode in the history of a colony; at Limerick a national tragedy had been enacted. The Jacobite administrators were but 'a crowd.' Their helplessness prevented the evolution of an effective national Government, and so Ireland, always a nation *in posse*, had not become a nation in being. Tirconnell, who could remember the Confederation in session at Kilkenny, and was jealous of 'the knot of Irish' who had the ear of Louis in Paris, worked persistently to check such a development as Ormond had been unable to prevent. Surely, as the oak immersed in her bogs, had Ireland absorbed her colonists. The Williamite wars produced a cleavage which arrested the process of fusion. But if, as Renan says,

'suffering in common is a closer bond than joy' ('La souffrance en commun unit plus que la joie'), the British Government of the time did something to unite the victors of 1689 and the vanquished of 1691. The Protestants and Catholics of Ireland were treated with abominably impartial injustice; aggravated, on the one hand, by ungrateful indifference, and, on the other, by deliberate breach of faith. The Irish were robbed of the rights they had won; the soldiers of Derry were cheated of the pay they had earned;⁶ the moral of which seems to be that, except in small or ideal communities, the advantages of centralisation of government gravitate from the circumference to the centre. Little wonder, then, that England felt the vicious pecking of 'Wild Geese' at Fontenoy. Little wonder that Irish Presbyterians, driven across the Atlantic by similar persecution, fought shoulder to shoulder with Irish Catholics at Bunker's Hill.

In old Derry, now the heart of a modern city, a lofty shaft upon the walls stands, not for an individual, but for the spirit of the men of 1689. In old Limerick, now little more than a dingy suburb, a dull grey stone stands for the spirit of the Penal Laws.

The one commemorates the triumph of self-reliance, the other the folly of reliance upon English faith.

HENRY MANGAN.

Authorities for Sieges of Derry and Limerick

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⁶ The British Government admitted, but did not pay, this debt. Hamill, the representative of the defenders of Derry, having spent his means in dunning the Government for over thirty years, was himself thrown into gaol for debt. From his prison he issued *The Danger and Folly of being Public Spirited*, &c., Lond. 1721. Witherow quotes his plaint: 'We have lost all our estates, our blood and our friends in the service of our country and have had nothing for it these thirty-three years and upwards but Royal promises, Commissions without pay, recommendations from the Throne to the Parliaments, and Reports and Addresses back to the Throne again, finely displaying the merit of our service and sufferings and the justness of our claims.'

SKETCHES IN A NORTHERN TOWN

IN Milltown domestic service meets with little favour or respect as a career. Our young women have indeed but a mean opinion of it, and we think a good deal of our own opinions in Milltown! Some neighbours of ours over the Lancashire border have no doubt a trifle more of sublimity in their self-confidence, but this is only natural and becoming, for are they not citizens of that splendid wilderness of chimneys and mean streets which represent one of the great centres of English industry? It is, moreover, our near metropolis, admired and envied by the inhabitants of this small hard-voiced town in the Northern Midlands, where the tall chimneys are reckoned only by insignificant dozens, and stand out against a background of sharp-edged, grey-green hills, whence the winds sweep the keen air untainted with chemicals or black fog into our nostrils.

So the daughters of Milltown swing free and loud-voiced out into the black winter mornings before six o'clock, when the professional 'knocker-up' has roused them from slumber by crashing on their window-panes with his long pole. When the bitter air strikes them in the face, more often crowned with a flimsy hat now than wrapped round by the warm shawl of their mothers' wear, possibly a wistful thought may go astray towards the cook or the housemaid inside the closed houses, barely turning in their beds as yet to face the labours of their day. But breakfast will put fresh courage into these weaker vessels in another hour and a half, while the day will wear on amidst the cheerful uproar of machinery, and interchanged gossipings in easy tones, adjusted by long use to such an accompaniment, varied with wailing hymns in which somebody aspiring to contribute 'a second' does so to his or her satisfaction by keeping at an interval of a third (more or less) below the tune all the time. And there are opportunities for flirtation too between neighbouring looms, with pretexts for messages or advice, if the manager or the elders are not too interfering. Finally, the crowning hour of the day approaches, after the mill is 'loosed' and the 'cottage-ouse' is 'sided up,' when the girl whose head has been a bristling forest of curling-pins all day will sail out along the narrow

gas-lit street, where the same 'lad' who has worked beside the chrysalis since the morning, probably meets the butterfly in all her glory of stiff and wiry curls, gay hat, and expensive apparel. Then too there are the many jaunts, the chapel tea-meetings, the dancing classes, and, in summer, the subscription drives in huge breaks out to some distant village, where in a rustic inn a sumptuous meal of tea, pork-pies, and currant bread and butter awaits the party.

The farm-labourer looks wistfully at these pleasure-makers. For him there is no half-holiday or day-long Sunday rest, with the recurrent hunger of the horses and the cattle to bring him back to his work-a-day world, year in and year out. Is it any wonder that in face of these delights, noisy but innocent enough, 'th'ousework,' like the farm-work, in our part of the world is held in low esteem, and labourers are few for either harvest-field?

If you must have local help, therefore, strange experiences are likely to befall you. The pearl of price is, of course, engaged at least twenty-four deep, unless you have qualified for her service and approval by years of residence and successful rivalry. If you have done so, you will know better than to let your wants be noised abroad. For there are people left over who do not work at the mills, and the reasons are usually fairly obvious. But such mysteries are hidden at first from the stranger from 'the South' (*i.e.* anywhere the wrong side of the Trent), and he, or rather she, generally buys her experience rather high.

One morning Jones, the faithful cook who had followed our fortunes from 'the South,' like a dolorous Ruth, came upstairs with an unwonted simper on her severely correct countenance, her spectacles set at a more than usually superior angle, and that dreadful language of prunes and prisms on her Cockney tongue.

'I beg pardon, 'm, but might I hinterrupt you to come down and see *a person* who is waiting in the back yard?'

Now I know what '*a person*' means in that tone of voice; so I doggedly began another letter and said it would be a useless waste of my invaluable time.

But Jones was not to be put off in that way. I might have known it would be shorter to give in at once. She cleared her throat genteelly, and then she retired to the door, and held it open for me with the air of a respectful martyr.

'Really, 'm, these people here do speak in such a *hunnheducated* way I cannot hunderstand them at all. If you would not mind coming?'

Who could have resisted the inference? But to laugh was to be undone; so, of course, I had to go.

A large form was standing in the doorway of the back kitchen, planted so solidly on its two feet it looked already as if it grew there. The sight was not inspiring. A loud voice saluted me

cheerfully in that jerky, staccato sing-song which marks the native of the Northern Midlands.

'Good-day, Missus! A' wur coomin' oop t' road, so a' thowt as a'd luik in and tell yo' as 'ow a' woodna mind if a' came and did a bit o' work for thee now and again like.'

'Oh, 'm, did you ever hear such hunheducated talk! Oh, really, 'm!' murmured Jones behind me. Overcome by her feelings, she actually tittered and disappeared behind the round towel hanging on the scullery door.

'What sort of work can you do?' I inquired, gazing with wonder at 'the person' towering above me. A battered hat decorated with the spines of what had been ostrich feathers adorned her head, the inevitable bristling array of curling-pins protruding from under the brim. The motley nature of the body and skirt, the frayed hems and cracking seams were only the familiar uniform of the failure or the slattern of her class all over England; but surely that invariable halo of stiff curling-pins, and the little shawl which fortunately supplemented the inadequate bodice, stretched to breaking-point across that capacious chest, are peculiarly characteristic of our factory region.

'Eh! For that, a' can do 'most everything, and a'd a fancy to coom to th'ouse for a change!' bawled the candidate, nodding with patronising encouragement towards the inner shrine of cook's spotless and immaculate kitchen as she spoke.

'I suppose you worked in the mills before, then?'

'You're just reet there! Scores o' mills a've worked in—yo're mester's amongst 'em—but a' dunna just care for t' mills, and a' think downright po'rl'y o' they meddlin' managers, so a' thowt a'd try how a' like th'ousework for a change.'

This was a touchingly artless 'person.' It was, indeed, hardly fair to go further; and yet how could one help it?

'I suppose you did not get on very well with mill-work?'

'Well, it was this way—t' managers is that nasty and interfering like yo' canna do nothing but just i' the very way they fancy it; and then if a body's a bit late in the mornings—— Well, nay, a' canna do wi' mill managers not at ony price, but a'll coom round and do a bit o' cleanin' for thee—a' doona mind if a' steps in now,' she exclaimed, with rising enthusiasm, preparing to enter the sacred precincts.

But it was plain to me that I should give as little satisfaction as the mill authorities had done, and I said so.

'Well, well, maybe tha's reet, and maybe not,' she answered, with judicial impartiality. 'Anyway, us canna tell till us 'as tried.'

'Thank you, but I think we will not venture on the experiment,' I said, beginning to think of that letter for the early post again.

She stood still doubtfully, surveying me with scornful tolerance,

probably understanding nothing except that I must be in some way 'soft' or 'wanting.'

Then, 'I might be washing they pots now,' she said, addressing herself to Jones with renewed spirit, and pointing to the delicate china breakfast service which was awaiting attention in the wooden bowl inside the pantry window.

Jones rose majestically to the occasion. She had been scandalised by the whole tone of the conversation, and now stepped forward to defend the china with her body.

'No! no, indeed! You are a most himpertinent person! Did you not hear my mistress say she did not require you? I am surprised so hignorant a person should venture to offer themselves for a gentleman's 'ouse at all—good morning!' And she shut the door, panting with righteous indignation. A roaring voice from without gave us the benefit of a personal opinion about the household generally, from its head downwards, which was enlightening, but certainly prejudiced. We were both relieved when the heavy footsteps at last clattered off and the hard, clipped dialect gradually died away with them.

Next day another new experience was added to those with which Milltown had already enriched my store. I was out in the garden, sighing after the lost luxuriance of growth in the southern counties, when a tall figure stalked towards me, the head and shoulders wrapped in the sensible warm shawl so rapidly dying out of use.

I paused, trowel in hand. The shawl was thrown back, disclosing a shock of short hair flying out wildly round a hollow-cheeked face. She stood and gazed at me with that expression of austere criticism to which the south-country sojourner in the north has opportunities of growing accustomed.

'Have you come about the charwoman's place?' I asked. A few months ago it could not have seemed within the bounds of possibility, but one's horizon enlarges rapidly in life when there is occasion for it.

She burst into volubility. 'Eh! that a' ahve. And a' think a'd do nicely. Ah've no objection to th'ousework, like them flighty gells at t' mills.'

'Have you ever done any?' I inquired, observing her with misgiving.

'Yes, ah've doon it all reet. Ah've worked for Mr. Stubbs' (the owner of a small tripe-shop in a back street), 'and ah've worked for Thursby's' (our near relations); 'so a' thowt a'd do a bit 'ere now.'

'Our need was great; the situation had been growing acute.

'Can you scrub floors and clean saucepans?' I asked desperately.

She smiled loftily. 'Doona tha trouble th'ead about that. A' reckon a' can pretty well scrub yon floors away; and as for th' pans—well, tha'll be able to eat off them in the parlour if tha's a mind. A canna say more than that.'

Dreadful, shock-headed scarecrow as she was, her confidence was for some mysterious reason inspiring. I paused to reflect—a process she judged to be weakly superfluous.

‘A’ may as well begin right off!’ she exclaimed. ‘Ah’ll find th’ gells in the kitchen and set to along wi’ them.’

‘Stop!’ I cried, as she began to stride towards the back premises, a vision of the outraged Jones before my eyes. ‘Stop! I haven’t decided anything yet. I don’t even know your name.’

‘Doost’a not know that?’ with surprise at my ignorance. ‘Why, ma name’s Miss Gurnet.’

This form of address did not meet with approval, but she was too good-natured to take offence.

‘Well, tha’ can call me “Birdie,” then, like th’ gells.’

‘I would rather not. You must have been christened by some other name?’

She admitted it was so, though it appeared she did not fancy Keziah, which had been her parents’ choice for her, but finally remarked that she had no objection to being known as Martha. ‘They ca’ me that at Thursby’s,’ she said; and so we came to terms.

Shock-headed Martha stormed the house on many successive Saturdays. No other word will describe the vigour and fury of her onslaught. Brushes, pails, and flannels gave way like regulation cavalry swords under her muscular arm. The household and its heads regarded her with mixed feelings; for while no suspicion or blemish of dust could remain where she had been let loose, still her path was apt to be strewn with wrecks. In spite of former experiences—brief, it must be admitted—Martha was most unexpectedly impressed by the surroundings, simple enough, in which she now found herself.

‘Eh, Missus, but it’s aw’ that fine!’ she would exclaim with sudden bursts of enthusiasm, crashing a metal scrubbing-bucket down on the newly enamelled stair-treads. ‘Surely, surely the Queen hersel’ canna have a more beautiful place than this. A’ never seed nowt like it afore!’

Poor Martha! she must have had instincts somewhere, for the sight of quite a small house with its austere simple adornments of flowery chintzes and white paint, spindle-legged furniture, and a few pretty things collected on foreign travels, to have gone straight to her head and effervesced there perpetually as they did.

One Saturday Martha failed to appear, nor was any explanation of her absence forthcoming all through the week. The servants had ended by a patronising affection for her; she filled the place of the regimental monkey or goat, as it were. She provided them with weekly amusement and more instruction than they knew. When another Saturday came, and the same unnatural calm still reigned over the place, they went out to seek for her anxiously, but in vain.

Martha's cottage knew her no more, and the neighbours only wagged their heads mysteriously and uttered dark sayings which filled us with gloomy forebodings. But one night at dusk a small boy knocked at the door, and piped a shrill message into the kitchen regions. 'If yo' please, a' wur to tell the Missus that Martha doona care about th'ousework no more; and she sends her respects and hopes the fam'ly's well, and that's a'.' He ran away without waiting to answer one of the eager questions that broke forth in reply.

How often had the familiar formula that So-and-so 'doona care for th'ousework any more' (without the respects) been left at that door before! But this time we were all quite hurt; we had grown fond of Martha, and expected other treatment at her hands than this time-honoured formula.

Not long afterwards I had occasion to walk down a little street on a Friday evening, the weekly pay-day of the neighbourhood, and consequently a time of extra illumination in the small shops and of late custom from busy housewives. Someone was bargaining vociferously over a counter set out with a rich array of nondescript fried abominations. Her face was turned from me, but there was no mistaking that voice and its eloquence, or the shock of hair, deprived of its usual shawl protection, flying in the breeze, jauntily crowned with a wealth of brilliant roses resting on a slender purple foundation.

'Martha!' I exclaimed, laying my hand on her arm. 'What has happened, and why don't you come to us any more?'

The street re-echoed to her startled exclamations. 'Eh! Missus, it canna be yoursel', surely! Tha made me joomp reet out o' my skin; a'hm womblin' now all over like.'

'I dare say you are, Martha,' I said, with as much severity as circumstances permitted. 'Now tell me what you are doing. Have you gone back to the mill-work?'

'Nay, nay, Missus, that ah've not!' I could scarcely believe my eyes, but Martha was blushing—a real uncompromising vermilion blush—all over her face and neck! She dropped her eyes and lost all her wonted air of robust confidence, the effect of a guilty conscience and proper severity, no doubt.

'You should just see the back-passages and the cellar-steps,' I continued in a strain of virtuous indignation. 'They are simply pitch-black; it ought to make you feel sad to think of them.'

'It do! it do!' she groaned, the instincts of the cleaner aroused in a moment. 'Eh! but th' gells should ha' got to it theirselves.'

Where else but in Milltown would it have occurred to mortal tongue to call those very superior and mature persons presided over by Jones 'th' gells'?

'It was too bad of you, Martha, to leave me without saying anything, like that.'

'Well, there now, Missus, 'appen it was. But I was fair shamed, and that's the truth of it!'

Here Martha, to my unutterable amazement, gave a conscious giggle. For her a coy, timid outburst, in any ordinary person it might have ranked as a guffaw. She turned her head away, and rolled the corner of her apron rapidly between her fingers as she went on:

'A' never thowt about th'ouse till afterwards, but a' badly wanted to tell yo' many's the time, and then a' really couldna, Missus, and that's fact.'

'Tell me what?'

Martha giggled again; then she looked round and blurted it out. 'A' went and a' got married that Saturday after a'd finished the siding-up. Us 'ad been called three times, and a' thowt mebbe th' gells had 'eard of it, and yo' didna like it and didna want me any more.'

'Married!' I repeated with a gasp, looking at the gaunt unloveliness of the coarse honest face, with its Bacchanalian crown of huge roses. 'Why, we never dreamt—I mean, we had no idea of it, Martha. Well, I hope you've got a good husband, and that you are going to be very happy.'

'A' 'ope so, too, Missus; only you never know wi' th' men; but 'e's a very kind mester, my mester is, and 'e doona care for me to work, a' says, so long as 'e's earning a good wage.'

Martha shy, and Martha married! Here was a staggering situation! I rose to the occasion as well as I could, and we parted exchanging invitations. Truly this is a strange people, and not easy for the native of 'the South' to fathom.

The next candidate for her vacant post was a depressed little creature, lame and bent. Martha would certainly have tossed her into her scrubbing-bucket and carried her straight away out into the back-yard again, for she sadly needed spring-cleaning herself.

'It's not that a' think mooch o' th'ousework,' she said, with a deprecatory air; 'but my neebour what lived wi' me died quite sudden like, when she wur workin' at Barchard's 'ouse yesterday, and hoo's said to me over and over, "Jemima, if a'm took first, promise me faithful a' shall 'ave a proper funeral and no expense spared; doona let t' parish bury me. Ah've got a bit put by." So a' promised faithful; but when us took the money she'd put by, us found it wur ten shillings short for a real good funeral, so a' thowt as tha'd p'raps give me th' ten shillings and let me work un out. Ah've been in thy mester's mill off and on, but a' canna do wi' th' new-fangled ways there; so a' mun try a bit o' th'ousework till the manager can give me some knotting to take home wi' me.'

She paused for the first time, and, perceiving that her offers were not meeting with an enthusiastic reception, mistook the cause of my doubtful looks.

'It's all true what a've been telling yo', and hoo makes a beautiful corpse,' with rising enthusiasm. 'If tha'll coom along and luik in just now, tha' can see her. It's only a step, down Watergate. A'll show th' way. Hoo looks beautiful; a'd just like tha to see her.'

I hastily declined the invitation, and, when further pressure was brought to bear, preferred to pay ten shillings for my ransom. Mrs. Palfreyman (that was her name) took it in dignified silence, and appeared next morning to begin the process of 'working it out.' This proved, however, to be too costly an experiment, and it had to be abruptly cut short on the first day. Blacklead is not good for copper ornaments, even when they happen to be on a grate; a trail of broken fragments marked the passing of Mrs. Palfreyman, and my acquaintance with her was brief, but it was very costly!

It is curious to notice all over this district two marked types representing different races. One is swarthy, black-eyed, black-haired, and seldom runs to size; the other is the bleached descendant of the marauding Norsemen, loose-limbed, generally large-boned, eyes, hair, and skin so fair as to suggest a fading of colour by the process of time and many generations—this kind is usually inanimate in face and manner, though vigorous at work. It is strange how distinct and prominent these two types remain in appearance, almost as if they never intermarried, although this is, of course, very far from being the case. The characteristics of the working class which they compose between them, in varying proportions according to locality, are habits doggedly set, thoroughness within the chosen limits or hereditary groove, a distrust of new methods and strange persons, and a hatred of any innovations of time-honoured routine.

To such an extent is this carried that a manufacturer who proposed a few years ago to introduce the eight-hours day was threatened, to his amazement, with a strike if he persisted in his well-intentioned innovation. For years he had been haunted, as he lay in bed on dark and bitter winter mornings, by the thought of the shivering and unbreakfasted procession of women and girls clattering out in the black and icy streets before six o'clock to begin the day's toil. He had promised himself many a time that they should breakfast comfortably at home and arrive warmed and fortified a good two hours later, when he became their master. The proposal, while considerably shortening the hours of labour, involved staying half an hour later at the mills in the evening; the result was, as stated, an instant mutiny. The mills must be 'loosed' at the time-honoured hour; they 'were used' to getting up in the mornings, and the evenings must not be shortened; 'they did very well as they were,' the formula which means that no power in heaven or earth would induce them to try whether they would not do better as they were not. So much for the eight-hours day in Milltown.

These are the hidebound, inarticulate, and therefore often surly-mannered people who stay at home. The more enterprising and restless spirits, finding themselves caged within such inexorable limits, break away, as our stationary census shows, and wander off into the wider world of the Empire, or more often still to a certain district in the States where our local industry has been established, and where the skilled worker from its older habitation is made welcome; for the finished skill inherited from generations of weavers has yet to be acquired in a newer world.

In consequence, there is always a certain amount of coming and going between these transatlantic factories and our own little bleak town at the foot of the grey hills, set fast in its own ways and traditions, and still defended by these impenetrable bulwarks against any alien influence. I sometimes wonder whether our people, with their slow speech and granite prejudices, leave their mark on that Yankee community from which they bring so little home, excepting its dollars when fortune smiles, though not many even then, because of the expenses of living in the States. Some of them can cross and recross the Atlantic in this way without showing more traces of travel than if, like those at home, they had merely moved from Brown's mill on the north side of the town to Smith's on the south, because work was slack at the one place and plentiful at the other.

So Milltown owns ties beyond seas which sometimes draw unlikely enough people into the adventure. One day a stout person penetrated from the laundry to the drawing-room door, hastily pulling down the sleeves over her scarlet muscular arms.

'If yo' please, Missus,' she said, 'doost'a think th' yoong lady as is so clever at trimmin' th'ats a'd be so kind as to trim me oop one? A' 'ardly like to ask, but hoo's that kind a' thowt a'd try.'

The young lady, a visitor in the house, was greatly taken with the idea, and the dolly-tub was left to itself for a time while Eliza expounded her views, which were definite, as to choice among the prevailing fashions. When the work of art was completed she expressed high satisfaction.

'A' wanted to luik well when a' goes over there to my son and 'is family, d'yo' see?'

'Over where, Eliza?'

'Why, over at 'Meriky, Missus; a'm going to see un just now. A' meant to las' year, but a' couldna save quite enough for th' passage-money; but now wi' yo' washin' all winter that's a' right, so a'm goin' over in th' *Teutonic* week after next to 'ave a look round at them aw'. There's my sister's 'usband out too since last Barnaby, and my neebour as well. While work's been slack in town, folks thowt they'd try th'other side.'

So Eliza tried the other side too, but, not finding it to her liking, returned to Milltown and reappeared at the wash-tub with as little

in the way of travellers' tales as anyone who ever left her native land.

Here and there, however, there springs from this sturdy race, or mixture of races, an individual man or woman of amazing competence in all directions. No other word quite expresses a power as adaptable as that infant, Electric Force, will become when it is grown up. To these rarely gifted beings the ordinary life of a working man or woman offers a small field, but they seldom rise out of it to distinction in any one line. Those who carve their way upwards to fame or fortune are cast in another mould; they have not as a rule this many-sided capacity. To enjoy doing many things well means, of course, dispersing the energy that must concentrate itself within well-defined limits if it is to go far; it also means ambition to do something more than vary the daily round of a working man or woman's life by a constant application of unusual intelligence for the service of others. Now the three or four working people it has been my good fortune to know, gifted with this exceptional power of doing everything well that happens to fall within their reach, have shown not the slightest sign of any ambition to step outside the humble scope of their daily lives. Their competence has been coupled with a nature too content—would it be unjust to say too sweet, and too unselfish?—to bear any relationship to genius, which must needs assert its individual claims so strongly as to involve a corresponding negation of personal claims on the part of others, since this world is so compactly ordered that any strong self-assertion must necessarily encroach on someone else's ground.

I dare say those who have a larger acquaintance with working people meet with some such specimens as I am thinking of, everywhere, in all parts of England, but they must always be rare and exceptional instances. In our special district, where extreme competency along narrow lines is the common rule, far more so than in southern counties, such versatility, the power of doing many different things equally well, is very rare, and the brightness and cheeriness of nature which have accompanied these gifts in the instances I am thinking of, shine out conspicuously from the taciturn, generally reserved and grudging manners which characterise their neighbours of the same class. Egbert was one of these particular stars, and fortunate indeed was the family to whose service he so freely devoted his amazing energy and his equally amazing versatility. His daily work at the factory was a difficult and complicated process, which he performed better than any of his fellows; but inside or outside the workshops—in the house, in the garden, upstairs, downstairs—what was there that Egbert did not perform far better than those whose special business it might be? Whatever went wrong was reserved for Egbert to put right. Waterpipes, chimneys, windows, silver that wanted special attention, broken china, marauding mice, clocks that knew no law—all that was crooked waited for

him, to be put straight. With his Saxon name, his lean form, his ragged red beard, gaunt face, and gleaming kindly eyes, he remains an impressive figure in the memory of those who had even a passing acquaintance with him, while the tears that he wiped from the eyes of doll-mothers whose fractured or dismembered treasures were given back to them apparently whole and sound as before, have fallen since for one whom there was no artificer gifted enough to restore, when the flame of his ceaseless activity burnt itself out, before the red ragged beard had grown grey. One of his favourite self-appointed tasks was to meet all visitors whose goal was the house of the master, with whose growth he himself had grown, and in whose career he was bound up. For these Egbert had the nose of a greyhound. It was a positively weird instinct that led him always to swoop upon the appointed one of all the passengers in the arriving train, even on the first time of their pilgrimage here, and generally before the engine came to a standstill. The surprise of the stranger was always great on these occasions; sometimes it was mingled with agitation. A friend arrived full of the alarming experiences through which she had just passed.

'I did not know Milltown was so near,' she said, still breathless and trembling, 'but the engine had slowed down and was creeping along when the door flew open and a wild-looking man with a tangled red beard sprang into the carriage where I was alone. Such a man, my dear—a most dreadful-looking person, exactly like the old pictures of Judas Iscariot. I was petrified with horror, and suddenly realised how impossible it was to climb up and wrestle with the cord that is said to communicate with the guard; so I sat cowering in a corner, and we glared at one another. The creature kept touching his forehead with one finger and nodding at me; he must have been quite mad. But when he seized my bag, which I was grasping with both hands, I called for help at the top of my voice. It seemed to surprise him; he kept touching his forehead and repeating, 'It's only Egbert, 'm.' As if that was an explanation! Just then the train stopped at the station, to my immense relief, and he disappeared again. Wasn't it dreadful? But oh! oh!' she exclaimed excitedly. 'Quick! What shall we do?' Look! there is the very man coming into your house now.'

We reassured her as soon as we could speak, and Egbert became, of course, as necessary to her arrival at Milltown as he was to every visitor who came to his master's house.

Well, the Egberts of this world are rare enough; but that they are found sometimes, even down in that hard bed-rock of our working classes, the Northern factory hands, is a pleasant discovery, an encouraging experience, and a gentle memory in that somewhat harsh and grey world with its grinding round of noisy monotonous activities.

MABEL C. BIRCHENHAUGH.

*ASSUMING THE FOUNDATIONS**(CONCLUDED)*

THE Agnostic—and I take the term (which covers considerable differences of opinion) in its popular sense of one who arrives at no verdict, and says 'I don't know and I can't know about these matters of yours'—in turn makes his own set of assumptions. He perhaps assumes that what we call the religious instinct is a survival from old superstitions; he may perhaps assume—I know that my friend and great teacher will forgive my difference on this point with him—that the ghost, which probably lay at the root of ancestor-worship, was merely a product of the credulous brain; he assumes in opposition to the Christian and Theistic Churches that, if it be true that there exists a great Power, still there is no faculty in man which makes for relationship with that great Power; and he too, equally with the others, assumes certain things about God's mind. If there be a God, he assumes that God considers the relationship between Himself and men as of no importance, and that no useful purpose could be served by men seeking to realise His existence. He assumes also—if he belongs to the left wing of the Agnostics who unwillingly admit the possible existence of God—that the marvellous nature which we see around us does not constrain us to believe in plan and intention, and can be interpreted apart from these things; he assumes that the difficulties of defining the nature of God are fatal to the act of belief in His existence, though it may be said that the difficulties of defining matter, force, and spirit, and the difficulties of either assuming or refusing limits to time and space, do not prevent our believing in the existence of these five things; he assumes—though here we are entering a region where assumptions ought not to be made, as the controversy turns on matters of human evidence that are present with us to-day—that the facts which the Spiritualists and other observers claim to have collected are not to be trusted, are simply ineptitudes of the credulous, whilst he considers that what is called the mystical side of life is not worthy of attention. He too, therefore, must confess that he has assumed many things, and that to construct his system of no-knowledge he has been forced to make almost as many assumptions as those who have constructed definite systems of religious belief.

The assumptions of the Atheist are of course much larger and bolder than those of the Agnostic. The usual Agnostic believes that there exists no sufficient material to justify positive belief one way or the other, whilst the Atheist directly negatives religious belief. In asserting that negative he also makes several assumptions. To arrive clearly at his position, it is best to divide him into three classes—the Atheist on moral grounds, on physical grounds, and on logical grounds. The moral Atheist is impressed with the amount of suffering in the world, and concludes that no God of a merciful character could be responsible for the system of nature. Taking first the case of the animals, he assumes that the pleasure of living is not a sufficient compensation for the pain that accompanies it or that belongs to the ending of it.

This conclusion may be right or wrong, but it is one that is contested, and seems rather of the nature of an impression or assumption than of a conclusion. Observation of the life of birds and insects leads many persons to believe that the life lived is for the most part a long-continued enjoyment. If we may judge from outward signs, the life of the song-bird seems filled with happiness. The constant movement which appears to be an enjoyment in itself to animals, the perfect health, the satisfaction of simple instincts, joined to the usual plentifulness of food, except at special times of cold or drought, and in the case of birds and the higher animals the devotion to their young, seem to give an enjoyment that far outbalances the ordinary pains, such as they are, which belong to the struggle of life. Nor do apprehensions of death seem to cause trouble. Amongst insects it is doubtful if they exist—see for example Lord Avebury's account of the bees crowding in to their death where the sugar was simmering in the cauldrons. With birds—a hawk dashes down and secures his prey. There is a wild commotion for a minute, and then life seems to flow on again in its old channels happy and untroubled. We are easily misled by pictures of nature red in tooth and claw. The nearness of death in the animal world is the price paid for enjoyment. Health—on which enjoyment so largely depends—is maintained, as has been so often pointed out, by the quick removal of the sick or failing animal—the individual being saved from suffering and the race from deterioration—an exception perhaps existing in the case of some of the great carnivora, which pay this penalty for their kingship. That there are apparently some cruel things in nature must be confessed. We may hope that the mouse with which the cat plays, or the rabbit hunted by the stoat, is stupefied or hypnotised—it seems under a spell; but the raven that destroys the eyes of the victim it has seized probably inflicts much pain. Admitting how little we know, on the whole it seems that in the animal world the pain and the suffering are but very small quantities when compared with the enjoyment that exists; and amongst all the

assumptions so freely made none seems more disputable than the assumption of those who say: Nature is so full of suffering that no mercifully-minded God could be responsible for it.

Then the Atheist urges the sufferings of men. Was it worth while creating beings whose bodies and minds are so liable to suffer? To such a question it is answered that if we men have the greater liability to suffer, such liability is the accompaniment of a higher consciousness—'that the mark of rank in nature is capacity for pain'; and we have to face the question: 'Is the price we pay too great for what we obtain?' I suspect most of us would say: 'Give us the higher consciousness, even with its attendant pain.' If we could prove it true that the life of the beast had much more unbroken enjoyment (of its kind) than the life of man, how many of us would make the exchange? And if such were the terms of the general answer, then most of us at all events do not accuse the law under which we live. We accept higher sensibility with both its gain and its loss; and the assumption of those who consider life worth living contradicts the assumption that no merciful God could look with satisfaction on the work of His own hands. At the same time there is reason to hope that suffering may be a diminishing quantity; that the course of evolution may mean the elimination of much present suffering. Far the larger part of our suffering is self-caused—the product of ignorance and wilfulness, and to some extent of diseased natures—not a necessity permanently imposed upon our existence. We have inherited bodies and minds that are morbid, and as we begin to understand health-conditions of body and mind more clearly, and learn more about the forces physical and spiritual that we possess within ourselves, it is possible that our life may become happy as that of the song-bird, notwithstanding its far higher sensibilities, and its higher capacities for pain. But these things can probably only come through much seeking and some discipline.

Then again, the moral Atheist concludes or assumes that we cannot find in the evil of man's nature a sufficient purpose to justify its existence. Why has God tormented us with our vices? he asks. But that is to assume that we can arrive at a good and happy condition without passing through stages of evil and suffering. Here again we seem paying a price for the development of higher states of consciousness. To those who possess only limited intelligence, limited wants, and limited moral nature, such as animals possess, protection from suffering can be given on much easier terms than to those who are possessed of the more receptive and less contented brain, the more complicated wants, the wider and freer life, the craving for perfection of many kinds. Conditions ensuring health and abundance of food in the case of the animals almost suffice to give them a happy, if narrow existence; but for those who have eaten of the fruit of the tree of knowledge, and whose nature has grown and developed

in every direction, happiness is no longer possible under these simple stringent conditions. It is here, it may be said, that the Socialist makes one of his many mistakes. He thinks that evolution can be disregarded, that we can arrest our advance, and even retrace our steps. He proposes to put all men under stringent conditions, narrowing down their thought and life, and in return to guarantee their existence, much as nature guarantees the life of the animals. But he forgets that stringent conditions go with low development; he forgets that he cannot give us the contented uncomplaining brain, the half-developed moral nature, and simple wants of the animals; and that if we are to be happy under the stringent conditions of animal life we must be re-endowed with the nature of animals. For us who have eaten of the tree in the garden there can be no going back, no pause. Whatever it costs we must follow the ever advancing line of development. Happiness lies ahead, not behind us. Happiness is no longer to us, as it is so largely to the animals, a matter of external conditions, it depends far more upon internal conditions. We can no longer be saved either by cloister or infallible guides, or paternal governments, or universal nurseries. Happiness now is only possible as each individual becomes self-controlling and self-directing, a free unit moving amongst free units, able to dictate his own laws to himself and to abide by them. And such happiness has its price. It could only come through a long course of world-education, an education that, before it was fulfilled, must cost much suffering and cause many tears to flow. It was a necessary-part of such education that the race should make all the great experiments and learn to discriminate, in ways higher than instinct, and truer than obedience to external law, between good and evil. Had we never worn the chains of slavery we could not have been lovers of liberty. Had we never indulged in cruelty we could not have clung passionately to mercy. Had we never thrown a loose rein to passion we could not believe in discipline and self-mastery. Evil has always been the preparation for good, levelling and making straight the path along which its great rival has to advance. Evil has no indefinite duration, for it is by its own nature suicidal. All evil provokes the reaction which destroys it; all evil calls out the perception of the truer and better forms which are in the end to replace it; and thus the evil of to-day is the servant and minister of the good of to-morrow. All evil teaches as the drunken helot used to teach. All evil is perpetually crying out, 'Look at me and shun me. Pass me by and choose the better thing; avoid me or die.' It speaks with an eloquence far greater than that of prophet and teacher to whom we seldom listen, and that is one great reason why we should never violently suppress the many forms of daily evil that surround us. Whenever we do so suppress evil, we destroy its great world-purpose, we interrupt and cut short the lesson which must be learnt, if not now, then at some future time, and probably in some more painful form.

The moral Atheist refuses to admit this purpose of the school-house in which we live. Shocked at the evil and suffering that he sees on all sides of him, he assumes that there is no intelligible purpose in these things; or if there is, it is a purpose inconsistent with the benevolence of a good God. In plain words, the God as the Theist knows him is not good enough for the moral Atheist. He claims perfection of a higher order. A very religious-minded but tolerant friend of mine used to say that in these protests of the Atheist he saw the workings of the spirit of God—a theory that was apt to excite considerable indignation in the mind of another friend of mine (who was an Atheist) whenever, perhaps with a touch of malice, I explained him to himself after this fashion of interpretation.

The physical Atheist sees in the world of life and matter merely a great force which assumes many forms. All that results from this force is to be explained by the formula, What is—is. The world has been formed, such as we see it, by the working of this world-force. It is self-existent, self-acting, self-fulfilling; there is no higher cause behind it; it is, in fact, itself a sort of God without consciousness. How no-intelligence could so faithfully and successfully imitate intelligence, how the blind thing could reproduce all the actions of the guided thing, is left unexplained. The physical Atheist is obliged to assume that no-intention is the equal of intention, and unconsciousness the equal of consciousness. In his balances method and chance, mind and no-mind, stand for equal weights. Of that supposition it must be said that it runs counter to our constant daily experience. We find that most of the things successfully done in life are due to intention, to deliberate plan and wisely selected method, and that where these things are absent, success is generally absent too. The Atheist dislikes the word chance. He claims that what is—is, and must be, and he tries to exclude chance; but, though it is true that what is—is, and must be, the word chance fairly enough expresses results that have not been preceded by intention or guided by method. It is quite true that, given the world-force as it is, the results must be as they are; but the question is: How came this blind world-force to be of such a nature as to work out so successfully in an innumerable series of the most subtle relations and coherent results—exhibiting the same perfection and nicety of workmanship as we might naturally look for if we knew that intelligence of the highest order had been presiding over the whole process? We have in every-day life plenty of examples of blind force—force not guided by intention—but do we obtain anywhere from them the coherent and harmonious results that we obtain from plan and method? If we employ men to put printing types into a hat, and then to shake them out of the hat, how many ages, how many men and hats, would be required before we had

succeeded in writing Walter Scott's *Rob Roy* or *Guy Mannering*? The answer must be left to professional calculators; but I suppose the figures, that is to say 'the odds' against obtaining such a result, the so many almost countless 'millions-to-one' employed in the answer, would fill many pages of this Review. Would the figures be less in number as regards the world-force and all the infinitely complicated and coherent results which have sprung from it? Think of all the innumerable slight deviations in the nature of matter which would have sufficed to prevent the development of the coherent stable whole as we now see it; and if the force had been a blind force, why have not these deviations existed—these deviations which would have marred and prevented the existence of life, seeing that the mathematical chances against orderly and coherent relations were so inexpressibly greater than the chances in their favour? How get over the mathematical difficulty? How comes it that all things have fitted—each thing to the other—as if by perfect workmanship? Why have the world of physical nature and that of organic nature so exactly corresponded with all their subtle delicate interdependencies? Why is the story of nature the story of continuous evolution? Why were the forces of gravitation and the centrifugal forces so exactly balanced that whilst the earth makes its yearly journey in safety, it draws the productive powers that it requires from the sun; and above all how comes it that the mind of man is able to read and to understand in the great nature-book laid open before it? If reason had not written the book, how could reason read in it, and interpret the meanings? We may say of Paley's parable of the discovered watch that it remains the same good sense to-day as it did when he wrote many years ago. No new discoveries, no new criticisms have shaken it. At the same time think of the innumerable possible deviations which might have taken place, which according to the law of chances ought to have taken place, and which would have rendered life impossible. Take as an example the balance that now exists between these two forces—gravitation and the centrifugal force. Something more or something less, and the result, as we know it, had been spoilt. Increase—as has been pointed out—the force of gravitation, other things remaining as they are, and many forms of motion would become difficult and laborious; the labour of lifting one's leg would be a serious undertaking; all climatic conditions would be altered; human energy would be lessened or perhaps cease; the destructive force of tempests and hurricanes and the force of the tides would be increased, even if our career had not long since ended by our disappearance into the sun.¹

Then we come to the logical Atheist. He refuses as a matter of

¹ A still more striking illustration is given by the expansion of water when it freezes, and by a peculiar action of heat on ice. But for these two co-operating causes the glaciers would not move downwards, but all vapour would be piled on the tops of the mountains as snow and ice—the rivers and seas being emptied of their waters (see Geikie's *The Great Ice Age*).

intellectual conscientiousness to believe in God because he can find no satisfactory definition of God's nature. How can I believe in what I cannot define? he urges. But in 'this world of appearances' what is there that we can define? Can we define that special thing with which we are most familiar—the human being? Can we define matter, force, life, or thought, though daily experience constrains us to believe in them? We recognise—at all events, as some prudent people say, provisionally—these things by their effects upon us, but what do we know of their nature? Does not then the logical Atheist assume a power of definition that does not fall within the capacities of human intelligence? Does he not assume that we cannot know unknown things by their effects, whereas in every-day life our knowledge comes to us through effects? We only know things according to the impression made upon our senses; we are essentially sensation-receivers; we are as sensitive plates prepared by the Great Chemist, and we do not deserve the title of knowers. Would not then the believer in God plead that he believed in the same way in the Great Spirit—through impressions made upon his senses and intelligence, not through any knowledge of His real nature?

And now, having glanced at some types of religious thought, let us pass to another striking case where able men made use of an unverified assumption as the foundation of their critical method. I refer to the school of Biblical critics of which Strauss was a representative. Strauss was an able man, but he, like others, allowed himself considerable licence in assuming. The miracles were the special objects of his attack, and he seems to have offered several explanations of them. He looks upon some of them as 'myths' that had unconsciously grown in the minds of men. Men were prepared to believe, and therefore they believed. At the time of Christ's coming, they had certain expectations in their mind. They expected the advent of a Messiah, and when He had come, they expected Him to work certain miracles and wonders. The ground for belief was all tilled and ready. All that was then wanting was to drop the seed into it. Other miracles are symbolical, are material renderings of spiritual facts. The popular mind is always quick to materialise. Thus we may suppose that the feeding of the five thousand with the loaves and fishes grew out of the idea of the spiritual food which Christ offered to the multitude; the miraculous draught of fishes represents the wondrous conversion of thousands of the people to the new faith; the changing of the water into wine—wine which, though it was new, the master of the feast declared to be better than the old wine first drunk—represents the higher excellence of the new covenant over the old covenant; the giving sight to the blind represents the taking away of spiritual blindness ('for judgment am I come unto the world, that they which see not might see'); the making cripples sound represents the strengthening, restoring effect of the word

(as Isaiah said: 'Strengthen ye the feeble knees'; and again: 'Then shall the lame man leap as an hart'); the raising of the dead represents the spiritual passage from death or sleep of the awakened believer ('I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead yet shall he live'—John xi. 25); the calming of the storm, when Christ is in the boat, represents the saving of the Church, through the divine Presence, in the storm of persecution and hatred; and the rending of the veil of the Temple represents the admission of believers to the Holy of Holies through the now opened entrance. In all these cases the people—as is their wont—gave a material body to the spiritual facts.

Of such a kind are the explanations Strauss offers of the Gospel narrative. He seems to reject absolutely the miracle on two grounds, both as implying an immediate interference of God Himself, and as 'demonstrably contradicting the laws of nature'; and he agrees with Hume in considering that we must discredit the witness rather than accept the miracle. Certain so-called miracles of healing, he admits, might have taken place as the result of faith—of the influence of imagination upon the body—but he refuses all credence to the miracles worked at a distance, as for instance when Jesus speaks a word in the street to the centurion and heals his servant lying 'grievously tormented' at home. Now, pure spirit, says Strauss, may act irrespective of space; but we in this world have to do with embodied spirit, and we must therefore treat it as subject to the conditions of space.

Now, able as Strauss was, he too does not seem to have carefully considered his foundations any more than those he attacked. He, too, assumes—as they did—the foundations of his system. He assumes that the miracles recorded in the four Gospels are opposed to the laws of nature, that they 'imply an immediate interference of the Supreme Cause,' and therefore could not have had any real existence. They must then be explained as an unconscious creation of the human mind—as a growth that sprang quite naturally from the prepared seed-bed. But Strauss overlooked another alternative. Some of us, *assuming* also in our turn that miracles, in the ordinary sense of the word, do not take place, may concede readily to Strauss that no acts were done which were in opposition to nature, or which imply a direct interference of the Supreme Cause; and yet we may be prepared to believe that in all probability many of the miracles recorded in the four Gospels are historically true. In delivering judgment Strauss assumed a far greater knowledge about nature than what he really possessed. Since his day our knowledge of the powers latent in external nature and in human nature—a knowledge still very imperfect and dim—has considerably increased. Many of us who have been interested in the subject have become convinced that facts which have been hitherto classed as miraculous and

magical, and have hitherto been discredited, have a real existence and demand careful treatment and examination on the part of those who deal with them. It is true that there is, as we believe, no opposition of nature to herself. As in the case of wireless telegraphy or telephony, it is simply the discovery of subtler methods. Both in ourselves and outside of ourselves we have extended the bounds of nature's powers—that is all. Wonderful and many-aided as the world was to us before we paid careful attention to these subjects, it has become still more wonderful and many-sided. And it is especially the bounds of the world of spirit that have so grown. It is difficult to-day to say what the ultimate triumphs of spirit over matter may be—perhaps, as these powers are understood and developed, leading to the healing of many troubles of the flesh. Into this great matter I cannot enter here. All that I need say is that no prudent well-informed man, in the presence of the immense number of well-attested facts (I say nothing about the interpretation of these facts, about which men differ widely) that have been slowly accumulated during recent years—facts that may be called abnormal, as falling under laws which as yet are not understood—will again sweep away, in the abrupt fashion of Hume and Strauss, worthy and careful records, as mere infirmities of human observation or mere growth of human legend.

Amongst the other German critics there were several who up to a certain point accepted the subtler forces of nature as offering an explanation of some of the miracles. Both Hase and Schleiermacher believed in the power of will over body, and admitted that it may have been the spiritual force in Jesus which effected certain cures. They are both of them rationalistic in their attitude towards miracles, and only inclined to accept that order of miracles where will and desire can work through natural means; but neither of them followed with sufficient boldness the path on which they had entered, and they failed to ask themselves why spiritual force—if it can act on the living body—should not also be able to act on dead matter? Schleiermacher rationalises the resurrection; though this great incident in the history of Christ ought to present no difficulties with our present knowledge of re-appearances after death. In the same way Keim hesitates over 'the instances of miraculous powers exerted over nature,' and is chided, as might be expected, by Strauss for having such hesitation when he should have rejected boldly.

And here it may be said that probably neither Strauss nor Hume would have assumed so readily the impossibility of so-called miracles if they had paid greater attention to the plain, simple, direct, and truthful manner in which in many cases the story of the miracles was told. That manner should have led them to hesitate about off-hand rejection. Of course this test, supplied by inner signs of accuracy—quite unconsciously as far as the writer was concerned—

will not give the same results as regards all parts of the four Gospels. But in many instances truth seems plainly stamped on the story. When we read the account (Matt. viii.) of the healing of the centurion's servant we feel instinctively the simplicity, the careful observation, the good faith of the narrator. He seizes—with a simple art that separates him by a long interval from the story-teller—the little dramatic points, as only the real observer does. All is so natural, fits in so well, and is so true to character. It has nothing in common with the work of the inventor, or even of the embroiderer. It is too life-like and too dramatic. The centurion's soldier-like view—'I understand your authority; my own small authority teaches me in this matter.' Christ's unconcealed wonder and admiration at the faith shown, and the very simple statement at the end as regards the cure, all confirm our favourable impression of the writer, and of the reliability of His statements. I ought to make an exception to one small part—though this exception, I think, rather strengthens than weakens our trust in the story as a whole. The verse 'But the children of the kingdom shall be cast out into outer darkness' does not find a natural place in the narrative. It strikes upon our ears as a note of discord. The temper is strained and violent, out of harmony with the gentle and happy temper of the scene. One can hardly doubt that it is a bit of ancient patchwork, a gloss thrown in by the pedant who was compiling, an expression of the zeal of a fanatic, who takes the opportunity to indulge his own sour satisfaction over the troubles falling upon the mass of the unbelieving Jews. With that exception the story is told with a truthfulness which speaks for itself, and which is so hard to imitate. One might take many other instances. The raising of the daughter of the ruler (Matt. ix.) is told with the same signs of reality. In the few words given the whole scene lives again before our eyes (Matt. ix., Mark v.). The noise and confusion made by the minstrels and mourners; Christ's quiet confidence in His powers—'The maid is not dead but sleepeth'; and the scorn of the crowd, which Christ in His masterful way puts forth, as an impediment to the successful exertion of His power: all these are the little dramatic incidents which would be graven in the mind of one who was present. The same truthful manner meets us again in the story of Peter trying to walk on the water (Matt. xiv.); in the casting out of the devil from the daughter of the woman of Canaan (Matt. xiv.); in the curing of the child who was lunatic, whom the disciples could not cure—notice in this story the touch of impatience and vexation with the disciples for their failure. This little touch of impatience not only fits in exactly with the vehement character of Jesus, of which we get other signs, such as the cursing of the fig-tree (Matt. xxi.); or the upbraiding of Chorazin and Capernaum and Bethsaida (Matt. xi.); or again in the case of the man who had palsy and was let down through the roof (Mark ii.);

but it exhibits that simple dramatic realism which belongs to true narrative. As it is with some of our early and most pathetic northern ballads so also it is in these accounts—there is no varnish of literature. In these ballads the little touches come so straight from the heart, the little incidents have impressed the writer so directly, so simply, so strongly, that we instinctively reject all idea of a manufactured article. We say of them—these things really happened. This man dared, that woman loved and suffered, in the very way we are told. These very words were the words spoken; this very movement of the hand or body expressed the passion or the anger of the moment. Of course as time went on, the true and the imagined may have got interwoven, but each part to-day at the end of some hundreds of years pretty well tells its own story. It may be added that this dramatic realism is probably a special attribute of our north country ballads. We must expect in many ballads of other races to find a loose rein given to the imagination, and the grotesque and superhuman introduced at the fancy of the writer.

Returning to the Gospels, it is necessary to draw a strong distinction between different Gospels and different parts of the same Gospel, as has been often said and felt. There are parts where the maker of legends did what he chose. In the earlier chapters of Luke one feels oneself wandering away in the region of literature. The composer—one would say—is simply composing. The simplicity, the concentration on the two or three salient points, the directness, the terseness and suppression of everything that did not catch the eye and impress the mind of the person who heard or saw—all these signs of realism are absent, and we have the unmistakable manner of the person accustomed to deal with stories and legends in the literary way. The temper of the faithful eye-witness is one thing; the temper of the person who is using such facts as he can lay hands upon to adorn his story, and who puts highly apposite speeches into the mouth of all his actors, is another and a very different thing. The conversations with Nicodemus and the woman of Samaria call up no sense of reality. We only feel that someone is giving us his idea of what Jesus might have said, or ought to have said. In a lesser degree we recognise again the art of the story-teller in the first two chapters of Matthew; only here the careful writer allows himself far less literary latitude than in the case of Luke's Gospel. Matthew evidently tells the legend as legend—honestly and conscientiously without any adornment of his own—not yielding, as the writer of Luke does, to literary temptations; but still there remains a great contrast between the manner of these first two chapters and many later parts of the same exceedingly honest and truthful Gospel. Of course it is reasonable that it should be so. In the one case the writer is giving the legends that surrounded the birth of Christ, which probably came to him through several intermediate sources; in the other

case he has either seen himself—one is almost forced to the conclusion that he himself was an actual eye-witness—or else had talked many times with those who had seen, till the scene really lived in his mind.

It is curious by what subtle, yet certain, methods truth leaves its evidence. It was once my good fortune to receive in Paris some hints from an amiable and experienced dealer in bronze implements. Two fine examples lay before us on the table of the true and of the forged implement.

Look at the usual external signs [he used to say], but don't trust much to them. They may help you; but they may also deceive you. To some extent time, the inimitable, may be imitated. Sharp edges can be rubbed away, wear and tear can be counterfeited; there are methods of producing the beautiful green patina, the copper rust that we all admire so much; but above all study the spirit of the thing. Study the manner. The hand of man never works in the same fashion when it is producing freely and when it is imitating. The copyist, the unreal man, always betrays himself. If I am doing a bit of original chasing work—cutting lines like those on the bronze at which we are looking—my hand and my mind will work together in true union. I draw my lines as well and as effectively as I can. But if I am copying I lose this freedom and boldness. My hand is receiving its impulse not from my own mind, but from the mind of another person. The consequence is I am constantly looking away from my work and hesitating. Now this hesitation writes itself at once in my work. Look at these two chasings—the chasing on the real and on the forged implement. Do you notice the boldness and freedom of the lines of ornament on the genuine implement; the want of firmness and confidence, the slight wavering, 'the departure from truth' as mechanics say, in the lines of the forged implement? The copyist might be the better workman of the two, and yet he wavers and hesitates; the original worker, inferior perhaps in skill, boldly goes on his own way.

Now what my master said about the bronze implements is true, I think, in literary matters—there is a special touch in the reliable witness, and another touch in the man who embroiders.

I must not carry this particular discussion further. I have said enough, I think, to show that Hume and Strauss missed certain indications which might have saved them from assuming out of hand that the witness who describes a so-called miracle must be discredited. They pinned their faith, as many of us still do, to the inviolable laws of nature, but then they assumed that they knew all about nature, whereas their knowledge was even of a more limited and imperfect kind than ours of to-day.

I can only allow myself to glance at one more striking group of assumptions. Just as we allow ourselves to assume in matters religious, so we also assume in matters political; and in the one case, as in the other, we build up structures of most imposing proportions without knowing or thinking on what sort of foundations these brave structures of ours rest. There, proud and imposing, our structure stands, of which we are the unconscious builders, and as perhaps it provides more or less well for our wants of daily habitation, we ask

no questions, impose no tasks upon our critical faculty, and sink no shafts for inspection. Glance for a moment at the system followed in a self-governing country. The people of such a country divide themselves up into a certain number of parties, and whichever party can get the larger number of votes rules the country—that is to say has complete control over the lives, actions, and property of those who were only able to elect the smaller number of representatives. That system we call majority government; and it may or may not be adorned with all the practical excellences which some speakers and writers describe. On that point I have nothing to say here; but it is well to observe the rather startling assumption on which it rests morally and philosophically. When we place power of an unlimited kind in the hands of three millions of voters as against two millions of voters, we assume that, if you have three men on the one side and two men on the other side, all rights ought to be immediately transferred—by virtue of a simple, everyday, natural and most harmless difference of opinion—to the three men, and no rights ought to be left as rights (I do not count what is *conceded* by the three men for the sake of their own convenience, or for better reasons) to the two men. Of all rights over their own selves the two men—as a penalty of being the smaller number—are stripped as bare as the day they entered this world. They cannot with any exactness be called citizens any longer. They are under our system as completely disfranchised for a term of years as if they had committed some startling crime—stolen somebody's watch, or put dynamite down in the street, or, like those wicked Afrikanders, made faces at the Empire. Accordingly, they are set on one side, laid on the shelf, and, as far as possible, turned into dead men. Not quite dead, to speak exactly, for they may still howl in protestation—the one privilege left to them, provided they don't howl too long or too loud; otherwise—except for the howling—they may be looked on as non-existent, as regards any share either in the ruling of the country or in the ruling of themselves. The three men, now become omnipotent, settle for the two all that they may do and all that they may not do. They may limit the use of their faculties in any direction they choose. They may inflict upon them any disabilities. In some cases the majority—cutting off their noses to spite their face—will themselves share the disabilities placed upon the minority; in some cases they will contrive that the disabilities shall affect the minority, but not touch, or hardly touch, themselves. Everybody who gets into the happy majority may fling his handful of stones at the luckless minority. They are the lawful spoil of the bow and the spear of those, who, when arithmetic was exalted into the supreme law of our existence, formed the larger crowd. Sellers against buyers, buyers against sellers; producers against consumers; landlords against

traders, as in Prussia; and tenants against landlords, as in Ireland; temperance people, buyers of alcohol, sellers of alcohol, everybody with an interest or an opinion—the whole blessed lot of them busy at making laws against each other, on the happy principle of ‘strike a head wherever you see it.’ Under our system, the minority—whatever it is—is fair game, or rather vermin without a close time, to be followed and hunted down by the majority—whatever it is. There are no limits to the power of the majority. When they have once become a majority, if they happened to think right to do so, they could drive the minority out of the country, confiscate their property, or exterminate them, as many of the Anti-Semites would do to the Semites. All that is needed is for the majority to persuade themselves that the minority constitute a public danger—a task that is not of insuperable difficulty, when the passions are roused, or interests are at stake.

Such is our general modern practice, and the question is on what moral or philosophical ground does it rest? What were the things that we assumed, when we concluded that, after the solemn process of counting noses, three men could rightfully become the absolute masters of two men? Why do we believe that a little difference in numbers cancels all rights of a quarter, a third, perhaps even of half the nation? Why have we so frightfully penalised unsuccessful opinion that John Smith, whose only offence is that he has thought differently from his neighbours, perhaps has thought more reasonably, more justly, than those neighbours, should, as far as citizenship is concerned, be turned into a half or three-quarters dead man? Poor John Smith! One would like to understand something of the philosophy underlying the drum-head court-martial kind of treatment which has been thought good enough for him.

As I have said, I shall not discuss here the practical results of this assumption of ours that three men can rightly become the overlords of two men. I shall not point here, as I might do, to the state of Europe, staggering on the edge of the precipice, as the best practical proof of what results when you take from the individual the control of himself and his own affairs; we must not confuse together practical effects—whether we consider them good or evil—and the philosophical basis on which all opinions, that are worthy of the name and have not been picked up anywhere in the street, must finally rest. It is the philosophical basis at which I want to arrive. We all claim to stand on a philosophical basis. We all claim to be philosophers of some kind or another. How then came we to assume without any conflict or hesitation in our minds that the three men might do whatever they liked with the two men? How did this peculiar doctrine, which when stated in plain terms must fall upon almost every ear as more than slightly absurd and grotesque,

and quite irreconcilable with all other parts of social life—a doctrine which would be almost universally rejected by reasonable men, if they were looking at it to-day with fresh minds, or if it were proposed to them as a new solution of difficulties—how came it to gain possession of our souls, and to be accepted on such easy terms by us of this generation—a generation distinguished by so much ingenuity, cleverness, and versatility of thought?

Of course our first answer must be that evolution, as ever, has gone steadily on its way. *Non facit per saltum*. Of course the three men are a modern dilution of Pope and Emperor, and infinitely better than what they have replaced, though I do not know that they are easier to get rid of. We could not hope to become perfectly reasonable, clear-sighted, and tolerant-minded in this matter of government in the twinkling of an eye. But still there is a bit of a puzzle remaining. How comes it that we have poured out so much oratory, and written so many treatises on the excellence of the plan of knocking out of the game—Lord Rosebery knows, I think, what I mean—a third, or sometimes nearly a half, of the nation, and reducing them to a semi-inanimate condition, of laying them on the shelf and labelling them, ‘Not wanted for six years for national purposes.’ Allow as large a margin as you choose for the readiness with which men worship the gods, whatever they are, which are stuck up for the day in the market-place; still, it is not quite easy to explain how we brilliant people, endowed with all the gifts of our generation, came to look so kindly on a doctrine about which one is tempted to say when one looks at it in cold blood, unwarmed by rhetoric, that it might have formed part of any mixed cargo imported from Central Africa.

I think the answer must be that we were far more saturated in our natures than we knew by the old influences of certainty and authority, that these old influences survived in us even when we were talking the language of rebellion, and that by one of those subtle transferences, which the mind unconsciously makes, we imported our sense of certainty from the world of religion into the world of temporal matters. We had so accustomed ourselves to listen to authority, and to take our orders in matters of religion, we had so accustomed ourselves to the idea of certainty, duly bottled up for us and always ready at hand for our supply, we were so accustomed to look on the world as a place ruled out in black and white squares, that it seemed to us quite natural in everyday home matters that somebody should speak as if with certainty, somebody should settle our doubts and difficulties for us, and judge between our conflicting opinions; and as, owing to a bitter experience, we had objections to priest and king for this purpose, we handed the whole business over without limit or restriction to the three men.

Well, then, what are we to do? Accept the three men just because they have grown into a sort of institution and we are getting used to them? Live on in the house, such as it is, with an easy mind and ask no questions? Without doubt it is a bore, without doubt it is troublesome and expensive, both in politics and in religion, to have to pull foundations about, possibly even to relay them, but still perhaps in the end, considering the important part that foundations play, it might prove the cheapest thing to do. On the whole, I think good people would sleep more comfortably in their beds if they knew that the foundations were all right.

AUBERON HERBERT.

‘ TENNIS ’

WHAT is tennis, and why so called? Tennis and *paume* are the same thing, yet their names widely differ. England derived the game from France, with all its rules, its system of scoring, using French words for it: advantage, deuce, otherwise *à deux*, yet it called the *paume* tennis. Why tennis?

Many explanations have been offered, the last being due to Professor W. W. Skeat, in whom old words have found such a learned and discriminating biographer. According to him the origin of tennis is the French *tenetz*, imperative plural of *tenir*. Says Gower, writing in 1399 or 1400:

Off the tenetz to winne or lese a chase.

Professor Skeat concluded thus:

All that remains is to suggest the sense. I suppose it meant ‘take heed,’ or ‘mark,’ as an exclamation; if so, it is precisely the equivalent of the modern exclamation ‘play.’ And if it was in frequent use at the beginning of a bout, it is easy to see how it was adopted as the actual name of the game.¹

I made some researches in order to ascertain whether such a word was actually employed in former times by the server and was really in frequent use at the beginning of a bout, the result being as follows:

The game of tennis, nowadays one of the most silent, used to be one of the noisiest of games. The quantity of exclamations, appeals, and shouts was such that some recommended the play on account of its healthy effect upon the throat and lungs of the players. Tissot, ‘surgeon-major in the 4th regiment of chevaux-légers,’ described tennis in his *Gymnastique médicale et chirurgicale* (1780) as being most efficacious in cases of ‘paralysis of the pharynx, and of the tongue, which sometimes remains thick and heavy, to the extent that patients will stammer.’ In the royal game of tennis lies their cure, ‘because players are incessantly incited to shout and speak, either for appeals or for keeping the score.’ Such was, in fact, the current opinion on the effects of shouting; it had been handed down from the Renaissance. The learned Mercurialis was positive on the

¹ *Atheneum*, the 4th of April 1896.

subject in his book *De arte gymnastica*, chapter 'De vociferatione et risu'; Rabelais, also, who had been careful to include shouting among the items of Gargantua's encyclopædic education: 'Et, pour se exercer le thorax et pulmon, crioit comme tous les diables.'

Looking for some premonitory exclamation analogous to *tenez*, I first found, to my regret, that many of those shouts, so beneficent for the throat and lungs, were not very edifying, and consisted largely in big round oaths. So much so that the French 'Ordinance for the royal and honourable game of tennis, drawn up in twenty-four articles at Paris in the year 1592—*Bene vivere et latari*'—prescribed in its first paragraph that players should choose to exercise their lungs in some different fashion: 'You, gentlemen, who want to disport yourselves and play tennis, remember that you should play in order to recreate your body and exhilarate your mind, without swearing or blaspheming the name of God.' This ordinance was constantly re-issued in the seventeenth century. In the case of a prize match, players were fined five *sols* for each oath.²

In the second place, I found that at a certain [late] period, the proper formula to be used by the server, at least when beginning a set, was '*Y êtes-vous?*' The use of this formula put an end to trial strokes, which did not count, and when the opponent had answered *Oui*, real business began.³ We were as yet very far from *tenez*, though it will be noticed that the former exclamation is no more exclusive of this last one than the use of 'Ready?' as an interrogative is inconsistent with 'Play.'

A nearer approach was made, and, as I take it, the very thing was found, when I turned to the collections of dialogues, written at the Renaissance in order to teach young people how to speak fluent Latin. As they were meant to accustom students to use the noble idiom in every day occurrences, a good many of them by Erasmus, Cordier, Vives, have for their subject the familiar games of the day, tennis being foremost among them.

On account of the great interest felt then in games and sports, the principal dialogues bearing on this subject (ball, bowling, tennis, jumping, shooting, &c.) were extracted from the collections to which they severally belonged, and printed in a separate volume, under the title of *Lusus Pueriles*, Paris, 1555, reprinted 1581.

They supply us, as near as can be, with proof positive confirming Professor Skeat's statement. The chief interlocutors in one of Erasmus's *Colloquies* are Nicholas and Jerome. They first draw who shall serve—a ceremony performed in the same way as now, by the tossing up of a racket and seeing whether it falls with the 'rough' or 'smooth' side upwards—*nubilum an serenum*, says Cordier in

² *La maison des jeux*, 1668, p. 191.

³ *Académie universelle des jeux*, 1725, p. 343; many editions under this and analogous titles.

his Latin—*droit ou naud*, de Garsault said later in his French.⁴ Then the following conversation takes place:

Jerome. Now then, let us play like men. . . Each be to his own post, and keep it warily. You stand behind me and receive the ball if it passes me. You watch there, and return the ball if sent back to us.

Nicholas. Not a fly will pass me untouched.

Jer. Luck be with us! Now, send the ball on the roof (the side pent-house). If you serve without saying, it won't count. *Qui miserit nihil prafatus, frustra miserit.*

Nic. Hem, have it then. *Hem, accipe.*

Jer. Ready . . . you do not send it easy.

Nic. Not to you, maybe, but very much so to us.

Jer. As you send it, so shall I return it. . .

Nic. Have it again.

Jer. Send it.

Nic. We have thirty; we have forty-five

Jer. Pence?—*sestertia*?

Nic. No.

Jer. What then?

Nic. Numbers.

Jer. What is the worth of numbers when nothing is numbered?

Nic. Such is our way of playing.

A way, be it said *en passant*, which strongly exercised the imagination of our forefathers, who offered a variety of explanations, astronomical, philosophical, and others, trying to show why fifteen, thirty, &c., were used, not one, two, three. Excellent were the reasons, and deep remained the obscurity.

With Cordier, the incidents and words are nearly the same. Matthew and René play together. They draw who shall serve. René wants a few preliminary strokes to be played for nothing: *Fac preludium*; the other party will not have it: *Non patiar*; *lude sic serio.* *Age nunc, pilam in lectum mitte.*

René. Have it, I play. *Excipe, ecce mitto.*

Matthew. Well done! you missed it; fifteen for us.

A lively discussion thereupon ensues, referred, as the custom was (and is), to the spectators.

Mat. Now go on.

Ren. Have it.

Mat. Ready. It touched the window, fifteen for me.

Ren. Have it.

Mat. Send it more easy.

Ren. As uneasy as I can.

Not a stroke is played without the premonitory *excipe*. The game proceeds with various incidents; the losing party fails not (*déjà*!) to lay blame upon the pavement, which is slippery, and the rackets, which are unstrung. A good observer of nature Cordier was, and nature has not altered. His *excipe* and Erasmus's *accipe*, never

⁴ *L'art du paumier-raquetier*, Paris, 1767.

forgotten by the server, obviously translate the same French word; both knew France well; Cordier was French; the expression they use would be quite a satisfactory equivalent for *tenez*.

To this, and no further, could I carry my investigation. My attempts to discover a text giving the original French word used then have failed up to now. There is, it is true, the French translation of Erasmus by Gueudeville, but it is loose, it is late;⁵ it is not the work of a man who knew; it belongs to a period of decay, when the old customs had, on some points, lost their sacred character. No wonder, therefore, that Gueudeville gives different words as employed by the server. But *tiens*, plural *tenez*, is one of them: '*Nicolas.—Tiens, reçois la donc.*' The main point to remember is the constant use by the server, in older days, of an expression corresponding to the Latin *accipe*, *excipe*, and the obligation for him to employ it under the penalty of the stroke being held as of no avail; so that we have very nearly indeed an absolute proof that Professor Skeat's surmise was right. 'And if it was,' said he, 'in frequent use at the beginning of a bout. . . .' The exclamation *accipe* (*tenez*?) was more than frequent, it was obligatory.

Great changes have occurred since Erasmus and Cordier's days. The old play-masters at the Tuileries tried, within memory, to maintain some of the former traditions. A foreigner who was taking lessons there a few years ago, told me that his master was wont to shout to him in mid-play: '*Mais criez donc, Monsieur, dites quelque chose! Dites: Ah! Ah! Il faut égayer la partie; il ne faut pas prendre son plaisir tristement.*' Sets continue to be played with great art and cleverness at the Tuileries, but almost in a dumb show. An *habitué* of the tennis court there writes: '*On n'annonce pas le service. Le marqueur annonce le coup qui finit et, à partir de ce moment, c'est le coup nouveau. Du reste, la balle en tapant sur le mur et le tambour qui résonne, s'annonce d'elle-même.*' Erasmus and Cordier would not have found, in modern tennis courts, occasions for dialogues: there are no longer any dialogues; and people who suffer from the pharynx go at present to Aix and do not try, according to Tissot's advice, to shout away their ailment, racket in hand.

J. J. JUSSERAND.

⁵ *Leyden*, 1720. 6 vols.

AN ALTERNATIVE TO KAFFIR LABOUR

I QUITE agree with the remarks made by Mr. John Macdonell, C.B., in his article in this Review of January 1901, that we cannot, in our times of liberty and liberal ideas, force the natives in South Africa to work for disproportionately low wages. But is the work of these natives equivalent with the ridiculous amount which is paid to them? I rather doubt it. I don't call the labour of a native in the Cape Colony, who generally does not know his work, and whom one has to watch from morning till night, worth three shillings and three-and-sixpence a day; on the farms up country they get about two shillings. Many Boers find a remedy for this by paying them partially in food, partially, at the end of the week, in brandy with a little money.

If the Boers in South Africa did not leave the work on their farms to black labour and would work a little themselves, the agricultural matters would not be in the dreadful state in which they are. Hardly an acre of land is ploughed straight, or the ground any way loosened deeper than a few inches or perhaps a foot.

Mr. Macdonell says that the natives did very good work in making the Natal railways, and he seems to appreciate them at the De Beers mines. But it escapes him perhaps that in both cases they were constantly watched and controlled. At the railways they work as usual in gangs, with an overseer, always a white man. In the De Beers mines, on account of the compound system, they are hardly left a moment to themselves. The little experience I had in domestic and garden work taught me that South African natives, either half-castes, black Kaffirs, or others, could not really be entrusted with any work without constant control, on account both of want of skill and being entirely unreliable. This was confirmed by every Afrikaner farmer as well as others. This is the reason why people like Sir David Tennant, Sir Henry De Villiers, and other capable men with experience don't want any importation of coloured labour. 'We don't,' I was told, 'want any black or yellow labour imported, but immigration of white people, which is the only safeguard and making of this country.' But for this nothing has been prepared, as no immigrants arriving in Cape Town or any other port can get any information where work is to be had. In America, especially in New York, every

immigrant can go to the established offices, where he finds people speaking his own language, who are able to direct him where he can earn his daily bread and how to get on in the country which he intends to make his own.

In South Africa nothing of that kind exists, and I learned from the Dutch Consul-General in Cape Town that people arrive there who are obliged to become loafers for some time, and who eventually have to be assisted by the different consulates because they don't know where to find work—reason why the consuls discourage immigration to South Africa.

About fifteen or twenty years ago a large number of Germans arrived in Cape Town, and the Colonial Government was finally obliged to take pity on them. They gave them small grants of land on the so-called flats between the last-named city and Simon's Bay, which is not much better than a great sandy plain, which was and is still in some parts Government property.

There those people and their families were obliged to begin by camping in the open, but soon builded themselves huts of corrugated iron, &c. Now they are all well-to-do small farmers with comfortable houses of masonry, eight or more heads of cattle, a cart with one or two horses, and provide Cape Town and its suburbs with milk, vegetables, and other produce. A few of them, knowing a trade, have taken to their original work, but generally all have been doing very well. The Germans are certainly almost the best colonists under every other government except that of their own colonies, which is too much imbued with the idea of military discipline, the curse of colonial life, as a German consul, who knew a good many different colonies, told me himself. Absolute liberty is required, such as exists in every English and Dutch colony, and which is the reason why only the colonies of these two nations have been successful.

Looking upon this example as a positive proof that white immigration would be a success in South Africa, the following suggestion may be made.

Several years ago I spent a considerable time in South Italy—the old Neapolitan kingdom—and was struck both by the poverty of the working classes, which demoralises them, and the very skilful labour which is done in the country round about Naples and farther inland, as well in agriculture as roads, waterworks, tunnels, &c. Notwithstanding the dirtiness of the majority of the nation, every acre which is cultivated, as well as the vineyards alongside the slopes of the hills, are beautifully made into terraces with drainage &c., showing in that way their descent from the old Romans. What is the salary, however, which the poor labourer gets for his skill, although he has the reputation with us northern nations of being an idle good-for-nothing creature? In some cases half a franc a day, and frequently only twenty-five centimes! The truth of this was proved

again lately to me, being on the Riviera at Mentone walking in the mountains. I met there a South Italian girl, who showed me the way. She told me that she came with her parents a short time ago from Naples, driven from there by extreme poverty, and not being able to earn their daily bread. They took six months to get to the French frontier on foot, working one day for their livelihood and travelling the next, after having made some money, till they arrived at where they now are.

'Here at least,' she said, 'we have our daily bread; we all make something, except my poor mother, who is now ill.' She told me about the wages in her own country, which are just the same as I quote above. The Riviera is full of Italian servants and other labourers who cannot earn their living in their native land. All these people would have a splendid existence in South Africa, and would certainly be of greater benefit to those colonies than black labour.

I frequently advocated, during my stay of four years in South Africa, just at the time of Jameson's raid and other important events which did so much harm to that country, the importation of Italian labour; but, I am sorry to say, the descendants of my compatriots, the Dutch, being with a few exceptions too much attached to old routine, handicapped every innovation in the Cape Parliament. They prefer labourers who remain what they are all their lives, and don't want to improve their condition. Mr. Macdonell quotes Khama as an example of a black man who became even an enlightened ruler. But this is an example in a thousand or even in a million cases. Besides that, Khama is always attended, wherever he goes and whatever he does, by a very clever missionary, whose name I have forgotten, and who is very likely his premier and everything.

The African black man's object is only to do as little work as possible, and as the wages in South Africa for these people are far too high for what they are able to produce and for their wants, they work, if they are not forced to do otherwise, for, if possible, four days of the week, and are able to live the other days on the money they have earned. They don't care to save anything, and only take up work again when they are forced to. The Kaffirs are only different in a certain sense, as they save to get money enough to buy themselves wives, whom they force to work for them. At all events they are no good for constant labour and don't do any good for the prosperity of these colonies. Let, therefore, the natives stay in their own location and country and cultivate their own land in the way they think best. Perhaps some day they will see that our European methods are not the worst.

Why not get Italians from South Italy in large crowds, with women and children who can work without being mixed with black labourers? The Colonial Government could begin by using them,

establishing a general system of irrigation which is very much required, and cover at the same time the mountains, and other waste land, with wood, which gives good produce where it has been done, and would, in the long run, establish a more regular rainfall. They could be gradually handed over to the farmers, especially as they cultivate in Italy almost the same things as in South Africa. The farmers could, to keep them, assure them a share in their profits to encourage better cultivation and attach them to the place; in fine, they may become gradually small tenants of the big farmers, which would be the saving of the South African colonies. Instead of the immense properties which are only half and badly cultivated, without the slightest system or rotation of produce, one would get gradually a great number of tenant farmers who would enrich the country, cultivating the land with their own families like on the Cape flats.

The present large farmers grow corn on the same spots year after year, until the ground is worked out for that produce, and perhaps for every other. Once the Cape wheat fetched the highest prices on the London market; now it is hardly fit to feed fowls. The South African farmer hardly ever saves any stable manure, and spoils his land with guano and other artificial dressing without mixing them. Labour being scarce, they could, like the Australians, replace it by machinery, such as steam ploughs and others. But they generally despise this as being new, and also sometimes for want of capital. Where they take to it, now and then, they leave these utensils in the wet and find them soon in the most dreadful state. Want of order and tidiness is one of the great failures in South Africa.

The above-mentioned crews of Italian labourers could be also used in the mines, as they are used in Sicily, and would very likely give better results than the Kaffirs and other natives or black people, and would help to explore in the long run the whole of that country in a more satisfactory way. They are sober and have very few wants, and are less inclined to drink than a good many other white or black races.

In the southern part of the United States the Italians are boycotted because they are working for lower wages than the North American labourer. But in South America—in the Argentine Republic, and other parts of that continent—they do very good work to develop the country and become often wealthy citizens.

In South Africa one immigration of Italians did not succeed because they were sent up country for agricultural labour regardless of what the people's trade or profession was; but single Italian immigrants came to very good results in the Cape Colony. The North Italian is certainly of much better quality than the Neapolitan and Sicilian, but is more difficult to get, as his country is more prosperous. I think, therefore, that it is only possible in the old

Neapolitan kingdom, where poverty is paramount, to engage large numbers of labourers with their families to come out by contract to South Africa.

We object in our modern times to slavery; but what would the importation of Indian labour be but slavery in disguise? Only the introduction of people of our own white race can establish there a permanent colonisation, even if some of them, after having made money, returned to their native land, and which probably would induce others to come over.

Besides that, this would at all events bring the now spoiled native black labourer to his senses by showing that it is possible to do without him, and it would make him work for more moderate wages, according to his capacities.

All farms in South Africa, with very few exceptions, are worked in the most primitive way; the land is badly ploughed because the farmers generally don't know their own work, the ground is insufficiently tilled for the dry season. Therefore more careful labourers would be a godsend and are really required to get better produce. South Africa would, besides the wealth of the mines, which unfortunately is nearly all carried away by foreign shareholders, become a self-supporting country. Now nearly all the food except meat is imported from Australia and America, while with careful cultivation it could be grown in the country itself, as there is nearly everywhere plenty of water obtainable, provided it is dug for. Generally it is found nearly everywhere at little depth, and has been used with the greatest success in the few cases the trouble has been taken to bore for it. Look only at the results which were obtained at Indwe, near the coal mines of that name, in the eastern part of the colony.

Thousands of acres are almost lying idle in the great Karoo high plains (centre of the Cape Colony), except for pasturage during a short time of the year, for want of irrigation, notwithstanding there is plenty of water (see the official report of the borings), for want of good labour, want of good will, and perhaps also for want of capital. The sons of the late Premier of the Cape Colony (Sir John Molteno), who have property in that neighbourhood and are irrigating their land, told me that their only complaint is that the ground is too rich, but that anything can be produced there. A great area of less producing ground elsewhere, even in the most western districts, where the soil is very bad and dry, could be turned into woods, if planted and worked properly. Wood pays splendidly everywhere in South Africa (see official reports), and is in great demand for the mines; but good and more skilful and careful labour than the black people are capable of is wanted. Now wood must be imported even for the match manufactures. Wool is abundant in South Africa; but where this has not been spoiled by the scab there is no skilful labour at reasonable prices to manufacture it. Certainly the blacks are not

able to supply the labour to provide this want, except the Malays, who are generally only in the neighbourhood of Cape Town. Those it is certainly not desirable to increase in quantity, as well as other East Indians, who would together eventually become dangerous elements in the Parliament. The Malays are already increasing in Cape Town and its suburbs to an alarming extent. They are accused of stealing and adopting destitute children of the poor whites, so as to bring them up in the Mahometan creed. I think this is perfectly true, as several of their young people are as white as any European. The Malays tried several times to put one of their own candidates up for the Cape Parliament, until now without success; but what would be the result if more East Indians, amongst whom would very likely be Mahometans, were introduced in South Africa artificially, first as labourers and gradually as merchants, like in Natal? Why should any Government, without any absolute necessity, create a Mahometan question?

The above-mentioned poor whites, which form a large part of the population of the Cape Colony, would provide a lot of good labour if they only could be forced to work. They descend very often from very good old Cape families and from formerly well-to-do farmers, who became gradually poor, partially through mismanagement and also after the abolition of slavery. They prefer, as it is called in the Cape Colony, and even in other parts of South Africa, to live at the expense of their cousins on the different neighbouring farms than to work, which they think beneath them: the young women even think it better to marry black people. Several lawyers and judges, who go periodically on circuit and come in contact with those people, told me that they tried often, being tired of black and coloured servants, to engage some of these poor creatures as servants under the most favourable conditions. But they prefer their poverty and living on their already often not too rich connections, as they consider every Cape Dutch farmer, than to earn their bread honourably. In the Transvaal, as well as in the Cape Colony, many acres of good land are lying idle, of which large quantities, especially in the Cape Colony, belong to Boer farms, for want of labour and irrigation. But, as I said already, nothing has been done to encourage colonisation and to get small farms, which would be the making of those colonies. Better locomotion is also much required, as in a great part of the country the agricultural people have no means of bringing their produce to the markets and are obliged to sell it locally for ridiculous prices. Railways have been constructed to the Orange Colony, the Transvaal, Rhodesia, Port Elizabeth, East London, and now to Indwe; but even rich districts like Oudshoorn have hardly any good roads, which would certainly pay if they were made. The railway to Oudshoorn was adopted in the Cape Parliament, under peculiar circumstances, but I never heard of it being carried into execution yet.

The members of the Cape Parliament waste their time in tearing each other to pieces over personal questions, as real political parties don't exist, except the race hatred which has now been increased through the war. What, after all, is the use for South Africa to have minerals if a part of the money which they produce cannot be employed for institutions for the permanent benefit of the country? The great mine capitalists don't care what becomes of the country when the mines are worked out. I hope with all my heart, as I take a great interest in South African affairs, that something may be done to improve the country, for which God has done so much and men so little, and it might become the most prosperous on earth. Nowhere have so many advantages been combined; but perhaps the gold is the curse of the country, as it has already been to so many others. For, except the mines, nearly nothing has been judiciously explored, and much has been left to luck alone.

W. VAN CITTERS.

LAST MONTH

THE death of the Empress Frederick on Monday, the 5th of August, touched the heart of the English public very deeply. It was not merely the tragical character of her fate—in keeping with all her later career—that moved the people of this country. It was the fact that she formed a link with a past which, although separated from us by only a few decades, already seems remote. The older generation could not forget the time when, as Princess Royal, she embodied the fairest hopes and most tender associations of the Royal family. Her birth brought with it the welcome assurance that we had really entered upon a new dynastic era, and that the young Queen Victoria was to be no passing phenomenon in the long roll of British sovereigns, but the founder of a house which was to give the Crown a new title to the loyal affections of the nation. I suppose that the younger people amongst us cannot realise the place held by the Princess Royal in our hearts in the days when she was the senior member of that group of children who surrounded the Queen and the Prince Consort during the early years of their happy married life. To say that she was more popular than any other princess England had known before is not to over-state the case. Next to the Queen she was the most popular and most universally beloved person in the kingdom. Although the Prince of Wales was so near to her in age, her sex and her peculiar position as Princess Royal made her a more prominent figure in the public eye, and people were never tired of hearing of her intelligence, her brightness of spirit, and the leading part that she played in the Royal household. Then came the announcement of her betrothal to the young Hohenzollern Prince, and it is no exaggeration to say that the news that she was about to leave her native country and to throw in her lot with a foreign husband and his people was received by her fellow-countrymen of all classes with the deepest regret. She was only seventeen, but she had won for herself an extraordinary hold upon the popular imagination and sympathy. One must remember, in order to understand this, that she was the first daughter of a sovereign England had known since the death of the Princess Charlotte, and the brief life of that unhappy lady had been over-

clouded throughout by misfortunes for which she herself had no responsibility. Unlike her mother before she came to the throne, the Princess Royal had not been brought up in seclusion, but in the full publicity of the life of a Court. To every Englishman and woman she was 'our Princess,' in whom all were interested, and of whom all were proud; and thus it came to pass that when she left us, to find a home elsewhere, we felt that it was the daughter of England of whom we had been robbed.

Our one consolation in those days lay in the thought of the brilliancy of the position she was to occupy hereafter, and of the scope which it would afford for the exercise of talents of a very uncommon order. Alas for the might-have-been! The noble woman, who, after months of suffering, borne with unflinching heroism, laid down her life at Fredericshof on the 5th of August, had behind her a career that contrasted strangely and tragically with that which her mother's people anticipated for her when she left the shores of England as a bride. With fine abilities, generous impulses, and a whole-hearted devotion to duty, she had experienced as fully as any of her contemporaries did the pains and penalties that attach to high station, and to those who have to share in any degree the splendid burden of sovereignty. There is no need to dwell upon her story now. It is a part of the history of Europe; it is above all an essential part of the history of Germany. In the making of the great Empire over which her gifted son now rules, it was not only French hearts and susceptibilities that had to be sacrificed. The historian will be able hereafter to assign to the Emperor Frederick and his illustrious consort their true place among the founders of the new Germany, and it will not be a small one. That the teaching and example of the Empress has had no small influence in the social development of the German Empire of to-day, and above all in the elevation of her own sex in the scale of citizenship, is universally admitted. Sad though her life was, and dark and painful many of its experiences, it was not lived in vain, as the Germany of the future will gratefully acknowledge.

The death of the Empress, keenly felt by all her family, was a blow that fell with special severity upon her brother and old play-mate, King Edward. Into his private grief it would be unbecoming to intrude. That he was bitterly grieved at the fact that he was not able to be present at her death-bed, is realised by everybody. His heartfelt and unconcealed sorrow at the funeral ceremonial proved once more, not only the depth of his own affections, but the strength of the ties which bind him to the members of his family, no matter how widely they may be separated from him by the hand of fate. The sympathy of the whole nation followed him in his sad journey to Cronberg and Potsdam. But there were many of his subjects who had personal reasons of their own for mourning the death of

the Empress Frederick. Though she had identified herself most completely with the life and the interests of the country of her adoption, she had never lost touch with her native land, and had kept up to the last her acquaintance with many Englishmen of distinction. She watched every public movement here with unflagging attention, and never hesitated to allow those in whom she trusted to see on what side her sympathies lay in all the great controversies of the time. It is no more than the truth to say that there were very few Englishwomen of her generation who had a fuller or more intelligent knowledge of the political and social movements which have wrought such great changes in English life during the last forty years than the gracious lady who, even as German Empress, never forgot that she was also the Princess Royal of the United Kingdom.

The sad event at Cronberg had an immediate effect here in putting an end to the mutilated gaieties of a season which will long be held in sad remembrance as the most melancholy that this generation has known. It had also its political effect in hastening the close of a Parliamentary Session upon which nobody is likely to look back with pleasure. At the beginning of the month it seemed impossible that the legislative business could possibly be completed until well on in September, and an autumn session was talked of as absolutely necessary. But the influence of Society upon Parliament is still considerable. The House of Commons can never be induced to sit for any length of time after the flight of the fashionable world; and as this event occurred immediately after the death of the Empress, it was not surprising that, by hook or by crook, the legislative programme was completed twelve days later, and Parliament prorogued on the 17th of August. What is the verdict to be pronounced upon this first session of the new Parliament and the new reign? It is difficult to see how any human being can look back upon it with satisfaction. It is a session which has shown us how a new House of Commons can be 'born old,' and how a General Election can take place without bringing any influx of strength, any revival of energy to the Representative Chamber. Within living memory there has been no situation quite like that which has thus been created. The nearest parallel to it is that which is furnished by the General Election of 1865. The Parliament of that year was elected on the strength of the name of Lord Palmerston, and, like the House of Commons of to-day, it was nothing more than an extension of the life of the House which had preceded it. But before the Parliament of 1865 could meet an event occurred which changed everything in the political world. Lord Palmerston died, and the great era with which his name was associated was buried in his grave. Dean Stanley remarked at the old statesman's funeral that the people of England were standing on the watershed of two epochs. Nothing is more certain than that to-day we are approaching such a

point—a point at which the nation will have to form a momentous decision as to its future. In 1865, or rather in the Parliamentary struggles and intrigues of 1866, the Gladstonian era came into existence, and for a time it was the spirit of this new era that was supreme in the control of our national affairs. From 1866 to 1880, the conflict of political parties in the United Kingdom practically resolved itself into a duel between Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Disraeli. Where can we find the Gladstone and Disraeli of to-day? We are approaching an epoch as momentous in its issues as that which followed the death of Lord Palmerston in 1865; but neither a Gladstone nor a Disraeli has appeared to lead the competing hosts. The times are changed, and the men are changed indeed. It is this uncertainty as to the leaders under whom the coming campaign is to be fought that makes the future so dark, so full of the unknown. Yet upon the issue of this campaign will depend the political fate of the British Empire for the first quarter of the new century.

Last month the sequence of events compelled me to say much of the unhappy condition of the Liberal party. Would that I could regard that condition as being happier to-day than it was a month ago. It is true that during the last four weeks the internecine struggles of the Opposition have not been carried on in the streets or the restaurants of London. We have had no more dinners ingeminating peace and provoking war. We have had no further attempts at proscription. Even the extreme left of the Radical party have ceased to rail aloud against the Liberal Imperialists. But, on the other hand, there has hardly been a debate in which any question concerning the war has been involved that has not furnished evidence of the acute division of opinion existing on the front Opposition bench. If one takes the debate on the Appropriation Bill as a fair example of the condition of the Liberal party, we see Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Bryce holding stoutly to views which are just as strenuously condemned by Mr. Asquith. All through the past month it has been the same, and the freedom to differ which was supposed to be conferred by the Reform Club meeting has been pushed to the extreme limits. Outside the House of Commons there seems to be a lull in what looked recently like a gathering storm. Lord Rosebery has so far had compassion on the weak nerves of his friends as to launch no more rhetorical thunderbolts either at the City Liberal Club or elsewhere. That he has incurred the severe displeasure not only of official Liberalism, but of many who were counted among his personal followers, by his recent utterances is notorious. Like other men, he has had to pay the penalty which attaches to the politician who opens his mind without reserve, and who refuses to hedge himself in with the limitations and qualifications so dear to the old parliamentary hand. That his position in the country, as distinguished from his position in Parliament, has

been changed by recent events, or that his ultimate destiny will be affected by them, will hardly be admitted by any dispassionate observer. For the moment, however, the members of the right wing of the Opposition have fixed their eyes upon Mr. Asquith as the leader who may possibly be destined to bring them out of the wilderness into the land of promise. Mr. Asquith has undoubtedly given fresh proof, during the recent crisis, of his great ability, his courage, and his clearness of view. But curiously enough his latest utterances have had a disquieting effect upon the left centre of his party. He has not been content to dissociate himself from any views that seem to him to be inspired by the bias of anti-patriotism; he has defended with energy some Ministerial measures about which the men not only of the left but of the centre are most doubtful, and to-day not a few Liberals are asking themselves whether, after all, Lord Rosebery's views upon the war are not nearer to their own than those of Mr. Asquith. Hence we have a new element of uncertainty introduced into the situation so far as the future of the Liberal Party is concerned. The autumn campaign, to which men are already looking forward, will throw light upon that situation, but for the moment it is sufficiently obscure and confused to perplex the most confident.

The Ministerialists, unlike the Opposition, are going to the country with a triumphant swagger which at a distance might possibly pass for the consciousness of a brilliant and indubitable success. Three thousand representative delegates, coming from all parts of the country, have been entertained at Blenheim with all the hospitality for which the Primrose League is famous, and have been treated to speeches by Mr. Balfour and Mr. Chamberlain in which the virtues and triumphs of the Unionist Government and the Unionist party have been proclaimed in language of unrestrained exultation. Mr. Balfour has declared that he will neither sacrifice the Empire to the Boers nor the Constitution to the bores—an epigram which just lacks the supreme quality of definiteness. Mr. Chamberlain has once again pronounced a funeral oration over the unhappy Liberal Party, which—despite the revolt of the Imperialist section—is, he declares, sinking lower and lower in the swamp of pro-Boerism. More notable than these speeches, which were neither better nor worse than the staple stuff of which such orations are composed, was the enthusiasm that was displayed by the numerous but representative audience. Not a doubt seemed to cross the mind of any man who listened to the speakers as to the genuineness of those triumphs of Unionism which it was their mission to proclaim. Not since 1880, in the heyday of Gladstonian enthusiasm, does there seem to have been such a display of passionate devotion to a cause and a party as that which distinguished the guests at the Blenheim picnic. Nor must one omit to mention one significant

fact. Whatever Mr. Chamberlain may be to the House of Commons, which respects his powers as a debater without pretending to admire him as a man—whatever he may be to the Sadducees of the Tory clubs, who acknowledge his services but cannot forget his origin—he is clearly a hero to the class which was represented at the gathering at Blenheim. Not even Mr. Gladstone himself ever received a more impetuous and unrestrained manifestation of personal admiration and devotion than that which the Colonial Secretary's presence evoked at Blenheim. What this portends in the immediate future it is difficult to say; but clearly, if the Unionist party was fairly represented by the Blenheim gathering the future of the Ministerialists is not so completely settled and assured as the arm-chair politicians of Pall Mall assume. No one who has followed Mr. Chamberlain's career since he first stood as a Parliamentary candidate for Sheffield in 1874 will believe that he undervalues the cards in his own hand, or that he will not play them for all they are worth. The Blenheim demonstration may have settled more things than the resolutions which were carried with such abounding enthusiasm. To one who does not agree with Mr. Chamberlain's policy or with the new diplomacy it must seem remarkable that, notwithstanding the melancholy failures which have marked the dealings of the Colonial Office with South Africa during the last six years, and the terrible sacrifices in which the country has in consequence been involved, Mr. Chamberlain should still with a certain class be as popular as he was in the delirious days of Mafeking. It is one of the most remarkable signs of the times, and suggests the possibility that the future may witness an evolution of public opinion for which, at this moment, nobody is prepared.

But the enthusiasm of a crowd honoured by being entertained amid a brilliant company of people of position and renown at one of the great historic houses of England cannot be taken as representing the sober judgment of the community upon the political questions of the hour. Everybody knows—and nobody knows it more clearly than do the members of His Majesty's Government—that the session has been anything but one of triumph for the Ministry. The work actually accomplished has been trivial both in quantity and character. The Agricultural Doles Bill has been renewed for a further term of years, though even here the Government had to make a compromise with the Opposition, and to abandon the attempt to make this subsidy to the landed interest permanent. A private members' Bill designed to prevent the supplying of intoxicating drinks to children sent as messengers to the public-house by their parents has been carried in a modified form, despite the opposition of representatives of the people who, like the late Archbishop of York, would rather see England free than sober. The Education Bill was abandoned ignominiously, though a temporary measure

dealing solely with the Cockerton judgment was passed. The Civil List Bill and a Bill enabling the King to adopt a change in the Royal title were carried without much opposition. The Factory Act Amendment Bill—not a measure of the first importance—was only carried after Government had been defeated on one clause, and had made a pusillanimous surrender to the Irish on another. This practically was the legislative work accomplished in the first session of a new Parliament, in which Ministers commanded an overwhelming majority. The Statute Book may be searched in vain to find any parallel to this extraordinary failure of Ministers to carry out their programme under circumstances that seemed to be exceptionally favourable to them. It is certainly difficult to find anything in the record to justify the jubilation of the assembled Unionists at Blenheim.

The most important of Ministerial organs—*The Times*—has not been slow to point to the reason for this collapse of the legislative work of the Session. 'Ministers,' it declares, 'as a body, though there were one or two marked exceptions, went about their work with a shiftlessness and slackness that were discouraging, while their followers, confident in their overwhelming numbers, and contemptuous of an Opposition that was manifestly disorganised and divided, showed a degree of carelessness and indiscipline in their attendance which has not often been paralleled.' That *The Times* states the case truly will be admitted by all who have closely watched the proceedings of the Session. No Session like it can be recalled within the last fifty years. What hope there can be for a House of Commons and a Government which have thus broken down in what ought to have been the first flush of their youthful strength, it is difficult to see. Old politicians know that in the past the first and second sessions of a Parliament are those in which most legislative work is accomplished. The third session sees the Government at the height of its power; after that there is invariably a quick decline. What is to be the fate of an Administration which breaks down in this fashion in the first session of the new Parliament? The truth is that the war has had as demoralising an effect upon the supporters of the Government as upon the Opposition. There has not, it is true, been any marked difference of opinion in the Ministerial ranks upon either the policy or the procedure of the war. But the House was elected upon the false cry that the war was at an end, and the mandate which it received from the electors was to arrange the terms of peace. This was the sole issue upon which the supporters of the Government stood before the country last October. What their position will be when the war, so painfully and unexpectedly prolonged, does actually come to an end, and peace is secured, it is difficult to understand. Like children who are 'born old,' this House of Commons is clearly doomed to an early death.

There is, however, one feature of the Ministerial failure upon which I have not yet touched. This is Mr. Balfour's unfortunate method of leading the House of Commons. During the past session the peculiar qualities which have won for Mr. Balfour the respect and affection of his fellow-members have been more conspicuous than they ever were before. His temper, his chivalrous regard for his opponents, his high sense of the dignity of Parliament, have never shone more brightly. But his business management has been sadly deficient; and on more than one occasion he has blundered badly. If he has not had to face a powerful Opposition, he has been confronted by a party which has not only known its own mind, but has been led by a man clearly Mr. Balfour's superior in the command of Parliamentary tactics. I refer to the Irish party and to Mr. Redmond. There is no need to recall the painful scenes of turbulence which marked the course of Parliamentary business during the early part of the Session, when the newly elected ministerialists laboured under the delusion that they could override the rights of a small Parliamentary party by mere noise and violence. Mr. Redmond has taught them their lesson, and has shown that it is not for nothing that the House of Commons has stedfastly maintained its privileges during centuries of its history. But the Irish leader has done more than this. He has shown how hopeless it is to attempt to carry on the business of such an assembly as the House of Commons when a section of its members is resolved to obstruct that business by all the means in its power. This Irish Question is, after all, still the most serious of all the questions with which Parliament has to deal. The House of Commons can alter its rules—as it did during the closing days of the Session—in order to clip the wings of the obstructionists; it may cut down the number of Irish members in order to place the whole system of popular representation on a more uniform basis; but so long as it has within its walls an organised party, bent on preventing the progress of legislation and wholly unmindful of the dignity or traditions of Parliament, it will find that its powers are gravely curtailed, and that it cannot cope with the work that presses upon it. Mr. Balfour, who has certainly not been generally unconciliatory in his treatment of the Irish party, must admit that the deplorable results of last Session are largely due to his failure to out-manceuvre Mr. Redmond and his followers in the use of Parliamentary tactics.

The final result of the Session is, therefore, that both Government and the Opposition retire from the field disappointed, bearing no sheaves of victory with them. If one adds that, notoriously, ministers are weary of the long spell of arduous work which has been imposed upon them, whilst in the House itself their followers, so far from sharing the jubilation of Blenheim, are discontented and angry, longing for almost any change that is possible, it will be seen

that the divided Opposition has, after all, no need to envy the united Unionists. Whilst the war lasts, it is true that the latter will continue to retain command of the country. But when it is over we shall have reached the watershed of public opinion, the dividing line, and no man can yet say in what direction the new streams will flow. Upon one point something may, however, be said even now. The Irish Question does not trouble the Government alone. It has a still more serious bearing upon the future of the Opposition. Gladstonian Home Rule is by universal consent dead. It received its *coup de grâce* when Mr. Dillon announced that the Irish members would accept nothing less than an independent Parliament. To the creation of an independent Parliament in Dublin Mr. Gladstone would never have assented, and the majority of his old followers would be equally resolute in opposing any scheme of the kind. There is therefore an end of the old Irish-Liberal alliance. But apparently some of the extreme members of the Liberal party are in favour of substituting an 'understanding' for that alliance—an understanding which will enable the followers of Mr. Redmond to give their hearty support to the pro-Boer Liberals in their opposition to the Government. I do not know whether the gentlemen who proclaim and advocate this understanding expect that they will get anything from the Irishmen when parties are more evenly balanced. If they do, they must be determined to ignore the lessons of even our recent Parliamentary history. But, whatever may be the wishes or policy of the extreme left of the Opposition, I imagine that there can be no doubt that the leaders of the Liberal party, almost without exception, have made up their minds that under no circumstances will they ever again take office in dependence on the Irish vote. Whenever another Liberal Government is formed it will be a Government independent of the Irish Members, and absolutely free from the domination which proved fatal to the Gladstone Government of 1892. A month ago I touched upon this point. Since then events have advanced, and the impossibility of forming a Government which would have to rely upon Irish support for its maintenance in power has been absolutely proved. This truth is emphasised by the words used by Mr. Redmond himself in one of the last debates of the Session, when 'he prayed God that the resistance of the Boers might be strengthened, and that South Africa might, sooner or later, take vengeance for its wrongs by separating itself altogether from the Empire which had deluged it in blood.' After this declaration, made by the leader of the Irish party amid the cheers of his followers, the idea that any loyal Englishman or Scotchman can be tempted to take office in dependence upon the avowed enemies of this country is one that cannot possibly be entertained.

Outside Parliament some attention has been drawn during the

month to a story published in the columns of the *Spectator*—the last place where men expected to find such an obvious bit of scandal—regarding a contribution made many years ago by Mr. Rhodes to the funds of the Liberal Party. The story was that Mr. Rhodes gave 5,000*l.* to Mr. Schnadhorst for the Liberal election fund on condition that Mr. Schnadhorst secured a pledge from the Liberal leaders that they would not support any proposal for the evacuation of Egypt. Mr. Schnadhorst, it was affirmed, obtained this pledge from somebody unnamed, and the 5,000*l.* was in consequence duly paid by Mr. Rhodes. The *Spectator* professed to see in this story the secret of the desire of Sir William Harcourt and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman to screen Mr. Rhodes before the South African Committee. It did not need the blunt denial of the tale, which was immediately given by Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman on behalf of himself and Sir William Harcourt, to establish the unfounded character of this strange hypothesis. The editor of the *Spectator* had evidently forgotten the fact that, so far from trying to screen Mr. Rhodes, Sir William Harcourt had been chiefly instrumental in securing the severe condemnation of his conduct by the Committee on which he was the chief representative of the Liberal party. If, therefore, as the *Spectator* story seemed to suggest, Mr. Rhodes had tried to blackmail the Liberal members of the Committee by means of the Schnadhorst story, he had evidently failed in doing so. As a matter of fact, it was Mr. Chamberlain, not Sir William Harcourt, who 'whitewashed' Mr. Rhodes in a speech in the House of Commons which remains to the present hour one of the mysteries of politics. The *Spectator*, when brought to book, accepted the denials of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and Sir William Harcourt, but endeavoured to prove that Mr. Rhodes's gift of 5,000*l.* to the Liberal funds had some mysterious influence in inducing the Liberal Government of 1892 to maintain, as part of their policy, the occupation of Egypt. There is not the slightest foundation even for this modified allegation. The Foreign Minister of that day was Lord Rosebery, and it may be asserted with confidence that he knew absolutely nothing of Mr. Rhodes's contribution to the party funds, and certainly nothing of the condition attached to it. As for Mr. Gladstone, even his enemies will admit that he would have given a short shrift to any man who had dared to approach him with a proposal that his policy on a most important question should be affected by such a consideration as a pecuniary gift to the party. The whole story may be dismissed as a mare's nest. The most surprising thing connected with it is that it should have appeared in the pages of so honourable a journal as the *Spectator*.

The story of the war during the month has been one of steady progress in the work of beating down the sporadic hostilities in which the scattered Boer forces continue to indulge. That this work is

going on slowly, but continuously and effectively, is clear from the despatches of Lord Kitchener. Unhappily, as the resistance of the Boers draws to an end, the bitterness of the conflict seems to be increasing. Commandant Kreutzinger's shooting of a native, and his threat to shoot all natives whom he found in arms, led to a counter-declaration from the Colonial Office, that persons who shot natives would, when captured, be tried for murder. Ministers during the month have absolutely refused to listen to any suggestions for renewed negotiations for a settlement of the war, and have issued a proclamation which practically fixes the 15th of September as the date after which the Boers who remain in arms against us will be deprived of certain of the rights of belligerents. It is announced that after that date the commanders of any forces found in the field will, on being captured, be banished from Africa. If this proclamation should effect its object, its success will doubtless be regarded as having justified it. If it should fail, a very heavy responsibility must rest upon those who resorted to such a measure without having first satisfied themselves that it was likely to prove effectual. In his latest despatch Lord Kitchener has summed up the situation with great clearness. He considers the guerilla warfare now being carried on as unjustifiable on any grounds of patriotism, and as being 'due to the ignorant arrogance of leaders who, though originally opposed to the war, are unwilling now to submit to what they foresaw would be its inevitable consequences.' The party which declared war has, he states, quitted the field, though it is still encouraging those whom it has deserted to continue a useless struggle by promising them outside assistance, and raising 'absurdly deceitful hopes that Great Britain has not sufficient endurance to see the matter through.' This seems to be an accurate statement of the situation at the present moment, when, according to Lord Kitchener, the Boer forces do not exceed 13,500 all told.

The return of Count von Waldersee to Germany has coincided with the publication of certain papers regarding the Chinese Question that cannot be said to leave a pleasant taste in the mouth. Fresh evidence has been furnished of the extraordinary indifference of Russian diplomatists to accuracy in their statements, and it is made painfully evident that the representatives of British interests in China have to hold their own against much more dangerous opponents than the Chinese themselves. During the month the British Government seems to have taken up a firmer attitude than that which distinguished it at the commencement of the difficulties, and to have compelled a modification of the conditions of the Peking Treaty in spite of the resistance of Russia. But that we have not yet reached the end of the story of the Peking imbroglio is only too certain from the latest telegrams and despatches that have been given to the public. The speeches of Count von Waldersee since

his return, and his interview with a French journalist, have offended the pride of Germany, and brought down upon his head the severe censures of the Press. It cannot be said that they have afforded either pleasant or edifying reading for the people of this country.

The Duke and Duchess of York have visited the Mauritius, Durban, Pietermaritzburg, and Capetown since I last wrote. Everywhere their reception has been not merely loyal but enthusiastic, and nowhere do they appear to have evoked deeper manifestations of this spirit than in the cities which have suffered so much from the war. They are now on their way across the Atlantic to receive the greeting which the great Dominion of Canada is certain to offer to them. The announcement that the Czar is to pay another visit to France, and to remain for some days as the guest of President Loubet, has aroused transports of joy in the breasts of the French people. The world at large will rejoice hardly less heartily if this visit should strengthen the Government of France against its enemies of the military and reactionary parties. It seems, indeed, as though this would be the principal result of a visit which France has long desired, but of which it had lately begun to despair. Italy has during the month lost one of its most remarkable men, the ex-Premier Crispi. About no man's merits has there been more continuous or more bitter controversy among his countrymen than there has been about his. But his great abilities, his courage, and his patriotism were indisputable, and the sympathies of England will be specially drawn to Italy on the loss of a statesman who was the firm and consistent upholder of the friendly understanding between that country and Great Britain.

WEMYSS REID.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



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PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT

IT is a fortunate thing for the American people that the tragedy which resulted in the death of so honest and trusted a President as Mr. McKinley has brought to the front as his successor Colonel Theódore Roosevelt. In 1865 a somewhat similar tragedy gave to the nation as its chief magistrate a man who was unable to serve out his term without getting himself impeached; and it can scarcely be pretended that the three other Vice-Presidents of the United States who have reached office in consequence of the decease of a President before the expiration of his term have proved themselves fit for their position. Tyler quarrelled with his own supporters, the Whigs; Fillmore's name is practically forgotten; and Arthur was happy in ruling at a time when no burning question, either of domestic or of foreign policy, came up for consideration. The death of Mr. McKinley might easily have imposed upon the American

people a President even less competent than any of these, for it has been the practice of late to use the Vice-Presidency as a convenient place of exile for troublesome, or undesirable, or untrustworthy men, or as an asylum for colourless representatives of parties or interests which have to be placated, yet cannot be admitted to the entire confidence of the victors in the greater party struggles.

This practice is a very dangerous one, seeing that the Constitution of the United States directs that, on the death of a President during his term of office, the Vice-President, and none other, shall succeed *ipso facto* to the head of affairs. Nor was the practice contemplated by those who lived at the time when the Constitution was framed. Washington's Vice-President was John Adams, and the same John Adams was deemed the most suitable statesman to succeed Washington in 1797. To John Adams succeeded Thomas Jefferson, who also had served as Vice-President. Even as late as 1837 Van Buren, at the end of Jackson's second term, stepped from the Vice-Presidential to the more important chair. Since then, however, election to the Vice-Presidency has usually been intended to signify political extinction. No one, in fact, can be said to have survived the sentence, unless in consequence of the death of a President. Very easily, then, might the assassination of Mr. McKinley have brought forward a nonentity, or worse.

But the circumstances attending the work of the Republican Convention of last year were peculiar. McKinley was a tried man, with a strong general claim and with the confidence of the Republican party managers. He was not, however, felt to be a strong enough man to be able to make sure of beating Mr. Bryan single handed, or with a Vice-Presidential candidate of the ordinary calibre to assist him. Roosevelt was undoubtedly the most popular Republican statesman in the country, popular alike in East and West, in the cities and on the prairies. Roosevelt, on the other hand, was no favourite among the 'machine politicians.' They have never liked his steady independence and his transparent honesty. He had already proved himself too sincere and radical a reformer of abuses to please them. The politicians knew quite well that it lay with him to become the new President of March 1901 if he wished; and that if he and his friends desired his nomination, the machine would be unable to prevent it. They learnt, therefore, with immense relief that Roosevelt would not permit himself to be nominated for President so long as his old chief and friend, McKinley, was in the field. Apart from his feeling in favour of loyalty, he was a young man and could afford to wait. He also declined to come forward as a candidate for the Vice-Presidency. This did not suit the views of the managers. They did not want him as President, but they did want him, and want him very badly, as Vice-President, first, because tenure of the Vice-Presidency has come to mean political extinction

(and it was most desirable to extinguish Roosevelt), and secondly, because the Roosevelt alliance was imperative if McKinley was to make sure of beating Bryan. They determined that Roosevelt should be Vice-President, and, as they had every reason to hope, should be politically extinguished, in spite of himself; and in pursuance of that decision they found no difficulty in stampeding the Convention in his favour, and still less difficulty in inducing Roosevelt to recall his former refusal to accept nomination. There can be no question that he was as unwilling as ever to accept, and that he accepted only because he felt it his duty to obey the summons from his countrymen.

The party managers were overjoyed. I do not myself believe that even in the ordinary course of events their joy would have survived the next presidential contest. Roosevelt is not an ordinary man. He would scarcely have foundered, like other Vice-Presidents who have served their term and vanished into obscurity. But it is futile to speculate. The crime of Czołgosz has already confounded the managers, and, all being well, Theodore Roosevelt, in spite of them, is President of the United States for the next three years and a half and probably for more than double that period.

It should be borne in mind that he did not enter the Convention with any desire to be a candidate for high office, or with any suggestion from his party, or from others, that he was to be chosen as such. He went in, having taken no pledges and having made no promises. He came out with a nomination, it is true, yet still a free man; and he was as free a man as ever when the death of Mr. McKinley recalled him from his shooting trip in the Adirondacks, and made him the chief magistrate of seventy-six millions of English-speaking people. His freedom from the pledges, promises, and private obligations which ordinarily shackle an in-coming President places him in an almost unique position. Who, then, is the man who comes to office in such exceptional circumstances? Is he one who will do well, uncontrolled by the trammels with which it has been customary to surround candidates for office in America, or is he a weakling who will go down under the weight of his responsibilities, or a firebrand who will set his country in flames and leave it sorrowing that it ever knew him?

It may be said at once that there is no fear of his proving a weakling. He is as energetic, as initiative, as well informed, as determined, and as devoted to what he believes to be his duty as the German Emperor; and probably he has a better constitution, and enjoys better health, than William the Second, whose senior he is, but only by exactly three months. In the breadth and variety of his interests, and in his aptitude for quickly grasping the essential features of an unfamiliar subject, he is very like the Emperor. On the other hand, he has no love for state or ceremony, and is in no sense a *poseur*.

There is absolutely no nonsense or pretence about him. It is certain that he will lead, rather than be led. For my own part I believe that he will lead well and wisely, and that, when his days of power are past, there will be many millions of Americans who will honour the name of Theodore Roosevelt as that of the greatest of the Presidents since Washington.

On his father's side Roosevelt is an almost pure-blooded descendant of the Dutch settlers of New Netherlands. On his mother's side he is Scotch, and, more immediately, Georgian. Thus he has both northern and southern blood in his veins. Ever since he was about four-and-twenty he has been identified with politics, chiefly in his own State, that of New York; but for an equally long period he has made a practice of spending as much as possible of his leisure on his rancho or on the hunting-trail, the result being that he is as well known in the West as in the East of the Union. Harvard man and cowboy, Assistant-Secretary of the Navy and Colonel of Rough Riders, sportsman and historian, fighter and zoologist, as well as Northerner, Southerner, Easterner, and Westerner, Roosevelt, even before he became President, was surely the most representative and all-round of Americans. In addition, he has special personal qualifications which are daily becoming more and more necessary in the head of a great nation which is in the foremost van of progress. I do not speak of good birth, though he has it, and it can be of no disadvantage to him. I speak rather of independent, though moderate means; of a high degree of education; and of a very charming, courteous, and completely natural manner. Nor must I omit something which has always struck me most forcibly in connection with the man. I am quite certain that, ever since he was little more than a boy, he has aimed consistently at the Presidency, and has always felt sure of winning it sooner or later. He is ambitious, not, however, of power or state, but of scope for the full employment of his energies to the most fruitful ends; and, having this kind of ambition, he has endeavoured steadily to train and fit himself, so that on the day of test he might be equal to his work. The day of test has come; and no one can be more confident than I am that Theodore Roosevelt will not be found wanting. This is no new confidence on my part. It is now some years since, in response to an invitation to visit him in New York, I wrote to the effect that I could not then go to America, but that, if I could, I would ask him later to give me the hospitality of the White House.

Though only three-and-forty, Roosevelt has accomplished much. At five-and-twenty he was leader of the New York Legislature; at one-and-thirty he was a United States Civil Service Commissioner, and began a six years' effort to reform the traditions of American official life. He next became President of the New York Police Board, and for two years did his best to purge and reorganise one-

of the most corrupt departments of his native State. Both at Washington in connection with the Civil Service, and in New York in connection with the Police, he had immense difficulties to contend with, and was obliged repeatedly to employ all the resources as well of tact as of dogged determination. In April 1897 he accepted the much more congenial post of Assistant-Secretary of the Navy. From boyhood he had taken peculiar interest in naval affairs, and when but four-and-twenty he had written what was then the best history of the War of 1812. A year after he had gone to the Navy department, and when his country was on the brink of war with Spain he wrote to me characteristically :

Though I feel a little blue at the outlook, it won't make the slightest difference in the way I shall work. I shall do my best to get the Navy up into proper shape, and while I won't accomplish nearly as much as I would like, still I will accomplish something.

Not many days afterwards, when the war had just begun, he surprised me by telling me that he was not sure that, in such a conflict, his place was at home, and that, the President having offered him the colonelcy of a volunteer regiment, he had accepted it and was going to the front. This was the first I heard of the famous Rough Riders, who, with Roosevelt at their head, covered themselves with glory in Cuba. On his return he was elected—almost inevitably, as it seemed to me—to the post of Governor of New York, and this he held until at last year's Convention he was forced, as has been seen, into the position of Vice-President of the United States. He made, I believe, an excellent Governor.

A few years earlier I had asked him to assist me as a contributor to my 'History of the Royal Navy.' I suggested that he should write for me a critical description of the naval events of the War of 1812-15 between Great Britain and the United States; and I did so, first, because I had read and admired his early book on the same subject; secondly, because I recognised him to be an absolutely fair-minded man, who would not fail to pay due attention to the various controversies which had been excited in England by certain statements contained in his boyish and immature work; and, finally, because I desired to show Americans and British alike how little real difference it makes, provided the narrator be well informed and fair-minded, whether the story of their unfortunate quarrels be written by an American of the Americans or by the most patriotic of Englishmen, such as Edward Pelham Brenton.

As soon as I had heard from him in reply, I was sure that I had done rightly. He wrote :

I want to bring out as strikingly as possible the enormous damage inflicted on the United States by the sea power of England, the absolute paralysis it brought

to American trade, and the suffering it caused the people; and to show that the single-ship victories, though very important from the point of view of moral, had not the slightest effect in breaking the British grip on the American throat; always excepting the fighting on the Lakes. . . . Let me ask you. . . . to give what space you can to the biography of Captain Manners, of the *Reindeer*: he has always seemed to me to be a very real hero, though a beaten one.

Roosevelt was then still at the Police Department, and he added: 'I have enjoyed my year, for all the bother; and have accomplished a certain amount.'

The volume of my History, the sixth, containing this contribution is not yet published, although I hope it will now appear within a very few days. Much curiosity has been expressed since Czolgosz's attack upon Mr. McKinley as to what is Colonel Roosevelt's attitude towards Great Britain. I think that I can answer the question, partly from the new President's contribution to my book, and partly from my knowledge of the man and of his career.

Roosevelt is an American from crown to sole, and, where America is concerned, he will ever be the firmest and most unflinching, while at the same time the most courteous, champion of what he believes to be her rights and interests. But he is not of the stamp of man that feels that his own country has a monopoly of all the virtues. He knows the world and mankind far too well for that. He likes life in England, and he has many English friends; and, other things being equal, he would rather work with Great Britain than against her. Nor is he the kind of man who refuses to see both sides of a question that affects himself and his country. Here are the opening lines of his contribution to my forthcoming volume:

It is often difficult to realise that, in a clash between two peoples, not only may each side deem itself right, but each side may really be right from its own standpoint. A healthy and vigorous nation must obey the law of self-preservation. When it is engaged in a life and death grapple with a powerful foe, it cannot too closely scan the damage it is incidentally forced to do neutral nations. On the other hand, it is just as little to be expected that one of these neutral nations, when wronged, will refrain from retaliation merely because the injuries are inflicted by the aggressor as a regrettable but necessary incident of a conflict with someone else.

This is just and reasonable language; and I think that it represents exactly the attitude of mind which Colonel Roosevelt may be expected always to preserve in international affairs. He has seen war, and he is no lover of it. He would prefer that his country should gain her legitimate ends and aspirations by peaceful means; yet he will do his best to render her powerful at home and abroad, and he will never shrink from striking, should it seem to him that those legitimate ends and aspirations cannot be gained otherwise. Believe me, however, that he is no swashbuckler, no fire-eater, no 'Jingo.' He will not, like Mr. Cleveland, play needlessly with

powder. He will not assent to the despatch of gratuitously irritating state papers, even on the eve of a Presidential Election. He has too exalted an idea of the dignity of his country willingly to suffer her to utter a single official word which she does not mean and intend to abide by.

W. LAIRD CLOWES.

*A BUSINESS VIEW
OF SOUTH AFRICAN PACIFICATION*

LORD MILNER'S resumption of his duties as High Commissioner synchronises with the coming into force of Lord Kitchener's proclamation. These two events mark a new phase in the situation in South Africa. With the expiry of Lord Kitchener's days of grace there is an end to the possibility of any official termination of the war. And this is exactly what the friends of British supremacy in South Africa have all along desired, since any formal terms of peace, with a written agreement between the belligerents, would have justified in their resistance all those who have held out to the end. The prestige of the *intransigent* leaders would have been immensely increased, and their influence with the vanquished party greatly strengthened. They would have been able to say to those who surrendered earlier in the war, and kept their parole, 'What have you gained by your desertion of your cause? At the end you are only as we are, save for your shame.' And they would have been right. But now the guerilla war will flicker on till these men are either captured and exiled, or until they find means to escape from the country. In either case South Africa will be rid of them. It is those who surrendered while there was yet time who will be justified.

Moreover, any terms of peace must have included an arrangement for the speedy return of the Boer prisoners, whereas they can now be brought back whenever the time is ripe for the Administrator of the two new colonies to receive them. It would obviously have been both dangerous and unfair to reinstate these men before the Outlanders, whom they had expelled, had been offered the opportunity of returning to their homes. The restoration of the prisoners to their farms will, in any case, be one of the most difficult and delicate operations in the resettlement of South Africa, but it can now be effected on a system of which the guiding consideration will be the permanent interests of the country, and not the immediate comfort of unfortunate individuals. It was of the utmost importance that the High Commissioner and the Commander-in-Chief should be left a free hand to deal with the resettlement of the population, and, as things are, they will have it more completely than anyone would have ventured to think possible.

Probably no one expected there would be any magical change in South Africa when Lord Kitchener's Proclamation came into force, though most of us looked for more numerous surrenders. The resistance of scattered Boer commandoes will no doubt continue to be obstinate and may take many months to crush. The conflict may even become more bitter, and possibly more brutal, in its character, since only the irreconcilables will be left in the Boer ranks. But it will gradually, in spite of temporary successes, and sooner rather than later, wear itself out. Before very long other forces than those of arms will begin to play upon it, and the nearer the struggle approaches its end the more powerful those forces will become.

In truth, the situation to which Lord Milner has returned calls at least as much for the civilian as for the soldier. There has always been a danger lest the exclusively military phase of the drama in South Africa should be unduly prolonged. The duty of the soldier is to beat down organised resistance, and so long as any organised resistance remains he naturally considers his task incomplete, and devotes the whole of his attention to its accomplishment. Everything is subordinated to the military situation. Meanwhile the very fabric he is defending may itself be perishing from inanition, while the psychological moment for its healthy recovery is passing away. Possibly this danger has not yet arisen, but it should be carefully guarded against.

The immediate problems that confront Lord Milner are not great constitutional questions, nor even complicated administrative questions, though these last will come upon him quickly enough; they are the most elementary social, industrial, and economic problems. His first task will be to set the wheels of commonplace daily life running again in the two new colonies, to get people to work earning their own livelihoods on the farm or in the mine, to prepare the way for the return of the Outlander refugees, to sift out from the Boer concentration camps all those who are ready to accept loyally the new order, and to restore them gradually to their homes. These and a thousand similar tasks will have to be performed in the midst of a country disturbed by marauding bands and depending for its supplies upon a line of railway constantly liable to interruption. It will be impossible to mark off the final military operations from the first stages of civil resettlement. For a time the two will clearly have to go forward side by side. It will no doubt be the duty of the military authorities to clear and to screen as wide areas as possible from serious raids, and to protect as completely as may be the long line of communications. So important, however, is it that the process of resettlement should begin that it is worth while to run the risk of civilians being occasionally sniped and their houses looted. Such aggressions will, indeed, in time do more harm to the attackers than to the attacked.

They will not be acts of war, but of murder and brigandage, and will be more and more resented by a population, whether Boer or British, which is thankfully settling down again to peaceful pursuits.

When Lord Milner left South Africa last spring far more had already been done of a preparatory character than we perhaps realise. In the larger towns—Bloemfontein, Pretoria, Johannesburg—municipal administration had been completely reorganised, sanitation had been carefully attended to, justice was being administered in courts of first instance, and the illicit liquor-traffic had been absolutely stopped. Daily life had begun to resume a good deal of its ordinary appearance. Very many of the conditions necessarily precedent to the return of the civil population had already been fulfilled. The authorities were only waiting for a more favourable military situation, and more assured means of bringing up supplies, to issue permits for the opening of the mines and for the return of considerable bodies of the Outlander refugees. During the last couple of months many such permits have been given, and many mines have resumed work.

It is to be expected that a definite plan will now be arranged between Lord Milner and Lord Kitchener for resettlement upon a much larger scale, in anticipation of an improvement in the military situation, which will permit them to put it into execution. In carrying out this policy Lord Milner's task will be infinitely delicate. He will have to decide between the most various and conflicting claims of individuals and classes. There are the Outlander refugees for whom he has always shown the greatest consideration, and whose lot, indeed, during the two years of the war would have been almost unbearable but for their absolute confidence in his sympathy and support. Their claim to return to their homes upon the very first opportunity has been acknowledged over and over again, and cannot be ignored or postponed. Since his return to South Africa Lord Milner has spoken to them strong words of hope and encouragement. Then there are the numerous Boers in the concentration camps who have surrendered during the war with the determination to accept loyally the *fait accompli*. These men are in many cases near their old homes, and would return to ordinary peaceful life at once, if adequate protection and some material help were given them; yet it would be manifestly unfair if, in the process of resettlement, they took precedence of the dispossessed loyalists. Next come the new settlers, many of them soldiers who have served during the war, and are willing to make South Africa their home. These men have a strong claim upon the Government on account of their great services. Moreover, they are the class whom it is most important to encourage for every reason of prudence and policy, in order to strengthen the British and imperial element in the new colonies. Last, but not least, there are the five-and-twenty thousand prisoners and the mass of reluctantly acquiescent Boers in the concentration camps and else-

where, who must sooner or later be dealt with, but towards whom the arbitrament of war has given us a fairly free hand.

It is out of such groups as these that Lord Milner has to create, first of all a going concern, if one may so speak of a community, and later, a people which will by degrees forget the past, and will in time take its place among the loyal and contented members of the Empire. If any man can accomplish this task it is Lord Milner. He embarks upon this new stage of his career after receiving the most striking marks of the warm regard and approval of his Sovereign and of his fellow-countrymen throughout the Empire. He enjoys, as probably no man ever enjoyed before, the absolute and devoted confidence of every loyalist in South Africa. He has earned at all events the fear and respect of the anti-British party, who know him to be a strong man, in whose policy there is no element of weakness or vacillation. While victory is hanging in the balance he is inexorable, as all strong men are. When once it is secured, no man knows better than he how to temper justice with gentleness and sympathy. All the facts of South African politics being known to him, he has no illusions. He has never cried peace when there was no peace, and he is not likely to underestimate the difficulties which lie before him. An Administrator of the first order, the problems of the two new colonies will present less difficulty to him than to any other man. It is impossible to doubt that under his guiding hand we shall see social order and material prosperity emerge from the present chaos, if only the right sort of assistance and support is given to him. It is impossible to make an omelette without eggs, and probably not even a Heaven-sent Administrator could create a united South Africa out of the existing elements.

The condition absolutely vital to success is that the British element in South Africa should be strengthened by the immigration of loyal people from the Mother Country and the Colonies. There is a passage in the report of Mr. Arnold-Forster's Commission on Lands Settlements in South Africa (with which we shall deal later in this article) which puts the point very clearly. The Commissioners say :

We desire to express our firm conviction that a well-considered scheme of settlement in South Africa by men of British origin is of the most vital importance to the future prosperity of British South Africa. We find among those who wish to see British rule in South Africa maintained, and its influence for good extended, but one opinion upon this subject. There even seems reason to fear lest the vast expenditure of blood and treasure which has marked the war should be absolutely wasted, unless some strenuous effort be made to establish in the country, at the close of the war, a thoroughly British population large enough to make a recurrence of division and disorder impossible.

The desirability and, indeed, the necessity of British immigration is not open to question. The point is what practical means can be

adopted to bring it about upon a large scale? It was to obtain information of a precise character that the Government at Mr. Chamberlain's instance appointed the Arnold-Forster Commission, and instructed it 'to inquire into the question of the possibility of a settlement in South Africa of soldiers who desire to remain after the war.' It is true the inquiry was confined to the settlement of soldiers, but the very valuable information gathered by the Commission is in the main applicable to settlers of all kinds. The continuance of the war has prevented this Report, and the evidence and correspondence upon which it is based, from receiving the attention which it deserves. No one who is interested in the future of South Africa can afford to neglect the many admirable suggestions which were made by the distinguished experts who responded to Mr. Arnold-Forster's invitation to assist the Commissioners.

Most people will probably share the opinion of the Commissioners that the project of forming purely military settlements in the new colonies is chimerical. There is, however, every reason of sentiment and policy to give soldiers who have served or are serving in South Africa the preference in any scheme of settlement for which they are considered suitable candidates.

It is satisfactory to know how large a number of British and Colonial soldiers have already found permanent employment in South Africa, and how many more are likely to be absorbed by the same occupations, when peace is restored and the re-settlement of the two new colonies has fairly begun. For instance, the Director of the Imperial Military Railways, having dispensed with the services of about 1,500 Hollander employés of the former Netherlands Company, has replaced them with British railway men, chiefly soldiers. It is certain that there will be many more openings on both the Imperial railways and the Cape Government railways as soon as the work of extension is resumed upon a large scale.

Again there is General Baden-Powell's police force, numbering in all about 10,000 men, who represent, even with many allowances and deductions, a fine addition to the British element in the new territories. There are also the stationary police in the towns, the employés in the Posts and Telegraphs, in the public offices, and in the various departments of the Administration.

It is not an exaggerated estimate to assume that these various services will absorb 15,000 men, the majority of whom, if we include the police, are—or will be—new arrivals in South Africa.

It is of the utmost importance that as many as possible of these men should bring wives with them. It is only where the mothers as well as the fathers are British that you can be sure of the children's loyalty to the Empire. When Englishmen marry Boer women, as often as not their children are found fighting against us. It is at least as important to bring into South Africa the right kind

of women as men. All through history it is only when invaders have brought their women with them that they have been able to preserve their race characteristics and sympathies. When they have failed to bring their women, they have inevitably been absorbed and eventually lost in the race they appeared to conquer. Inter-marriage is certainly not the immediate solution of the race difficulty in South Africa.

So far we have spoken only of the public services, but it is certain that the mines will attract a great stream of emigrants as soon as order is restored in the Transvaal and the new era of prosperity opens for the gold industry. With the industrial revival the area of private enterprise will be enormously extended and the opportunities for employment proportionately increased. The future of the mining districts and the towns gives no occasion for anxiety. Even before the war the Outlanders considerably outnumbered the Boer population in the gold-bearing regions. Under the more favourable conditions which will follow the war, one may confidently anticipate a still greater preponderance of the British element.

And yet, encouraging for the future as all these facts are, at one vital point they do not touch the most pressing need of the situation, if the two races in South Africa are to be reconciled and in time amalgamated. None of the openings and employments to which we have referred, important and desirable as they are, of themselves help to settle people of British race upon the land. Everyone agrees that no one factor has been so powerful in the past to separate the two races as the fact that the Dutch were upon the land, owning it and making their living out of it, while the British were at the mines or in the towns, carrying on trades and industries. In every country the land-holding class is disposed to look down upon and despise the trading class. The prejudice is not extinct in England to-day. In South Africa it was intensified by other causes. The Dutch living on isolated farms, not infrequently surrounded by hostile natives, trained by necessity to the use of arms for self-defence, acquired habits of self-reliance and self-confidence, which did not need the addition of monumental ignorance to make them regard with peculiar contempt the unarmed British in the towns and villages, whose peaceful callings seemed to offer no incentive to those personal qualities which the Boer most admired. Probably in no country was there ever a more complete separation, social, industrial, and almost geographical, of two sections of a community. And behind this feeling of personal superiority was the conviction in the Boer mind that he was the permanent possessor of South Africa, holding the soil, capable of defending it, while the landless British were merely there to exploit it, here to-day, gone to-morrow, taking money out of it, putting nothing lasting into it.

Along with other valuable lessons, the war has taught the South

African Dutch that the South African British can fight. The colonists have taken their place among the Imperial forces, and more than their place. Where all have fought well, none have fought better than the volunteers from Natal, from the Colony, and from the ranks of the Outlanders. Every general under whom they have served bears witness to their fine soldierly qualities. Never again can the Cape Dutch maintain that their British fellow-settlers are incapable of meeting them in a stand-up fight.

If the war has dissipated one old misconception, and produced some sort of rough basis of mutual respect between the two races, why should it not be possible in times of peace to remove the other stone of stumbling, and, by fixing the British upon the land, convince the Dutch that we have come to stay? The social and economic *status quo ante bellum* cannot be allowed to continue in the new colonies, or we stand to lose some of the best fruits of the war. It is by a resolute effort to put an end to the old race separation that we can most effectively strengthen the hands of Lord Milner.

It is useless to deny that many people are sceptical about the possibility of inducing British and colonial settlers to take up land in South Africa. They declare that any active movement in that direction is essentially artificial, that if the conditions were economically sound, settlers would find their own way to the new colonies. They also assert that all the land of any value for farming is already occupied. They ask why people to whom North-West Canada and parts of New Zealand are still open, should go to a 'God-forsaken' country like South Africa, to sink their capital upon land which presents great drawbacks to agriculture, among a population either actively hostile or passively unfriendly.

To this it may be replied that the immediate situation in South Africa is in all respects artificial, and therefore there is nothing inconsistent in making use of an artificial remedy. If it is desirable for Imperial reasons that British and colonial settlers should be planted on the land, it is worth the State's while to pay some price to place them there. *Qui veut la fin veut les moyens*. The principle of assisted emigration and assisted settlement has been adopted in most new countries, and assisted purchase has been found necessary in so old a country as Ireland—economics notwithstanding—to unravel the puzzle of a social and political deadlock. Outside economic purists of the old school there can surely be few to object to the experiment of settling colonists on the land in South Africa, if it can be shown to have any chance of success, and if the price to be paid is at all in proportion to the object to be gained. These are largely questions for experts, as indeed are the objections raised in the previous paragraph. On all such points the most valuable evidence was given before the Arnold-Forster Commission.

The scheme, if scheme it can be called, need not be a very vast one. The number of settlers suggested by various witnesses is about two thousand for each colony. In a letter addressed by Mr. Cecil Rhodes to Lord Milner last year, and submitted to the Commission, he says :

Taking the census of the Free State and the Transvaal I think I am beyond the mark when I say that probably not more than 13,000 families are upon the land in the Transvaal, and 10,000 families in the Free State. That would make a total of 25,000 families who are almost all belonging to the Dutch race, and leading a life entirely apart from the towns.

It requires no argument to show that a settlement of 4,000 holdings of our people would give great security to our position, and the intercourse which must necessarily take place would tend to amalgamate the country people with ourselves, which never will occur so long as we remain entirely in the towns and they apart from us in the country with different thoughts, different ideas, and with no chance of daily intercourse.

Elsewhere in the same letter Mr. Rhodes describes an interesting personal experience :

In a small way I have tried to encourage fruit cultivation in the Cape Colony, and possess some twenty or thirty farms in the Paarl and Stellenbosch districts. Owing to their special knowledge the men in charge of these farms are almost entirely English, who have studied fruit cultivation in California; and for the first time we have a number of English upon the land in these districts. At first they were looked upon with suspicion and distrust by their neighbours. This feeling has now totally altered. They mix socially with the neighbouring farmers, they are intermarrying with the Dutch, and the whole tone of these two districts is changing.

It is true that this experiment was tried before the outbreak of the war, but the above words were written during the war and prove that Mr. Rhodes believed it might be repeated with success.

There is a general consensus of opinion that as many as possible of the new settlers should be men of agricultural knowledge and experience, having at their disposal capital of their own, variously estimated from 500*l.* to 1,000*l.* General Brabant, whose name has earned the respect of all loyalists in and out of South Africa, informed the Commission that, in view of previous experience, he should prefer to try 'a rather better class of farmer, a man of some little capital.' He said, 'It seems to me that Major Thomas's scheme is the most likely to answer. It deals with practical men. Major Thomas's idea is to purchase a lot of farms at the close of the war, to get them surveyed into small lots, and to put on them regular English farmers with a certain amount of capital.'

Another witness, Mr. W. Pott, with eleven years' experience of South Africa and six years' experience of New Zealand, wrote to the Commission :

Speaking generally, agriculture offers much better prospects than stock-farming for yeoman settlers. Even recognising the difficulties and drawbacks which do

exist, I consider there is a fair reward awaiting intelligent agricultural development under judicious selection of men and sites. . . . I do not think that settlers who command less capital than 500*l.* are likely to succeed, or even to stick to farming for the necessary time to give it a fair trial.

Major Thomas (member of the late Royal Commission on Agriculture), who is referred to above by General Brabant, stated in his most interesting evidence :

I feel sure that the prospects in the districts I have named are very good, but I would warn those who indiscriminately advise men to go out to South Africa to bear in mind that to be a successful farmer in any country a man must have some capital and practical knowledge. I do not mean practical knowledge of South African farming—that, of course, would be a great advantage—he should also know at the outset the condition and the drawbacks of the country, such as the language, native labour, drought, locusts, also rinderpest and the many other diseases which often thin out flocks and herds in South Africa. He should also consider carefully the liability of getting thoroughly established in a farm. The risk of failure would naturally be great to those who might attempt to farm without sufficient capital to familiarise themselves with the climate and the many drawbacks peculiar to the country.

I think a thousand acres of good land would be sufficient for one farmer. He would have a capital of at least 1,000*l.* in order to protect himself against all possible risks of failure while familiarising himself with the climate and other things which have to be reckoned with in South Africa.

I have great hopes of the districts I have named as being suitable for English farmers, and I think if large blocks could be bought now there would be no difficulty in getting some of the very best class of farmers in England, and more especially in Wales, to emigrate at once.

It is confidently believed that men of this class could be found both in the United Kingdom and among the colonial contingents furnished by Canada and Australia. No greater good fortune could befall British rule in South Africa than the settlement in the new colonies of a considerable number of Australians and Canadians, who would bring with them the admirable personal qualities and whole-hearted devotion to the Empire which so strongly characterise them at home. If these men are to be secured, no time must be lost in making them such an offer as will tempt them to remain in the country after the war is at an end.

It is of the utmost importance to the success of the experiment that the settlers should only be placed upon the very best available land, situated within reasonable distance of markets for their produce. This point was emphasised over and over again before the Commission, and must be regarded as a *sine qua non* if any such scheme is to be a success. Fortunately the prospective extension of the railway systems of the Transvaal and Orange River Colonies will soon bring many districts within reach of markets from which they are at present shut off.

Can such land be obtained? Herein lies the *crux* of the whole question.

There is no doubt that it can, either by the utilisation of Government land, or by acquisition from land companies, or by purchase from individuals.

Both in the Transvaal and in the Orange River Colony there is a certain amount of suitable Government land available, of which the district known as the 'Conquered Territory,' on the Basutoland border, is probably the most favourable instance. The land belonging to land companies was, in most cases, bought for its mineral rights and not for its agricultural value, and would, therefore, rarely offer the necessary advantages. There remains, then, purchase from individuals, and it is probably by this means that much of the land would have to be obtained, especially in the Orange River Colony. How much land could be so obtained, at a fair market price, it is difficult to say, but there was general agreement among the witnesses before the Arnold-Forster Commission that at the conclusion of the war many farms would come into the market through the death of the owners, the non-fulfilment of the terms of leases, and the foreclosure of mortgages.

Major Thomas said :

I think some very large blocks of land will shortly be in the market, as many of the Boer farmers have been killed, many ruined, and can no longer go on farming; some are still on commando, last year's crops have not been gathered, the land not ploughed, stock taken or confiscated, farms mortgaged to the hilt; many farmers have paid no interest last year, nor are likely to pay any this year, mortgagees must close sooner or later, therefore land will be a drug in the market for some time to come, and should therefore be bought now, as, later on, when the country is quiet, English capital flowing into it, new railways being built, good land will soon enhance in value, and be difficult to get at any price. I feel sure that land bought now at 2*l.* 10*s.* or 3*l.* per morgen will be equal in value to the land in Cape Colony, which is worth from 8*l.* to 12*l.* per morgen.

Under Lord Kitchener's Proclamation the maintenance of the families of burghers who remain on commando will in future be chargeable upon their property, and no doubt this will bring many farms into the market. Confiscation is unknown to the Roman Dutch law as a punishment for rebellion and high-treason, but in the unlikely event of an insufficient quantity of suitable land being obtainable, the legislation of other colonies, and notably of New Zealand, suggests a method by which it might be acquired without inflicting injustice upon the present holders.

As for the financial aspects of the scheme, they do not appear to disturb experts. This is probably one of the cases where policy will determine expenditure, and not expenditure policy. We have spent so much to retain South Africa that we may well spend a little more to pacify it. If there is any prospect of such a scheme contributing to this result, its cost will not be grudged. The total outlay for land purchase and for irrigation would of course be considerable—

Mr. Rhodes roughly estimates it at three millions—but it would be very gradual, and in the end it would be recoverable from the settlers by annual payments of principal and interest spread over a long term of years.

If once the policy of land settlement were adopted, the details of a working scheme could be safely left to Lord Milner and the officials to whom he would confide its execution. It would be necessary to treat the new settlers with great generosity, and especially to make the terms of land-purchase as easy as possible. Our object is to get the British and Dutch side by side on the land in the belief that anything which helps forward that object brings nearer the pacification of South Africa. In the words of Mr. Rhodes, 'I feel sure the only time when the Dutch people will accept us as part of themselves, and with an equal interest in South Africa, is when they find that we are really occupying and owning the soil, thus proving that our race is permanently fixed in the country.'

HENRY BIRCHENOUGH.

A WINTER'S WALK IN CANADA

CANADA has of late been bulking large in the public eye. She it was who first proved confederation feasible; she it was who gave practical shape to the idea of Imperial unity by the institution of a preferential tariff; she linked East with West by her Pacific Railway; and it is she who took the initiative in Imperial penny postage. From the position of a humble colonial dependency she has risen to the rank, if not of a political and fiscal exemplar, at all events of a political and fiscal experimenter. The contrast is notable.

I took the other day a long winter's walk in this country of contrasts. For this, of a truth, Canada is. Her climate, her scenery, her sentiments, her people, her politics, all exhibit extremes the most extraordinary. A winter of arctic severity is followed by a tropical summer. Within sight of luxuriant pastures glide stupendous glaciers. Flattest prairies spread to the feet of mountain ranges the rivals of the Alps; prim fields, orchards, and vineyards encroach upon primeval forests. Along with the hardy apple and the far-famed No. One Manitoba wheat, this land produces strawberries, peaches, grapes, and melons. Constitutionally content with British connection, her people are intimately influenced by ideas and manners American. Indeed, her people are as heterogeneous as herself. The Maritime Provinces of the extreme East hardly call themselves Canadian; Quebec is French; Ontario is Canadian to the core, so is Manitoba; in the North-West Territories are settlers from almost every nationality in Europe; British Columbia, in the extreme West, again, fights shy of the cognomen Canadian. Newfoundland holds aloof altogether. A rude and toilsome social life goes hand in hand with patches of refinement and culture unmistakable. Canadian cheese took the prize at Chicago; Canadian poetry has been crowned by the Academy. Lauding democratic institutions to the skies, radical to the last degree, Canada nevertheless contains within herself castes and cliques in their horror of such principles almost rabid. With a political system the counterpart of the British, her politics are rife with personalities, election protests, corruption trials.

But, to descend from the universal to the particular, I can perhaps most vividly paint a little picture of the conditions of

Canadian life and thought by describing with absolutely truthful detail a winter's walk there, together with the ruminations to which it naturally gave rise.

My point of departure was a little Ontarian country town of some ten thousand inhabitants—we will call it Dummer. Dummer was entitled to take rank as a 'city,' a population of ten thousand forming the technical line of demarcation between a city and a town; but for some intricate municipal reason or other—probably one of taxation—it had not been incorporated, incorporation requiring a vote of the Town Council. Dummer stood in a slightly higher latitude than the parallels which run through the belt of country skirting the northern shore of the Great Lakes, along which are dotted most of the centres of population; and accordingly it was exposed to a slightly severer wintry climate. At the time of my visit it was enveloped in snow. Snow lay deep over the whole land, thick on every roof, over the edges of which it protruded itself in irregular curves—solid cataracts suspended in air, and vainly endeavouring to complete their descent by long six-foot icicles. Snow-white was every road, save for the two dirty grooves beaten down by the hoofs of horses. Snow covered the country, far as the eye could reach; glistening like glaciers on the hill-sides, deep purple and blue in the patches shaded by the pines; only the woods showing black against the dazzling white, the perpendicular walls of the wooden farm buildings, the solitary trees and shrubs, and the straggling snake-fences—long, unshapen logs of split timber, their ends placed zigzag the one over the other, to keep the structure erect—relieved the white monotony. And yet this belt of country is almost in the same latitude with the South of France, with the Riviera, whence but a few days before I had received in a letter a violet! To think that Pau and Nice and Cannes and Monaco and Genoa and San Remo and Florence were parallel with me and yet imbedded in flowers at that moment! Canada can hardly object to Mr. Kipling's pretty and by no means fanciful epithet, 'Our Lady of the Snows.' The city of Montreal spent, a couple of winters ago, in clearing away the snow from her streets, 116,915 dollars 20 cents—roughly, 23,000*l*. So much for snow; as for cold, they say fifty degrees of frost are not in Dummer uncommon.

But if anyone thinks cold and snow here kill life they are mistaken. Octogenarians I know well, hale and hearty old gentlemen, with florid cheeks and buoyant step, who, when the mercury does its best to disappear into the bulb, call the weather 'bracing,' feel 'young again,' and blow with healthy jaysance steaming breath through moustaches dripping icicles like the eaves. No; a 'back country' Canadian town in winter is, in its own phrase, 'up and jumping.'

What does it do with itself? I will tell you. The roads are

alive with sleighs. Without this same slippery snow, to drag into this distributing centre waggon-load after waggon-load of hay and wood, and grain, and pork, and eggs, and butter, and cheese, and drag out again to the farms from which this produce comes tea, flour, sugar, clothes, oil, furniture, bricks, would be arduous labour indeed. So both farmers and shopkeepers hail the snow. Without it, produce would not be exchanged for wares, money would not circulate—at least, not to the extent that it then does. To the town itself, too, the winter seems to give a fillip. Winter is Canada's 'season.' In summer everybody goes away; the old and well-to-do to England, to 'fashionable resorts' in the United States or on the St. Lawrence, or by the shores of the inland lakes; the young and so-to-do go 'camping'; the poor, by vespertinal boat or electric-car excursions, to neighbouring parks, islands, and pleasure-grounds. In July and August the cities are as deserted as London. Winter is the season of the little Canadian town; and in no mean imitation of its big sister cities it revels in at-homes, afternoon teas, balls, dances, dinner parties, promenade concerts, amateur theatricals, and all the wonted frivolities and amenities of the day. It has its sleighing clubs, its tobogganing clubs, its skating clubs, its snow-shoeing clubs. It boasts an opera house, where are to be seen, usually for 'one-night stands,' on their way to larger cities, some of the best actors in the land. It boasts a literary society under whose auspices come, from this metropolis or the other, University professors, imported Oxford Fellows many of them, who lecture on such subjects as, let us say, 'Periclean Politics,' or the 'Function of Fiction,' or 'Greek Gynæceiæ.' Dummer, despite her seclusion, neglects not the intellectual life. But to come to more practical details. Here are to be found electric tramcars, electric lights, arc or incandescent, which you prefer; waterworks, long- and short-distance telephones, one or two hospitals, three or four parks, one containing a racecourse, another a bicycle track, a public library, Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Associations, picturesque English churches, gorgeous Roman Catholic churches, modernised Presbyterian and Methodist churches, lighted and upholstered like theatres, with flaring, blaring organs and horseshoe-shaped seats—in short, all the paraphernalia of modern municipal civilisation. Dummer is now whistling *There'll be a Hot Time in the Old Town To-night*, and, *All Coons Look Alike to Me*, as New York is—or a few months since was—whistling those airs. Her hotel menus are in French—or partly in French; *Consommé au Bean* and *New England Dinnér à la Maryland* (never mind the accents) were once among my dishes. Yes; Dummer is a metropolis in miniature.

Whence comes the wealth to support this forwardness? you ask. (I must request the compositor to be particularly careful not to transpose the *r* and the *o* in the first syllable of the second substantive

of that sentence.) Well, there is the agricultural and dairy produce already mentioned. The chances are many to one that the oatmeal porridge and the rasher of bacon you enjoyed to-day at breakfast, and the flour out of which was made the bread for your toast, came from Dummer; so, perhaps, did the barley for your glass of ale at luncheon, and the cheese which you tasted at dinner: Canadian 'Stilton' and Canadian 'Imperial' are by no means to be despised; and your servants may have long been regaling themselves on Canadian beef and apples and butter—you, in return for all these commodities, sending to Dummer money, for which, I hope, you receive regular interest. Not a little Scotch and English capital drives ploughs and feeds cattle and develops mines in Canada. Would that more did so! There is room for large investments here with ample security. There have been losses, that I know. Scotch and English creditors have been bitten in Dummer ere this. But if Scotch and English capitalists would send to Dummer trustworthy resident agents, working in partnership with native Canadians who know the needs of the country; or, better still, would establish in this colony branch offices, so that there may be close and responsible links between the company which lends and the mortgagors who borrow, I cannot but think it would redound to the advantage of both. Canada wants money; Canada can give security. England can give money; England wants security. The equation seems simple. It only wants honest and competent mathematicians to solve. Alas! honesty and competence seem scarcer than money and security.

But not agricultural and dairy produce alone are the sources of Dummerian wealth. Owing to the artificial stimulus given to manufactures by the so-called national policy inaugurated by the late Sir John Macdonald in 1878, factories of every kind and description sprang up through the length and breadth of the Dominion. And, added to this protective tariff, little country towns like Dummer have endeavoured to attract to them, by means of what many regard as a pernicious system of bonusing, large and powerful companies employing numerous hands. Twenty, thirty, forty, or fifty thousand dollars, together with exemption from taxation for five, ten, fifteen, or twenty years, have been the bait. As a consequence, one finds here huge electric machinery works, agricultural machinery works, mining machinery works, bridge works, lock works, to say nothing of 'lumber' mills, saw mills, 'grist' mills, woollen mills, pork-packing establishments, in addition to all the multifarious industries and factories turning out the thousand and one necessities of daily life—furniture, paper, laths, 'shingles,' window-frames, beer, pianos, coffins, cigars, sweetmeats, boots, shoes, clothes, trunks—for machinery has invaded many things the day. Then there is splendid water power, artificially improved by damming a bountiful river.

Dummer, too, sits at the intersection of two or more great railways. She is in touch with financial centres. She possesses banks, and loan, insurance, and other companies not a few. Her 'Hinterland' is fertile and broad. Her credit is good. She numbers among her population men of worth and standing.

But enough and to spare of the economic conditions of country towns. It is to the glorious early morning walk that I took there that my memory chiefly clings.

For some reason one night sleep forsook me. After wooing her in vain, I rose at three and lighted an ungainly but highly satisfactory stove. It had a draught like a Bessemer furnace, drawing through an ugly stove-pipe, which ran bolt upright, turned sharp before it reached the ceiling, and disappeared in a hole in the wall—an apparatus quite the most conspicuous article of furniture in the room. On this I warmed a cup of tea, then donned all the warm clothing I could find, and in some forty minutes was afoot. What I ought to have worn was a blanket-coat and knickerbockers, moccasins, snow-shoes, and a woollen tuque—this is the picturesque costume of the Quebec snow-shoer. But I had to content myself with golfing tweeds, boots, and gaiters—a panoply, by the way, which seems to excite the curiosity of the home-keeping youth of Dummer. It is not a little strange how in this English colony English customs provoke a stare. Among all but the educated and travelled classes in Canada an Englishman is a foreigner. His speech is matter of merriment, his apparel matter of comment; and not altogether of good-humoured merriment or comment, it seemed to me, but smacking rather of scoff and scorn, a modified, or rather citified, form of the proverbial desire to 'eave 'arf a brick. I am not, of course, I must repeat, speaking of the upper and Anglified classes of the larger towns, by whom, indeed, the newly arrived Englishman is often apt to be, by too much petting, spoiled. But certainly among the populace American habits, customs, and manners prevail. Canadian slang is American slang. Popular nomenclature and phraseology are American. The college ground is a 'campus,' the local drill-hall is 'the armories,' vans are 'expresses'; one never 'makes haste,' one 'hurries up'; trains are never 'punctual,' they are 'on time'; people 'ride in rigs,' not 'drive in carriages.' In the open spaces of cities are seen going on in summer games of 'ball'—baseball, namely—a game which draws its thousands, while cricket barely draws its scores. Newsboys offer you papers priced a 'nickel.' Tobacco and gum-chewing are rife—the latter, I am glad to say, does not require the vile expectorative accompaniment of the former—'glad,' because it is indulged in by girls as well as boys. All this is, perhaps, natural. It is to be inferred that a great country, separated only by a cartographical line, will have more influence upon a little country, than will a great country separated from it by

three thousand miles of sea. Between the two former international excursion trips are things of every summer's occurrence; they have trades-unions and associations innumerable in common; younger sons from the smaller land flock for employment to the larger; newspapers, books, and magazines from the one cover the book-sellers' counters in the other; the daily telegraphic despatches of both are fed by the self-same associated press.

Yet it is only fair to remark that there is a class in Canada yearly freeing itself more and more from American influence. Within the last quinquennium there has been quite perceptibly growing more distinct a line of demarcation between two sections of the people—a severance that looks as if it might some day eventuate in the formation of two great castes or classes. Already the sons of what may be called the gentry—the bankers, the lawyers, the wholesale merchants, the doctors, the parsons—look to England for their inspiration, follow English fashions, play English games, copy English manners, and attempt an English accent. Twenty years ago such line was not so visible. Twenty years hence it may be cause of curious and unforeseen social and even political changes. Already we have seen an increasing tendency to seek British markets. Already we have seen a preferential tariff in favour of Britain.

However, despite the American influences permeating the bulk of the Canadian populace, those influences only penetrate skin-deep. They may evince themselves in dress, manners, and speech, in habits, customs, and games; but at heart the sentiment of the people is thoroughly British. They glory in British connection; they shout over the 'Old Flag'; they rejoice when Britain wins. They take sides with the mother-land in all her troubles, and when she is in distress they run, as we know, to her aid. This is a puzzle that travellers have noted before. But, after all, it is not so much of a puzzle. The race is British; but this race has been exposed to alien influences. Transplant a tree to another soil, and, though the foliage may vary, the sap remains the same. Besides, some of the stock has been twice transplanted. Many of the first settlers were Royalists expelled from the Southern Republic. 'The first settlers in Upper Canada,' says Mr. Adam Shortt, Professor of Political Science in Queen's University, Kingston, Ontario,

were Americans made up partly of United Empire Royalists, themselves a very mixed element, and partly of miscellaneous immigrants from the neighbouring States; some of them actuated by restless enterprise, others driven by a stern necessity, not always of happy memory. To most of these people the change brought little or no difference in surroundings or general method of life, though it meant for some a change of occupation. Naturally, therefore, the American immigrants brought with them, almost intact, the system of economic, political and social life to which they had grown accustomed in the neighbouring British colonies, or young Republic.¹

¹ *The Canadian Magazine*, May 1898.

Perhaps the writer hardly lays sufficient stress on the fact that the expulsive force that brought the bulk of the United Empire loyalists to Canada was loyalty to Great Britain, a loyalty their descendants still stoutly maintain and still loudly assert.

But, indeed, this fact of Canadian loyalty to the mother-land is one that needs now never for one moment to be called in question. If it is ever for one moment called in question, this is due to two reasons—the one past, the other permanent. First, because in bygone days, before the two nations, French and English, which severally inhabited Upper and Lower Canada, were joined together in the political harmony which now unites them, there certainly were occasionally heard discordant notes; second, because the propinquity of Canada's great and growing neighbour to the south is always so patent, so obtrusively patent, a fact. Of the first nothing was heard after the suppression of the rebellion of 1837, a rebellion that was squelched by the first show of armed resistance, a resistance organised by the community itself, and one which never would have burst into flame but for those two patriots who, like Samson's foxes, trailed between them under the name of 'grievances' the torch of political discord—Messrs. William Lyon Mackenzie and Louis Joseph Papineau. Grievances, all admit, there were; but not all admit that political conflagration was their only cure. This at least is the impression gained from the perusal of a Canadian historian's account of the matter.² The second reason, the propinquity of the United States, still exists, because it is a permanent supposition that that huge and bulky nation would have no objection to enrolling the Provinces of Canada (of area, be it remembered, larger even than her own) among her numerous States. But since the recent unmistakable development of the idea of Imperial unity within the British Empire, and since the outburst of national enthusiasm at the time of Her Majesty's Jubilee, since the sending of the contingents to South Africa, this latter factor also has dwindled into insignificance. The United States, if they have never shown themselves actually inimical to Canada, cannot be said ever to have shown themselves exactly exquisitely amicable; and their high tariff wall, their unwillingness to treat for reciprocity of trade, their attitude on the Fenian Raid question, on the Maine boundary question, on the seal fisheries question, their harsh alien labour laws, tend rather to repulsion than to attraction. Canada will never be coerced into annexation; and if at any time in the history of her career she might have been coaxed, that day is long past. To-day the Liberals outdo the Conservatives, not only in protestations, but in practical proofs of loyalty; and to-day that small and still more radical party,

² *The Canadian Rebellion of 1837*. By D. B. Read, Q.C. Toronto: C. Blackett Robinson, 1896.

which aspires to recognition under the title of Patrons of Industry, publicly prints (or till quite recently printed) in the forefront of its political propaganda 'British Connection.' The last faint whisper of anything like alienation was in the general election of 1891, when the issue was 'Reciprocity' or Commercial Union with the United States; and then the Conservatives, by appealing to the Old Flag and proclaiming that Commercial Union must inevitably mean political union, were returned by a majority of one hundred and sixty-one to fifty-two. This, at least, is the contention of the winning side; a contention to which colour is given by the fact that when in 1896 the losing side became the winning side, they out-Imperialised the Imperialists; and when in 1900 an appeal was made to the country both parties vied in the strength of their Imperialistic sentiments.³

However, to go back. As I have said, to the bulk of the untravelled and typically Canadian populace the Englishman is a foreigner. This dissimilarity of sentiment held with regard to the individual Englishman, and with regard to the nation to which he belongs, is worthy perhaps of analysis; the more so as its source has escaped the observation of the too hasty visitor. The fact is, the type of individual Englishman with which the youth of country towns like Dummer are chiefly familiar is the younger son sent out 'to farm.' And such younger son, not being as a rule the pick of the family either for brilliant intellect or vigorous industry, and being always reserved—reserved, that is, as compared with Dummerian freedom and adaptability—he is apt to be regarded with a curious commixture of pitiful contempt and jealous envy. With pitiful contempt, because, being a stranger within their gates, unaccustomed to their ways, possessing different modes of thought, speech, and manner, he is apt to think and move cautiously if not slowly—a demeanour attributed by the quick-witted and versatile Canadians either to aristocratic apathy (which they abhor) or to downright stupidity (which they contemn) or to both. His reserve, too, is taken to be mere pig-headed haughtiness—with jealous envy, because it is patent, even to Dummerian intellects, that he has had advantages denied to them. Poor younger son! His father little comprehends the conditions under which he toils.

³ I am sustained, I see, in this view of the decided change of Canadian sentiment towards Imperialism by that shrewd observer Professor John Davidson, of the University of New Brunswick, whose *Commercial Federation and Colonial Trade Policy* I have since been reading. 'Few people, at home or in the colonies,' says Professor Davidson, 'recognise the profound change which has come over colonial sentiment regarding the Empire. To-day, in Canada, we are all more demonstratively loyal than the inhabitants of the mother-country. . . . Ten years since our ideas were very different. But the change has been so profound that, recent though it is, it is difficult to find anyone to admit that there has been any change. We are inclined to think that we always were as enthusiastic Imperialists as we are to-day. Yet as a matter of fact there has been a profound change. (*Op. cit.* p. 102.)

In a dependency like India he works with compatriots—who understand him, and rules over natives—who fear him. In a colony like Canada, those he works with and those he rules over, both are presumably his kith and kin, and they neither fear him nor understand him. Poor younger son! Often have I met him, a refined, cultured, University man often, lured across the Atlantic, after payment of a forty-pound premium, by one or other of the numerous agencies which promise that he shall be taught farming free and get 600 acres of land for a song. As a matter of fact, both asseverations are within the bounds of truth; but the free tuition means the work, the food, and the treatment of the commonest of common day-labourers; and what a solitary Oxford graduate, even after he has learned digging and manuring, could do with a square mile of land, the agencies do not teach. This is not the class of man that Canada wants. What Canada wants is the tenant-farmer with a family and a bank account; the first will help him to plough his land; the second will keep him till it is ploughed. The robust tenant-farmer will get on where the refined stripling will go to the wall—or the dogs. But to my walk.

When I started, there was no moon, there were no stars; my sole light was the skyey reflection of the electric lamps, and only this for many miles enabled me to distinguish the grooves in which I had to walk from the high ridge of snow between them which I had to avoid. When I skirted the lee side of a high hill, or passed the distal edge of a thick wood, I floundered from one to other in the dark. The curious may wonder how the horse avoids this central ridge when only one is driven and not a pair. The explanation is that in all single-horse sleighs in America the shafts are placed to one side. The landscape, such of it as could be seen under a leaden-grey sky, was a vast monochrome, an expanse of dull white picked out with blotches and points and lines of black. Not a living thing was to be seen. Not a sound was to be heard. And, what particularly struck a lover of country walks, not the faintest suspicion of any kind of a scent was to be detected. Everything seemed to be dumb and dead; and the tiny flakes which fell in myriads, fell so silently, so pitilessly, had seemingly for their object the making of all things, if possible, still more dumb and dead. There is always something poetic about snow in England. There is something playful and jocular in the way in which lusty standard rose-trees, stout shrubs, and sturdy hedges don aged winter's garb, as a laughing maid will half demurely wear her grand-dam's cap. In the Western Hemisphere, away from the genial influences of the Gulf Stream, even in the same latitudes, winter is a more serious matter. The snow comes 'to stay.' There is little jocosity about it. It lies several feet thick. If it disappears during a temporary thaw, it comes again very soon. Here the trees do not sport with it. They

put up with it. They stand knee-deep in it, leafless, motionless, scentless, soundless. If there is a wind, it sweeps through them with a long thin swish, like the wail of a host of lost spirits seeking shelter. Not a branch falls—the autumn blasts brought down all that was frangible. Only frozen tears fall, fall from the ice-encrusted twigs. For miles on either side of me stood these patient trees; thick, black, heavy-boughed cedars, their short trunks buried in snow, squatting, like Mr. Kipling's Djinn of All Deserts, on their haunches and vainly 'thinking a Magic' to make idling winter 'hump himself'; beech-trees, naked but for a few scattered sere and yellow leaves fluttering about their waists; the drooping-branched elm, not half so graceful as when full-leaved; elegant maples with a tracery of twigs far too fine to be compared to lace. These trees formed often the outermost fringe of thick woods. Into these I penetrated. A profound silence pervaded them, a silence so intense, so all-embracing, it seemed to overflow the forest, to go out into space, to enwrap the world in its grasp. Not a thing stirs. To be alive in that shrine of death-like soundlessness seems desecration. It is supreme, infinite, absolute; you, the living, moving on-looker, are finite and relative, a thing of time and space. To think is to disturb the serenity of its repose, for to think is to attempt to limit it, to reduce it to the level of yourself, and no thought is large enough to compass it. Only some shaggy elk, hoofed and horned, diabolically crashing through crust upon crust of superimposed layers of frozen snow; and only dæmoniacal little troops of wolves, patterning fiendishly, are fit to defy or to disturb this deity of Quiet. It is large, expansive in its influence. Summer sights and sounds bind you to a spot, limit your attention to a locality, accentuate the petty, the individual, the trivial. The wintry woods, the white unfurrowed fields, stimulate no sense. The soul of man seems bared to the soul of Nature, and human thought and the universal mind seem contiguous and conterminous. Silence affects the mind as darkness affects the senses; both in their impressiveness quicken the faculties to the utmost; and yet, as no sense can perceive the impalpability of darkness, so no thought can pierce the impenetrability of silence. One must visit a wintry clime to experience emotions such as these.

It would be interesting to discover how far climatic conditions have influenced national character in Canada. But that would be a discovery difficult to make. In primitive times this factor in the formation of temperament, involving as it did that also of diet, was, I suppose, paramount; to-day, as facility of travel and spread of international intercourse increase, it fades. Above all, the influx of new blood tends to counteract its influence. To find its true effect here we must go to the North American Indian. What are his physical and climatic surroundings? Long and sombre winters, during which the patient earth awaits a bounding spring; then a

spring leaping into torrid summer; a summer followed by a blazing, gorgeous autumn, when again the patient earth lapses into its long and silent sleep. Illimitable wastes of prairie and forest; all but shoreless inland seas; still and quiet pools; roaring or rippling brooks flowing through dark lugubrious woods. The solitude and silence of snow-shrouded lands; a sudden bursting into gleeful life; fiery æstival months; a full and lavish fruitage. What are the effects of these upon the aborigines? We find them patient, hardy, enduring, to the last degree; taciturn, superstitious, intractable, dogged, treacherous, implacable. The wintry earth is not harder to uploose and disclose to view than is the Red Man's heart. But hidden in that cold-seeming heart is fire. His loves and hates, his recklessness, his fearlessness, his unsettledness, his sudden exacerbations of anger, his scorn of consequence, are not more typical of his clime when the sun mounts high, than are of the winter solstice his motives dark and cold. He is sombre. For centuries he has roamed vast solitudes alone. No stranger visited him. He held no converse with the outer world. The alien, even the member of the neighbouring tribe, was to him a foe. He is sedate. With no settled occupation, nothing by him has to be done against a particular hour. He counts his time by moons, wandering in leisurely manner from hunting-ground to hunting-ground. The deer of his forests, the fish of his lakes—these are his only quest. He is savage. Now feeding to his full on flesh or fish, now half starved on a diminishing store of pemmican; like his clime, he alternates from the extreme of lethargy to the extreme of energy. No one to Nature has lived closer than he. The hardihood of winter has entered into his frame; the peace of lake and forest and pool has depicted itself on his face; the enduring vigour of huge and changeless expanses has written itself on his soul. He is as distinctly a product of the land as is its deep-toned hardy pine or its flaming sweet-sapped maple. He is a veritable child of Nature still, undeveloped, undevelopable. He garners no grain, he husbands no resources. His habits, after a century's contact with civilisation, are what they were in pristine times. The White Man comes, sees how perfectly suited to his lakes is his frail canoe, and immediately sets about to make him a dainty craft, as far removed from its rude prototype as a trim yacht from a Yarmouth trawler. The Red Man still hollows out a log, or, like Hiawatha, begs the birch-tree for its bark. A child of that Nature which gave him birth, and from whose naked breasts he still sucks his simple livelihood, he will never grow up. Nowhere perhaps to-day is seen so clearly the influence of climate upon temperament, for nowhere perhaps has climate been less trammelled in its action.

But the climate of Canada has not yet appreciably affected its incurious Anglo-Saxon hosts, save perhaps in one particular. This, namely. One of the first differences one notices when crossing from

the eastern to the western moiety of the Atlantic is in the air. The warm, moisture-laden atmosphere of the British Isles gives way to a clarity and rarity truly marvellous on first observance. The very outline of ocean's rim evinces it. In fact, few things are more distinctively characteristic of the two great halves of the Anglo-Saxon race which inhabit its opposing shores than that symbolised by the appearance of the Atlantic horizon—on the hither or British side, softened, mellow, blending into sky and cloud, quiet, subdued, self-restrained; on the thither or American side, definite, distinct, defiantly overt, so self-revealed that it presents a keen and clearly cut serrated edge to the wondering skies. This air seems to affect the nerves as it does the sea. It has tremendous tonic properties. It strings-up, makes keen, alert, 'smart.' It is very dry. Life as well as coal burns quickly in it; an English hearth merely smoulders in comparison with one Canadian, which, especially in winter, glows white-hot. Naturally this air affects the system. The Canadian is supereminently quick-witted. He thinks fast, very fast. It is his boast, too, that he can 'put his hand to anything.' And so, indeed, he can. But with his quick-wittedness goes a self-consciousness and a restlessness which he shares in common with his brethren to the south. But other formative influences come in here, the which to trace would lead us too far astray. There is, of necessity, also, the crudeness and rawness inseparable from a colony; there is the lack of standards, both of taste and manners, perhaps also of morals, if we pried into business and politics; there is the youthfulness of a still-growing people. 'It cannot be denied,' says one of their own writers, 'that, whereas other sections of the race have inherited not only capacity but a cultured social atmosphere, fraught with many civilising influences, we have inherited but little of the latter.'⁴ Elsewhere, too, he speaks of 'our rawness and lack of culture.' Canada shares with her southern neighbour also a curious self-assertiveness, the outcome perhaps of an absence of caste. There being, presumably, no recognised social grades, a quiet and restrained demeanour passes among the uneducated for insignificance. But is not, after all, national character fast becoming indistinguishable? The ebb and flow of travel, emigration, the marvellous ramifications of the newspaper press, by which I read at my breakfast table to-day precisely what you, five, ten, fifteen thousand miles away, are reading at yours, the community of light and periodical literature simultaneously published in two hemispheres—it would be interesting to trace the effects of these and of multiform other tendencies making for international coalescence.

But if her climate has not affected her character, her scenery has fired her imagination. Canada has produced some poetry which, in delicacy of feeling, if not in power of thought, forms a remarkable

⁴ Professor Adam Shortt, in *The Canadian Magazine*, cit. *supra*.

offset to the crudity usually regarded as a necessary concomitant of colonial life and thought, once more emphasising the fact that she is a country of contrasts. Those who have read *Songs of the Great Dominion*,⁵ or the Appendix to *Younger American Poets*,⁶ or the more recent *Treasury of Canadian Verse*,⁷ and to whom the names of Fréchette, Bliss Carman, Archibald Lampman, are known, need no proof of this. However, from a Canadian wood in winter to climatic influences and the poetic spirit is a far cry. Return we to the former.

As I walked, the wind rose, and its noise in the convolutions of the ear, so still was everything else, became almost annoying in its resounding roar. I had followed devious and untravelled ways in the semi-darkness, and this wind it was that told me when again I reached a high-road—namely, by the whistling of the telegraph wires. I never heard such obstreperous wires. They made an Æolian harp truly hyperborean in timbre and volume. Every note in the scale of audible human sound seemed struck; and were there such a thing as an acoustical spectroscope, it would have shown, not only every tone and semitone in the gamut, but ultra-treble and ultra-bass notes also. And it was played *fortissimo*. Those wires shrieked, bellowed. Whether at that early hour they were carrying messages, I do not know; but all the intensity of human anguish, human happiness, and human woe seemed to be flowing through their scannel lengths; and the thin hapless things plained of their freight to the unheeding winds. It was a weird sound far out there in the desolate wild, with not a soul to hear or sympathise—for I, what was I in all that huge expanse? They wotted not of me.

Then the great sky by degrees broke up into masses of cloud, and here and there between them shone out the steady stars—imperturbable, piercing, shaken not by the slightest twinkle. One rich and brilliant planet in the West glowed argent in the blue—a blue into which the eye penetrated far, far into infinity. The Canadian sky is ever lofty, pellucid, profound; very different from the close canopy so common in cloudy England.

But it was high time to turn homewards. A faint light overspread the East; things began to take shape; houses, instead of appearing as dark blotches against the white, now looked like

⁵ *Songs of the Great Dominion: Voices from the Forests and Waters, the Settlements and Cities of Canada*. Selected and edited by William Dowd Lightball, M.A., of Montreal. London: Walter Scott, 1889.

⁶ *Younger American Poets, 1830-1890*. Edited by Douglas Sladen, B.A. Oxon., B.A., LL.B. Melbourne, Australia; with an Appendix of *Younger Canadian Poets*, edited by Goodridge Bliss Roberts, of St. John, N.B. London and Sydney: Griffith, Farran, Okeden, and Welsh, 1891.

⁷ *A Treasury of Canadian Verse, with Brief Biographical Notes*. Selected and Edited by Theodore H. Rand, D.C.L., author of *At Mines Basin, and Other Poems*. Toronto: William Briggs. London: J. M. Dent, 1900.

habitable dwellings; the separate boughs were distinguishable on the trees. As one neared the town signs of life were seen—and smelled; the pungent odour of the 'coal-oil,' with which the impatient and unthrifty housewife coaxed her wood fire more rapidly to catch, smote almost smartingly upon the nostril. Sleepy-eyed mechanics, buttoned to the throat, heavily 'over-shoed,' and with hands be-pocketed, strode sullenly workwards. Later on 'cutters'—so are called the comfortable little one-horsed sleighs just seating a couple—sped hither and thither. Then a milk-cart or two glided past, the cans wrapped in furs, the hairs on the horses' muzzles showing white with cleaving ice. Later still, and when within the precincts of the town proper, children were met espying sleighs on which to get 'rides' to school. It was a different world now. A dazzling sun transformed the dull dead landscape of the night into a blinding spangled sheet of purest white. Involuntarily the eyes half closed against that glare. No wonder the sub-arctic eye lacks the large frank openness of those of softer realms; against even the summer sunshine the protection of approximated eyelids is needed, as the crow's feet of the farmers' features prove. If Canada has earned the title of Our Lady of the Snows, she certainly equally deserves the title of Our Lady of the Sunshine; nowhere is sunshine so bright or so abundant; so bright and abundant that it is not unreasonable to suppose that it has not a little to do with the elimination of that 'phlegm' from the descendants of the immigrant of that land to the folk of which the French attribute that characteristic. 'There are few, if any, places in England' says the Director of the Meteorological Service of Canada, 'that have a larger normal annual percentage [of bright sunshine] than thirty-six, and there are many as low as twenty-five; whereas in Canada most stations exceed forty, and some few have as high a percentage as forty-six.'⁸ 'Weather permitting' is a phrase but rarely heard in Canada.

But my walk was over. It was one I would not have exchanged for many another taken under more genial skies.

Of the future of this great Dominion it is always as tempting to speculate as it is difficult to prophesy. In its early days it must have been a thorn in the flesh of the home Government. The perpetual and irrepressible squabbles between English and French nothing seemed to allay. Governor after Governor tried policy after policy, but in vain. But this is ancient history. The struggle for political existence has caused that spectre to dig its own grave. Or, if a few vague and shadowy phantoms still flit across the political vision—phantoms such as the Manitoba Schools question,

⁸ Mr Robert F Stupart, in the *Handbook of Canada*, published by the Publication Committee of the Local Executive (of the British Association for the Advancement of Science) Toronto, 1897, p. 78.

the Bourassa-Monnet conjurations on the sending of the contingents to South Africa, and the peppery speeches of Mr. Tarte are some slight indications that it still walks—there are some who think that a morn of perfect racial and religious harmony nevertheless is at hand. A Frenchman and a Roman Catholic is Prime Minister of a people of whom only one-third are French. Nothing much now is to be feared from the duality of races. They have long since agreed to live in amity, recognising the fact that amity is necessary to prosperity. As to what might happen were war to break out between France and England, that, it must be admitted, is a delicate question. The French-Canadian is French, socially, linguistically, and sentimentally French; there is no gain-saying that. He clings to his own language and laws; he insists that his statutes shall be in French as well as in English; he seldom intermarries; he not often consorts with his British compatriots. But there are those who think that his French sympathies are with the old Trans-Atlantic New France of the land of his nativity, rather than with the new Cis-Atlantic Old France of the land of his origin—with Quebec Province, not with *La République Française*; that he knows on which side his bread is buttered; and that, were his motherland and his fosterland to be embroiled, he would, at least, by quiescent neutrality, seek rather to increase the amount of his butter than run the risk of losing his bread. But this is a question to which in reality no one can give an answer till it is put to the test. May it never be put to the test! Till it is put to the test there is nothing to fear from duality of race.

As to Canada's fate in the event of a war between England and the United States, that is another matter, but a matter even less necessary to discuss than the preceding one. At all events, we may believe that, as the whole Empire has helped England, so the whole Empire would help Canada.

Indeed, there is nothing much now to be feared from anything. What is there to hinder Canada's rapid and healthy growth? The multitude and magnitude of her material resources have been enumerated and calculated to nausea; her extent of territory, aqueous and terrene, has been descanted on to satiety. And yet—and yet, one thing, we seem to be inclined to say to her, thou lackest. This is, a high standard of public morality. Her politicians are not always characterised by singleness of aim or by disinterestedness of purpose. Power for themselves and place for their supporters too often sway their councils. With huge and complex problems of national import clamouring for solution, too often they fritter away their time in party feuds or petty frivolities. But it may be that in matters political Canada only sins where none is righteous. Her immigrants are young, and are not recruited from the highest strata. She is herself a young country. She has

no great and leasured class, trained, not only in habits of government, but also in habits of strict and unswerving honour. Lastly, she has only some five millions of people from whom to choose her leaders. Happily, hers is a benignant, not a malignant disease. As national stability advances, the national conscience will improve. Accordingly, given time, men, and money, there is no reason known among men why Canada should not take her allotted place among the Five Free Nations which, as Mr. Kipling sings, make up the British Empire.

ARNOLD HAULTAIN

(A Twenty Years' British Resident in Canada).

POSTSCRIPT

AMERICAN FEELING TOWARDS ENGLAND

To the Editor of the NINETEENTH CENTURY

Sir,—As a 'native-born' of India who has lived in Canada for the last twenty years, I read with no little interest the article in this Review for August on, 'How America really feels towards England,' by Mr. Samuel E. Moffett, of the *New York Journal*; all the more as in it Canada was so often mentioned.

To me, I confess, it seems as impossible to abstract the real feeling of America towards England as it would be to abstract the real feeling of India towards England. The one contains as heterogeneous a collection of communities as the other. Between the old families of the South and the *nouveaux riches* of the North there is as great a difference as there is between the Rajput and the Babu; and between these two extremes you will find between South Carolina and Michigan as many intermediate opinions as you will between Rawal Pindi and Madras. To take one subject alone, the South African War—upon which Mr. Moffett has so much to say—two of the chief New York newspapers to-day take diametrically opposite standpoints. I refer to the *Evening Post* and the *Sun*.

But granting there is some sort of hazy consensus of feeling in America, as one might grant there is some sort of hazy consensus of feeling in India, is it to the staff of the Yellow Press that we must go for it?—for the *New York Journal* is pre-eminently typical of the Yellow Press. Well, perhaps the Yellow Press of New York is as near the truth as is the vernacular Press of Calcutta. Let me say this, however: I was speaking about this article the other day to a young and highly intelligent Canadian who has long lived in, and has become a naturalised subject of, the United States.

'Believe me,' said he, earnestly, 'the Yellow Press does not represent the best American opinion.'

One word more. Mr. Samuel Moffett's 'real feeling' is, perhaps, as much 'real' as is the Rev. Mr. Martin Lyman Streater's. Mr. Streater's is best conveyed in the title of the book he has recently published, which runs thus: *The Anglo-American Alliance in Prophecy; or, The Promises to the Fathers.*

But, after all, does it so much signify what America feels towards England? I am glad to think it needs no long article to show what England's colonies feel towards England. And this offsets much.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

ARNOLD HAULTAIN.

THE GRANGE, TORONTO:

August 31, 1901.

THE SAD PLIGHT OF BRITISH FORESTRY

DURING the last session of Parliament I was asked by a well-known naturalist to invoke the interference of the Home Office with the wholesale slaughter of crossbills on a certain estate in the north of Scotland. Although I was distressed to hear of the destruction of a beautiful and interesting bird, whereof the splendid flame colour on head and breast fades, sooner or later, after death to a greenish ashen hue, I felt unable to comply with my friend's request by reason that the Wild Birds' Preservation Act of 1894 was specially designed to commit to County Councils the responsibility for protecting such species as the interests and special features of different districts rendered it desirable to encourage. But knowing the owner of the estate in question to be a genuine lover of nature, little likely to sanction, still less to direct, the persecution of any wild creature without good reason, I took occasion to ask him the reason for the killing of the crossbills. He gave one to which it was not easy to demur. The owner of extensive fir woods, he has set himself to intelligent and economic management of the same, and is most naturally anxious to avail himself of natural regeneration—that is, the growth of self-sown seedlings upon ground where ripe timber has been felled. To ensure this, which is far the most economic method of securing a fresh crop, a plentiful supply of natural seed is essential; and that, in the case of pine woods, is precisely what flocks of crossbills prevent. They split the cones with their powerful beaks, devour the seeds, and defeat the object of the forester. If the choice were proved to lie between pine forest and crossbills, most people would give their vote in support of the pines, as contributing most both to the beauty and wealth of the district; but in fact the case for the pines is stronger than that, for it is the presence of pines that attracts these large flocks of crossbills. It comes to this, therefore, that if you do not reduce the number of your crossbills, you must do without natural pine forest; and if you do not have extensive pine forest you will have no crossbills, for they will go to other lands where their favourite diet can be had in plenty. Troublesome as crossbills are, their presence with us in larger numbers than formerly is a gratifying proof of the extent to which

reafforestation has made headway in the Highlands during the last half-century. Of all the counties of the United Kingdom, Inverness-shire now contains the largest extent of woodland, 150,929 acres; at the beginning of last century there were few more treeless wastes.

Still more gratifying is the start which has been made in the north by applying scientific system to forestry. Too long has the old, wasteful, hand-to-mouth, rule-of-thumb manner prevailed; not a moment too soon have some Highland landowners awakened to the increasing value of home timber, and have begun to recognise forestry as farming on a large scale. It requires, however, more than common prescience to adopt a revolution in a system of cultivation wherein the rotation of crops must be measured, not by seasons, but by centuries.

In 1887 Sir John Lubbock's Select Committee of the House of Commons pronounced British woodland management to be capable of material improvement, and reported themselves as satisfied that a considerable proportion of the foreign timber imported might be grown at home under a more skilful system. These imports at that time were reckoned at the value of 16,000,000*l.*, exclusive of forest products other than timber to the value of 14,000,000*l.* This value had increased to upwards of 21,000,000*l.* in 1899, whereof 5,000,000*l.* was paid for rough-hewn logs, and 16,000,000*l.* for sawn timber. The latter import consisted nearly entirely of pine or fir from the Baltic, Scandinavia, and Canada, and there exists no physical reason why every foot of this should not have been grown on British soil had it been the will of our people to do so. Of course there remains the economic question, whether British land is not or cannot be turned to more directly profitable account than in timber-growing. Of the 16,000,000 acres which the Select Committee reported as being waste land, producing no crop of any kind, a great deal yields a fine rent for sporting purposes. Many a Highland proprietor derives a larger annual revenue by letting his land as a deer forest than if it were covered with trees managed on business principles. But that may not always be the case; indeed, a great deal of these 16,000,000 acres is of little or no value for sporting purposes, especially in Ireland; and Mr. Nisbet, in his recent admirable contribution to the Haddon Hall Library, *Our Forests and Woodlands*,¹ has shown good cause for reflection whether, both from a private and a national point of view, the time has not come to found a new source of wealth by the proper treatment of waste land which is neither deer forest nor grouse moor. Pointing to the enormous and rapid development of the United States and of Germany in timber-consuming industry, he regards the recent rapid rise in the price of timber as no temporary fluctuation. The visible supply of timber in the world has been diminishing for many years; the demands

¹ London: J. M. Dent and Co., 1900.

upon it have been constantly increasing. What must be the not remote result?

Briefly stated [says Mr. Nisbet] the economic conditions now already obtaining, and practically certain soon to become greatly accentuated, are such that the present sources of supply throughout the world are just able to meet the existing demand. But the demand seems certain to increase, and such enhancement can only be met by working out timber from backwoods and remote tracts which are at present unremunerative. Hence a general rise in prices throughout Scandinavia, Russia, and Canada must be the direct result of competition between Britain, America, and Germany.

It is quite true that in some timber-producing countries the State has interfered to ensure judicious reforestation, and in others, such as Western Australia and Queensland, private commercial foresight has made provision against reckless denudation; but the restoration of felled wood is a process which cannot be hurried; the average time required for timber crops to mature leaves very little change out of a century. On favourable soil and in good exposure Scots fir and larch may be most profitably cleared at about eighty years' growth; but heavy sacrifice of capital is incurred if the final fall of oak is made before it is 120 or 140 years old. If Mr. Nisbet be correct in his forecast—and his experience of forestry in many countries entitles his opinion to respectful attention—demand must have overtaken the supply before many years have past.

In view of the approach of this crisis, it may be interesting and profitable to inquire what preparation is being made at home to meet it, and what part existing British woodlands are capable of bearing to meet the requirements of the timber market. Now among the many sharp lessons we have learnt from the competition of foreign produce none has been more ruthlessly rubbed in than this, that the first conditions of profitable trade in open markets are regularity of supply and uniformity of quality. Nobody who has followed the course of the dairy industry in Britain and Ireland, who has marked—first, the overwhelming success of Danish and French butter, manufactured with scientific precision and delivered with organised punctuality—and, second, the marked revival of the home industry in consequence of the adoption of a better system, can want a clearer illustration of this principle. To how many estates in the British Islands can one point as supplying, or being capable of supplying, the timber trade on these terms? Positively the only ones known to me are some of the vast Highland woodlands: they are scientifically managed, and will some day be ready to put timber regularly and of uniform quality on the market. But that day is not yet; a very small proportion of the crop is ripe, or even nearly ripe.

The woodland of the United Kingdom extends to a little

over three million acres. Most people go through life with a very vague impression about the extent of an acre; none but trained minds can apprehend what is meant by a million. Perhaps the most vivid way of explaining the present extent of British and Irish woodland is to state that, were it all united in a continuous mass, it would cover the entire counties of Oxford, Worcester, Warwick, Leicester, Northampton, and Nottingham with 'a boundless contiguity of shade.' Those three million acres would by no means suffice, even had they received for one hundred years past the most skilful management, for the present requirements of the home timber market; but Mr. Nisbet reckons that they might have been made to meet one-third of the demand now supplied by the foreigner.

If our three million acres of woodlands were trebled in extent [says he], and were all managed on business principles, in place of being under uneconomic management as game coverts and pleasure grounds, as is now mostly the case with British forests, this would merely be able to supply existing requirements, and no more. Nay, even if we had twelve million acres under forest, and all under the best of management, they would probably be just about able to supply the demand for timber likely to exist at the time plantations now formed may become mature.

That is to say, in from one to two hundred years! It is obvious that a forecast at such long range must be understood with 'errors excepted'; but then—no forecast, no forestry. To forecast the general value of timber a hundred years hence is hazardous indeed; still more so to predict what trees it will then prove to have been most worth planting now. It so happens that, at the present time, the native timber which meets with the readiest sale in Scotland, and at the highest price, is that of sycamore. Writers in the first half of last century set small store by it. 'The timber of our sycamore,' wrote Cobbett, 'is white and soft, and not valuable by any means.' But it is now in so much request by calico printers and, I believe, carpet manufacturers that bolls measuring twelve inches on the square readily fetch from 2s. 6d. to 5s. a foot, according to distance from a railway or harbour. On the other hand the demand and price for poplar, so much in request for railway wagons fifty years ago, have fallen off considerably. Still, in spite of these changes in value, it is hard to conceive any stage of civilisation when the timber of mature oak, ash, elm, Scots fir and larch will fail to command a remunerative price.

When we turn to consider the general quality of the timber grown in our three million acres of woodland, the prospect is even more discouraging than the deficiency in extent. The average English landowner knows nothing of economic forestry; but he knows all that is to be known about shooting; he has also a fine taste for great trees, which it is only dire necessity can induce him to sacrifice.

Now the combination of these two motives—desire for game and pride in great trees—has wrought the ruin of English woodland from the forester's point of view. Clean, long stems, such as one may see in the well-managed Forêt de Blois, or, still more admirable, in the fine oak wood between Blois and Cour-Cheverny, are incompatible, except on soils of exceptional character, with thick undercover for game, because they can only be obtained by growing trees so close together as to sustain an unbroken canopy of foliage until they have attained their full height. This exclusion of sunlight, necessary to prevent the formation of side branches, is inimical to the growth of most plants producing undercover. Except on the most generous soils, the floor of a wood so treated is apt to become as bare as that of a barn. This is of less importance nowadays, one would suppose, because of the intensely artificial character which cover-shooting has been made to assume; indeed, hurdles and made-up stick shelters are often placed at such places where it is desired to have a rise of pheasants, and to the guns placed outside the wood it can matter very little whether the birds rise from a natural brake or from one constructed *ad hoc*.

But a rightly managed woodland, bearing a proper rotation of crop, will contain trees in all stages of growth, including breadths from five to twenty years planted, than which there is no kind of cover more beloved of game. No reference is here made to copse, the subject of anxiety being the supply of *mature timber*, not forest products in general. In the attempt to make every wood a pheasant cover, landowners have got into the habit of unmerciful thinning, leaving trees so far apart as to throw out side limbs instead of building up stems. Great must be the bewilderment of a German forester, scientifically trained and of ripe experience, when he sees for the first time a typical English woodland, managed, it must seem to him, purposely to prevent the formation of clean timber, and the trees encouraged to form great spreading heads as if for orchard purposes.

If the quality of the timber produced be unsatisfactory compared with that from Continental forests, still more prohibitive to profitable trading is the uncertain and intermittent nature of the supply. An English timber merchant knows exactly what he wants, and can be sure of getting it through his Continental agents; but it is all a matter of chance what he could get in any season out of the three million acres at his door, so to speak. Sentiment, love of landscape, solicitude for game, all render landowners in this country very half-hearted in getting the most out of their woods. A few weeks ago I was staying at a fine historic castle in the Midlands. The far-reaching park was rich with glorious masses of woodland, just verging on the turn of the leaf. The prospect from the lofty terrace was enchanting and I gladly accepted my host's invitation to take a turn with him through his trees. Alas! nearer acquaintance with them revealed an

innumerable series of might-have-beens. The soil is generous, the varied fall of the ground just what affords foundation for the noblest forest; all that has been lacking is the directing mind of man. Lavish, unrestrained growth in every direction; traces of arbitrary unequal felling; in the blank spaces headlong jungle of seedlings and saplings crowded in a mutually wasteful struggle for existence.

We passed through an extensive wood which had once consisted mainly of oaks, clothing the northern declivity of the hill whereon the castle stands. These oaks have been grown well and sufficiently close to draw them up to a great height, thus taking full advantage of the good soil and propitious shelter; they averaged about 80 feet in height, with noble clean stems, some 40 or 50 feet without a branch, and seemed to be about 200 years old. Assuming that the wood consisted of about 50 acres, there could not have been less than 9,000 or 10,000 cubic feet of sound oak timber per acre (according to the reduced British measurement of square-of-quarter girth) when this oak crop reached maturity fifty years ago. At 1s. per foot this represents a value of 22,500*l.* or 25,000*l.* The greater part of this value has been sacrificed in the supposed interest of the landscape. Ten or fifteen years ago the oaks were suddenly and severely thinned, by way of improving the beauty of the wood; and the admission of light has brought up a strong growth of ash and beech saplings, with other undergrowth, among which have been planted a number of what are usually classed as ornamental *coniferae*, but which in such a scene are simply so many eyesores. So far from the beauty of this fine woodland being enhanced by what has been done, it has been ruined. My host pointed out with much concern that the oaks were failing. His forester, had he known the rudiments of his business, when he was directed to change the close oak wood into an open one should have warned his employer that the trees left standing were bound to fail. The inevitable result of suddenly isolating an oak which has been grown to middle age or maturity in close highwood is that an eruption of twigs and branchlets springs from the trunk and from the branches below the crown; the tree becomes 'stag-headed,' and the timber is greatly spoilt. That is exactly what has happened in the wood I am describing. These oaks have passed their best; they could not have improved even had they been let alone; treated as they have been, they are past praying for, and the rest of their existence must be a long-drawn process of decay, diversified with random and morbid growth.

Now, so great is the prejudice of English landowners against treating woodland commercially, and so great their affection for individual trees, that had I spoken the thought in my mind my host had dubbed me a miserly, bawbee-hunting Scot. So I held my peace. None the less am I convinced that the proper treatment of these remaining oaks is to fell and sell them, to make

way for a fresh crop. There seemed to be about thirty of these lofty oaks left upon each of the 50 acres. At present prices these clean-grown stems cannot be worth less than 7l. 10s. a piece as they stand. The aggregate value, therefore, of the whole wood still amounts to 11,300l.²

Here was a typical instance of the condition of things on many estates. The owner is generally devoted to his trees, and regards it as sacrilege to treat them as a crop. He takes pride in what he believes to be judicious thinning, which is nearly always thinning carried to an injudicious extent, so as to induce a maximum of great limbs and a minimum of clean stem. He dabbles in arboriculture, but is ignorant of the principles of forestry,³ with the result that what might have been a valuable and productive woodland is turned into a mixture of arboretum, pleasure-ground, and game preserve, which neither covers the expense of keeping (at least in many instances) nor yields any equivalent to the agricultural rent of the land. It is picturesque, indeed, and full of delightful combinations of form and colour, light and shade. To an artist it may furnish more subjects than a well-ordered forest; but then an artist will prefer a weedy, poorly cultivated wheat-field for his foreground to a heavy level crop. That does not save the poor, dirty crop from being a reproach to all concerned in growing it. The artist is best pleased with straggling, irregular woodland; but it does not require a merely commercial intellect to be conscious of the greater beauty of well-managed forest. The eye rejoices in the vigour and symmetry of the trees; the imagination is stirred by the long vistas of shade and mystery; the mind is gratified by the evidence of applied knowledge and skill; all three derive pleasure from the evidence of human presence and energy in the regular and beautiful operations of forestry. Here and there the rein may be given to the purely picturesque. Round the mansion house, by the river, or in the park proper are the right places for trees to develop their characteristic forms unhampered by others, to assume venerable proportions, and to linger out long ages of decay and grotesque distortion. Such are the proper places for arboriculture as distinct from forestry. It would be very far to misjudge the purpose of this article were it read as intended to interfere with English park scenery. The intention is to show that the right management of woodland must be kept distinct from landscape gardening and conscious effort at effect. Beautiful effects are inevitable in all

² I have purposely made this calculation extremely low. It is a fact that my friend showed me where one of these oaks on the outskirts of the wood had been recently felled, and the timber thereof sold for 20l.

³ The two crafts are very different from each other, yet the terms are often treated as synonymous. It is ominous of this misconception that the chief organisation for promoting forestry in Scotland should be called the *Scottish Arboricultural Society*.

places where trees abound, no matter how they are grown. Advantage may be taken of the presence of woods to form the middle distance or horizon in park scenery, and will serve that decorative purpose every whit as well if, instead of being wastefully and wrongfully grown as at present, they are managed as a regular source of revenue.

More than that, if woodland can be rendered not only regularly remunerative, but a reserve that can be drawn upon in times of special pecuniary pressure, it might prove the very means of preserving that liberal park scenery whereof Englishmen are so justly proud. The King who never said a foolish thing, and never did a wise one, is reported to have described trees as natural excrescences of the earth supplied by Providence for the redemption of needy landowners. English landowners, as a class, perhaps cannot be pronounced needy—at least compared with the same class in many Continental countries, and having regard to their scale of living—but they are very much less affluent than they were thirty years ago. Rents have fallen from 30 to 50 per cent.; in some districts even more; and the loss falls entirely on the free income of the landowner, for expenses of management and upkeep go on as before, and rates have risen by leaps and bounds. In addition to all this, the new death duties have to be faced: two or three successions at short intervals would render most landed estates of moderate size insolvent, or, at all events, bring them to the hammer. The pride of English parks—of all other prides the most innocently ostentatious and extravagant, and yet the least selfish, seeing what enjoyment these parks afford to wayfarers and tourists—is seriously threatened. Is it not culpable blindness which restrains their owners from turning to account an obvious source of revenue, and providing the means of meeting sudden drafts upon the capital of the estate which maintains the park?

The forests of Belgium cover 1,750,000 acres, and yield a return of 4,000,000*l.* sterling a year. The existing 3,000,000 acres of woodland in Great Britain and Ireland, if under management equally skilful and careful as the Belgian, ought to give 7,000,000*l.* a year. What is the income from them? Who can tell?

The prospect is not reassuring if we turn to the State woodlands for instruction in profitable management. Our greatest national forest—the New Forest—contains 63,000 acres, whereof Parliament has decreed (by the Act of 1877) that 46,000 acres shall be kept for ever, in the words of Mr. Lascelles, as ‘a vast pleasure-ground, combined with a cattle-farm.’ He pays it too high a compliment. The ‘cattle-farm’ is nothing but miserably poor pasture, grazed in common. There are also 17,600 acres of thriving wood, planted before sentiment prevailed over common sense, and 4,600 acres of

decaying wood, for which sentiment will not allow common sense to provide the necessary regeneration.

In very few of the other State forests—even in those like the 25,000 acres of the Forest of Dean, where wood is grown and cut to supply the market—do the returns meet the expenditure, let alone paying the rent of the land. There is no net income, but a deficit; and the same is undoubtedly the case in regard to the woodland upon nineteen estates out of twenty in the United Kingdom.

If readers acquit me of any desire to interfere with the peculiar character of park scenery, they will scarcely suspect me of any enmity to field sports. Yet it would be idle to refuse to recognise that in the list of British field-sports there are two whereof the effect is directly hostile to good forestry. The first of these is deer-stalking, which is absolutely incompatible with any young wood whatever upon certain extensive tracts of waste land; the other is cover-shooting as practised at present, especially if part of the plan be the maintenance of a heavy stock of ground game.

As to deer-stalking, leaving out the islands which are unsuitable for planting, it is only a comparatively small proportion of the counties of Caithness, Sutherland, Ross and Cromarty, Inverness, Perth, Argyll, Forfar, Aberdeen, and Bute which is devoted to deer. These counties amount in aggregate of acres to about eleven millions and a half, whereof about 424,170 are under woodland and 2,000,000 acres are deer forest.

Trees cannot be grown profitably in the latitude and climate of Northern Scotland at a greater elevation than 1,500 feet; much of the deer ground lies above this level; and of that which lies below it there is a great deal like the Moor of Rannoch and the Caithness wastes which, although it undoubtedly bore continuous forest at one time, is now sour, deep moss, and would require herculean preparation and drainage before it could be induced to do so again. Therefore, before the reformer casts covetous eyes on the deer forests of the north, a beginning ought to be made upon the great waste lands which carry no deer. Consider, for example, that great tract of moor and mountain which constitutes the southern uplands of Scotland. It extends from the Lammermuirs on the east, across the counties of Peebles and Lanark, skirts the great Ayrshire coalfield, and rises to its greatest height—2,764 feet—in the Kells range, between Loch Doon and the Solway. Practically the whole of this great territory is under sheep farms, which for the last quarter of a century have been such a precarious industry that landlords have been at their wits' end to let the ground at half the former rent. Much, very much, of this land is in an excellent condition for planting. Shreds of the great forest it once bore may still be seen clinging to the sides of 'cleuchs' in upper Nithsdale, and nestling in the glens of Galloway. Wherever, in short, there

is shelter from the winter gales, whereof the force was once broken by the mass of forest, but which now sweep across the bare land with unmitigated fury, and wherever the ground is so steep as to keep off the axe of covetous man and the teeth of browsing sheep, there still is a spontaneous growth of oak, ash, wych elm, and—that sure index of good woodland soil—holly. Nothing is being done towards reafforesting this great district. The fact is that most landowners have no capital to lock up in planting until woodland begins to make a return; those that could afford to do so either prefer a quicker return or distrust the probability of any return from an industry which shows such a bad record in the past as British forestry.

When a man invests his capital in a farm, he sets to work to cultivate it according to certain well-established rules of good husbandry; he employs men experienced in carrying these rules into effect, and he can obtain advice from a department of the Government. There is a practical code of British husbandry and stock-rearing, and there are agricultural societies in every county of the realm to encourage and instruct individual effort. Nothing of the kind exists in British forestry. Our abundant coal supply has enabled us to become indifferent to a good supply of wood fuel; our wealth puts the timber of every part of the globe at our disposal. Here and there a few careful landowners have borrowed from foreign countries and put in practice the rules of good forestry, but by far the larger proportion of British woods are run on amateur lines, tintured with local custom.

Nor is the experience of British State forests such as to encourage one to look to Government to acquire and plant land. At present one must be content, I suppose, to state the facts of the case, which are these: the land is to be had at a low rate of purchase for the asking; it requires no fencing, for a sheep farm may be planted from end to end, at least on the suitable parts of it; there is every prospect of a continuous rise in the price of timber, and a probability that the country will be in dire straits for a supply before trees now planted shall have grown to a size to meet it.

It is no use discussing a project of this long-range character without entering upon details. Let me do so as briefly as possible.

Suppose that Parliament could be persuaded to vote a sum of 10,000*l.* a year for the purchase and planting of suitable land. There are tens of thousands of acres now offered for sale in Scotland, producing an annual rent of not more than two shillings an acre as sheep pasture, of indifferent or no merit as grouse ground, but very suitable for growing timber. Thirty years' purchase—a liberal price, as times go—would secure 1,000 such acres for 3,000*l.* Planting this at 3 feet by 3 (probably the most profitable distance on level ground, although many planters save expense by placing

the trees 4 feet apart) ⁴ will require 4,840,000 trees for the 1,000 acres (it will take one-third or one-half less on sloping ground), and will cost about 6*l.* an acre = 6,000*l.*⁵ Here we have an immediate initial outlay of 9,000*l.*, supposing the whole area to be planted at once; but it might be found expedient to spread the planting over five or even ten years, so as to secure a successional period of maturity, if the same kinds of trees are used on the whole of the ground. The balance of the 10,000*l.* voted, 1,000*l.* invested at 3 per cent., would pay the annual tool bill, in addition to which an annual charge must be reckoned upon:

Head forester	£120
Four woodmen at 60 <i>l.</i>	240 ⁶
Repairs and buildings	100
	<hr/> 460

or say 500*l.* a year. Shall we be able to meet this charge, receive interest on the capital sunk, and find our capital in hand at the end of the century? We ought to do so, if the statistics of commercially managed woods on the Continent are trustworthy, for we intend to manage this forest on stringently economic principles, not planting oak here to please somebody's fancy, nor fir there because it will look romantic. We shall not even be guided in choice of trees by the highest prices current at the moment for different species, but we shall suit our crop to soil and situation, so as to grow the maximum weight of timber whereof every acre is capable.

For the first ten years no return can be expected from the plantation; therefore the capital of 9,000*l.* originally sunk will have increased in that time at 4 per cent. compound interest to 13,322*l.* 3*s.* 6*d.* In order to receive 4 per cent. upon this money, and to defray the annual expense of 500*l.*, we must make a net profit of 1,033*l.* a year off our 1,000 acres. Between ten and fifteen years thinnings will be worth little except for fencing purposes, and cannot be reckoned on as doing more than covering the expense of cutting and removal. From fifteen years onwards the income will steadily increase, beginning with pit-props, for which there is an almost insatiable demand in this country, proceeding to the medium-sized trees removed in judicious thinning, until the period of commercial maturity, which in the case of Scots fir and larch should be at about eighty years, when the regular falls will begin.

⁴ I have submitted a case where planting is necessary, but there is much ground where the soil will respond readily to the infinitely cheaper method of dibbling seed. A sown crop gives a far more liberal return in thinnings than a planted one.

⁵ No provision is made in this for fencing, which would not be required where a whole farm is to be planted.

⁶ A larger number of woodmen will be required on 1,000 acres after ten years, but by that time the forest will begin to return some revenue.

I venture [says Mr. Nisbet] to say that an anticipation of seventy-five cubic feet per acre is quite justifiable as an average annual yield. Often much over 100 cubic feet in actual solid contents, and therefore still considerably in excess of seventy-five cubic feet, even if all be reduced to correspond with the customary British (square-of-quarter girth) measurement, which makes an allowance of 21½ per cent. for wastage in conversion, is not an unusual yield for conifer crops on good soil.

I confess that I am not quite clear whether Mr. Nisbet claims that the 'average annual yield' is to be held to include the first ten unproductive years, or whether it is applicable only to an established woodland in full working order. But if the German returns mean anything, they include such portions of an established woodland as have been cleared in rotation, and are under seedlings or young planting.

Taking prices at the improbably low figure of 6*d.* a foot, 1,000 acres, yielding an annual average of seventy-five cubic feet per acre, will give a gross return of 1,875*l.* 5*s.*, or 37*s.* 6*d.* an acre from land which, as sheep pasture, yielded a rent of 2*s.* an acre, or 100*l.* for 1,000 acres. The average balance-sheet would appear as follows, subject to a slight additional charge for insurance.

EXPENDITURE.		RECEIPTS.	
Interest at 40 per cent. on capital 13,332 <i>l.</i>	£532 18	Sale of 75 cubic feet per acre at 6 <i>d.</i> on 1,000 acres	£1875 5
Average annual expenses	500 0		
Net profit	842 7		
	£1875 5		£1875 5

If no more than 10,000*l.* were voted annually for the next fifty years the State would have made a progressive investment of half a million—*about the cost of four days' war against the Boers*—and earned a gross revenue of 93,750*l.*, supposing the price of timber fifty years hence at no more than 6*d.* a foot. The experiment would seem to be worth trying.

It will occur at once to any one acquainted with the vicissitudes of woodland that no account has been taken of the effect of forest fires and gales. One reply to that objection is that agricultural owners provide against fire, and shipowners against loss from gales by insurance, and that there is margin enough in the estimated income either to pay an adequate premium to an insurance company, or, as many large shipping companies do, maintain an independent casualty fund by annual payments. But there is a further consideration. As regards fire, undoubtedly coniferous woods must always be liable to conflagration, but such is not the case with plantations of hardwood—oak, ash, and the like—especially in a climate like ours, which is always humid while the trees are in their winter repose. And as regards gales, it must be observed that much of the havoc wrought from time to time by exceptional storms is owing partly to our

practice of planting narrow belts and isolated clumps and partly to the insane degree to which thinning is usually carried. Trees that have been encouraged to spread exaggerated branches, and to carry heads out of all proportion to their height will succumb to a storm that may be lifted harmlessly over a solid block of well-ordered woodland. The force of a gale is greatly aggravated in effect upon the belt and clump system of plantation. A thousand continuous acres of woodland will suffer far less from storm than 1,000 acres scattered over an estate of 10,000 acres.

Yet another consideration. It is upon trees that have arrived at or have passed commercial maturity that storms tell with most disastrous effect. Where such trees are preserved for scenic or ornamental effect, they must take their chance; but it is part of the system of economic forestry that trees shall not be suffered to stand after the annual increase of their cubic contents shows a falling off.

Let me illustrate this point from a page in my private record of folly. My first election to Parliament in 1880 was a costly affair; Sir Henry James had not then passed his Act restricting candidates' expenses in proportion to constituencies. A thousand pounds of ready cash would have been a welcome contribution to paying the bill, and that is just about the sum which I was told I could get for thirty acres or so of Scots fir and larch growing on a remote corner of the estate. I rode up to look at the trees: they were about ninety years old, and better grown than most on our exposed seaboard. Unluckily, it was a lovely autumn day: the wood looked so gracious—a roebuck stood so picturesquely in a sunny glade where the heather was in bloom—the whole scene was so bewitching, that I had not the heart to order its destruction. The trees were spared, but I never stood among them again. The gales of 1882-83 made a clean sweep of that wood, and I had to content myself with 100% for the ruin.

One effect of the establishment of well-directed State forests, indirect, but exceedingly important both in a national and individual point of view, remains to be noticed. A standard of management would be provided thereby; a model of good forestry set up which would speedily effect a revolution upon private estates. At the present time there is no such standard or model, if it be not in the far north, among the splendid woodlands of some of our great Highland proprietors. It is possible now to obtain from these estates well-trained, experienced men; but most landowners elsewhere show disinclination to pay them in proportion to their attainments. Mr. Nisbet quotes the case of a landowner who turns upwards of 1,000% a year from his woods, and pays his forester 15s. a week! Of course, this is a highly exceptional case. Few landowners receive any profit from their woods at all; the balance of the account is generally far

the other way; but those who do manage to make the ends more than meet will not hesitate to pay well for a competent man.

Further, the establishment by the State of the forestry industry on a business footing would in time set up a regular trade in home timber. It is no exaggeration to say that no such regular trade exists at the present time. Merchants, although willing to offer for home timber when it is offered them, rely for the bulk of their supplies from abroad—from countries where they can be perfectly sure of getting the exact quantity and quality that they want. At home there is no approach to regularity or certainty of supply, still less to uniformity in quantity. Trees subjected to excessive thinning—to arboricultural instead of forestal treatment—throw out innumerable branches: each branch means a knot in the wood, and the timber produced must be coarse and irregular. This must continue to be so unless and until a considerable area in the United Kingdom is under regular rotation of timber crop. To quote Mr. Nisbet once more: 'Available markets cannot be utilised to the best advantage if the quantity of wood offered one year is large, the next year small, a third year wanting altogether, and so on irregularly. "First a hunger then a burst," is bad in this as in all other cases.'

Lastly, the social effect of establishing a healthy industry like forestry in a thinly populated region is not to be overlooked. From every quarter of the realm comes the lament that the sons of the soil are flocking into the great towns. Give them steady and attractive employment, lodge them comfortably, pay them liberally, and plenty of men will remain on the land, as is proved by the fact that there is never the slightest difficulty in obtaining men as gamekeepers, gardeners, stalkers, and gillies in the most remote parts of the country. Where a single shepherd now suffices for the care of sheep on 1,000 acres, eight or ten men will find employment on a similar extent of woodland.

I cannot close this paper—too long already—without a parting reference to the game question. If it be the case, as I believe it is, that the very existence of landed property, as we have known and enjoyed it, is threatened by the operation of the death duties, surely it is high time for proprietors to turn to the best account the resources of their estates. It will be admitted that, speaking generally, woodland is an undeveloped, or very imperfectly developed, source of revenue. I have endeavoured to show that this great source of wealth may be developed without sacrificing either the interests of sport or the peculiar beauty of parks. But there is one creature figuring largely in bags of game, whereof the presence is everlastingly incompatible with remunerative forestry—the rabbit, to wit. Let the greater excommunication be pronounced upon this most destructive and almost irrepressible pest. Just as Philip the

Second sentenced the whole of the people of the Netherlands to death, so let us issue a mortal ban upon rabbits, but with this important difference, that, whereas Philip's decree fell short of complete execution, ours ought to be carried to the uttermost effect.

'But,' I hear somebody grumble, 'is not this an interference with legitimate sport? Rabbit-shooting is capital fun, and you propose to put an end to it.' Well, people who want to enjoy rabbit-shooting must do so by enclosing warrens, otherwise we must do without profitable woodland. No landowner who has had the courage and taken the pains to calculate honestly what rabbit-shooting costs him will be disposed to differ with this, *provided the calculation is honest and founded on full information*. At least, he who does so differ can care little about his woods. Upon ground where even a moderate stock of rabbits exists every piece of new planting must be fenced with wire netting sunk into the ground. What would this mean upon a woodland where ten acres are felled annually in rotation, and therefore ten acres replanted? Simply an addition to the cost of planting of between 2*l.* and 3*l.* an acre. Wire netting cannot be erected at less than 6*d.* a yard; to fence ten acres in an exact square will therefore cost between 20*l.* and 30*l.* But this is not all. Where rabbits abound, seedlings and coppice are destroyed, and the wood cannot be restored by natural regeneration, which, upon suitable soils, serves as the costless substitute for replanting. To the debit of the rabbit account, therefore, must be placed, not only 2*l.* or 3*l.* an acre, the cost of erecting wire netting, but 6*l.* an acre, the cost of replanting; in other words, an initial tax upon the young wood of from 8*l.* to 9*l.* an acre—80*l.* or 90*l.* upon ten acres. British forestry, if it is to take the place as an industry to which our soil, climate, and requirements entitle it, must be relieved from this intolerable burden, or else it must remain a monument of mismanagement—a source of marvel to intelligent foreigners at the present time, and the subject of bitter malediction from our grandchildren in the future.

HERBERT MAXWELL.

RECENT EXPERIMENTS WITH SOUND SIGNALS

IN an appendix to his treatise on sound, Professor Tyndall gives a communication from Professor Kean, the Rector of the University of Virginia, who described in brief outline a remarkable instance coming under his notice during the American War of the inaudibility of heavy firing when within easy sound range. A battle was in progress at Gain's Farm on the Chickahominy, a river which at that point runs in a valley of one and a half mile from hill-top to hill-top. Across this valley Professor Kean, in company with General G. W. Randolph, watched the musket fire of both lines of combatants and the flash of guns as the batteries of artillery on both sides came into action and began to fire rapidly. Yet he writes, 'Looking for nearly two hours from 5 to 7 P.M. on a midsummer afternoon at a battle in which at least 50,000 men were actually engaged, and doubtless at least a hundred pieces of field artillery, through an atmosphere optically as limpid as possible, not a single sound of the battle was audible to General Randolph and myself.' The Professor offers as an explanation that the deep broad valley was partly swamp, shaded from the declining sun by hills and forest on his side. Some parts of the valley too were cleared and in cultivation, some not. Thus, as he puts it, 'there were conditions capable of providing several belts of air varying in the amount of watery vapour, and probably temperature, arranged like laminæ at right angles to the acoustic waves as they came from the battle-field.'

I have recently received much fuller details of the above remarkable phenomenon from a field captain under General Lee, who was at the time attached to Magruder's Division, and who has drawn a careful sketch of the battle-field and of his own point of observation. My informant states that the Farm was in reality only a mill, and that the engagement had begun by a gradual advance on the previous day, when he himself watched the conflict from the branches of an oak tree about one mile from the mill across the valley. On that day, the guns being as yet some miles distant and screened by forest trees, their sound appeared somewhat muffled. Presently, however,

Large troops broke into the open, and seeing their foes retreating raised their war cry, 'the rebel yell,' which my informant heard distinctly though 'more than five miles away.'

The next day when my informant occupied the same point of observation the combat had approached considerably nearer, being now centred round the hill on which the mill stood. Yet, though 60,000 men on both sides were firing as fast as they could load, and over a hundred guns were equally active, not the faintest sound could be heard.

It might be supposed that a parallel to this remarkable account is not to be looked for in our own land, where circumstances of climate and country are alike different. Yet only lately we have had most carefully collected and trustworthy evidence of an acoustic marvel quite as great in its way. We may fairly assume that the minute guns marking the funeral progress of our late Queen across the water at Spithead was intently listened for by thousands of people in that quarter of England. Yet though the time of that mighty salute was accurately known, it appears that in the immediate neighbourhood, say at distances from ten to forty miles, the firing was 'almost or quite inaudible.' This is a simple statement that has been repeatedly made in the public Press, and to my knowledge has never been gainsaid.

At first sight it might, indeed, appear that there is no comparison between these records and that of the entire extinction of the sound of a cannonade at the distance of only a mile or two across the valley of the Chickahominy, but the remarkable nature of the sound phenomenon observed on the 1st of February, 1901, grows when we glean the fact that the lost sounds manifested themselves again at a great number of vastly more distant stations. Records gathered with much care and discrimination from all districts on English soil, go to show that at many places in Surrey the firing was distinctly heard, while at Sutton and Richmond Hill windows actually rattled, as they did also at Tunbridge Wells and Ashford in Kent. Further out yet, indeed, almost twice as far, as, for instance, in the neighbourhoods of Cambridge and Peterborough, there is strong evidence that the sounds, unmistakable in their nature and interval, were detected.

It should be mentioned that inland the wind was generally opposed to the direction of the sound, and it has been suggested that the sound waves travelling up the wind were at first carried over the heads of observers, even those occupying high ground, and this phenomenon would be accounted for by a theory propounded by Professor Stokes in 1857. This theory assumes that in general the rate of motion of wind increases with altitude above the earth's surface, and that in consequence a sound wave moving against the wind would have the upper portion of its front pushed back more

than the lower portion. Thus the direction of motion of the wave being always at right angles to its front, would constantly tend to slant obliquely upwards. In accordance with this theory (as Lord Rayleigh has pointed out) sounds inaudible on the ground up-wind should still be caught overhead, and, indeed, Tyndall made some experiments in this direction. He took a hinged ladder out on to Wimbledon Common and caused a bell, which was being constantly and uniformly struck near the ground, to be gradually withdrawn to leeward until he failed to hear it. He then ascended the ladder, when the bell again became audible. It of course needs no pointing out that in this experiment special precautions are necessary to guard against personal error. When the ear has been for some time listening intently for faint sounds at the limit of audibility, it becomes tired and its sensibility blunted, and the faint sounds may be wholly lost, simply through fatigue. It is conceivable, therefore, that the mere act of climbing a ladder might give such rest to the ear as would enable it on that account alone to again hear sounds which a little before it has ceased to perceive. Doubtless Tyndall would have guarded against such an error, but it is to be regretted that no other sounds were experimented with, and no greater height ascended than that afforded by portable steps. It would almost seem also that in this experiment there is neglect of the fact that a wind of any force causes a rustling as it sweeps across herbage, which would be more distracting according as the listener is nearer the ground.

It occurred to me recently to experiment in the same direction as that just indicated, but with a larger series of practical tests, and with such as should introduce the results, not of a single observer, but of many. Moreover, as the instances of the anomalous behaviour of sounds given above had reference to those of explosive reports, I determined on experimenting uniformly with the standard four-ounce gun-cotton fog-signal which is in common use, and which may be relied on as being uniform in manufacture. My experiments, which will be given in order, were occasionally conducted in day hours, but more often when night was well advanced, so as to eliminate as far as possible the chance distracting sounds necessarily associated with the hours of busy life.

The first trials, in which I was assisted by Mr. J. N. Maskelyne, were carried out on a level common 500 feet above the sea, for the most part destitute of trees, but clothed with gorse and bracken. The night was one of dead calm, during a continuance of warm, dry weather. Numbers of observers were stationed at distances ranging up to six miles, and the gun-cotton charges were fired in pairs, one on the ground, the other by aid of a rocket in the air, the observers, however, being ignorant of the order of firing. The results went to prove that, (1) other things being equal, the audibility increased with

the altitude of the observer's station; (2) in most, but not quite in all cases, the rocket charges were the better heard; (3) at each station, in spite of still atmosphere on the ground, the several reports differed greatly both in the initial report and in the nature and duration of the after sound, which prompted the supposition that though otherwise imperceptible, there were varying currents and commingling of air sensibly affecting the results.

The next trial was made over a greatly extended range, and the ground was so chosen that as few obstacles to sound as possible should be presented by intervening objects. With a small party of observers I repaired at night to Salisbury Plain and took up my position on the top of the Beacon Hill near Amesbury, while another party occupied the crest of the Beacon Hill near Highclere in Hampshire, the line joining our two stations lying approximately E.N.E. and W.S.W., and measuring some eighteen miles. There was a light air of force No. 1, from the N.N.E. Between ten and eleven P.M. rocket charges were fired at each station, the moments of firing having been prearranged. The result was that the rockets were sighted (somewhat indistinctly, owing to haze), but not a suspicion of the distant sound was heard at either station, even with the aid of ear trumpets.

In view of this experiment, the next trial yielded results singularly remarkable and important. It was now announced in the London Press that firing similar to that last described would take place during a given hour at night, but that the locality, as also the moments of firing, would be withheld as a test of the accuracy of observation. This enlisted the assistance of a great number of independent observers from different points, the accuracy of whose returns could be proved, and moreover, through the courtesy of the commanding officers, I secured the valuable co-operation of practised observers in the two large military camps then lying at Bulford and Churn. The firing station was the Hants Beacon Hill already spoken of, which is fairly midway between each of the above camps, and at about eighteen miles distant from each, with fine open country only intervening. The hour chosen was, as before, between ten and eleven P.M., but the wind on this occasion was blowing stiffly, with a force of four or five, in a direction that was approximately at right angles to the line joining the two camps. The weather since the last trial had remained rainless and warm, and there was now less haze. On the other hand, it was noticed by the firing party that the sound of each explosion was much drowned by the noise of the wind, and the resulting echoes quickly lost. It was a night apparently most unfavourable for the travel of sound, except possibly down the wind, and it was not surprising that no records were received from Churn, or, with one exception, from any station distant more than ten miles. The one exception, however, supplied a most unlooked for and interesting

result. A Staff Captain of Royal Artillery had, by direction of the commanding officer, stationed himself on the same Beacon Hill on Salisbury Plain which I had occupied at the former trial. This officer was wholly ignorant, as was everyone save the firer, of the number or times of the signals which would be fired, yet in course of post, I received a perfectly accurate and complete record of all the reports, not one of which had been missed by him. On the other hand, there were several cases where, to groups of observers within what should have been easy sound range, certain of the reports had been quite inaudible.

I was now in possession of fresh and special evidence as to the abnormal behaviour of sounds of explosion for which atmospheric conditions could alone be responsible. Pursuing the enquiry, I next transferred my own point of observation to the upper air, so arranging matters that I should be able to sail at different heights over the whole breadth of London and the open country beyond, both in day and also in night hours. My object here was to secure the independent records of a great number of observers; to test a variety of sound signals, as well as sound-receiving instruments; to determine where with reference to altitude and direction sounds travelling from above or below were best heard, and to make accurate records of air currents as well as of the physical condition of the upper levels through which I should travel.

My first ascent was from the grounds of Stamford Bridge, on the afternoon of the 13th of August, starting at five P.M., at which hour there was a gentle breeze from the south-west, growing somewhat stronger with increasing altitude. We rose rapidly, keeping a course at first almost in a direct line for the British Museum, when, having attained an altitude of about 2,000 feet, we came under the full influence of the sun, which became now unobscured by cloud, and thenceforward we ascended with but few fluctuations to a height of about 5,500 feet, by which time we were well out beyond the north-east suburbs, heading for Chelmsford. At the altitude just mentioned, and approximately over the Angel, the temperature had fallen nineteen degrees, and the air had grown moister with an accession of humidity that was settling earthwards, and which declared itself in heavy wet throughout the following day. There were slight deviations in our course, once over Hackney, when our direction became somewhat more easterly, and again over Wanstead, where we returned to our former course. Eventually finding ourselves over sparsely inhabited country, we descended near Woodford Bridge, outside the grounds of Claybury Asylum.

As may be supposed, our experiments having been freely announced in the London Press, we were closely watched by a vast number of observers in the town and out in the open country; and in due course a great number of observations were sent to

various papers and myself, which have since been carefully collected and compared. To avoid confusion, I had fired two gun-cotton charges only, the first of which was exploded almost immediately over Soho Square; the second four minutes later, at the moment when we crossed Gray's Inn Road, about half-way along its length. I should here remark that, as on all previous occasions, no aerial echoes soever were heard, only after due interval the bursts of thunder from the housetops beneath, which were superlatively grand but died out more quickly than I have known them to do at the same elevation. The records sent me from observers who heard these reports are not a little remarkable. In the case of each explosion the number of such sound observations made across the wind largely exceed the number of those made up or down the wind. This fact was strikingly indicated by a map of London, on which pins had been stuck representing the positions of different observers. These pins were found mainly to lie across the map in two somewhat winding streams, passing through the points of explosion, but each in direction athwart the balloon's course.

In the next place the longer ranges over which the sounds penetrated were chiefly in directions lying to right and left of us, and sensibly at right angles to our course. Thus we were heard in the north as far as about Tufnell Park, three miles away, the upper parts of Holloway and Kentish Town. Again in the south as far as parts of Kensington, three miles distant, and on Clapham Common, over more than four miles. But, on the other hand, in directions ahead of us and in our wake, we seem not to have been heard at any considerable distance. Indeed, Oakley Road, Islington, one and a half mile to leeward of the point of the second explosion, marks the longest sound range recorded down the wind. Somewhat further in the same direction, namely, in Clapton Park, two independent observers who were watching the balloon heard no report soever. But another remarkable fact, apparently clearly established, is that in certain quarters, and not by any means quiet or near quarters, the sound seems to have been borne down with an abnormal intensity. Thus in the higher parts of Islington people sitting indoors are sufficiently startled to run to their windows and out into the streets. In Upper Street, in the same locality, such consternation was caused in a naturalist's aviary that the birds could not be pacified for more than an hour afterwards. Again, near Westminster Abbey, as also across the river in Lambeth, there seem to have been plots of ground where the waves of sound broke with a burst, it being very evident that the river had offered no sound barrier to observers on the far side.

One or two unique records should not be omitted. An observer watching the balloon from a quiet garden at Stoke Newington fails to hear either explosion, although both are plainly heard at a considerably greater range on Clapham Common. Another observer

near the Portland Road Station sees and hears the first explosion, but does not detect the second. Another, no farther away than Grosvenor Street, hears our horn but neither of the reports. A gentleman on the pavement outside Parkins & Gotto's hears the explosion 'like a squib,' a sufficiently curious record without the further statement that it 'smelt like gunpowder.' It is certainly worthy of notice that not one single record has reached me from the open and quiet retreats of the principal parks.

One general deduction may at once be made from the above results, viz. that, as in the case of the rocket firing on Beacon Hill, sounds emanating from the sky seem to have travelled more readily across the wind than either up or down wind. And this it should be noted is in agreement with certain quantitative measurements made long ago by De la Roche.

Another trial was now embarked upon, which though in some respects a repetition of the last would differ from it in some important particulars. My aim was now to traverse London and the country once again, but during those night hours when street traffic has subsided, and to sail at such a height as would make it possible to communicate with passengers below, and by means of such individual sounds as would reach me, either directly or by echo, possibly to learn something of the mode in which the sound waves from near and far points rose upwards to the balloon. Further, there would be an opportunity of testing the ranges on the ground of different sounds emitted from the balloon. For obvious reasons the firing of startling explosions was not ventured on.

In this second experimental voyage, as in the first, I gathered a great number of reports from independent observers below, and had not merely to rely on personal impressions. The night chosen was the 15th of August, after a short spell of wind and wet had again given place to warmer and more settled weather. Since our previous voyage the wind had veered from S.W. to W.N.W., blowing a gentle breeze on the ground, but at a height of 1,000 feet its velocity was fully twenty miles an hour and direction sensibly N.W. The start was delayed till three A.M., as it was judged that at that hour the air would be more equable, the streets at their quietest, and moreover, as the night, though clear, was moonless, and the sea only seventy miles ahead, it was thought prudent to make sure of the return of sufficient daylight to enable us to effect a safe descent. On leaving the earth, due precautions were taken to keep the balloon sailing as evenly as possible at altitudes that should not exceed 1,000 feet, and it was found that at these altitudes until the time of dawn the change in temperature and humidity, as compared with that on the ground, was inappreciable. As soon as the balloon was released and the irrepressible exclamations of the bystanders ceased, we found ourselves in an unusual silence. In daytime at low altitudes the air,

if heed be given, is always full of vague sound, but it was not so now. Here and there well-defined sounds were heard; a footfall in some street below, a distant railway whistle or the like, and it was the extraordinary clearness of these sounds that marked the acoustical transparency of the atmosphere. This rendered all sounds apparently much nearer than they really were. The voices of the little crowd we had just quitted, even when left far in our wake, appeared as if coming from only a few yards away. But environment was clearly a chief factor in modifying the travel and intensity of sound. Streets whose length lay square to our course became as we crossed over them avenues for sound along which a voice came loudly over extended ranges. It was the same as we crossed the river, where (doubtless partly owing to reflection from the surface) the sound range of a hooter would seem to have no limit. It was the same with echo. A trumpet having its mouth constructed to confine its voice as far as possible in the direction of its axis was repeatedly blown in different directions. This when pointed directly downwards towards the surface of a reservoir or wide-open ground, such as Battersea Park, produced a loud, short echo. The echo, however, became markedly louder if the point below was an open court or walled enclosure. When the horn, no longer held perpendicularly, was directed over the town, the echo came back as a wail indefinitely prolonged.

When the many observations from all parts of the town of those who had been abroad in the quiet night had been gathered in, it became apparent that the voice, aided by a paraboloid megaphone, was heard approximately over a mile range, and actual speech over half that distance. A voice in the streets, however, having the earth as background, manifestly possessed more power than a voice coming from a speaker in the car of the balloon, with only empty space above him. It could hardly be determined whether sounds were better heard athwart our course than in line with it. The trumpet already mentioned appears to have had no practical limit to its range, but was difficult to interpret or locate. It was taken by many for a motor-car horn in the streets. A policeman satisfied himself that he was listening to a child blowing a toy trumpet in Kennington Oval. The sound in direction of its axis, however, was so penetrating as to wake sleepers in their beds, and in these cases there was never any doubt about its coming from the skies. Incidentally I may mention that the specially formed megaphone I have described possessed in a strongly marked manner the advantage of being only distinctly heard in the actual direction in which it was pointed. A cyclist approaching us down a side street hears half a sentence with ease and certainty, but loses the rest when he has travelled nearer but out of the little area covered by the instrument. Conversely, when the paraboloid mouth was used as an

ear, its power of locating sound, as I have often proved in darkness and fog at sea, is very apparent. A train passing beneath us would give an indefinite rumbling which filled the air, but seemed to come from nowhere in particular. With this simple instrument, however, the source of sound could be at once traced and verified by the faint trail of illumined steam below.

Two more acoustical phenomena claiming attention occurred before the night was spent. One was the fact that the hour of five rang out from a village church tower ahead of us with a surprising distinctness. This undoubtedly might appear a very well marked instance of sound up-wind being caused to slant upwards. The other instance was that of ghostly voices in conversation breaking in upon us as though spoken only just outside the car. Their source, which must have been at least 1,000 feet away, was never located. This curious occurrence may probably be classed with those instances of strange stray rays of distant sound that may affect a single observer, or else may strike on patches of ground here and there over wide areas. All who are observant will have noticed chance sounds that will stray from far, not necessarily to be repeated. On an afternoon during last summer, while sitting on a quiet lawn, I caught the full strain of a band playing at a garden show two miles away in a valley the other side of abruptly rising ground. This appeared so remarkable that I continued listening throughout the afternoon, during all of which period the band played incessantly, but was never heard from my point of observation again. In this case some wayward wind-current may surely be considered the sufficient and probable cause.

We have abundant evidence that certain localities, from the nature of their environment, are peculiarly open to the hearing of a particular sound. I have made systematic enquiries of a large number of signalmen and others (the requirements of whose duty renders their observations of value), who are commonly abroad and at attention at stations between fifteen and twenty-five miles from Portsmouth at the time of the firing of the sunset gun at that town. Their statements carefully recorded go to show that the gun is often and well heard at Petersfield, and at several places eastward of that station following the course of the stream, also on higher ground at Elsted, where, with a favouring wind, the Aldershot gun is also heard. On the other hand, at the next and all following stations northward of Petersfield no one has been able to state that they have ever heard the report. The naval guns are heard at the majority of stations between Southampton and Whitechurch, but with a distinctness that would seem not chiefly dependent on distance. They are, however, heard more plainly even at long range along the coast-line—at Southwick, near Brighton, actually shaking doors and windows. This is what might have been expected with only sea intervening,

but the sound reaching inshore would in many cases have had to surmount considerable obstacles.

Certainly it is abundantly clear that sounds having the ground as background readily ascend, passing by short passage through such barriers as are to be met with in the lower strata of atmosphere. Their mode of reaching earth again may be somewhat harder to conceive, but we have seen how the sound waves of wind instruments may rise from a valley and be borne down again as by a down-draught over a neighbouring hill. It is easy also to picture how, in the case of an observer in a balloon watching copious masses of visible cloud below rising and drifting, certain points and patches on the earth which catch the sunlight are here and there glimpsed, showing up unsuspected avenues transparent to light through what would otherwise have been deemed a general cloud barrier. Conceivably the same character exists in the case of acoustic cloud, and unexpected paths are opened out for sound which has reached the sky to reach down also to various spots with greater or less frequency, according to local circumstances.

As to the deadening of sound proceeding from any particular source by the intervention of masses of air of different densities and temperatures, in other words, of acoustic cloud, the following is instructive. A ring of quicklime was laid on open ground, the lime slaked with water, and as soon as action was brisk various feeble sources of sound, a watch, a metronome, &c., were placed one at a time for short intervals alternately within and outside the ring. The experiment was made on a dark night, and observers who stood back in different directions were unable to see the sounding instruments, but they were always able to determine by the great variation in sound whether it was outside or inside the ring of slaking lime. When, however, the instrument used was a faint reed the case was altered, and the observers were constantly at fault.

I would then here add as a conclusion to which this enquiry has consistently led, that signals made by sounds of explosion are not the most reliable. Their penetration is obviously often uncertain, while their duration being brief they may be missed by momentary inattention. The reed horn was the more efficient instrument as compared with gun-cotton cartridges over London. The siren would probably have been yet more efficient, as also doubtless a horn capable of producing two notes differing say by the interval of a third or fifth—a conclusion arrived at many years ago by experiments which have been unhappily too much lost sight of. Professor Piazzi Smyth found by trial that a high note was generally more penetrating as a signal, but advised that such a note should not be used alone, assigning as one reason that individuals possess note deafness similar to colour blindness, so that no one note could be

trusted. Experiment went to prove that a sound varying between a high and a low note best arrested attention at long range. •

And the same result has been arrived at in another way. The peculiar cry of the Alpine guide—which is in fact of that nature which Professor Smyth advocates—has doubtless been taught by the exigencies of his situation, where his voice is required to carry across broad and deep ravines. Nature has taught the same lesson in the Australian wilds, where the characteristic 'Cowi, cowi,' appears essential to penetrate the deep woods.

Nor, indeed, need we look further for an example of the same kind than our own village lanes. The high-pitched voices of children are very far-reaching. Their shouting can be heard farther away in the sky than that of men, and in calling to their fellows they always employ a trick of the voice taught doubtless by experience. The child will summon her playmate from far away with a well-practised '*Sal-ly*,' the first syllable, high-pitched and prolonged, giving place to the second syllable uttered abruptly in a yet higher note. And this mode of calling is universal.

JOHN M. BACON.

FRAGMENTS OF MR. GLADSTONE'S
CONVERSATION

It will be remembered that, during the later years of his life, Mr. Gladstone spent parts of several winters upon the coast of the Mediterranean. With advancing years the sunshine and clearness of the atmosphere seemed especially to entice him, and he was always responsive to the charm of Italy.

During the winter of 1888-89 he was at Naples, and while there one of the party, who had many conversations with him, wrote down almost immediately, so far as possible, in Mr. Gladstone's own words, anecdotes which he heard him tell and remarks which seemed to him to be worthy of record.

It was never intended that these notes should appear in print, and their form is necessarily disconnected and fragmentary; but it is thought that they are interesting enough at the present time to bear the test of being reproduced as they were written, and without the assistance of extraneous matter.

Naples, the 29th of December, 1888.—Talking of the recent wreck of an ocean liner in the Bay of Biscay and the behaviour of the officers, Mr. Gladstone remarked that there was hardly any class of men of such solid and sterling qualities as the captains of large vessels. His father, who was a shipowner of Liverpool, had had considerable experience of this. He was constantly making experiments in ships. At a time when 400 tons was the average size of trading vessels, he built the *Duke of Lancaster*, of 600 tons. That turned out a failure; but he afterwards built a ship, the *John o' Gaunt*, of about 400 tons, which sailed between Liverpool and Canton, and long had a reputation as the fastest and best ship of its class afloat. The skipper of that ship used often to sleep twenty nights running on deck, leaving strict orders that he should be waked every two or three hours to see if there was any chance of being able to put on a little more sail.

He told with much gusto the story of an English captain in Wolfe's time, who, when the British force was being taken up the St. Lawrence to Quebec, although the navigation was regarded as

not only dangerous but impossible for a stranger, refused the help of a French pilot, saying 'he was d——d if any Frenchman should sail his ship.' And then, having accomplished the passage unaided, with perfect safety, he declared 'he was d——d if there were not twenty worse places in the Thames.' 'There,' commented Mr. Gladstone, 'are whole volumes of the national character.'

Mr. Gladstone's father never stood for Liverpool. They would not, at that time, have a local man for their candidate. But the Liverpool people subscribed 6,000*l.* to enable him to stand for Lancaster, and the election cost him more than double.

Later Mr. Gladstone's father, entirely upon his own responsibility, wrote to Canning, asking him to stand for Liverpool. Canning asked where the money was to come from, and he, though not a rich man, wrote off, without consulting a soul, that he would guarantee expenses. In the middle of the election the money subscribed ran short. A whip was sent round for a second subscription, and the very same people subscribed a second time so liberally that after the election 60 per cent. of their money was returned. Yet at this time Liverpool was not nearly so rich as Manchester.

Speaking the same night of politics in his earlier days, Mr. Gladstone said, 'Palmerston was never a very good Free Trader, but had almost a passion for one of the most questionable of its doctrines—limited liability.'

The 30th of December.—After dinner Mr. Gladstone talked of John Bright. 'John Bright never was a political economist. He took Free Trade on its humanitarian side, but never had a very thorough grasp of its arguments. Cobden was the man of a luminous mind who supplied the argumentative support. He set Free Trade upon its legs. It was a strange combination. Cobden inspired Bright with a mixture of reverence and affection. I never saw such a pathetic sight as Bright at Cobden's grave, never. His whole frame seemed loosened; it was almost as if he would fall into the grave. It was a friendship which did Bright the greatest possible honour. He was a very true man. And he made an excellent Cabinet minister' (this was repeated more than once). 'He had the power, which half the men who become Cabinet ministers do not possess, of throwing his mind into the common stock. He never made trivial objections of detail, but reserved his criticism for points where a principle was involved.'

In answer to a question whether he had difficulty in making him join the Cabinet, Mr. Gladstone said: 'It took me from eleven o'clock to one one night to persuade him; but once in, he was excellent, as loyal as possible—no thought of self-seeking. Ah! I would rather—I mean as far as my own personal satisfaction is concerned—have had him with us in this' (the Irish) 'business than all the rest of them' (the Unionists) 'put together. Not but what there

are some very able men among them too. His going over was unexpected. Shortly before, I had two hours with him about Irish affairs, and so confident was I of his general support that I gave him to read a memorandum I had drawn up for the Queen upon the subject. He read it through and said, "Yes, a very good statement from your point of view," but gave then no other sign of disagreement. The Irish treated him shamefully. — (one of the Irish members) made a speech which made me more angry than any I have heard in the House. Bright never could forget it. But all his arguments came to this: "Are these the men to whom you are going to entrust the government of Ireland?" But what is that but the argument of every tyrant that has ever been? "We don't like the men you choose, and so we are going to force you—for your good." But I am afraid his politics are over now—have been over for the last year or two. Ah! poor John Bright!

The 1st of January.—Mr. Gladstone spoke after dinner of the old 'Marquis,' and of the present (now the late) Duke of Westminster. 'The old "Marquis" of Westminster was a high-minded man, and a man in some ways of an open-handed liberality. But he combined with this a niggardliness that was sometimes cruel. When we drove over from Hawarden to Eaton to call upon him, we were not allowed to have the horses put up. It was a matter of common report that he used to walk up and down his galleries at Eaton, wringing his hands and repeating, "How hardly shall they that have riches enter the kingdom of God!" This was the more remarkable as he was free from the common infirmity of riches, self-indulgence. When he went down to Eaton he used to dine off a rabbit. The present Duke is a man of a high and cultivated mind. He is a prop of his class. . . . Yes, *might* be. But he seems to have been thrown off his balance by Home Rule. It is very lamentable what personal prejudices Home Rule has given them. It has made them so credulous.'

The 3rd of January.—Mr. Gladstone said he remembered meeting Garibaldi once at dinner with Panizzi in the British Museum. Garibaldi had been to school at Genoa, which was then a great military and naval centre, and was kept stirring by constant drills and reviews. Mr. Gladstone remarked that Garibaldi must have seen a great deal of that sort of thing as a boy; but Garibaldi emphatically said 'No, he never could bear the idea of one part of mankind being set apart to kill the other.' 'This though,' as Mr. Gladstone remarked, 'he was himself a great fire-eater in later life.' Speaking of Garibaldi on another occasion Mr. Gladstone said, 'I remember seeing Garibaldi's *savoir faire* put to the severest test that any man could have to undergo. The Duchess of Sutherland had him down to Chiswick. There is a great stone perron there, and she had crammed this perron with a host of distinguished people, such as Lord Palmerston and Lord John Russell.* Garibaldi had to come up,

a perfect stranger, and be introduced to them all. He showed the most absolute self-possession and simplicity. Palmerston was very much taken with him.'

' . . . Yes, I have read poor Garibaldi's book, and I hope nobody else has. It is the most exaggerated, shallow, mischievous stuff that can be imagined. How he came to write it I cannot think. It is called "*Clelia*"—a sort of novel.'

The same evening he said, 'It was Lord Macaulay who gave the system of perpetual prize fellowships a new lease of life. When I was bringing in the Bill in '54, I had a clause under which I took power to abolish them—for Oxford at least. It was rather a ticklish business; we had a fair, but not very steady, majority behind us. Lord Macaulay came to me and told me in the kindest way that he should feel bound to move the rejection of that clause in Committee. Of course I wasn't fool enough under the circumstances to endanger the whole Bill by clinging to that clause. So I struck it out, and the perpetual fellowships went on for another generation.'

The 5th of January.—This afternoon Mr. and Mrs. Gladstone walked out on the road to Naples. As we were returning, a fellow began beating his horse brutally some distance in front of us. Mr. Gladstone indignantly shouted 'Piano, piano,' and the police-inspector who was following us, at once taking the cue, rushed up, and roughly stopped him. When we had walked on fifty yards or so, we heard pitiful cries behind, and found the cab driver with clasped hands most dramatically entreating Mr. Gladstone to save him from going to prison. For the authorities had considered that by imprisoning him they would be paying a delicate compliment to Mr. Gladstone. The unlucky man was released 'by request,' but Mr. Gladstone chuckled much over the officiousness of the police-inspector. 'Capital man that! Must find out his name and recommend him to Balfour. The very man for a resident magistrate. Give Balfour a few men like that, and nothing would stop him.' After dinner the same evening Mr. Gladstone said, 'It is impossible to define what are the qualities that make a good letter-writer. Lord — now, who was, I suppose, one of the longest-winded men I ever had in the Cabinet, was admirably lucid and concise, almost laconic, as a letter-writer. And, I take it, lucidity and conciseness are about what you want in a letter.'

There is a story that Mr. Gladstone has often told as illustrating his idea of what humour should be. 'It shows the very finest humour, as good as anything of Sydney Smith's,' &c. It occurred in one of the numerous begging letters which he was constantly receiving. The writer, to show that his destitution was no fault of his own, related that after trying to obtain every sort of employment, he went so far as to answer an advertisement for a clerk in an undertaker's establishment. On applying at the address

at the appointed time, he was shocked as well as disheartened to find a crowd of some 200 persons on the same errand as himself. But the last and cruellest blow was, as he turned away, to hear a little street arab say to his companion, 'I say, Bill, look at all them clerks come to be measured for their coffins.'

The 6th of January.—'There was an excellent fellow, Wilbraham, who had a living near Hawarden, in the gift of Lord Crewe. In old days he used often to come over to Hawarden, and he told me a story most illustrative of the old coaching days. He had, I should think, nothing in the world of much value, for he was a most self-denying and excellent man; but somehow, by gift or otherwise, he had acquired a very remarkable watch. One day when he was on the box-seat of a coach, this attracted the attention of the driver, who admired it greatly and showed much interest in it. At last he said, "There is one thing more, Sir, I should like to know about it. Tell me now, how do you manage to wind it up those nights when you are drunk?"'

The 7th of January.—Talking of Bishop Wilberforce, Mr. Gladstone said: 'He was undoubtedly a most remarkable man; and he was remarkable in action. But he was so rapid, he gave himself no time to achieve great results in the field of thought. As for his powers, they were equal to anything. But in action what astounding force he had! Why, that man in his own person permanently raised and changed the standard of the episcopate. I was once staying at Cliveden with him for the Sunday. Cliveden was in his diocese, and I thought it nothing very remarkable that he should go off to preach at Marlow in the morning and Taplow in the evening. "Only a couple of sermons," he would say. But in the afternoon I said I was going to walk over to a pretty little church in the neighbourhood. "Let me come with you," he said: so off we went. Well, the church was very small, hardly twice as big as this room, and when we got there, we found that the clergyman was a "stick." At the end of the prayers I was surprised to see Wilberforce beckon to the clergyman, and make him take off his surplice, which he himself put on. And then and there he went into the pulpit and preached a most admirable sermon on the Ten Lepers. It was a truly admirable sermon: I never heard a better. As we went out I passed two old villagers, one of whom was saying to the other, "I dunno who he be; but whoever he be, he's a good 'un.'"

'There is a fact I have often mentioned, and I will mention it again, because I think it is important. It has been my lot to dispose of some fifty preferments in the Church—higher preferments I mean—such as bishoprics and deaneries. Not one of the men I have appointed has ever asked me for anything. That is the literal and absolute fact, and I don't know that anything could be said more honourable to the Church of England as a body.'

'I had the greatest possible difficulty in making Dean Church accept the deanery of St. Paul's. He was buried in some small living, and was most unwilling to change. But I felt convinced he was the right man, and drove him into it. It was a regular case of persecution.'

The 8th of January.—Mr. Gladstone, driving through Naples, had remarked the wonderfully increased prosperity of the city. 'I can't tell you how interested I was by our drive. More than anything I had seen before, it is a proof of the virtue of self-government in calling forth the energies of a people. I had seen the same thing at Genoa and at Florence, and I had heard of it at Milan. But they were a northern and more energetic people. Now we see it still more strikingly exemplified in a people who don't know it is four o'clock till twenty minutes past.' (Mr. Gladstone alluded to his having once heard the clocks strike four as he walked through the Villaggio di Vomero, and to his having remarked that there was a difference of twenty minutes between the first clock and the last.) 'Ah! if Italy would only drop that senseless Ultramontane alliance, how she might go ahead! I only wish I could do anything to help her to walk in that way. But it is the extravagance of newly discovered vigour. Why, I saw a letter in the *Corriere* the other day, saying that Italy must do so-and-so if she wished to be a *primaria nazione*. That is what they are all thinking about. The only way to be a *primaria nazione* is to foster your self-reliance, your integrity, all the qualities that make character; and not to be always making a great effort to do something or other.'

The same day Mr. Gladstone mentioned with approval an inscription which Tennyson had written for a piece of plate which he (Mr. Gladstone) gave Sir Donald Currie as a memento of a yachting trip together:

Grateful guest to gracious host
To and from the Danish coast.

He remarked that many were dissatisfied with it as lacking point, but that that criticism showed a mistaken idea as to what such an inscription should be—a lack of appreciation of the essential characteristics of Greek epigram. He agreed, however, with the remark that for epigram so treated a greater polish and finish of workmanship in the language is required than modern English poetry is susceptible of. But he suggested that 'the clear-cut finish of qualitative verse might to some extent be paralleled in accentual verse by introducing artifice in the form of alliteration.' He quoted as an example the lines:

Didactic, dry, declamatory, dull,
Big bursar Bethell bellows like a bull,

which he considered a model of English epigram. Bethell, the

subject, was a fellow and Conduct at Eton, who used to preach in a stentorian voice.

The 12th of January.—Remarking upon the comparatively respectable appearance of a gang of convicts we had met, Mr. Gladstone said he believed that actual badness had a small share in crime in Italy as compared with passion. A very large percentage of crime was homicide, the result of a sudden passionate blow, not of deliberate intention. He remembered sitting at dinner next the wife of a former Governor of Van Diemen's Land, where we poured out all the dregs of our convicts for many years, and asking her how she got on with the people. She said she rather liked them, and explained that convicts might be divided into two classes: the criminal, who were really bad, and the weak. The first class got themselves finished off by the gallows or some similar means; the second did not make such a bad element in the population.

Speaking of Sir James Lacaita he said, 'Ah! that miserable business. I am afraid he never really recovered from it. But for that, I do not believe I should ever have been a Neapolitan politician. It was that made the cup to overflow. Why, how could you help it? It was under your very eyes. Here was a man of the greatest culture and intelligence, who could never by any possibility have been a revolutionary, whose only fault was a constitutional incapacity for revolutionary action, even where it might have been a man's part to take such action. This harmless, universally respected man is walking in the street one day, when—tap upon his shoulder—"You must come with me." And for three weeks they kept him, never out of sight of a soldier night or day, bringing every sort of accusation against him; no cause alleged—no cause whatever. And at last I believe it was only because of the strong feeling among the English residents, who were then very numerous, and by whom Lacaita was universally respected, that King Bomba let him go. I don't believe Lacaita ever got over it. He has had a cowed air all his life.'

Speaking again of Italian politics, Mr. Gladstone said, 'Mazzini—yes, they often ask me about him, and I say I really don't know. I never had any sympathy with Mazzini. As I understood his methods, they consisted in getting safely out of the country himself, and then stirring up his countrymen, by inflammatory letters and every other means, to rebel against their rulers. Pierio and the constitutionalists—they were constitutionalists, not revolutionaries—rightly or wrongly looked upon Mazzini as their greatest enemy.'

'Lord Aberdeen had the greatest possible suspicion of Italian revolutionaries. But then he was such a good man, such an open-minded man. I remember getting him to meet some of them in England, and after some conversation with Pierio, he came up to me and said in his bluff way, "That Pierio of yours seems a *respectable* man."'

Talking three years later in England of the recently published book, *An Englishman in Paris*, Mr. Gladstone said that Count (now Prince) Münster told him he was with Moltke when the latter first heard of Macmahon's march to relieve Bazaine in 1870. Moltke, who was seated at a table with a map before him, threw up his hands in astonishment. Then he brought his right hand sharply down upon the map, saying, 'I shall have him there.' The spot he pointed to was Sedan.

R. E. GOODHART.

OPERATIVE SURGERY IN AMERICA

It is not intended that the present article shall be a strictly technical exposition of American surgery. Still less is it purposed to laud American surgery, or to hold it up as something to be imitated by English surgeons. During a recent brief visit to England, however, I noticed certain important general points of difference between the practice in most of the London hospitals, and in the American hospitals with which I am familiar. I refer especially to the evident dependence upon antiseptics here, rather than upon that extreme surgical cleanliness or asepsis which the American is accustomed to associate with his art. There are of course other points of difference, such as the greater use of chloroform here than in the United States, and individual peculiarities; but it is with special reference to the operation, and the preparation for the operation, that I wish to present a few principles and some methods in use in some of our American hospitals. The principles are not new or the methods unique, for the idea of aseptic surgery is as old as modern surgery, and similar methods are used by some English surgeons.

That American surgery has won a place for itself, and is rapidly becoming trusted by the people at large, is shown by the increasing number of persons presenting themselves with confidence for such operations as that done for appendicitis between the attacks.

The observations here given are drawn chiefly from the service of Dr. Charles McBurney in the private patients' building of the New York Hospital. Having seen the results of various methods employed by a variety of surgeons, I think those here given the simplest and safest, and on the whole productive of the best results. The procedures are those employed for any clean operation, such as the interval operation for appendicitis or hernia.

It is recognised that failure to gain what is called primary union in a wound is practically always due to the development of bacteria and their accompanying toxins in the wound. Nature attempts to protect herself against these bacteria, and to neutralise their toxins by the normal antitoxin of the blood, by the phagocytic action of

the white blood cells, and by the protective action of the cells in the wound walls. For the development of bacteria in a wound one of several conditions is necessary: the bacteria must be present in sufficient quantity to overcome the natural protective power of the tissues; or sufficiently virulent to overcome this power; or this protective power must be so weak as to be unable to fight off even a slight infection. Certain conditions favour the growth of bacteria, such as the presence in the wound of broken-down blood-clot and dead tissue cells, which form, as we say, a good culture medium. Mechanical injury to the wound walls also favours the growth of bacteria by increasing the quantity of *débris* in the wound and depressing the reproductive and protective powers of the cells. It is the duty of the surgeon, then, to reduce to a minimum the quantity of bacteria which gain access to a wound, so to do his work as to least reduce the protective power of the tissues, and to so leave his wound as to provide any bacteria present with the least possible favourable conditions for growth. These aims of the operator may be met by the careful observance of three principles, (a) absolute surgical cleanliness and asepsis, (b) the accomplishment of the end desired with the least possible injury to the tissues, (c) adequate drainage of the wound.

Considering the first and most important of our principles, surgical cleanliness. May we arrive at safety from infection in operating, and that without the use of antiseptics? Modern surgery has been an evolution. In the old days the agency of the bacteria in wound infection was unknown, and even the ordinary principles of cleanliness were hardly observed in the operating room. Suddenly, through the researches of Lister and Pasteur, we discovered our difficulty and the means of meeting it. Then followed the great advance in surgery. Operations before impossible to any surgeon were done on every hand. The wounds healed, some of them without any delay, a thing unknown before. Since those days as we have advanced in our knowledge of wounds and wound infection we have obtained better and better results, and our views have gradually changed as to the means we should employ. The carbolic spray soon disappeared, but there remained a time when everything used in the operation—instruments, towels, sponges, suture material—was soaked in strong antiseptics, the hands of the surgeons were soaked in strong solutions of carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury, permanganate of potash, &c., and the wound itself was frequently douched out with solutions of the same character. Gradually, as we noticed their irritating qualities and uncertainty of action, we have used the strong antiseptics less. First one thing and then another came to be sterilised by heat. Now the instruments are practically everywhere boiled, the sponge wipes, towels, dishes and

suture material sterilised by boiling or superheated steam, methods not only safer as regards the destruction of bacteria, but which enable us to keep the irritating antiseptics from being brought into our wounds by instrument, sponge or ligature.

In the preparation for the operation, antiseptics find their proper and only use in cleaning and disinfecting the walls and furniture, and those dishes too large to be safely boiled.

In the preparation of the hands of the operator and of his assistants, and during the operation, as a wash for the hands and a douche for the wound, we find strong antiseptics still in use by some surgeons, especially here in England. These strong antiseptics, if used as a means of irrigating a fresh wound, are not only unnecessary, but positively harmful. There are none of them which, used strong enough to kill bacteria, and especially the spores, in the time they are exposed to the solution, will not injure or destroy the delicate superficial cells, so essential to the rapid and proper healing of the wound. A real injury is produced, the protective power of the tissue diminished, and an increased amount of dead tissue left. Now any bacteria present, and there are always some in spite of our methods, have a favourable opportunity for growth. The object of the irrigation is defeated. All the good effect of an antiseptic in a fresh wound can be obtained by douching it out frequently with normal salt solution. The wound is whitened, bits of separated tissue and dust removed, and the tissue cells invigorated rather than depressed.

One of the chief sources, if not the chief source of wound infection, is the hands of the surgeon and his assistants. This danger is recognised by all, and the importance attached to infection by this means is shown by the fact that each individual group of surgeons, almost each individual surgeon, has a distinct method for disinfecting the hands—a method considered safe by its users, for a time at least. As in medicine we recognise that when there is a long list of remedies given for any condition there is no specific for that condition, so in surgery, from the ever increasing list of methods, we recognise that there is no method of cleansing the hands with antiseptics recognised as absolutely safe. Then, too, a method which may be apparently safe after careful employment, becomes more than doubtful in the hurry of the busy afternoon in the operating room. Here some one may be careless in 'scrubbing up,' a carelessness which may cost the patient a week longer in bed or worse. But even if sterilised with care, cultures from such hands frequently show a growth, a result not at all reassuring. We seek something safer, more certain under practical working conditions than this. Surgery has now reached that stage when we not only do not expect the patient operated on to die, as a result of infection received in the operating room, but we expect our wounds to heal without breaking

down, without stitch abscesses, without redness, with little pain, and practically no temperature reaction. The hands, the most frequent cause of the failure of attainment of this ideal, may be rendered safe by the use of a means long known, the wearing of rubber gloves.

The objections advanced to the use of gloves are not many. They are always the same and are always answered in the same way. Diminution in the sense of touch is the point usually urged. This seems a greater bugbear than it is. With gloves properly prepared and properly fitting, the touch sense is only a little less perfect; by no means is it lost. Even allowing for some loss in this regard, surgery now depends less and less on mere touch during the operation. The work is done with instruments in full view of the operator. The rule is a wide exposure, and see what is being done. Blind surgery is poor surgery.

But it is said that wearing gloves renders one awkward and unduly prolongs the operation. This is but a relative objection. For a time they do render the operator slower, but when accustomed to their use, the technical manipulations can be done practically as without gloves. Now that ether and chloroform are given as drugs, in proper dosage, we do not fear a slight increase in time spent on the operating table. We consider care in the operation, in its manipulations and in its cleanliness, as of first importance. Only such speed is proper in operating as admits of the utmost care and cleanliness.

The preparation of the gloves is not difficult. The following is the method followed in the New York Hospital. The gloves are boiled, then dusted inside with talcum powder, care being taken that the powder is not in excess and does not collect in the ends of the fingers. They are then wrapped in gauze and a towel, and sterilised with the towels in the high-pressure steriliser. Thus prepared they can be kept until needed. This method is better than simply boiling the gloves and putting them on in some solution. The hand feels more comfortable, the touch is more perfect, there is no maceration of the skin, or dripping from the wrist of the glove.

Some surgeons use antiseptics on the hands before putting on the rubber gloves, fearing the tearing or puncture of the glove. Simple washing with soap and water is sufficient, for the hands are never exposed in the wound. Tearing a glove is rare indeed; if this happens, the glove should be replaced. If a good quality of glove is used, tearing is difficult. Needle punctures are self-closing if the hand be dry within. Only the best quality glove should be used: economy is poorly practised here.

Care should be taken in putting on the gloves not to soil the outside, all manipulations of the exterior being done with a bit of sterile gauze.

The arms of the surgeon as far as the elbow are covered with the sleeves of his sterile gown. The space between sleeve and glove is bridged over with a sterile gauze armlet, made to slip over the glove and fasten at elbow and wrist with rubber bands. During the operation the gloves may be washed in sterile salt solution or sterile water as often as required. Each assistant and nurse wears rubber gloves and armlets prepared in the same way as the operator's.

Thus equipped the surgeon has every confidence that he is not carrying infection where he places his hands, and that his assistants will not infect the wound, through the agency of sponges, instruments, and suture materials. He can advise the exploratory or interval operation, and feel that he is asking the patient to run slight risk indeed.

As to the preparation of the patient himself, and the cleansing of the operating area. We have here to deal with a skin surface not, as a rule, capable of thorough disinfection. We can, however, do one thing--remove the superficial epidermis, the loose scales, with their abundant bacteria. We can polish off the surface, as it were, and do this without irritating the skin in any way and so depressing its vigour. If these superficial layers be removed without disturbing the deeper active layers, the reparative power of the skin is not diminished, and wounds through such skin and surrounded by such skin not only do not suppurate, but heal without the slightest disturbance. We have evidently not got rid of all the bacteria in the skin, but those left are apparently secure in their places among the deeper and firmer layers of skin cells. The active scrubbing with a stiff brush, and the long list of antiseptics and irritants, from turpentine to alcoholic solutions of the bichloride of mercury, which we ordinarily use the night before operation, and which render that night one never to be forgotten, are, to say the least, unnecessary.

The skin may be safely prepared by the simple application, the night before the operation, of a poultice of castile soap spread on gauze and covered with rubber tissue. This is applied over a wide area about the site of operation, after that area has been shaved and washed with soap and water, a bit of cotton or gauze being employed for the latter purpose. This poultice is renewed in the morning, and the patient comes to the operating room with this in place. It is now removed and the surface washed with soap and water, again using cotton or gauze. The skin is now rubbed off with ether and the preparation is complete.

The operating area is now surrounded with towels, dry, or moist and hot from the electric steamer, everything which there is the least chance of touching with hand, arm or instrument, having been previously similarly protected.

During the operation every attention is paid to detail. Having

asepsis to begin the operation, asepsis must be preserved throughout the operation. Each person involved must feel that he is in a sense responsible for the success of that operation, that infection is just as serious if carried in by the second nurse as by the operator. Care soon becomes automatic; without constantly thinking of the actions, no mistakes are made. Each person learns his particular duty and does it. He becomes an element in that team work which is just as important in the operating room as on the football field or in the eight. With a well-organised operating room force, the work goes along smoothly, safely, rapidly. The operator, relieved of a great part of his anxiety, working with sterile instruments, using sterile wipes, surrounded with sterile towels, and assisted by hands covered with sterile gloves, can devote himself entirely to the mechanical side of the work before him.

The second principle, the observance of which enables the operator to approach that certainty in gaining primary union which is the desideratum of surgery, almost explains itself—the accomplishment of the end sought, the completion of the operation with as little injury to the surrounding tissue as possible. By this I do not mean that the original incision should be of necessity small, that the operation should be done through a small hole, blindly if necessary. Quite the contrary. The incision should be free enough to give a perfect view. If cleanly made, longer incised wounds heal as rapidly, and with as little general disturbance, as smaller wounds. What I do wish to call attention to, however, is that bruising and tearing of tissue should be reduced to a minimum. Dissection should be done with a sharp knife—the sharper the knife the less injury—and not with fingers or the handle of the knife; wounds should not be violently retracted or stretched to give a better view. ‘Pull harder’ is a poor expression for the operating room; fasciæ should not be dissected out beyond the limits of absolute necessity. In short, our wounds should remain simple incised wounds, and not become contused or lacerated wounds through our own manipulations. These bruised wound walls with depressed vitality, interstices filled with blood clot or serum, are a frequent source of failure in union. During an active hospital service we sometimes see the wounds of one surgeon present those vexatious little delays in healing, such as superficial abscesses, or stitch abscesses, which irritate both patient and surgeon, while those of his neighbour, not more careful or cleanly, heal without the slightest disturbance, the secret being that one man pulls and hauls his tissues, and does blunt dissections, while the other has acquired the knack of doing his work with no injury beyond that absolutely necessary. The patients of the first surgeon may not die, but we and they expect more than that; wounds should heal primarily.

This leads to the third and last principle, adequate drainage. By

adequate drainage, I mean providing an easy means of escape of blood and exuded fluids from the deeper portions of the wound. This may vary from doing nothing whatever to the wound, simply closing it, or the mere placing of rubber tissue through the skin, to leaving the wound wide-open and packing it full of gauze. What I wish to affirm, however, is the necessity of providing sufficient drainage for the particular case in hand. No matter how carefully we attempt to check hemorrhage during the operation (and the stopping of all bleeding is of prime importance in the rapid healing of the wound), there is nearly always some oozing of blood from the injured surface. Also, through the normal reaction of the injured tissues, there is an exudation of fibrin and serum, immediately after the operation, considerably in excess of what is required in healing. This mixture of blood clot and serum must be absorbed in cases of aseptic healing, and it usually is absorbed if no drainage be provided; but while present, locked in by the agglutination of the skin edges, it is a source of danger. It provides an excellent culture medium for any bacteria which, in spite of our care, may have found their way into the wound during the operation. In weakened individuals it is not difficult to conceive of it as a favourable nidus for the development of micro-organisms from the blood or lymph streams. A very simple and safe way to allow these undesired fluids to escape from the ordinary aseptic wound is the familiar one of placing bits of folded sterile rubber tissue through the skin at either end of the incision. This may well become part of the routine of the operation. That this is effectual is shown by the staining with blood and lymph, about the site of the drains, of the sterile dressing applied to the wound. Removed at the time of the first dressing, forty-eight hours after the operation, such minute drains do not increase the scar in the least, or delay the healing. In very extensive operations, such as the complete amputation of the breast, where the injury is considerable, and the consequent reaction marked, more drainage is required. A small drainage tube in the axilla may be added.

In the above I have not considered wounds infected or doubtful, but have kept in mind an operation clean from the beginning, especially the interval operation for appendicitis. In the case of wounds suppurating or doubtful, the same principles of cleanliness, care to do no injury, and free drainage apply, but the methods may be slightly modified. Here, as in aseptic surgery, strong antiseptics such as carbolic acid, bichloride of mercury, in sufficient strength to really act as germicides, injure the cells of the granulation tissue surrounding the infected area, nature's protective barrier, do harm, and so should not be used. Peroxide of hydrogen is one germicide, however, proven most effective, yet practically unirritating and harmless to the delicate cells, if not used in full strength. It is

of great use in suppurating cases. Its chief value, however, is in its mechanical action. By its effervescence when applied to disorganised tissue it aids in removing the debris resulting from the destructive action of the bacteria or their toxins on the tissue cells. The dead cells, fluids, and toxins are removed, and the underlying cells have an opportunity to repair the drainage. This peroxide of hydrogen is the one antiseptic it is well to use during any operation. Syringing out the wound with peroxide, free irrigation with normal salt solution, free drainage with rubber tissue (rubber tube or gauze as required), is treatment which certainly has given excellent results in such cases. Nature is aided not retarded.

A few words about the operating room. No one will say that the room itself will make much difference in the result of an operation, so long as cleanliness in method and in the immediate surroundings is carefully observed. But the character of the room produces an effect on all working in that room. A dirty, dingy room begets slovenly work; a bright room with clean walls, clean floors, sterilised tables, and dishes shining begets cleanly and careful work. Here is one point where the American hospital surgeon has a decided advantage over the majority of his English cousins. He frequently works in a room lined with marble, but if not, he at least operates on a tile floor, and is surrounded by carefully kept sterilisers and bright white enamel furniture. The operating rooms I have seen in England, with few exceptions, are decidedly dull, most with wood floors, the furniture old-time and neglected. Not at all inspiring.

A younger country suffers much in contrast with the older in many ways, especially in its culture, its literature, and its art. Established customs and old methods have produced something which, strive as it may, is unattainable by the younger country. The past is an inspiration. This is not true, however, of an advancing practical science, such as surgery. Here what is to come is the inspiration. Old colleges and old churches betoken culture; new hospitals, new operating rooms betoken progressing surgery. That the principles here advanced, and the methods employed in carrying them out, are not merely theoretical, but are thoroughly practical, is shown by the results. In a service of sixty or more ordinary clean major operative cases, which it was my good fortune to follow from beginning to end, not a single wound showed the slightest disturbance. Not a long list, but demonstrative. Healing in every case was without so much as a stitch abscess or eye-marked redness, results considerably better than those obtained by the antiseptic treatment of hands and wounds, judging from a rather good opportunity I enjoyed to see various methods and results. That the operation is not prolonged by the use of these methods is shown by the fact that the very careful inter-muscular

operation for appendicitis done by its originator, Dr. McBurney, requires but from twenty-five to thirty-five minutes.

In conclusion, I wish simply to emphasise that by operating in gloves, with aseptic precautions, we can obtain better results than by any elaborate system of antiseptics. The day of aseptic surgery has arrived.

ROBERT HENRY NESBITT, M.D.

GEORGE ELIOT AND GEORGE SAND

Is it conceivable, I shall be asked, that you suppose there is anything left to be said on these over-studied and perhaps over-estimated personalities? I do not suppose; but I know that so long as there are to be found men and women in the future as keen as those of preceding generations to watch the mystery of the evolution of these characters, so long will the thing said be as fresh as the sensation itself in a mind brought into contact with them for the first time.

No two minds receive an identical impression, and the sum total of opinion is nothing but the welding of the different impressions made by the subject on successive minds, and it is impossible to decide when the presentment will be complete.

George Eliot and George Sand are two *noms de plume* which I suppose evoke more opposite trains of thoughts and sets of ideas than it is possible to understand at first sight. There seems little reason to link the two names together, and it may be asked, why not as well couple together any two fine writers who may have gone through the three stages of early popularity, subsequent neglect, and final rehabilitation? My answer would be: It is not the resemblance between George Eliot and George Sand I seek to establish. It is rather the contrast between the two women's attitude towards life that I should like to point out, without dogmatising or applauding one at the expense of the other. They were both the greatest women authors of their day in their respective countries, and their hold on the public will be seen to have varied according to the fluctuations of the literary opinion of that country. The reason for the unpopularity of both might be inferred from the history of thought and opinion in England and in France during the nineteenth century; but we cannot pause here to consider how this important and interesting study could be made to serve the purpose of this sketch, or trace the different forces in society which were brought to bear on the Englishwoman and Frenchwoman alike. Mistaken also, I think, would be the attempt to solve the difficulty by enlarging on the biographic details of which there are masses at hand. The new editions of George Eliot and George Sand's works

are being published simultaneously at the present moment, and it is likely this will give a fresh impetus to the serious study of our subject by furnishing us with an accession of fresh material.* The greater possibilities, however, for writing an exhaustive work does not appear to me to discourage the belief that a simple sketch of these writers may obtain a hearing. A sympathetic but non-analytical appreciation of their very different merits should lead to a discriminating judgment on the part played by each in her day, and also to a true estimate of their influence on the position of women. To show that this influence was all the more potent for being unconscious may clear the atmosphere of exaggeration and partisanship; but to effect this the fluctuations of public opinion should simply be indicated, and then it is hoped the inferences will be made by the reader from the suggestions in this sketch without prompting and without effort. We may now proceed with our study, and notice to start with the fact that the place which each has held in the estimation of her generation seems almost identical.

Identical also were the vicissitudes which their reputations had to sustain and the successive changes in the estimate of the place held by each in the world of letters according to the opinion and judgment of that capricious tyrant the public. Both had a moment of supreme appreciation. Then reaction set in and an excess of relative depreciation bid fair to substitute for an unreasoning idolatry a still more indefensible indifference, an indifference approaching to dislike. A pause ensued, and the public began to recover its equanimity. The reactionists perceived that in the case of George Eliot the very plausible objections they had raised to the hymns of praise and clouds of incense offered up on the shrine of the idol had become themselves out of date. They perceived that a recognition of George Eliot's greatness was once again to be felt in the air. The note she had sounded of 'nobility and sincerity,' to speak the Nietzsche jargon of to-day, was felt to have the true, convincing ring that silences the feeble lassitude of a fourth-rate pessimism to which at one time, through the influence of the decadent school, we were dangerously near yielding. George Sand went through the same round of opposite experiences, though between totally different lines: at first the idol of the romantic school, she exhausted all the literary possibilities of that school, and during the most stormy phases of her life kept two gifts intact to the very end, courage and artistic insight. This was not recognised by all her friends: those who were in love with her paused not to analyse or to discriminate; the others scarcely realised how much she possessed of the forked flash of genius, or how brightly it burnt in spite of aberrations. These aberrations, if scarcely apprehended by her friends, were seized upon by her enemies. The note of hesitation sounded; reaction set in. Fierce reprobation from the

Catholics stigmatised her as a corruptor of youth and a destructive force to be stamped out. Then a lofty contempt found expression from the laity under clerical influence in the assertion that George Sand was played out; she was no longer dangerous, for nobody remembered she had ever existed: her books were a bore, and there was an end of her.

But George Sand's reputation had the benefit of the same pause in the ravings of the public which we noted in the fluctuations of George Eliot's fame. About ten years ago appeared *Lettres de Gustave Flaubert à George Sand*, with a preface by Guy de Maupassant, and these may be said to have inaugurated the rehabilitation of one whom the man occupying Flaubert's unique place in French literature called *mon cher maître*. As lately as 1899 *Lettres autour d'un Enfant* put the finishing touch to the work of rekindling the admiration of the public for George Sand, and her place now in literary estimation is perhaps higher than it ever was.

It is as well to start with this generalisation of the terms of our comparison before taking each side in detail, and afterwards to work out, if possible, a separate study of both these great personalities.

To begin with George Eliot, let us first take the moment when idolatry was at its height and dispassionately grant the idol was not free from blemishes. The shrine itself had an unpleasant likeness to the intelligent type of dissenting chapel; intelligent because the stupid nonconformist mind was on the alert for the cloven foot of free thought, if not of infidelity. George Eliot herself could not shake off the atmosphere of Little Bethel: her mind rejected the intellectual poverty of that influence, but her intimate self had taken the impress of a rather didactic and dogmatic manner of speech and writing, even when the literal interpretation of what she said and wrote might show the basis of thought to be liberal and tolerant.

The same vein of pedantic assertiveness can be detected when her thought takes a scientific turn. I do not mean to object to the very clear enunciation on elementary science which impressed, with all the charm of novelty, a generation to which accurate and precise reasoning was unknown. What is to be regretted is that in her novels, enamoured as she was of the new field of scientific research she was exploring, she would import into the narrative of the ordinary events of life a bit of phraseology somewhat irritating to the lay mind.

In one of her novels she speaks of the systole and diastole of emotion. Why not avoid stilts and say the rise and fall or ebb and flow of emotion? George Eliot might answer that she could not be expected to lower her standard to meet the needs of the average reader, her vocabulary being richer than his.

The generation which welcomed George Eliot as a prophet and

sear had been brought up in a hopeless atmosphere of conventional morality, of early Victorian theology, of dull Whig politics, and ingeniously stupid Tory beliefs. The denseness of the atmosphere was never relieved by any trace of scientific training or by any perception, artistic or æsthetic.

We are speaking of the fairly educated young man or woman of the day. Of course the more intelligent found their way back to the Immortals, and the devout took refuge in Ritualism; but the literature of the eighteenth century which had delighted their mothers and grandmothers had no charm for them—it was too near and yet too far. *Scenes of Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede* appeared, and the chink in the shutter thus opened threw a bright beam of light across what had hitherto been Egyptian darkness. The merciless showing up of the artificial shams which did duty as morality and religion, the fierce denunciations of selfishness, money-grubbing, and Pharisaism met the needs of the moment; the glimpses of happiness which her delight in pure thought and moral elevation seemed to open out were a revelation. The hearers were touched by the modern spirit, and they blessed the rod which had struck the hard rock of their conventional existence and caused the water of true life to flow.

But do we then look upon George Eliot merely as a useful writer of the transition period, producing praiseworthy works for the benefit of the ignorant? God forbid! She would not have arrested such men as Jowett, Huxley, M. Arnold, Sidgwick, &c., if that were all. They took her on the whole for what she was, and were not deterred by the logical setting and overstrained spirit of analysis which gave at times a painful impression of effort. They knew that a spirit of loyalty to her teachers, above all to Comte, and her submission to G. Lewes as an interpreter often quenched the fire within. Lewes was a brilliant talker of the firework school, and no *dilettante* in art and literature. Scholars affirm he had not the glimmer of insight into what the Greeks of old meant by philosophy; it was just the most dangerous mind to have control over George Eliot's brain, that much larger and more powerful machine. His flexibility caused him to adapt himself to her fancies. The fancifulness and sensitiveness to opinion in her were the results of a liberal faculty for speculation and of free thought superinduced on a narrow and provincial tradition of life. Her admiration for Lewes, and acquiescence in his supposed superiority, is a proof that when she made Dorothea fall in love with Ladislaw, and Maggie Tulliver with Stephen Guest, it was impossible that she did not perceive the commonness of the one or the vulgarity of the other; but, thanks to her own unconscious experience, she simply showed shrewd penetration in laying bare the astonishing facility with which women in sympathy with a very high ideal will passionately love men standing

far below their level. A surprising peculiarity of George Eliot's mind lay in the self-deception which caused her to do battle for beliefs she did not hold, and yield up in a rather pusillanimous way convictions which must needs be hers. She fought for Positivism while believing, with Huxley, that it might be defined as Catholicism minus Christianity, and was as dogmatic in expounding its tenets as Mr. Harrison could be; and so of other isms which she thought it wholesome to support in order to uphold the moral sense of the community. In the same way she dared not defend the cause of women who, while disregarding conventional morality, might, in fact, be blameless except in the letter of the law. She feared, especially with her own history on view, to be 'debasement the moral currency' unless she vehemently upheld law and order—law and order, but not hypocrisy. She hated a Pharisee even more than she hated a Philistine. Mr. George Saintsbury will grant George Eliot only one gift, that of assimilating and reproducing the thoughts of others; and M. Emile Faguet asserts: '*Elle est bien tombée aujourd'hui, pauvre femme!*' and in describing her supposed doctrine that the evolution of good will, in the long run, counteract the development of evil: '*Elle a cru inventer le péché original, voilà tout!*' We seem now to be touching the low-water mark of the estimate of George Eliot, but it appears to me to confirm the theory we began to discuss at the outset, on the difficulty of limiting the field of impressions. Then we dealt with the manner in which these impressions affected in turn different individuals; now we are dealing with successive generations, and we shall find in either case that they are seen to ring the changes of triumph, depreciation, and rehabilitation.

In spite of her detractors, in spite of the demon of depreciation raging and seeking whom in the past he may next devour, George Eliot was very great. Her moral force, her sustaining power in holding up to her contemporaries the highest ideal she could frame of what has been called the evangel of altruism, never deserted her; she loathed egotism and the worship of self. Had she seen the latest manifestations of the decadent school, she would have felt amply justified in lashing as she did the first symptoms of this malady. She believed in herself, and her disciples believed in her, with unquestioning fervour; but when we attempt to find out what in her work will live, it is doubtful if the admiration of those who are not disciples does not mean more than the enthusiasm of her worshippers. She was great and she was also original; the pathos of *Silas Marner*, the humour of *Mrs. Poyser*, the limitations of *Tulliver père*, the fascinations of *Tito*, the detestableness of *Grandcourt*, &c., have a spontaneous and vibrating ring which is of the essence of George Eliot's mind; and the ring is the ring of genius.

When mercifully we get her out of the pulpit the flash of genius suddenly dazzles us, coming from some source of inspiration

impossible to trace, as all true inspiration must ever be. The flash may take the humorous, the philosophical, the pathetic form, nay, even the scientific; for by a species of intuition does she not say somewhere, 'If we had a keen vision and feeling of all ordinary human life, it would be like hearing the grass grow and the squirrel's heart beat, and we should die of the roar which lies on the other side of silence; as it is, the quickest of us walk about, well wadded with stupidity'? Might not this almost read as a prophecy of what modern discoveries have proved to be, *i.e.* a theory of a possible extension of the field of our senses?

*George Eliot possessed genius, but genius overmuch cramped and controlled by reason.

The tension of mind in considering George Eliot suddenly relaxes when we turn to George Sand. '*Jamais elle n'a réfléchi*,' says one of her greatest admirers; and here we find ourselves outside the domain of reason and face to face with as poetical and artistic a nature as can be conceived.

Detraction was the note of criticism in France about George Sand a very few years ago. Her unswerving faith in the ideal, her glorious and somewhat unreasonable daydreams, were turned into ridicule.

Her impatience had been roused strangely, for so kindly a nature, by the same phenomena that had excited the more fierce indignation of George Eliot; the self-admiration, the self-pity, in short the focussing of all emotion and effort on the miserable monosyllable *moi*, saddened her bright temper and suggested a note of moroseness most foreign to her nature. '*Vous êtes nés ennuyés*,' she said of a generation the watchword of whose ignorance lay in the word *connu*; and she fought with all her might against the morbid exhalations which paralysed all effort in the miasmatic swamp of the decadent school.

Perhaps in her sublime belief in herself and her ideals she failed to detect the weakness of the romantiste creed. The weak sentimentalism, the artificial rhetoric and theatrical *mise-en-scène* which with her were only accidents of manner in her disciples wearied a public that was exchanging its gods for newer idols. Perhaps, also, she failed to discern the fireflies, nay, even the diamonds, which sometimes gleamed from the heaps of refuse collected by her enemies, the decadents; but we must remember, if we attempt to gauge George Sand's genius at anything approaching to its value, that she was intensely personal. If we consider her works somewhat in the order in which they appeared, beginning with *Lelia* in 1832, and on through *Mauprat*, *Consuelo*, *La Mare au Diable*, *Françoise le Champi*, and *Mademoiselle Merquem*, we shall find that they reflect her personal history. In her life written by herself and in her correspondence we do not find material, as in the case of George

Eliot, for the study of the evolution of opinion ; but we find a record of personal emotion, of her love, friendship, and admiration for individuals reflected, in turn, in the work produced under the influence of the wizard of the moment. Even one of the least attractive of her novels, *Les Compagnons de la Tour de France*, is made interesting in spite of its crude Socialism by the influence it reflects of Pierre Leroux. A little trouble in comparing the dates of her friendships and those of the most typical of her novels would, I think, confirm this view. We forget the grottoes and the limelight, the mysterious heroes, the overcrowding of the canvas—in fact, we love them because we love the dear human author, and we revel in the glorious imagination which lights up the whole as by magic.

Then, in contradistinction to George Eliot, she is greatest when she is impersonal. This assertion, when we have dwelt on her strong personality, may seem paradoxical ; but consider her worship of nature ; see *La Petite Fadette* and the subtle magic of description which pervades her adoration for her beloved Berri. The artistic faculty of the very highest order which this worship of nature brings out is undoubtedly the pivot on which turns her claim on the future. This is not the accepted interpretation of George Sand's genius ; a gift for divining the force of passion, for analysing the secret springs of sentiment, and for fathoming the complexity of human motives, is generally attributed to her. Admiration does not, however, go out to her so much on these lines as it does when she revels in the freshness and mysterious beauty which underlie the most ordinary scenes of rural life. Here her idealism and her realism seem to blend together in their fullest and most potent strength. In her description of passion and in her love scenes we realise too much of what the French call *le voulu* for it to escape from the charge of artificiality. Paul de Musset has made it obvious in his book *Lui et Elle*, which he wrote in answer to George Sand's *Elle et Lui*, that in her *liaison* with Alfred de Musset he it was who had genuine love and passion, while she gave the impression of being bored. All the realistic part of love she apprehended too well ; but when it came to the ideal the description becomes loaded, and the freshness of colour seems to fade out of the picture. Nevertheless George Sand's chief inspirer in the beginning of her career was Alfred de Musset, and it is strange that she, on the other hand, should have had so much influence on the founder of the modern realistic school, Flaubert. French critics assert—and it seems with truth—that Flaubert was the most disinterested of artists, and as an artist absolutely faultless and impossible to classify : his was not the sentimental style nor the passionate, still less the familiar ; he was an ardent apostle, impersonal in art. It has been well said, ' Tout livre à tendances cesse d'être un livre d'artiste.' If George Sand had written books with a conscious aim, she never would have been a

friend of Flaubert; he recognised the power of her imagination and of her sympathy, and yielded the point in a very generous way when she blamed him, considering what he was, and how probable it might be that he and not she was in the right. This did infinite credit to both. In one of his letters he says, 'Vous dites qu'il me manque une vue bien arrêtée et bien étendue sur la vie; vous avez mille fois raison, mais le moyen qu'il en soit autrement!' In 1875 we find George Sand writing the preface to the supposed forthcoming edition of her works, and in nothing she has written previously is there anything equal to the superb courage and disinterested love of her kind, which this valiant old woman shows as she utters this pathetic farewell: 'La nature agit par progrès . . . c'est là ce que chante le rossignol dans le gainier à fleurs roses que je regarde de ma fenêtre, mais c'est aussi ce que mon cœur me chante en priant ma volonté de laisser battre et aspirer la vie, d'autant plus belle qu'elle est courte aux espérances comme le printemps est aux fleurs.' It may not be amiss to pause here for a moment and consider the dispute which was beginning to occupy men's minds thirty years ago—a dispute in which she took an active part, and which continues to trouble us in the present day.

The relative value of *le fonds et la forme* was the theme of many a discussion between Flaubert and George Sand. It is not surprising that he, the most impersonal of artists, the most ardent disciple of art for its own sake, should take the directly opposite view of literary art to George Sand. Flaubert believed in the necessity of absolute purity of expression, holding with extreme fanaticism that one word, and only one, exists to represent adequately a particular thought. A great critic has said that Flaubert 'searched and found the unique word, phrase, sentence, paragraph, essay, or song absolutely proper to the single mental presentation or vision within.' To understand his standpoint might seem to make his disagreement with George Sand an easy prediction, but it is remarkable that this disagreement was in fact only on the surface, and that Flaubert and that impetuous, passionate, personal friend of his should meet and absolutely arrive at the same conclusions eventually.

There is no doubt that a student of the finer aspects of literary craft would place Flaubert on a far higher plane than George Sand, yet Flaubert himself had some perception that there was a source of greatness in her which he had no part in. Her intensely human side, the sympathetic hand held out to the fallen and the unsuccessful, impressed him, as he knew how much she hated the fads of philanthropy. Yes, she says to him, you are masterly in your analyses of *la bêtise humaine*, but could you not try to be less irritable against your stupid friends? The state of chronic indignation you live in would kill me. She adds that perhaps the truth is, she minds the absurdity of mankind less than he does, as she feels she probably is

as absurd herself as the idiots they both find fault with; and it takes her all her time to look after this. It is in the outburst of admiration which he bestows not only on her character, but on her work, that we catch the true sense of the agreement between them which prevails over superficial differences. 'Malgré ses grands yeux de sphynx,' he writes, 'vous avez vu le monde à travers une couleur d'or; elle venait du soleil de votre cœur; . . . vos attaches sont indestructibles, votre sympathie ne peut aller qu'à l'éternel.' Flaubert's work will always be superior to George Sand's, but he declares that in hers there are pages so full of tenderness, so human, and so courageous, that he cannot read them without tears. 'Il y a dans l'histoire de ma vie des pages d'une profondeur démesurée.' Both these opposite spirits are found to complete each the thought of the other. They eventually agree on what was at first the fundamental point of difference. Flaubert says in one of his letters, 'Je crois que le fonds et la forme sont deux subtilités qui n'existent jamais l'une sans l'autre,' and later she bids him keep that faith: 'Garde ton culte pour la forme, mais occupe-toi davantage du fonds.'

In her courageous optimism she attributes the force it gives her to her own mediocrity. 'Je crois,' she says calmly, 'que dans cinquante ans je serai parfaitement oubliée et peut-être durement méconnue; c'est la loi des choses qui ne sont pas de premier ordre et je ne me suis jamais crue de premier ordre. Mon idée a été plutôt d'agir sur mes contemporains, ne fût-ce que sur quelques-uns, et de leur faire partager mon idéal de douceur et de poésie.' It is impossible to study the criticism of both on the drama of the day without marvelling at the force each derives from the other.

The belief that in her humanness lay the secret of her power is confirmed by the letters 'autour d'un enfant' published as late as 1899. The note of genius which made her love of humanity an inspiration is accentuated in the record of her everyday life in 1870-71. She writes of the French peasant during the war: 'Que de larmes au bout de tout cela? Quand même nous serions vainqueurs, on ne voit que de pauvres paysans pleurant leurs enfants qui partent . . . le paysan laboure et refait ses prairies piochant toujours triste ou gai. Il est bête, dit-on; non, il est enfant dans la prospérité; homme dans le désastre plus homme que nous, qui le plaignons, lui ne dit rien pendant qu'on tue, réparant toujours d'un côté ce qu'on détruit de l'autre.'

But we must conclude, and so having watched the fortunes of George Eliot and George Sand till the moment has arrived when we are able to say with assurance that the rehabilitation of both is in 1900 an accomplished fact, we must with grateful hearts part with our friends.

If we think of the mind of each as of a still into which fine herbs, rich spices, subtle perfumes, have been thrown by their

owner, and add to the essence thus produced the elusive force of the special individual genius of the two women, we should find the prevailing aroma of the one to be an overwhelming sense of the tragedy and mysterious terror of things, and the note of the other to be also one of mystery, but the mystery of unutterable beauty and of the glory of imagination.

MARY E. PONSONBY.

'THE BODY OF CHRIST'

AN EPOCH-MARKING BOOK

WE are told that there are or have been epoch-making books, but personally I gravely doubt whether any such book ever appeared. Epochs are usually, if not universally, made by words and deeds, not by books. Even the Coran did not make an epoch, nor did the Gospel of our Blessed Saviour. Be this, however, as it may, though I suppose that no one would for an instant suggest the idea that Canon Gore's new book *The Body of Christ* was epoch-making, the object of this paper is to show that it is in the very highest degree epoch-marking.

When *Lux Mundi* and the *Bampton Lectures* by Dr. Gore were given to the public, it seemed evident that the High Church (or Advanced, or Catholic, or Extremist, or whatever adjective you please to give it) party was on the point of a most serious division. The *Vates malorum*, a breed never extinct (oh! would they might be!), immediately said: 'Like all religious movements, Tractarianism has reached its zenith, and now has entered upon its second stage—that of disintegration.' The statement looked at the time true, and what seemed to many a direct attack upon our Lord's personal omniscience and so upon His divinity, naturally made many feel that absolute severance of all ecclesiastical relations was an imperative duty.

But to-day all this is changed. I have no knowledge whatever as to Canon Gore's views outside the limits of the volume I am speaking of. It would be an entirely false deduction from anything I may say to suppose that Canon Gore has changed his former positions. On this point I am absolutely ignorant. I take this present volume as it stands and alone, and thus viewed I have no hesitation in saying that it is epoch-marking, for it marks an epoch which cannot fail to be of the greatest importance to the Church of England, viz. the coming together again of what threatened to be two separate factions of the historic High Church party of the Anglican communion.

It is with singular gratification that I find myself able to write

¹ *The Body of Christ: an Enquiry into the Institution and Doctrine of the Holy Communion.* By Canon Gore. London: John Murray. 1901.

this appreciative and sympathetic review of Canon Gore's last book, as it has been a source of sorrow and pain to me (if I may be allowed a personal allusion) to have felt it my duty to act and write in opposition to him on account of his former writings. Who could know of the Canon's zeal and holiness of life and not long to feel at one with him?

I pass now after these necessary words of preface to a brief review of the book itself, *The Body of Christ*.

In the first place Canon Gore plainly sets forth what the teachers of Tractarianism have ever affirmed to be the fundamental principle of the Anglican Reformation, the appeal to the Undivided Church. This great principle is clearly taught (on page 227) as follows :

But the principle of authority to which the Anglican Church has almost consistently appealed is the very one which it is the object of this book to emphasise. The Convocation of 1571, which imposed upon the clergy subscription to the Articles of Religion, issued a canon to preachers enjoining them to 'teach nothing in their sermons which they should require to be devoutly held or believed by the people, except what is agreeable to the doctrines of the Old or New Testament, and what the Catholic Fathers and ancient bishops have collected out of said doctrine.' And the formal appeal of the Anglican divines has always been to the *quod semper, quod ubique, quod ab omnibus*, as well as to Scripture.

With scorn he rejects the idea of a so-called 'Reformation Settlement' being the real doctrinal basis of the Church of England. He says (on page 228) :

The phrase, the 'Reformation settlement,' expresses well enough a provisional arrangement or compromise arrived at to enable the Anglican Church to go on working, but 'settlement' is the last word one would choose to describe the general condition of the Reformation theology.

Thus we have an absolutely solid basis for doctrinal teaching. And in no place, so far as I have noticed, is there anything which weakens the strength of these assertions; quite the reverse, the Canon dwells upon the point and constantly recurs to it, as in the following most admirable passage (page 240) :

The student, then, especially where, as on the subject of the Eucharist, he has to deal with a doctrine which has never become matter of ecumenical definition, will be perpetually comparing the existing teaching of a Church or school of theology with the teaching of past ages, to see whether it is not in need of revision—whether forgotten elements and aspects of the truth have not to be recovered, or deteriorations and accretions noted and corrected or banished. But this very process will only increase his sense of the reality of a Catholic Tradition about the Eucharist—a teaching really universal and original—which is most plainly discerned in the ancient and undivided Church; and for this he will claim, with all reason, the greatest deference. All reason demands that the New Testament should be read in the light of this ancient Catholic Tradition. For in fact nothing is more certain than that a sound historical criticism will not allow us to tear the New Testament documents out of the heart of the first Christian literature as a whole. These documents indeed bear it upon their faces that they presuppose

the existence of a Church tradition and that they are written, not to give primary instruction in Christian principles, but to enlighten and correct those who had already inherited the common elementary teaching.

And on the next page he clinches the matter in this pregnant sentence (page 242). In speaking of the writings of the Apostles, he says:

They represent the mind of the Church at its best and freshest; they represent the utterance of its highest inspiration; but none the less the spirit of the Church as a whole is the same spirit which inspired the Apostles, and is far more likely than any isolated point of view—any 'private interpretation'—to give us the clue to their meaning. We come back always to approve the reasonableness of the old formula—the Church to teach, the Bible to prove.

From a man holding such views and of the unquestioned honesty of Canon Gore no High Churchman can hold aloof. It is possible that his conclusions may not always be ours. We may think that a greater familiarity with the writings of some of the Fathers (especially St. Cyril of Jerusalem, cf. p. 91) would have caused him to modify some statements, but these are mere details, and *de minimis* etc. is eminently true in this case.

Canon Gore's book is upon the Holy Eucharist. It will be read by thousands who would not read a page on the same subject written by any one else. It is a book primarily intended, not for the scholar, but for the people, the fairly well-educated laity. The author does not pretend that it is a work on which he has bestowed much time, and in parts there is evidence of haste, notably in the metaphysical discussion which begins on page 151. In fact, he tells us that having been invited to the Round Table Conference he felt he had better get his own views on the subject in clear shape and that this book 'in part' is the result of this process.

What are the conclusions at which Dr. Gore arrives with regard to the Holy Eucharist?

(1) That the presence of Christ in the Holy Sacrament is a presence in some way connected with the species of bread and wine, and therefore 'objective' to the communicant. This, he holds, is clearly the teaching of the Holy Scriptures and of the Fathers, and therefore the teaching of the Church of England. This presence is of 'whole Christ,' *i.e.* the body, soul, and divinity of the Lord. Moreover, "That whole Christ is present in each particle of either kind" can hardly be *denied* by any one who affirms the indivisible spiritual unity of the living Christ' (page 279).

Canon Gore refuses to accept as Divinely revealed any theory of the manner of this presence, and (in my judgment) most rightly declares:

In its original and more natural meaning, transubstantiation—the overthrowing of the natural substance by the spiritual—is truly contrary to a fundamental Christian philosophy, and really 'overthroweth the nature of a sacrament' (page 120).

But he frankly acknowledges that this is not what is meant by 'transubstantiation' in the Roman Schools to-day in the following admirable and eirenical passage:—

The modern Roman theologians allow to the consecrated bread and wine all the reality which any one believes any bread and wine to possess, or, in other words, explain away transubstantiation, till it remains as little more than a verbal incumbrance due to an inopportune intrusion into church doctrine of a temporary phase of metaphysics (page 120).

2. Canon Gore fully recognises that from this doctrine naturally flows the all but apostolic practice of reservation of the Eucharistic species for purposes of communion. But he justly draws attention to the fact that reservation for any other purpose lacks all authority of Divine revelation and that 'in many minds the question' may arise whether, if we reserve for any other use than that ordained by Christ Himself, 'we have the right to feel secure of the permanence of the presence itself' (page 139). I have quoted this passage because it has been misunderstood as an assertion on the part of the author that he himself entertains such doubts, which he has publicly declared in print not to be the case.

3. Together with all scholars, Catholic and Protestant, and with Harnack, who (like the Herveys, according to Lady Mary Montagu) is a class by himself, Canon Gore asserts the celebration of the Holy Eucharist to have been held from the earliest times to be a sacrifice. Speaking of the Church's action in that holy service he says:

She solemnly commemorates the Passion in word and in symbolic action, through the bread broken and the wine outpoured, the appointed tokens of Christ's sacrificed body and blood, reciting before God His own words and acts in instituting the Holy Eucharist. This is the Church's sacrifice; and it is all that she can do (page 211).

This sacrifice is the sacrifice of the Cross, but is no repetition of that sacrifice, and (to quote the Canon's words),

In maintaining with care and anxiety that the sacrifice by which we were redeemed upon the Cross was one, full, perfect and sufficient, so that it can need no supplementing and admits of no renewal, we are not now, and our forefathers in the sixteenth century were not, fighting a phantom (page 181).

Nor are we to fall into the error of thinking of a dead Christ as being present in the Holy Mysteries (page 66).

It stands to reason that if there be thus, as the Christian Church so constantly believed, a real communication to us of the flesh and blood of Christ, it must be the 'flesh' and 'blood' of the glorified Christ, for no other exists. These mysterious things are given to us in the Eucharist under conditions which recall a past state—the state of sacrificial death. It is our Lord as dying that fact recalls: it is His death for us that we 'proclaim till He come' in breaking of the bread. But those very words of St. Paul, 'till He come,' suggest that He is no longer dead, that He is alive and in heaven. The person who feeds us with His own very life, Divine and human, is He who is set before us in a vision of the Apocalypse as a 'Lamb as it had been slain,' but alive for evermore in the heavenly places.

There was, indeed, a corrupt doctrine of 'the sacrifices of masses,' prevalent at a certain period in the Church's history, which was worthy of severe condemnation. However, Canon Gore nobly and bravely defends the truth of history when he says :—

But it is important to remember that, though the medieval Church overlaid the really Catholic traditions with some misleading accretions, and though we must claim our freedom to treat them as accretions, yet none the less the underlying substance of its teaching as to the individual and social meaning of Holy Communion and as to the presenting before God of the one sacrifice, remained what it had ever been in the Church. It required purging but not reversing (page 225).

In speaking of the Atonement it is pleasant indeed to read that Christ 'offered Himself vicariously for us once for all' (page 31), and, while we find some expressions with regard to an 'offering in heaven,' which are at least unusual, there is taken the utmost care to adhere to strict orthodoxy with regard to the sacrifice of Calvary. To Canon Gore this is no 'initial act,' but the consummation of the redemptive work; and the so-called 'offering in heaven' is nothing other than the presence there of the Lamb, bearing the triumphant marks of His victory over death and His interceding for His people.

4. Since this presence is, according to Canon Gore's conclusions, an objective presence of the Incarnate Son of God, what has been somewhat vaguely termed 'Eucharistic Adoration' follows *ex necessitate*, and he asks the pertinent question (page 109) :

If the early Church had been in the constant habit of singing such hymns as *Jesus, Lover of my soul*, is it not very likely it would have also sung *Jesus, I adore Thee on Thy altar throne*?

It will be said, This all may be true, such may be his doctrinal premises and conclusions, but how can the extremists swallow Canon Gore's condemnation of their practices? I can only speak for myself, and possibly I am no longer considered an extremist (not because I have changed, but because a flood has swept past me); speaking, however, for myself, I entirely agree with Canon Gore in his warnings, and while in some places I could not use his language, his conclusions seem to me absolutely sound.

'Non-communicating attendance' is at best a corruption, and we should never forget that it is to be approved only as better than a worse corruption, viz. non-communicating non-attendance. To me it is always a scandal to see a priest who is not let by just cause, who has not celebrated that day and does not intend to receive at a later service, 'assist' (how very French we have grown!) without communicating. Is he in mortal sin? This would seem to be his only excuse. I repeat, 'non-communicating attendance' is a corruption, a departure from the custom of the early Church, as much a corruption as is the neglect of baptism by immersion, and as is the severance of confirmation from baptism and the omission of the

christ; and as are many other things. Why then encourage it? Because it is far better than our contempt for the Lord's Table during the past 300 years, and because by its restoration we are following the mind of Christ as shown in the unbroken custom of all the Churches of God throughout the world, our own alone excepted, for a thousand years and more.

With regard to the use to which the Blessed Sacrament may be put according to Divine institution and Catholic practice, I am entirely in accord with our author. No doubt if Canon Gore and myself entered a church in which the Divine Mysteries were reserved, we would kneel and make our devotions. But at the same time, we would know that as a matter of fact, in accordance with Catholic theology, there was no localising of the Divine Presence, and that God was as substantially present in the rail at which we knelt as in the holy species. The Sacred Humanity alone is specially present under the sacramental forms by the power of consecration, the Divinity only by virtue of the hypostatic union, and the Sacred Humanity—if it could be considered as separated from the Divinity (which God forbid!)—would not be the object of Divine worship at all, being a creature. Of course it is true (as declared by the Ecumenical Councils) that the human nature in Christ by the hypostatic union has been 'deified,' but (in the terms of mathematics) humanity plus Divinity is no more Divine than Divinity without humanity.

As for foreign rites performed with the Blessed Sacrament, and unknown to the Church of England as well before as since the sixteenth century, their introduction without the licence of, and even contrary to, the expressed will of the Bishop seems to me as indefensible a piece of priestly impertinence and impropriety as could well be conceived of.

In fine, our work is to Catholicise England, as Dr. Pusey said years ago, to restore to her doctrine what has been forgotten or obscured, to restore to her worship what has been neglected. Canon Gore's object and ours is one, and the first step towards the realisation of our great hope is the restoration of the Holy Sacrament of the Altar to its Divine place among us, a place from which it has been ousted for more than three weary centuries. To help this result we can have no doubt was Canon Gore's object in writing this book, and in this noble aim we wish him 'good luck in the name of the Lord.'

HENRY R. PERCIVAL.

CONCERNING AN IMPRISONED RANI

THE subjoined letters were written by me from India from time to time to an old friend in England, and relate to one of the cases in which I was professionally engaged. They illustrate the extreme difficulties which surround the legal position of Indian women.

LETTER I

August 15, '99.

Now I have a story to tell you, which will interest you.

About a month ago there appeared here an old Brahmin priest emissary from a Rani in the provinces. The story he brings is pathetic. He himself is really an astrologer, whose profession carries him from one northern State to another, making the horoscopes of the Rajahs; but he has a grant of lands in Yunla, and considers the Chief of that State his particular patron. Now it came to pass that on a day, many years ago, this Chief said to him:

'I have but one daughter, and she, you know, is educated (for our people) and clever beyond her years, and, moreover, pleasant is she to look upon! I would have her well wedded. Seek you on your princely journeys some worthy husband, and let the horoscope be favourable!'

The old man agreed, and felt honoured by the commission.

At some place near L——, he met another old priest, bound on a similar errand, but he sought a wife for the adopted son of the Dowager Rani of Amapur. 'And look you, she must be possessed of brains enough for two, for my young master is wanting in intellect.'

The limitation seems not to have been dissuading; the two old priests agreed to accommodate each other, and thereupon, of course, found the horoscope favourable beyond the wildest hopes of either!

Now you must know that the young lean-witted boy was only by adoption the son of the old Dowager. He was really from among the *Thakors*, or Chief Rajputs of that part of the country—men, not noble in birth, but who by reason of long service, had risen to high official rank in the Raj. His father and uncle were among the Ministers, and indeed there was a clique of his relations all eager to oppose the approaching marriage.

The only 'Royal' personage in the State, said they, was the Dowager lady, who would soon be sleeping the eternal sleep; why introduce another 'Royal' lady, and an outsider? How much better would it not be to marry the boy to a Thakrani, a commoner from among themselves!

However, the old Dowager prevailed, in so far that the marriage did take place, and she arranged further that the little wife should have the style and title of *Pat Rani*, or Chief Rani, and her children a prior right to the succession. But the Thakors were not to be altogether outdone. They arranged contemporaneously for a marriage with a Thakor lady who is still in existence—I believe that the second marriage was divided from the first by but a few hours—and all the troubles in the State are consequent upon the attempts of the Thakors to oust the Pat Rani.

As long as the Dowager Rani lived, matters could never be quite beyond control for her little protégée: but her death just about a year after the marriage left the unwelcome daughter-in-law bereft of all chance of succour. The first two babies died mysterious deaths—one of them smothered in tobacco fumes soon after his birth!—a third boy lives, and is now about eight years of age. Government interfered on the lady's behalf, and secured her a separate allowance, and residence in the Fort of *Sihar* (five miles beyond *Amapur*): and here she is still, 'clasping my child to my heart,' as she wrote to me. 'But who will listen to the song of the caged singing bird?' There is a guard of British Sepoys placed over the fortress: 'twas intended originally for her protection, but the Raja pays the men, and you know how in India the hand that pays influences the ordinary servant. She tells me that the guard harasses her considerably, and will not allow communication with any of her own people. Moreover, for about two and a half years she has been paid no maintenance moneys whatever, and is in very sad case. She wants me to represent matters to the authorities for her, and I am going first to test the truth of her story, and take her instructions.

I start to-morrow, and travel by rail to Raio, whereafter I have about thirty-five miles of palanquin journey, on an impossible road. The old Pundit says that the country is full of *Badmaash-es* (villains), and advises me to carry a gun! I should like also to carry a *Kodak*, but I fear I could use neither 'weapon.' I am writing badly and hurriedly in the midst of many businesses relative to my journey, but I wanted you to have a letter as soon as possible, and I shall not be within reach of any post-town on mail day.

There was some talk of negotiating an escort of police for the palanquin journey, but that might give a wrong colour to the little adventure.

LETTER II

Dāk Bungalow, August 19, '99.

You have my news up to Thursday morning. The train arrives at the Railway Junction at midnight, and the priest had been sent on ahead, to arrange for the palanquins to meet me, so that we might proceed forthwith on our dubious journey. But never a *palanquin*, or even a *Kahar* (palanquin-bearer), did we see; though promises fell round about us in the gentlest dew of obsequious language, varied by a very hailstorm of asseveration! The palanquin, you must know, is an old-fashioned means of conveyance, still in use on roads too bad for aught but an undersized country pony, or a long-limbed ungainly camel. 'Tis a box on poles, somewhat coffin-like in general appearance, with sliding doors either side, and a tiny window back and front. It is cushioned and bolstered, and compels of a tall person the recumbent position; the only change possible for me, for instance, was from back to elbow, as when I sat up my head banged against the lid!

I was very angry with the priest for his slovenly arrangements, yet I believe 'twas not all his fault. His story was that some adverse influence was at work, and that when he 'collected' the *palanquin*, the bearers ran away, and that when the bearers had congregated, the owner of the palanquin had doubts about lending it. After waiting till about 2 A.M. on the cold platform, I made a pilgrimage to the Dāk Bungalow and settled to sleep for what remained of the night.

-- A morning of worry and insistence resulted finally in the production of eight bearers and a *palanquin*, but 'twas by then so late that I had to submit to exactly that which I most wished to avoid—a long journey under a hot sun!

The *Kahars* were a very noisy set and began instant annoyance; put me down after ten minutes, and claimed money for food. (They had already had some, and had kept me waiting all the morning while they fed!) At every well they stopped and dumped down the palanquin while they drank water, and chatted and smoked impossible tobacco in gurgling earthen pipes! The priest was useless, the *Khansamah* unheeded (though he certainly did all he could); I felt that I must be patient, seeing that I should be at their mercy both night and day, till we reached *Sihar*; so I put a resentful stopper on my wrath, and tried persuasion.

Result: We got to Launaj at 2.30 P.M. (were due at 11.30 A.M.).

At the cross-ways, the Tehsildar's peons left us, and as soon as they were out of sight the bearers threw down my palanquin. The servants, as I have said before, were now on ponies (no ekka road to Damhogarh), and so my little trunk had to lie in the palanquin at my feet; it inconvenienced no one but myself, yet the bearers chose

to resent it; 'they would die, the palanquin was so heavy,' &c., &c. . . 3. Nothing would move them; they produced pipes and sat in sulks. Then did my wrath blaze even as the *Mashal's* flaring torch—didn't I 'emit sparks.' And after a while they consented to a limited progress, though every few minutes brought fresh rebellion. Let one of their number carry both box and dressing-bag. I stood firm, and had to suffer for it. Oh, the hideousness of that night: roads awful, men insolent, and the torch, oh! the torch. It annoyed every nerve of me; the brilliance and the heat and the smell of the oil. I told the torch-bearer to precede the procession; the bearers *insisted* on his walking by the open palanquin, so that the wind blew the smoke and heat into my face. They saw that it annoyed me, and refused to move an inch unless the man was just in that position where 'twould most inconvenience me to have him. I suppose it was their sole method of retaliation for my refusal to be robbed, and I had to suffer it; but the heat was so great, it blackened and riddled the handkerchief which I put up to shield my face.

I cannot think how I got through that night. Sleep was impossible most of the way, and every now and again they would make the request about the luggage, which being refused, they would shake me about till every bone of me ached, rattling against the palanquin. The *Khansamah* and Ayah did their best, but we were all at the mercy of the bearers, and the run to Sihar was still distant about twenty-eight miles of difficult road.

Somewhere about two o'clock I slumbered, sheer tired out—and I awoke chilled, to find that my palanquin was resting in the midst of an apparent desert, and that the bearers and servants were stolidly asleep, at no great distance off, beside the ponies. It was a weird moment. The stillness of the death of night was in the air, the loneliness of the birth of a new day. A treeless landscape stretched around me; there was not even the smallest shrub to bear me company; no cricket chirped, no frog croaked, no Pariah dog barked complaint; the howl of the jackal would have been almost welcome! . . . Nothing was there—*nothing* but just the uneven brown road, and the burnt grass, and the sleeping forms of untrustworthy man and tired beast.

Well! I roused the *Kahars*. They complained of being tired, and of having no oil for the torch. I got at our bearings, and, thanks to my previous study of the divisional maps, found we must be near a rest house. Cross roads brought us to it. (I will leave you to interpolate the necessary coaxings.) The Ayah and I explored the house. 'Twas bare of all but a stiff-backed chair. This I had carried out under the stars, for the shut-up house stifled me, and I meditated restfully, while the *Kahars* slept again, and the torch-bearer went to buy oil under the conduct of the village watchman, whom we bribed to that kind office.

In about three hours I cried a march, and was flatly refused. One had a thorn in his foot, another a sore shoulder, &c., &c. The *Khansamah* extracted the thorn (!), and I promised to engage an extra man at the next stage, and to pay extra *bakhshish* for an early arrival—then we moved on. It was now daylight, and by 8 o'clock we were at Damhogarh. This is native State territory, and one felt instinctively on hostile ground. The priest rode forward, presumably to find some sort of Dāk bungalow where I could wash off the dust of the long journey. He came back to me in some embarrassment, with a confession. He had feared opposition to our journey if the real purpose of my visit were made known, and had therefore announced me as a doctor. To help the fiction he had arranged for me to rest at the medical dispensary. The local doctor in charge, and a 'field-day' show of patients awaited me! I was very angry at the—unveracity, but 'twould not be safe to correct it at this stage, so I was borne forward to my fate.

The doctor, all smiles and salaams, greeted me as a distinguished fellow practitioner, and conducted me up the stairs, among crowds of curious patients. These latter overflowed the narrow verandahs of the primitive dispensary, and squatted on *chabutras* (platforms of lime and mortar), in the street opposite, and all along the roadside. They were of course waiting to be doctored.

'The people all waiting your attention this morning, Sir,' said the *Babu*.

C. S. (feeling trapped). 'That's very nice of them, but I want to see how you doctor them. I am sure the affairs of the dispensary could not be in better hands. Besides, as you must see, I am very tired, and should like to have a wash, and refresh myself generally, if there is any room available.'

The first statement flattered him, the second no doubt appealed to such medical instincts as he possessed, for I was dead beat, and could not help showing it. So he said politely:

'Certainly, your Honour, dissecting room at your Worship's disposal.'

It did not sound inviting, but I was glad enough of any quiet spot; my servants drew me some fresh cool water from the village well, and I had a delightful wash, and a much needed glass of new milk, and I was ready for my medical duties! The doctor went in and out among the patients, examining, dressing wounds, prescribing and shouting directions the while to the compounder, who dispensed medicines (and curses!) to the multitude elbowing each other at the little window.

When I appeared, he repeated his request, and fearing suspicion I complied. Cold water bandages, or the wily question, 'and how have you been treating this case?' together with the expression of a really genuine interest in, and sympathy with the halt and maimed

—proved my salvation! But when matters came to, 'will your Ladyship examine this prescription and personally see if the proportion of—(what was it?) is right?'!—it was time to take to 'moral heels,'—breast and back as *neither* should be!—and I interrupted with—'I *must* see the Thanedar—important business, etc., etc.' For it had occurred to me that I might need police escort, and certainly should want an order (either magisterial or police), to pass the gate at the fortress.

The Thanedar came, and it took some time to procure what I wanted. The man was very timid, and finally blurted out an inquiry as to whether I were a doctor or a lawyer, for indeed he feared the Raja! Reminded of his duty to the British Government, he melted, however, sufficiently to promise to write me an order of admittance into the fortress for myself and my two servants. This he presented with much show of benefaction! Yet, on glancing at it, I found that the order admitted me, but peremptorily forbade entrance to my servants. I pointed this out to him, and he mumbled sulkily, 'I thought you knew no Hindi.' 'No more do I,' I replied, 'but I can just read and understand enough for—purposes of detection on a pleasant little journey of this nature!'

My next care was to secure additional palanquin-bearers, and we set forth on our last stage. I would not tarry for breakfast, fearing the sun. As it was, we did not arrive at the gates till 12 o'clock. The fortress is a stone and mud structure, rather imposing in appearance, with impassable, unscaleable walls, and a Hindu and Mussulman guard at the main gateway.

A sleepy policeman opened the reluctant wicket door of a great iron-studded gate, and slowly thrust forth a bleary-eyed and untidy head, to forbid entrance! (I was glad of my note then—but I kept it in reserve.) Said I, 'You have orders to admit me. Wherefore, then, are the gates not open?' 'Twas only a guess, but they admitted that a rumour had reached the Fort about me, and that they had sent to *Amapur* for orders. Now I understood better the delay about the palanquin. They had also sent to the nearest British town, and, well! *some* lady was to be admitted, but how could they tell which? They disputed admittance rather insolently. Moreover, my bearers were standing in a kind of sloping moat, at an angle of forty-five degrees, and the sun was blazing hot. It was clearly time to command, and I did. They let me pass the gate finally, in sulky submission, and when I emerged from my coffin and confronted them, they were rather cowed and cringing, and apologetic about their string beds which lay scattered about under the gateway, in slovenly disorder. 'Now,' said I, 'produce the *Havaldar*' (Officer in charge).

Answer. 'He is bathing; may appear in two or four hours.'

C. S. 'Who is responsible in his absence for obeying the orders of the district officer at Damhogarh?'

Answer. 'I am Havaladar!' (This from one of the group.)

The man looked decent. 'See,' said I, 'this is a note bearing the Thanedar's signature. Take me at once to the Rani. But even your quickest service now will not avail you for barring my way when you had orders to admit me. *That I shall report.*'

He came back with the Rani's sepoy, and together they read, or pretended to read, the Order. They were for carrying it away, but I would not allow that. Then more confabulations, refusals about the bearers, remonstrances . . . finally I was carried up another sloping moat, and the Palace was in sight—a ruin in every sense of the word now, though bearing traces of ornamentation and previous glory. The outer walls and battlements are still excellent, but the courtyard immediately surrounding the Palace is a veritable jungle, and at that time of year was very rank and unhealthy. The inner walls were more or less in a state of collapse—*on dit* that the Rani pulls down the woodwork in the outposts for fire-wood! Anyhow, a more desolate scene 'twould be hard to imagine. My palanquin was put down outside a great door which gave access to the Palace, and the one solitary domestic went in with word of my arrival; coming back at once to summon me. I was led through courtyard and quadrangle and a labyrinth of narrow passages all filthy and offensive to a degree, then up a flight of dark steep steps. The servant called from below, 'Lal Sahib!' 'Come, come!' was the eager response, and I followed the man up the stairs, and found myself on the landing, blinking at a little fat fair woman with glossy hair, who wept and blessed me, and thanked God for my visit. This, then, was the Rani (I thought her a waiting woman!), and she laid her head upon my feet, poor thing, and called me in one breath her sister and her salvation! And the child, a very pretty boy of about eight years of age, clung to my hand, and smiled to see his mother content.

We were in one of those open quadrangles which I think you must know, in Indian palaces, on the topmost storey open to the skies—an enlightened terrace. On the verandah was her bedroom, and the child's. But oh! the damp, and the dirt, and the disrepair! They found me the remains of a cane chair, and I sat down to hear the long story.

She is practically imprisoned here now—and is as poor, as poor! no servants, but this one half-witted Brahmin; for a long time she had no servants at all. Her hands are torn and bleeding with all the coarse work she has to do; but neither she nor the Brahmin may touch a broom, hence the filth—though the little Raja, *Lal Sahib*, is supposed to do the sweeping! He works like a slavey too! I've never imagined such a state as that in which she is. The boy is

without clothes (she had cut up a saree into a garment for him, against my coming), and he wears long hair, as they cannot afford the shearing ceremony, and no one would come to perform it if they could. He looks like a girl, but it is very pretty to see the devotion of mother and child to each other.

The villagers outside the gates, she told me, were not allowed to supply them with food, so the one servant goes to a distant village and buys a monthly stock of *dal* (pulse) and wheat and rice. I saw the month's stores in little earthen vessels against the walls; and how she husbands them! The child lives on sweet cakes, she on *dal* and rice once a day. He used to have milk, but the villagers will not supply this now, and they cannot afford their own beast, so he has to do without it. She has the courage of ten men, and it seems, every night, keeps guard over the boy with an old pistol, walking sentry till day has fully risen. This story the guard at the gate told me also, so I expect 'tis hardly exaggerated. You see, she fears some ill may befall this boy, like to that which took from her her four other sons.

I was very tired, but could not leave her (and how she loved having some one to whom to talk). The Ayah and *Khansamah* had cleaned out a room in the outer court downstairs, and found an old but fairly clean carpet, which they spread; but table or chair there was none, and as for a *bath*! Well, I clearly must leave by night-fall! 'Twas impossible to spend the night here.

I arranged about the palanquin-bearers' food, and snatched a hasty breakfast from my lunch basket, and the *Khansamah* drew me water from the great well in the courtyard, and the Ayah found an old earthenware basin in a disused *Tai Khana*, and I washed and felt happier, and prepared for another visit to the Rani. The heat and unsavouriness of the rooms through which I had to pass rather upset me, only—there was the woman tugging at all our sympathies. So, up I went again. She told me more of her unfortunate story, and when I said 'Your mother is at A——!' she put her head on my feet. 'Oh! let me see her,' she cried, 'a man or woman has but *one* mother!' To her father she seems also devoted. 'He called me *son*, not *daughter*!' And indeed she is no mean scholar of the *Hindi* language, and at one time edited a paper, in her father's State. How she lives, and has lived through about fourteen years of this life in the fortress, I cannot think! Nor how she has not gone mad! Imagine! not a soul to talk to but the boy, year in and year out, and always in fear lest he should be poisoned or killed. But she occupies herself, reads old newspapers, and teaches the boy. The guard at the gate said to me with suspicion, 'She is no woman, she is a fiend (*Bhut*). What woman could live this solitary life?'

We talked some time, and then I said I must leave her, as I was near dropping with fatigue. She let me go reluctantly.

Downstairs, we spread my rugs and closed the great iron doors (oh, the heat!), but I could not sleep for thinking of the poor Rani and how she should be helped. When I went up again, I found a pile of English papers and letters waiting to be read; she had unearthed them from some hiding-hole—the back numbers of her story. These confirmed many things which she had told me. The poor woman is very friendless now, and no one will stand by her. Most of the English officials who knew the details of her history have either retired or left the district, and to new-comers, of course, the whole thing must sound incredible.

She told me some thrilling tales of attempts made on her life. I cannot, of course, vouch for their truth, but here is one which happened some time previously. A respectable old courtier came to her with an urgent message; a little cousin was without the gates, so anxious to see his dear relative, she had known him as a boy; moreover, he was charged with tidings from her parents. Would she admit him? She was about to give the order of admittance, when one of her attendants bethought himself of asking—‘Which cousin?’ But when the man was named, the attendant declared he had himself seen him at a town some miles distant the very day previous, and going to reconnoitre unmasked the Pretender, who was one of the worst hired villains of the district.

The story of her marriage, and of her mother-in-law’s devotion to her, was very pretty. When she looked upon her, she loved her, and named so large a wedding gift that the like of it was unknown in the history of brides of that province. The money named on seeing the bride thus for the first time is called the *Runumai* (the seeing-of-the-face-money). She has no quarrel with the Raja, and says that, left to himself, he would do all that was right and kind, but that he himself is in mortal dread of his ministers, and not strong enough in intellect for emancipation.

I asked her how she came to be in the Fortress, and she told me that after the death of her babies she appealed to an English collector, who interviewed her through a *purdah*; that he promised to help her; that the nearest British Court held some sort of inquiry into the whole matter; that by order of the Court she was given the Fortress for residence, and a certain allowance *per mensem* for her subsistence. The Raja had no real difference with her; the arrangement was more as a protection from her enemies, the courtiers and the supporters of the other lady; the Raja was to visit her at the Fort from time to time. Things went fairly smoothly till a few years previously, when, being ill, she was ordered to go to Cawnpore for medical treatment (no lady doctor caring to make the rough journey to the Palace). She asked the Raja’s permission: he did not directly withhold this, indeed he was good enough to commend her to the care of his relations in that city. But on her return she was

told that she had infringed the condition on which maintenance was allowed her, and the monthly sums were docked for the future! This is the first chapter of her present troubles.

One little story about the Raja I found sufficiently revealing to insert. You must understand that she does not blame him, and she told me this by way of excuse rather than of accusation or implication.

He was out hunting one day, and lost his way (of intent) inside the Fortress. When he saw to what plight she was brought he sat him down and wept! 'Let me go,' said he, 'lest I be moved to compassion and help you.'

In the cool of the evening I walked on the battlements and looked across at the distant town which she had entered as Rani, and then at the walls of her lonely Fortress, and my thoughts of the Raja were not very kindly.

There the splendour and luxury of a garden-secluded palace; here dirt and privation and prison walls, with the squalid mud village for further hostility.

But we had arranged to start by 7 P.M. The palanquin-bearers had surely delayed their coming. At last here was the head man before me salaaming his lowest. It forbode no good; and I was right, for he had come to demand more money, and to declare that there could be no journey that night! You may attribute to him what motive you will, I was too tired to find one. It may have been pure and simple greed, it may have been coercion from without—fear lest I should carry back news of the awful state in which I found the Rani. It took three hours' parley at the gate to compel my wishes, but finally the guard was with me (God helping me), and the bearers were submissive; we started at about 11 o'clock. The Rani was very desolate, yet I could not stay the night there—no bed, no anything. Besides, action was impossible, mewed up in the Fortress. Well, to be brief, *Damhogarh* was reached after midnight. I waited under the stars once more, all the old troubles *da capo*, but by a miracle we got more bearers, and 2.15 A.M. saw us once more on the march. *Launaj* we reached at 8 o'clock this morning. We left *Launaj* again at 4 P.M., and the nice new bearers brought me the fourteen miles to the Railway Junction in two and a-half hours. I have dined and tubbed, and 'tis now about 10 P.M. I propose getting some sleep. We shall be called at midnight to catch our train—to civilisation and the commonplace!

LETTER III

November 21st.

And now I must write *fast*, for I have instalment No. 2 of the Sihar story to tell you. You remember that at her mother's earnest entreaty I was to go and fetch the little Rani away, and when I

wrote to you last I was trying to arrange some escort for the return journey. But nothing was possible, and I must say I felt rather rueful, wrote last words to everyone, leaving instructions for inspection—in case . . . and generally donned a provisional shroud . . . you know. It makes me feel like a spectator at my own death-bed to write about it, even after it is safely over. Well—Railway Junction at midnight as before, then straight to the Dāk Bungalow two miles distant. Here we routed up the old Mussulman *Khansamah* (you must know the kind), bearded, redolent of *huggas* (the Indian smoking pipe) and the *Koran*. Not over-clean in appearance, but willing and improvable. Him we prevailed upon to supply me with a hot bath, and after scribbling two notes—one to the local head official and one to the D.S.P.—to be delivered with the dawn, I slept the sleep of the—determined. Woke to Chota Hazri and a couple of notes. The kind D.S.P. (to whom a friend had sent a word of introduction) wrote to say he would, if convenient to me, do himself the pleasure of calling on me in about half an hour. *He is an Englishman.*

The 'official' wrote a formal line. Did I want to see him in my private capacity, or as agent of the Rani? 'If the latter, I am available at my office or in Cucherry,' &c., &c. (a labyrinth of formalities), 'at such and such an hour.'

(*Mem.* Sun broiling, no conveyance possible, nor did he offer his!) *He is a Baboo!* I don't blame him, I merely state the fact, as it seems to me too dramatic to pass unnoticed. I daresay he is quite nice really, but was only not quite sure whether there could be any partition between politeness and partiality.

The D.S.P. was kind beyond words. I must of course have a guard. Why not the one on the gate? The Rani's right. But the official's leave must be asked—a mere matter of form.

Later—the official. I was determined not to take affront at the apparently not very courteous procedure. He is a Pundit from a remote district, very gentlemanly to behold, was lounging in a tweed (English) suit. Comfortable office, books, pictures (of his own painting, some of them—oils, portraits, landscapes). I admired these (I did honestly), he melted, produced his second-best manners. 'So sorry to give me the trouble, &c., if only I were there in my private capacity, but that *Rani*.' He was inexplicably bitter, and I could not resist the reflection that as the whole matter might come before him officially, it might be wiser to reserve judgment for the more dignified occasion. Just then the D.S.P. appeared. (By the way, D.S.P. means District Superintendent of Police.)

C. S. hails him joyfully. Official is for turning him out. 'Please not,' pleads C. S., 'he knows all about my business.' We both ask for the guard. Official obdurate. A bald 'No!' Reasons? None very lucid, beyond a general statement that the woman (*Rani*)

would deceive even the elect! The D.S.P. finally prevailed upon him to allow me a *tehsil* escort. This was to be in attendance immediately; and he was also so kind as to promise to arrange about palanquins and bearers. But the day was a Hindu festival; no more than one palanquin could we get, and that not till 5 P.M. The Tehsil escort never appeared at all.

The D.S.P. warned me not to take the official's advice about intoxicating the palanquin-bearers, and on no account to be separated from my personal servants. Yet, despite all due precautions, my servants were detained, and never came up with me the entire first stage (fourteen miles).

Reached T—— about 10 o'clock or later. Moon lovely. I found here about thirty palanquin-bearers, and my soul rejoiced greatly! Also two palanquins. I was resolved what to do. I would dismiss the faithless rabble I had with me. The rest-house was in darkness, and of lights there was no present prospect. Our wits provided a substitute. Cotton out of my pillow, rolled into a wick slipped into an old cocoanut-shell! By its dim flicker I wrote to the D.S.P., informed him that the arrangements had failed, and that no Tehsil escort had arrived; begged for this to be sent after me, as soon as may be; and then gave all my attention to the night's march. I had the men summoned, and harangued them in my most lucid *Urdu*. Would they run me into Sihar by daylight, or at latest 8 A.M.?—*Bakhshish*. For the situation looked serious. It was known both at the Fort and the Raja's palace that the Rani was to be carried away, you see; and, moreover, I had had more than one anonymous warning of a projected dacoity to kill the Rani and me, and kidnap the boy, *en route*. There may have been everything or nothing in it. At any rate, the plan was easy of accomplishment, and it behoved me to be careful. I thought this the more emphatically when the not-nice Tehsildar at the previous stage remarked in casual comment on the rumour which he carefully elaborated, 'I can't think, indeed, how the Raja has not cut her throat already. It is the *duty* of a Hindu husband under certain circumstances!'

But to proceed. My men wavered. *Impossible!* I reasoned, urged. 'Was sure they would, believed it of them, they looked reliable.' *Faith* is in truth mountain-moving; for upon this a rumble of assent ran through the group. *And they were!* Should I not know this before the sun rose. 'But—I must consent to a short cut, very rough—would I?' *Wouldn't I?* were it short. The *Khansamah* I put into an *ekka*, and sent by the regular route (he had been with me on the previous journey), warning him to keep eyes and ears open, and get all the news he could of the projected dacoity, of anything. (This had, of course, to be said guardedly, so as not to frighten him.) With me were my old Ayah and the Chuprasi, riding in state in the two extra palanquins I was taking

for my prisoners. And, in all about *thirty* palanquin-bearers. . . . I looked at the stars and glorious moon, and remembered a certain chorus from Browning's *Pippa Passes*, and I felt safe and reposed, and *determined* to sleep, in view of the night of anxiety ahead. For I had made up my mind to return the very next day, though *by day*, if possible, as the Tehsildar at Launaj had warned me to do.

When I woke it was about dawn, and my palanquin was on the ground, and either side, staring at me, were rows of half-clad, rather well-built men. We were evidently in the narrow street of some town, mud huts, and *charpies* out of doors, buffaloes and lean cows lying down together beside their human owners. 'Oh! the dacoits!' I thought, in a sleepy way, and I rather chuckled that they should find me alone, with no one to dacoit. But it was as well to be polite, even to them. So I asked sweetly, 'Where are we?' (They stood dumb, staring.) My *Chuprasi* ran up. 'Raja's State *Amapur*! Miss Sahib!' '*Amapur*! Idiots of *Kahars*!' (*Kahars* rather shamefaced—I could not tell if it were accident or design—murmured something of a lost way.)

I tumbled out of the palanquin, which astonished the aborigines. They were only harmless villagers, and had never seen, or rather had never conceived aught but *Purdah-nasheens* of my presumable rank. Yet that was the enemy's country, and we must get out of it as soon as possible. So while they gaped, I queried, 'Which is the village *Chowkidar* (watchman)?' A sulky voice growled '*Hoozoor*.' 'Seize his arm,' I commanded. And then, to him: 'Now, show me the quickest way out of this.'

Taken by surprise, he did, and we started at an easy swinging trot, and were soon outside the limits. The *détour* had wasted precious time, alas! But we were in the Fortress by 8 o'clock. *Wan't* I glad! My first duty was to see to the men. I provided them with money for food, and sent them outside the gates, to eat and sleep, adding strict injunctions as to the hour of return. Then, up to the Rani. Palace just as unsavoury as before; the woman-servant had been ill, and the boy was very limp and feeble, not yet recovered of the fever. But we *must* start back that afternoon, at all hazards. The Rani begged a *week* for preparation. She had known of the possible exodus for days together, but the only preparation she had made was to embroider herself a *Kinkab* cover for her palanquin. And we were to travel *incog*. I had to be firm. Not an hour later than 5 P.M. would we start. Then came business uncongenial. I made a list of her belongings, and a duplicate to deposit with the D.S.P., and then we carried the things into the most secure room in the Fort, and I sealed the door. Such a queer collection she had of old halberds and gold maces and silver spears, and she wanted to carry these with her—so very useful for spiking dacoits! She also begged hard that I would include the gold umbrella, designed for

the top of her palanquin . . . and, oh! such a fight I had over each thing which I forbade. You see we had to travel *light*, and carry no valuables. Furniture she had none besides the two rickety bedsteads I have before described, and an old dilapidated chair. At this point I felt faint, and remembered that I had neither breakfasted nor lunched, nor indeed dined the previous evening! So I betook myself to the little room on the battlements, which the old Ayah had once more swept clean, and I sat on my roll of rugs and nibbled chocolate, and ate a few prunes, and drank some soda-water. I knew this time what to carry. Then, an odious duty, exploring the Fortress to refute certain unkind tales told of the Rani, of concealed furniture and hidden treasure.

'She deceives you: there are rooms and rooms in the Fortress furnished with luxuries,' had said her enemies. 'She pretends poverty to help her case.' I was determined to get to the bottom of the ill-natured rumours. So, with the old Brahmin servant for guide, I explored. Oh! the steep and unclean stairs, and the—odours; and oh, the *bats*! A nightmare! *Flights* of them coming from everywhere. I had disturbed them, you see, as I walked up the narrow staircase, and here they were, wheeling round and round, a-flapping about my head and ears, at my elbow—*clouds* of them shut in with me, and, ah! the filthiness under foot! I put my draperies over my head, and rushed up blindly! Yes, I own it! No army of dacoits did I fear, nor man, nor beast—but *bats*! Yet, of course, I had to go through with my inspection of the disused rooms, and after a time the uncanny creatures seemed less frightening; then, too, it comforted me somewhat to disprove at every step the unpleasant lies of the poor Rani's enemies.

After this adventure, a happy chance upset my bottle of lavender water all over me, and I think this somewhat disinfected me. Just then, my *Khamsama* came in with news that our plan (to leave by 5 P.M. and do but one stage that day) had got abroad, and that the dacoits were to await us on the regular cart road at 7 o'clock that evening. I was perturbed, as you may imagine, and went into my little room, and sat with a tired head between rather weary hands, thinking hard, and remembering that kind folk were thinking of me, and willing us well through the little excitement. . . . In a few minutes I had made up my mind. You see, we had no guard. *We must out-run the dacoits!*—take the shortest route in the opposite direction. I sent for the head palanquin-bearer, and negotiated. At first he *absolutely* refused to vary our previous programme. Why should he go the shorter way? Why should we start two hours earlier? The men were tired, &c. . . . Finally, however, he consented: 'I will do it for you, Miss Sahib.' I was grateful. Then to the Rani—here was more trouble. 'Two hours earlier! It could not be done!' Said C. S., 'It *must*, or I go without you.'

Well, no matter the next hour, it was full of work : on my legs, up and down stairs. . . . But finally I got her packed safely into the palanquin, the boy with her, and *also* a number of *etceteras*—vessels, clothes, what not ! *Slops* too, and awful messes to eat on the way, to say nothing of a long-necked *hugga* !—I should tell you that some of the vessels were inevitable ; for being a married woman, yet not a widow, returning to her mother's house, she might not have her food cooked in, or eat out of the same vessels as her mother ; moreover, these must be of her own supplying.

Well ! the palanquin was at last ready for transport, and we covered it discreetly with a secure 'extinguisher,' preparatory to admitting the bearers to the private court-yard. In they rushed, numbering, as I've said, about thirty souls. My plan was that all of them should accompany her down the moat and without the gate, and that I should follow, when I had locked the inner door and given the key to the head warder. I had just made the delivery, when my *Chuprasi* came hurrying back—the Rani refused to travel in any but her Royal palanquin (such a *lumbering* thing !). I hurried to her as fast as I could go, and found her hysterical, no hope of teaching her reason ; we must yield. But what would the bearers say ? And they would be right ; the thing was far too cumbrous and heavy for the rate at which we meant to go. And all this time the minutes were tearing past ! . . . You will imagine it all ! I staked everything on an appeal to the men . . . and, thank God, they consented. You see, we were at their mercy, for not a soul could we get in that wilderness to take their place, and if we spent the night in the Fort, I could not answer for the consequences. But the men consented, and I did not spare my '*well done*.' The next difficulty was, however, how to make the change into the other palanquin. We were, you must know, outside the gates, and, including the guard and onlookers, there were now nearly fifty men collected round us, with the chance of more coming—strangers from the village.

I dared not take her *back* again ; the bearers might (would certainly) refuse to travel the difficult sloping moat, with that heavy palanquin, and they might even strike and refuse to move altogether. I was resolved what to do. I sent for the cumbrous thing to be brought out there ; and then, before the men could think what was to follow, I turned them, guard and all, *inside the fortress* and shut the gates on them ! Taken by surprise, they made no resistance ; my Ayah told me afterwards that the men said it was like the *burra Lât Sahib's hukm* (the big lord Sahib's order), and that they would do anything for a Miss Sahib who could command, and not be afraid. It was only a fluke that I thought of that mode of procedure, though certainly I was not afraid of them ; all my fears had been, you see, expended on—the bats ! The Ayah and I

made the change, as soon as possible—no easy matter! We had the doors of the palanquins fixed side by side, and we covered both with a great cloth, while each article, Rani and boy included, was transferred. But it was near 5 o'clock already, when all was done, gates opened, and men carrying us. When they attempted the Rani's palanquin, they nearly cried off altogether, and the only remedy was to put all but eight men on to it, which I did, blessing my own light weight; the Ayah I packed into an *ekka*, and the two men-servants walked. So we started across country, I first, to meet the brunt of everything, the Rani next, my servants (and later, two Tehsil peons sent after us by the D.S.P.) walking beside her palanquin, and last of all the serving-women in the *ekka*, flanked by the rough rabble of extra palanquin-bearers. You see, but *six* men at a time could lift the heavier palanquin; there was not room along the poles for more than *three* shoulders at each end, and the sense of that multitude of carriers lay in the facility afforded for frequent changes. My palanquin had barely *eight*, and they did the whole long distance among them! Every minute of that journey was a strain. We went through fields of high corn, which might have concealed anyone; and, moreover, there was the chance that the guard at the gate would declare our route, and send the disappointed dacoits after us.

I can't think how I went through that night and the next day. Every few minutes the Rani's men would throw down her palanquin, and say they could go no further; and at every well they wanted to smoke and chat, and the Rani was still hysterical . . . and *oh!* . . . But with one long break of an hour or so, to rest the men and give the Rani time to feed, we did the entire distance to the Railway Junction by about 10 o'clock the next night! I tried to arrange for a special truck to be attached to the mail train for the Rani (the idea being that it could carry her in her palanquin), but this could not be managed, the officials said, under forty-eight hours' notice. So I secured a ladies' reserved. It took all my influence to persuade the little woman that her *purdah* would not be broken when she forsook the palanquin! My anxieties and worries were not, however, over, even then. Till 2 o'clock that night I was busy, every moment, satisfying greedy harpies of palanquin-bearers, and—camp followers, quieting the hysterical Rani, arranging about the deserted Fortress; mystifying the inquisitive. . . . But all was accomplished at last, even the railway journey, with its difficult changes under securely fastened 'covers,' . . . and I breathed freely when I delivered her to her mother.

CORNELIA SORABJI.

THE MEDITERRANEAN TUNNY

THE Mediterranean tunny is a classic and important fish. Like many other important fish, however, his habits and his life history are but little known. In this he much resembles the salmon, though the great attention which has of late years been bestowed upon the salmon has in its case given us a store of information which is at present lacking in the case of the tunny. The tunny is, at any rate, a fish of noble proportions. The most valuable of the mackerel tribe, to which the bonito and the albacore also belong, he frequently attains the weight of 1,000 lb., many of this weight being caught in the fixed nets off the Ægadian Islands; while Cetti, the natural historian of Sardinia, mentions a specimen caught on that coast which weighed 1,800 lb., and I saw one captured this year which weighed 500 lb. less. In Sardinia they classify the tunny according to weight; a tunny of less than 100 lb. is a scampirre, a tunny from 100 lb. to 300 lb. is a mezzotunno, and a tunno properly so called is a fish that weighs over 300 lb.

The natural history of the tunny has from the earliest times been a subject of much dispute. Aristotle, in his *History of Animals*, devotes some space to it, and seems to have been the earliest writer to attempt any scientific description of it. In his day the tunny was so plentiful in the Black Sea that he was of opinion that it was their one great breeding-ground, though he was well aware that they made their appearance in large numbers at many places along the coasts of the Mediterranean; and he mentions one specimen which measured 'two forearms and a palm' across the fork of the tail, and weighed fifteen talents, or some 1,200 lb. He has, however, failed to convince naturalists who have inquired into the matter since when he laboured to distinguish the male from the female by giving the latter an extra fin. Nor, indeed, has his assertion that the Black Sea was the one breeding-ground of the tunny been received with much greater acquiescence; there is still much controversy as to where the tunny breeds, and where he comes from. One school of naturalists maintains that he is really an Atlantic fish whose home is in the north, and that he migrates annually from the ocean waters down through the Straits of

Gibraltar, when the spring comes round, to breed in the shallow gulfs of the Mediterranean, and that he returns to the Atlantic some months later. There seems to be a good deal to support this view, from the fact that tunnies are seen and caught off the coasts of Scotland and Ireland, sometimes playing sad havoc with herring nets, and they regularly appear in the Mediterranean in the spring, apparently travelling east; while in the autumn they are captured travelling west after having spawned, and, according to this theory, they would then be seeking to return to the ocean to which they properly belonged. Not all, however, during this southern migration pass through the Straits of Gibraltar; they would appear to divide at this point, as they are found in large numbers off the western coast of Northern Africa simultaneously with their annual spring advent in the Mediterranean. Cuvier, however, who is the most distinguished supporter of the other school, contends that, though certain numbers of the fish may migrate annually from the Atlantic, the greater part of those caught in the Mediterranean can never have come from the Atlantic at all, and that their real home is in the deep waters of the great inland sea. These, like the migrating shoals from the Atlantic, seek shallow and warm water during the breeding season, and when that is over retire to the deeper parts of the sea. The question in 1830 became one not merely of natural history but of practical politics, when the question of fixed *versus* drag nets became a burning one. The opponents of the privileged owners of the fixed net fisheries contended that, as the fish was a migratory one, and regularly travelled over certain well-defined lines of route in their passage from and to the Atlantic, the owners of the fixed nets were taking more than a fair share from the migrating shoals, and were destroying the industry—a complaint which is not unheard-of at the present time with regard to salmon nets. It was, however, denied that there was any proof that the migration of the tunny was confined within any such defined limits, or that any injustice was done to the ordinary fishermen by the setting of fixed nets at particular points, which accordingly remained. The range of the tunny is a very wide one; Dr. Günther, a high authority on the subject, distributes him from the south coasts of England to the shores of Tasmania. His food consists of herring and pilchard and other small fish, on which he thrives and grows with amazing rapidity. Cuvier records that at his first appearance on the Mediterranean coasts after the hatching season his weight is two ounces, which he doubles in a fortnight, and at two months old he weighs two pounds, and continues to put on weight with a corresponding rapidity, till in some instances he reaches the great size of 1,800 lb. recorded by Cetti.

The industry of catching tunnies is a very ancient as well as lucrative one. Allusions to it run through the classics. Two

hundred and twenty-eight years before the Christian era Athenæus took the trouble to prove that a brother scribe had made a mistake in attributing a panegyric of the tunny to Hesiod, and modern scholars have agreed that the first authentic classic reference to the tunny is by Herodotus. That the capture of the tunny was a familiar feature in the daily life of those times is proved by the story related by Herodotus, who tells us how Pisistratus, returning to Greece after his second expulsion, pitched his camp opposite to that of his adversaries near the temple of Pallas at Pallene. Here a soothsayer, Amphilytus by name, moved by a divine impulse, approached him and uttered this prophecy:

'Now the cast has been made, the net is outspread in the water,
Through the moonshiny night, the tunnies will enter the meshes.'

Herodotus, i. 62 (Rawlinson's translation).

Pisistratus grasped the meaning at once, accepted the oracle, fell upon the Athenians, defeated them, and returned to power. Eschylus, also, in the *Persæ*, makes the messenger describing the attle of Salamis say

'And they, as men spear tunnies, or a haul
Of other fishes, with the shaft of oars
Or spars of wrecks went smiting, cleaving down.'

Persæ, 421 (Plumptre).

Small mercy was apparently shown the tunny in ancient as in modern times. Aristophanes, in the *Wasps*, employs or coins the word *θυμνάειν*, 'to tunny,' in the sense of striking with a spear; and the ancients, besides ill-treating the tunny, were the reverse of complimentary to his intelligence, as with them the *θυμνοειδής* was the stupid or tunny-faced man, the Greek equivalent to our own 'chub-faced fool' of Elizabethan times, which would show that the tunny was as well known in the Mediterranean as the chub in the Avon. But, indeed, the tunny has been the theme of historians, of poets, and of naturalists, almost since history in Europe began; and from Herodotus downwards the ancients have sung his praises, dedicated him to their deities, stamped his effigy on their medals, and used the methods of his capture to point their illustrations.

The chief tunny fisheries of the ancients were carried on at the eastern and western extremities of the Mediterranean, and in narrow waters, where migrating fish were obliged to concentrate. The Black Sea was certainly a favourite breeding-ground, perhaps, as Cuvier opines, because of the great rivers which flow into it. Pliny confirms Aristotle in this particular, and mentions the huge shoals of tunnies which made their appearance in the early summer in these waters. But there is much historical allusion to other great fisheries in the western portions of the Mediterranean and even in the Atlantic. The Phœnicians certainly established

tunny fisheries both on the Atlantic and Mediterranean coasts of Spain, and have left effigies of the fish on their medals of Cadiz and Carteia. *Ælianus* writes of the fisheries carried on by the Gauls at Marseilles, where the tunny was caught 'with great hooks of steel'—that is, gaffed and dragged on shore when netted, as he is at the present day. The Sardinian fisheries were especially celebrated in Roman times; the Roman epicures, indeed, esteemed the Sardinian fish above those of the Bosphorus, and *Salsamentum Sardinicum* was the Roman name for the preserved article. The Spanish salted tunny was also famous, and connoisseurs professed to detect in it a peculiar nutty flavour, which, they held, was derived from the acorns of the small oak which in those days overhung the coasts of the Peninsula. Famous fisheries also existed then, as well as now, on the shores of Sicily.

It was the fishery of the Bosphorus, however, which attracted the most notice, both in classical and mediæval times, and its importance is measured by the number and detailed character of the descriptive passages. They are carefully collated in *Cuvier's* great work published in 1831; and from its testimony to the abundance of the tunny in the Bosphorus as well as its account of the origin of the term of the Golden Horn, the following passage seems worthy of quotation:

'Mais c'était surtout la ville de Byzance que le poisson enrichissait,' says the Baron. 'Les thons arrivés aux îles Cyanées entraient dans le Bosphore, et près de Calcédoine ils rencontraient une roche blanche qui les effrayait, et les forçait de se détourner du côté de Byzance et d'entrer dans ce golfe qui est aujourd'hui le port de Constantinople, et que les Calcédoniens en profitaient fort peu. C'était à cause de cette abondance de thons que le golfe en question avait pris le nom de Corne Dorée, et Apollonius avait appelé Calcédoine 'la ville des aveugles,' parce que ses fondateurs n'avaient pas su reconnaître cette infériorité du lieu qu'ils avaient choisi.'

In later times the Black Sea seems to have lost its distinction as the favourite haunt of the tunny, while the industry has developed in the more central waters of the Mediterranean. The western fisheries held out longer. The Atlantic fisheries of tunny were important industries till the middle of the eighteenth century. The Dukes of Medina Sidonia owned the most famous ones, and drew a large part of their revenues from them; they were situated at Cerril, near Cadiz, and at the Château of Sara, near Cape Spartel, and at the time found employment for 500 men. But they gradually fell into mismanagement and decay, and by the middle of the century had declined into quite unimportant industries. One reads but little of them after 1755 except a kind of obituary notice, which declares that the earthquake of that year, which converted Lisbon into a heap of ruins, so altered the configuration of the Spanish coasts that the tunnies which had frequented them sought elsewhere for more congenial breeding-grounds. Thenceforward the coasts of Catalonia,

Provence, Liguria, Sardinia, and, above all, Sicily, became the more important centres of the industry.

A fish so historic, so valuable, and of such goodly proportions may well be worth the angler's attention; a finny prize of 1,000 lb. or even 500 lb. is not to be despised, and if the tunny can be caught in the Mediterranean, why journey to the far-off Pacific? There, indeed, at Santa Catalina, on the Pacific coast, tunnies, or, as they are there called, the flying tuna, are caught with rod and line every year in May and June. The bait used is a flying-fish, in pursuit of which the tunnies appear every spring in large numbers, churning the sea into foam, and leaping in the pursuit of their flying quarry: whence the name of the 'flying tuna.' The tackle used is similar to that employed for the capture of the tarpon, the king of the herring as the tunny is the king of the mackerel tribe. The fish make their appearance in May, and the angling continues till August, the best of it beginning about the 15th of June and lasting for a month. Judging from those that are caught with the rod, the Pacific tuna does not seem to attain to anything like the same proportions as the tunny of the deep-sea waters of the Central Mediterranean. Some 250 lb. weight is the record of the Tuna Club, which has the strictest rules and regulations with regard to membership. The rod used by a would-be member to kill his fish must not be of more than a certain length or weight, nor the line of more than a certain thickness, and the aspirant, if he would qualify for membership, must wield the rod the whole time with his own hands; the Captain of the Club for the year being the member who catches the largest tuna of the year under these conditions. The fish are very exhausting to play, sometimes taking as much as six hours, or even more; but a little practice with the rod wonderfully shortens the time required to kill the fish, when muscles have got accustomed to bear the strain, and skill has come with experience. At first it seems absurd to attempt to land anything of the size, strength, and activity of the tuna with a frail rod and line, but nevertheless it can be done. The fish, as a matter of fact, tires himself out if he be not allowed to get his second wind, and the greatest possible strain is kept on him without relaxation all the time. It is almost incredible what monsters of the deep can be landed with the rod and line: black bass and Jew fish of preposterous dimensions can with strength, time, and skill be gradually worked up from the depths of the ocean; 700 lb. weight of struggling fish-life has been successfully brought to the gaff in the shape of Mr. Vom Hofe's swordfish, and a swordfish is no mean fighter, besides being a lightning swimmer; and I myself, when in Florida in 1899, had an experience that the rod and reel were mightier than the chain and rope. Boca Grande Pass was swarming with sharks, a large number no doubt always living there, and a large number being collected by the tarpon fishing. Every night from the little yacht on which

we fired we used to put out shark tackle with hooks and chains of considerable size and thickness, and every night the sharks used to leave them and carry them off till they were all gone. Nevertheless, at the close of my stay at Bocca Grande, with a reel and line I caught a shark which was bigger than any I saw besides. He took a tarpon I was playing, an average-sized fish in a year in which the fish ran large, of some 120 lb., and whether he swallowed the whole fish or only the head portion of it I do not know, but certainly he got well hooked, and after a violent engagement, which lasted about forty minutes, he was gaffed and lay still by the side of the boat, than which he was to all appearance very much longer—so much so that all idea of pulling him into it was given up, and, the yacht being some four miles off, it was not considered worth while dragging him there, so after a few pats on the head he was let go. This episode is only alluded to as an instance of the size of fish which can be captured with a rod; and if these things can be done in the Atlantic and in the Pacific, why should they not be feasible in the Mediterranean?

That is a problem which I and a companion set out to solve this spring with a proper equipment of rods, hooks, and lines. From all accounts, the tunnies off the *Ægadian* Islands on the west coast of Sicily, Formice, Levanzo, Favignana, and Maritimo, were those most worthy of attention, running, as they were reputed to, and indeed did, up to 1,200 lb., and not the lesser fry of the North African and other coasts of the Mediterranean, small fish from 150 to 300 lb. So to Trapani we went, the chief town on the mainland, within easy hail of the islands aforesaid and the tunnies which they sheltered. And Trapani would make an ideal fishing headquarters, easy of access either by Marseilles and Tunis, the way we went, which, with a brief call at Tunis, obviates any change of boat, or by Naples and Palermo, the route by which we came back. Close to the harbour there is a fine hotel, with the inevitable statue of Garibaldi in front of it, and the haunts of the tunny can be reached within a very short time from it. Here, if they would but take like gudgeon in the Henley Reach, you could catch tunnies as big as you would fancy on the famous Regatta course of old, where the pious *Æneas* celebrated his father's memory by the institution of a Grand Challenge race strictly confined to home talent. The very rock on which *Æneas* set up the oak to mark the turning-point in the race, in rounding which *Gyas* hurled his coxswain into the sea for what he considered bad steering, is a well-known spot in the tunny fishery of to-day, which is carried on over the course where *Mnestheus*, *Sergestes*, and the impatient *Gyas* urged their respective crews, and indirectly engraved the motto '*Possunt quia posse videntur*' on the medals which now commemorate a victory in the Oxford and Cambridge University Boat-race. That the fish were there we soon had ocular demonstration, for, steaming out in our little launch to

the first tunny-net off the island of Formice, we were allowed by the Reis or head-man at the fishery to row over one of the net chambers in which the fish were confined, and to look down upon some hundreds of them quietly swimming about below unconscious of the doom that was awaiting them in the Camera del Morte, a few chambers off. But besides allowing us to see the fish, for which we were grateful, the Reis imparted to us a piece of information which considerably damped our piscatorial ardour—namely, that at that time of year the tunnies ate nothing at all; they are in love, said the Reis, and they eat nothing. They wander round in large shoals and enter the nets and are quite happy, their motto for the time being 'the more the merrier'; in fact, frequently in the night the tunnies inside the nets were joined by tunnies from outside which forced their way through the unsubstantial network of the outer chambers, and, when once there, remained contentedly without employing a similar method of exit to regain their freedom in the open sea. Further investigations from young and old inhabitants served, alas! only to confirm this theory, which was strengthened by the fact that when the thousands of tunny which are caught at this time of year along the Sicilian coasts were opened no traces of food were found inside them. Later on they would take; after the feast of St. Peter, men caught them trailing behind the sailing boats, and desperate fights they had with them, ending in the local hospital—but with good thick ropes and three men to pull, not with wretched little lines and reels such as we had, which no self-respecting tunny would take the smallest notice of. This information appeared to be as accurate as it was disappointing, and in other surroundings would have been distressing; but at Trapani, as indeed elsewhere in Sicily, there is so much that is curious, interesting, and indeed exciting, that a week spent there is not ill spent, even though the tunnies in May will not take a bait. The bay, shaped like a sickle, which gave its name to Trapani, the ancient Drepanum and the celebrated Temple of Venus Ericyna on the summit of Monte San Giuliano, have seen many strange sights and a long procession of fresh conquerors and changing civilisations since the first great regatta. Trojans, Athenians, Syracusans, Carthaginians, Romans, Vandals, Saracens, Normans, French, Spaniards, and Austrians have all fought around them, and many have left their mark which lasts to the present day. The town of Trapani itself remains very Spanish in appearance, while in almost every street are found feudal mansions with heavy portals which date from the time of the Norman or Aragonese occupation; but far more interesting than the buildings and the relics of peoples who have passed away is the social condition which prevails over a large portion of Sicily at the present time, the continual and apparently ineffectual struggle of the law against a system of terrorism which is apparently stronger than the law. I

had not been two hours in Sicily after landing at Palermo before I was introduced to the Mafia. There were no less than fifty-two of them in an iron cage being tried for various crimes, which included most known ones, and culminated with one connected with four bodies which were found hidden in a well. The accused, some of whom presented the appearance of fairly respectable shopkeepers, had been rounded up at various times as being implicated in a long series of offences against the law, and the trial, which had already lasted a fortnight, was expected to go on for some time longer. The court was filled with sympathisers, and the iron bars which formed the ceiling as well as the sides of the dock were there to make impossible those wild dashes for liberty which prisoners on their trial had made before now, when the authorities of the law had not received much assistance from the other occupants of the court. The fact is that the Mafia are so strong in the country that they receive direct or indirect support from the highest in the land, and none are so powerful but it is worth their while to be on good terms with them; even then a rich man who can boast of almost belonging to the craft and who subsidises them regularly every year, cannot let his son walk in his own garden without an armed guard. Strangers are safe from molestation, but there are few rich people in Palermo who would take an unprotected walk in the hills in the neighbourhood; while most men habitually carry what in Western America is called a gun. In the infested districts the Mafia take their toll of everything; and it is a remarkable fact, and some indication of the insecurity of the inner portion of the island, that Sicily, which in Roman times was the granary of the republic, is now a large importer of corn and flour. The system, however, notwithstanding the efforts made against it in times past by the Bourbons and the police and convict establishments which meet one at every turn, seems ingrained in the habits of the people as a kind of baneful freemasonry, and its profession is so lucrative to those that profit by it that it will be a hard matter indeed to stamp it out.

Before leaving Sicily, however, we saw a dire revenge taken on the tunnies which had despised our allurements. At Favignana, where a slab attached to a door of a church in the island records a famous catch which took place more than 400 years ago, there is still the most lucrative tunny fishery in Sicily, and through the kindness of its proprietor, Commendatore Florio, to whom most things in Sicily belong, we were the privileged spectators of more than one 'matanza,' and a 'matanza' is a sight well worth seeing. The fish are guided into the chambers, which open one into the other till they end in the chamber of death, by long arms of coarse netting, which stretch out on either side to intercept the shoals which pursue a regular course, and cause them to coast round till they find the opening into the chamber, which they unsuspectingly enter. These arms are sometimes some four miles in length, one

being known as the 'coda' or tail, and the other as the 'costa,' and they both end in the 'campile.' The tunny is a gentle and a curious fish, and is apparently not alarmed at finding himself in confinement, and never seems to make a dash through the nets, which at this stage he could do without much difficulty, but only follows them round till he finds his passage unimpeded. The nets are kept in position by a hawser at the top called a 'sommel,' which is kept afloat by large pieces of cork, and a hawser at the bottom called the 'piombo,' which is weighted with large pieces of stone; the vertical lines which connect the two are called 'modellari,' and the whole is made secure by anchors placed at stated intervals. Men in barges are constantly on the watch over the nets, and by long practice can state with absolute precision the number of fish that have entered the chambers. They can be passed from one chamber to another by opening the door, which is done by letting the net over the aperture drop, and closing it again by pulling it up after they have gone through. If the fish are unwilling to move as required, advantage is taken of their curiosity, and something bright exhibited at the opening, and when one has passed through to see what it is all the rest follow. So they are moved on, and when there is a sufficient number collected in the penultimate chamber preparations are made for the 'matanza.' The last chamber is the chamber of death, and no tunny once across its fatal threshold comes out alive. It is formed of much stronger netting than the other compartments, each of which also has its separate name, and its bottom, too, is made of netting attached by thick hawsers to large bundles of cork known as 'cagnazzi.' When the day of the 'matanza' arrives, the fish being secured in the 'camera del morte,' three sides of it are enclosed by huge barges, while another huge barge crammed with men, beginning at the distant end of the compartment, slowly approaches them broadside on, dragged forward by means of the bottom net, which is thus brought to the surface and dropped as the barge passes on. In the middle during the whole time there is the head-man in a boat directing the raising of the net beneath him. The whole operation is carried on to the accompaniment of weird cries from the multitude of men who are hauling up the net. For some time there is nothing to be seen, but as the moving barge approaches there is suddenly the great swirl caused by the first rush of the empty fish to the surface, which is by far the finest sight in the day's work. Soon after this, as the fatal net rises, the whole of the water is one sheet of foam and spray flung high over the barges which enclose it on all sides. Here and there a swordfish is seen darting this way and that in the extremity of terror, and the great forked tails of the tunnies lash the water in their futile struggles to escape. But soon the spray, which was as white as snow, gets tinged with red, and finally becomes

more red than white, as the iron hooks attached to short poles are driven into the sides of the unfortunate fish, which with incredible rapidity and scant ceremony are dragged up over the gunwale of the barge, and fall into its capacious hold with a resounding thud. Each man is a trained hand, very often with inherited ability, and occupies his allotted post, and in a very short time the two end barges begin to sink in the water with a load of some seven hundred tunnies averaging more than 500 lb. apiece. Meanwhile, as each fish is tumbled in, an old man with a long spear thrusts at them just behind the pectoral fin to make the blood flow, and the great tails thumping the bottom boards scatter it in jets. It is not a very pleasant sight, the last scenes of a 'matanza,' and it is not sport—it is merely catching tunnies, and the tunny is a valuable fish. When the last of the catch has been hauled in and none escape, a short chant is sung to the Blessed Virgin, and the long line of laden barges sets out towards the shore, where a hard day's work awaits the men employed. The destination is a huge factory filled with every possible appliance for dealing with the catch, however great. Here the fish are dragged up an inclined plane, laid in lines, and their heads cut off by a headsman with a long axe who performs the operation in two strokes, the intestines are removed, and the roe and milt carried off in wooden troughs and placed in brine. The fish is then hung up by the tail for about eight hours, after which he is cut up and boiled in copper vats, and then the pieces are carefully placed in tins, fitted in like a child's puzzle, the tins are filled with oil and soldered down. Every part of the tunny is used and has its particular name. There are four different qualities preserved in oil, 'tarantello' and 'sorra,' the fattest part of the breast; 'tonno,' the back and tail end; and 'molliche,' small parts of all qualities mixed together. The 'spinella bianca' (loins), 'codacchio' (tail), 'busenaglia' (black flesh), and 'occhi' (eyes) are each salted separately in barrels. The heads are boiled for oil, and the bones and ashes are sold as manure, a use being thus found for every portion of the unfortunate creature's anatomy. A good tunny fishery is a valuable possession, the heavy fish of Favignana being worth on an average some 4*l.* net, and ten to twelve thousand in the season is by no means an unprecedented catch. The largest individual caught this year weighed 1,300 lb. One of the most striking features is the great number of men employed at the factory, and the discipline and rapidity with which they work. There was at Favignana the usual convict establishment, and the convicts are employed in the packing of the pieces of tunny into the tins, which are also all made on the spot. Italy, and especially Genoa, is the great customer for the finished article, which is protected by high duties from the competition of the Sardinian and Spanish fisheries.

The tunnies are certainly there in large numbers and of great

size; perhaps when they are no longer in love, and the feast of St. Peter is safely past, those that have escaped the dread portals of the 'camera del morte' might be induced to take a bait even as they do in the Pacific, and then, indeed, a Homeric struggle would ensue. A 500-lb. tunny would undoubtedly take some catching on a rod: he is from all accounts a strong though timid fish, and goes straight away from you in desperate long runs. In this he differs from the tarpon, with a hundred of whom I have made intimate acquaintance within the space of three weeks; a most impetuous fish, who will rush anywhere when he is hooked, and even fling himself into your own boat, as I have seen happen on more than one occasion. But this prize of the Ægadian Islands will not be brought to the gaff without the help of those tutelary deities of the sea who have before now helped sportsmen in difficulties on this historic spot in the brave days of old.

W. H. GRENFELL.

'A NEWE HERBALL'¹

AMONG the phenomena which distinguish the present from all preceding time there is surely none more striking or more far-reaching in its consequences than the emancipation of opinion—the tearing off of the swaddling-bands which preceding ages had rigorously imposed upon original thought. No man at the present day is in danger of persecution if he broach an original theory; nor does he think it necessary to support it by appealing to the authority of some writer long mouldered in the dust. His theory will be judged on its own merits, and would gain not a jot by having Galen or Pliny put forward as its sponsor.

But until quite recently this was not so. A man was not permitted thus to walk alone. It was judged hardly decent that he should even stand alone without the aid of two venerable crutches, Authority and Precedent. Precisely in proportion as he leaned on them were his opinions listened to, and precisely in proportion to the antiquity of the authorities he quoted in support of his views was the deference paid them. A man who had lived 500 years before might serve, but one who had been dead 2,000 years was above the breath of criticism. Of course there have been restive spirits in every age who chafed at these ancient leading-strings and kicked away the crutches, but they were looked upon as ill-conditioned rebels, and their opinions carried no weight. No one would listen to the arguments of a man who shamelessly set up his own unseasoned judgment against that of the ancients.

The strength of these invisible fetters on any originality of intellect is vividly brought home to us freemen of the present century in the preface to the first work on botany ever written in English. It is by Dr. William Turnour, and published in the reign of Edward the Sixth, to whose uncle, the Duke of Somerset, the author was physician. He was, moreover, a Doctor of Divinity as well as of Physic, and was at one time Dean of Wells. So keenly

¹ *A Newe Herball*. By Wylliam Turnour. Anno 1551. Imprinted at London by Steven Mierdman, and they are to be soolde in Pauls Churchyarde at the sygne of the sprede Eagle.

alive was he to the risk he incurred in running counter to precedent by writing of a learned subject in the vulgar tongue that he devotes the most earnest reasoning to showing that there is nothing really dangerous or impious in what he does. How pathetic it seems to us that this benefactor of his race should have felt it necessary to plead as a criminal at the bar of public opinion!

In anticipating the objections that will be raised to his book he says it is doubtless true that all herbals had hitherto been written in Greek or in Latin, but urges that those were the tongues understood of the people in the time when Galen and Dioscorides and Pliny wrote. On those three names he relies as on a shield and buckler, knowing their wisdom and orthodoxy to be unassailable by the most malignant critic. This is so even to this day in conservative Spain, where the herbal of Dioscorides is still the recognised text-book of the Government herbalists, so a well-known writer on things Spanish assures us. This fact may throw some light on the standstill, if not actual diminution, in the population of Spain. The Doctor continues:

It will be sayd that it is unwysely done to set out so much knowledge of Physick in Englysshe, for now (they say) by occasion of thys booke every man, nay, every old wyfe, will presume—not without the murdre of manye—to practyse Physick. To whom I make answer, how many surgianes and Potecarys are there in England which can understand Pliny in Latin? The most part understand no latin at all savyng such as no latin ears can abyde—

much after the fashion of Chaucer's Nun, who spoke French 'after the scole of Stratford atte Bowe, For frensh of Paris was to her un-knewe.'

We can with difficulty put ourselves back in thought to the time when the Doctor wrote, or appreciate the full risk and boldness of this heinous offence of being *the first* to take a departure unwarranted by the two conservative gods Precedent and Authority. But that the risk was a substantial one we gather from the preface to the second part, dated from Basle, whither he tells us he had to fly 'for the safeguard of my lyfe.' He had lost his patron and protector the Duke of Somerset when the Duke lost his head on Tower Hill, and the enemies he had raised by his book had proved too strong for him. He was a man of strong personality—generous, warmhearted, courageous, loving truth above all things—a man who must have been loved much by some, but loved not at all by many.

When this herbal was written no attempt had ever been made to classify plants, and the labour of enumerating them while each separate tree and herb was looked upon as an independent individual of eccentric habits must have been enormous. The difficulty was further increased by the absence of any rules for scientific description, which made the identification of plants described by former herbalists a matter of great uncertainty. When a certain plant is defined as

having 'a heade like the heade of a tassell, *but muche lesse*,' it is obvious that the notion formed of it will depend greatly on the size of the tassell the reader may call to his mind. Another plant is said to have 'a lefe which hath the fasshon of an hat.' Now the fashion of hats changeth, and we are left in perplexity as to the shape of the leaf. In describing the convolvulus, Dr. Turnour anticipates Burns's idea of Nature trying her 'prentice hand before attempting her master works, for he says: 'It is a lily in whiteness, and as it were an *unperfit worke of nature lerning to make lilies*.' Coriander he describes as 'wonderfully stynkyng when grene,' and adds that 'if it be taken out of mesure it doth trouble a mannes wyt wyth great jeopardy of madnes.' Feverfew, although 'it hath a smel sumthyng grevous,' is 'a good remedye for them that are short winded and for them that are greved wyth melancholi.' So also is rue, which, besides being 'good agaynst pursiness, is a soferayne medicine agaynst poyson.' Sage again 'hath leves smellinge wonnderfully, but the smel is grevous,' and we are further told that 'Agrippa sayth that sage beyng a holy herbe is eaten of lionesses beyng with yong.'

Many plants have virtues attributed to them, unknown, I imagine, to modern physicians. Of fennel we learn that

the serpentess chow thys herbe and purge and clere theyr eyes therwyth. Authors wryte that serpentess waxe yonge sgayne by eatinge of thys herbe, wherfor sum thynke that the use of it is very mete for aged folke. . . . The rootes of Ferne powdered is a good remedye for the neckes of suche beastes as are accustomed to the yoke. Plini wryteth that if the roote of the Brake Ferne be broken and laide-to, it pulleth forth the shiver of an arrowe that stycketh in the fleshe.

Dittany has an even more curious property:

It is a common sayinge that in Candy, when the gotes ar striken wyth arrowes, that by the eatinge of thys herbe they shake oute the arrowes agayne.

The root of the Polypody fern is said by Dioscorides to be 'exceedinge goode to be laide on those membres that *are oute of joynte*.' We meet with some amusing instances of the *post hoc, ergo propter hoc* argument, among them the following: 'Cyclamen, if it be put in wyne, maketh a man dronken.' Observe, only when put in wine. This result might be thought by some to depend not wholly on the cyclamen. The seed of parsley, on the other hand, 'helpeth men that have weyke braynes to beare dryncke better. It also heleth fyshes that are syck if it be casten unto them in y^e pondes that they may eat it.' Of the tassell it is said:

It hath a prycky hed, sharp and sumthyng long. If ye cleve the hed in the myddes ye shall fynd a worme in it. . . . Som hold that these wormes hung ether about the nek or arme, hele the quartane ague. . . . Dioscorides sayth (but methynk that it smelleth of superstition) that in a quartayn ague the leves of four stalkes ought to be taken, in a tertian the leves of three, and in a quotidiane the leves of one stalke.

On the same authority he says :

Crowfoot putteth away the printes of woundes and taketh away warts. The drye powder of the root, if it be layd to a tooth, it will ease the payne, but it will breake the toth.

The truth of the following alleged facts may easily be tested by those curiously disposed :

There are sum that holde that if nutt shelles be burnt sad made ashes, and be layd to the hynder hed of the chylder that have graye eyes that *they wyl make them black.*

Those parents, therefore, who admire a pair of lovely black eyes should assuredly try the experiment.

The next instance may be commended more particularly to the attention of naturalists :

The juice that is in the buddes that first come forth on the elm tree, after that it is dried up, is resolved into little flies like ganattes.

Of spurge he quaintly says : 'Dioscorides maketh vij. kyndes of spourges. . . . The seventh kinde killeth fishe, *as all the other kindes do.*' Frequently as Dr. Turnour quotes the herbalists of classic times it is obviously more on account of the weight attached to them by others than of his own faith in their valne, and he cannot forego occasional hints that their assertions are to be taken with sufficient salt. 'All students,' he says in one place, 'had nede rede Plini warily, leste he gyve them full cause of error.' And again :

Aconitum is the nature of wolfsbane, and *if anye credence maye be given unto Plini*, it wyll kyll a man if he take it, except it fynde in him some poyson that it may kyll, wyth that it wyll stryve as wyth hys matche. And marvel it is, that two dedly poysons do both dye in a man that the man may live. . . . Wolfsbane layd to a scorpione maketh hyr utterly amased and Num, but as soon as she toucheth agayne Hillebore or newewurt she commeth to hyrselfe agayn.

It is not said if her amazement allows her to go in search of the healing herb.

Dr. Turnour has a less good opinion of Pliny's honesty than of the other ancient writers, for he says :

It is playn that Plini red in hys Greke Dioscorides, howsomever like a falsying goodlesse man he pretendeth as though he never saw Dioscorides, of whom he hath conveyed so much learned stuf into hys omnigatherum.

Neither does he hold the honesty of artists in high estimation, for, when referring to a certain woodcut, he says : 'The figure that Matthiols setteth for Lathyrus agreeth not wyth it, but per-adventure hys karver hath beguiled him, *as karvers and paynters have begyled other men before thys tyme.*'

Antidotes against poison are so frequently mentioned that it is evident the danger of being poisoned was considered in ancient

times to be a very practical one. Virgil is quoted as saying that 'there is no better remedye that commeth if cruell stepmothers have poysoned y^e cuppe' than the juice of the citron, and in support of this assertion Dr. Turnour goes on to relate a story told by another old writer, who says:

There was a certayn sherif in Egypt whiche tooke ij. naughty murthering robbers and condemned them to be slayn and poysoned to deth of serpentes in the great theatre, that all men myght se them dye. But whylse they were led of the souldyers to the place of execution, ther met them a woman that had a citron in her hand, the which the murderers begged of her, and she clove it in two peces and gave eche of them a pece, the whiche they eat very gredely. But when as they came into the appoynted place and were caste amongst the myddes of a grete hepe of serpentes and aspides they abode unhurt, and receyved no harm of them, and so came holt and sound forth agayn, beyoud all men's loking for. Then the sherif axed diligently of them that kept the thieves, what they had done or what myghty preservative they had taken. But they answered that the thieves had eaten nothing sayving theyr accustomed pottage, and sayd further that they eat a citron by the way. Then the sherif commanded them to go to the prysons agayn, and the one sholde eat only hys accustomed potage, and the other sholde only eate citrones. These thynges done, the theves were agayn brought into the great theatre. And there he that eat the citrones continewed all the daye safe and sounde, although certayn of the serpentes had bitten him. And the other who had but eaten hys common meate, at the bytyng of one serpente fell down sterck ded. Athineus, a very noble and ancient autor, wryteth that he saw thys hys own self. *Wherefore it were wisdom that men that are bydden to dynner of theyr enemies or suspected frends, before they eat any other thyng, should take a peece of citron.*

What a side light this is, casually thrown, on the dinner parties of olden days! Citrons must have been at a premium in the time of Nero. Dr. Turnour does not speak favourably of walnuts, which, he says, 'ingendre choler, and make y^e heade ake,' but they have one redeeming virtue, if the ancients are to be believed:

Plini wryteth, 'Æneas Pompeius, when he had overcome the myghty kinge Mythridites, founde in hys moste secret treserhouse, in a lytle boke by itselfe, wrytten wyth hys owne hand, this preservative: "Take two drye Walnutttes and ij. figges and xx. leves of rue: breake them together and put a corne of salte to them, and if yow eate this medicine fastings, ther shal no poyson hurt yow that daye."'

... Som write that if anye man give a litle of the leafe and fruyte of the Smilax unto a newborne chyld, that he shal never after be hurt wyth anye deadlye poyson.

Many would not unreasonably think that if that failed to kill him other means would be likely to fail equally.

Snakebites, too, appear to have been a common danger, for a host of remedies is prescribed for them. Basil and many herbs are especially commended as being 'good for the strycking of a se-dragon and the styng of serpentes or the bytinges of creeping beastes.' Southernwood, besides being 'good for them that shake and shudder for cold,' if 'strowene in the bedde dryveth serpentes

awaye.' Pliny says of mugwort 'that men that had it upon them should not be very, and no evell beaste shuld noy them.' One of the latter is mysteriously alluded to as 'a venemous beast called seps, not unlike unto it that is called in y^e north parte of England a swyfte.' Wormwood, too, is 'good agaynst the bytinge of a shrewe and the se-dragon,' and Pliny says of it that 'if the ynke be tempered with hys juce the myse wyll not eat the paper that is written wyth that ynke.'

We find mention frequently made of ailments to which modern flesh is no longer heir. We do not even hear nowadays of anyone being troubled with worms in the ears, but it would seem to have been no uncommon complaint in olden times. Dr. Turnour tells us that 'the juice of Calamint powred in one's eares killeth y^e wormes there,' and Pliny writes that 'the juice of hempseed put into ones eares killeth wormes *and al bestes that ar in the eare.*' Ears must have been more capacious in those days than they are now to be able to contain this assortment of beasts.

Of some plants the Doctor has nothing good to say, as of wild saffron: 'It is goode to knowe thys herbe, that a man may eschewe it. It wyll strangle a man and kyl him in the space of one day'—evidently a very violent herb, severely to be eschewed. The arbutus he calls 'a fruyte of small honour. Good properties that I knowe of thys fruyte hath none.' The yew tree was one that bore a very bad character. We are told that 'the Ughe of Narbona is so full of poyson that if any slepe under it or sit under the shadow of it they are hurt and oftetymes dye.' But the worst censure of all is reserved for the oleander, which was then known by the name of rose bay:

The floures and leves of oleander ar poyson to mules, dogges, asses and to many other fourfooted beasts. Weiike beastes, as shepe and gotes, if they drynck of the water wherein ar fallen the leves or floures, dye shortly after. I have sene this tree in Italy, but I care not if it never com to England, seeing it is in *all poyntes lyke a Pharessey, that is beuteous without, and within a ravenous wolf and murderer.*

Cresses, on the other hand, 'ar so gentle that they may be eaten with bred.' But wild celery is 'so farre from all delygth or plesantnes that no man can fynd it in hys harte to use it in sawces.' Garlic is an altogether estimable herb:

Garlyke is not only good meat but good medicine. It swageth the olde coughes, and wyth hys smel he dryveth away serpentes and scorpiones. It is also good for y^e pype or roup of hennes and cockes, as Plini wryteth. Twyse or thryse soden in water he putteth awaye hys sharpnes.

Adiantum 'given in meate unto quales and cockes maketh them feyght more earnestly than they dyd before.' But adiantum has other virtues: 'It maketh thycke heyre, and holdeth on the heyre that wold fall off.' It is also 'good for them that sigh much, and

it driveth away wennes.' Spikenard also 'is good for bare eyelyddes that want heare, for it bryngeth heare agayne.'

Many safeguards against enchantments are prescribed which we do not find in modern medical books. Amongst others :

Alysson hong up in houses is thought to be a defence agaynst inchaunting both unto man and beast. And som holde that the boughs of Rhamnus set at menes dores or windowes do dryve away sorcery and inchauntments that wyches and sorcerers do use agaynst men.

Verily we who live in the twentieth century have much cause for gratitude in the immunity we enjoy from the sorcerers, witches, worms, dragons, serpentes, and poisoners which seem to have abounded in the good old days.

Many herbs are extolled for their beneficial effect on health and looks.

The breth of Cicer [the *garbanzos* beloved of modern Spaniards] if taken with beanes maketh a good plyte and fatt fleshe. . . . Figges nourishe more than ye common sorte of fruytes do, but they make not fast and styffe fleshe as brede and swyne's flesh do. . . . Simeon Sethi writeth that Dates taken in greyte plenty ar hurtfull. Wherfor our swete lipped Londoners do not wysely to suffer so many dates to be put in theyr pyes and other meates, to the grete charge of theyr purses and the no lesse undoing of the helth of theyr bodies.

Artichokes were not held in estimation by the ancients. 'Galen sayth that the archychock hath a naughty juice and gyveth evell nourishment to the body'—but this opinion is the less surprising when we learn that it was the *root* of our crown artichoke, which they used to eat 'bothe rawe and sodden.' We are reminded of the savages spoken of by Mark Twain as having an equally poor opinion of oranges. 'Baked they were tough; and even boiled they weren't things for a man to hanker after.' Cucumbers also

ingendre in the body a naughty juice; howbeit ye shall finde sum that can digest them *by the reason of a certayn familiaritie that is betwene their natures*. . . . The gourd giveth small nourishment, but it goeth easily unto the bottom of the stomack by reason of hys slypperynes.

Apples, on the contrary, 'are colde, and go slowlie downe,' while of pears we are told that 'if sodden wyth todestolles they will not hurt them that eat them.' But the Doctor adds a caution to the effect that 'if a man fill himself wyth pearces, oftymes they brede the colick'—the truth of which many a modern schoolboy will be able to confirm from experience. Galen holds that all fruit to be wholesome should be eaten before instead of after other food. Of peaches particularly he says :

They ought not to be eaten after meat as some used to do. And thys rule must be holden in all those meates that are of evell juice, and are moyet and slyppery, that they be taken before all other meates.

'Those who nedes must drynck unholsum water' are advised to

put pennyroyal into it: 'the herb,' says the Doctor, 'groweth much besyd *hundsley upon y^e hath.*'

All plants are spoken of with regard to their medicinal properties as being either hot or cold, just as they are at the present day in India, where the natives will recommend or forbid certain kinds of pulse and other foodstuffs on account of being 'very cold' or 'very hot.' Of the cornflower 'or Blewbottel' the Doctor says: 'It is of a colde nature and showeth no token of hete. It groweth much among Rye, and I thinke that good Ry in an evell and unseasonable yere doth go out of kynde into thys wede.' This is not the only instance alleged of a plant deteriorating or changing into another. Theophrastus is quoted as saying, 'Barley will somtyme chaunge into Darnell, and somtyme into Wheate.' Again the Doctor tells us from his own experience that

in a countre where as I have bene, wythin the Dukedom of Cleve, called Sourlant, that Wheate, if it be sown in that sour lande as it is truly called, the first yere it will bring forth Wheate, and in the seconde yere, if the wheate that grew there be sown in the same place agayne, that it turneth into rye, and that the same rye, sown in the same ground, within two yeres goeth oute of kinde into Darnell and such other naughty wedes.

Such changes of nature would open wide fields of possibilities, but modern science will scarcely corroborate the old botanists' observations. Theophrastus is responsible for another very singular statement:

He divideth the Rape into the male and the female, and writeth that the rapes sown and set thicke together, grow al into males, and if they be thinner set they grow into females.

This is quoted wholly without remark. It was enough that Theophrastus asserted it.

The birch is described as 'A frenche tre of a wonderful whyteness and of no lesse smalness, *greatly fearful to many, because the offyceres make rodde of it.* Flechers make arrowes of it and Byrders take boughes of thys tre and lyme the twygges and go a batfolyng wyth them.'

The ashes of the Lime tre beaten into poudre and mended up wyth y^e poudre of the eyes of crevasses [*scréviasses* P] are good for them that are brused wyth a fall.

In most of the recipes given the ingredients have to be pounded up with 'bulles tallow or hennes grece,' but in the following prescription we are directed to make them into a paste 'wyth jelly of vipers.'

Poudered man's skul j. drachm, dried frogges liver ij. drachms, burnt bees, and crabbes eyes—

the latter *à discretion.* There seems no reason why this arbitrary selection of drugs should not be added to at pleasure by any practitioner of a gruesome turn.

'The Aloe,' says the Doctor, 'hath one roote and stycketh it in

the grounde lyke a stake. Ther are two kyndes of Aloe: one is of a gode savoure, pure, and hath no deceyt in it.' This guileless aloe is said to be 'evell for them that ar hot and drye of nature, but good for them that ar moyst and cold.'

Of Henbane ther are two sortes, one wyth black sede, the other something yellow. Both these two kyndes make men madde, and therfor *they ought not to be commonly used*. Plini says that y^e oyle made of y^e blacke sede put into a mannes eare, bryageth hym owt of hys mynd.

Pliny seems to have had no eye for what we consider the picturesque. In describing the pine tree he says 'the hole tre is more horrible and unplesant to looke to than the Larche tre,' leaving us to infer that neither was that very pleasant. Fir cones are always spoken of as 'Pyne apples,' and beech mast as 'Beech apples,' and no doubt the name of pineapple was given to the West Indian fruit from its external resemblance to a fir cone.

Plants are spoken of as possessing great individual character. The rocket, we are told, 'careth nothing for the colde,' and the saffron is represented as a perfect type of humility—'it loveth to be trodden on.' Cytisus is said to be 'wonderfully good for hennes, bees, bullokes, and all kyndes of cattell, for by the eatinge of it they wax shortly fatt.' Medick, too, was highly recommended for fodder by the ancients.

A romishe acre of it, that is, ccxl. foote bredth and cxx. foote of length, will serve iij. horses for an hole yere. Thou shalt mow it six tymes in the yere, and it shall be able to continue for y^e space of x. yeres.

While Dr. Turnour was Dean of Wells he visited Bath, and finding virtue in its waters he wrote a treatise on them for the sake of his 'welbeloved neighbors of Bristow, Welles, and Charde.' The baths had apparently almost fallen into disuse, through the 'negardishe illiberalite of the rich menne of England, who will not bestowe one half penny for God's sake on the bettering and amending of these noble baths, though money inough is spent upon cock-fyhtinges, tenesplayes, and such light pastimes.' He specially recommends the waters for such as 'are combered wyth syngings in theyr eares,' and as being 'good for the brain, to scowre it of such humores as brede diseases in it.' The humane Doctor adds: 'I thinke it were not amisse if that we made y^e bathes, after they have served man, serve also to help horses that have diseases in the legges and joyntes. . . . I think verily that within a moneth it will heale splints, spavines, and all hard swellinges, if the horses by the advice of a cunning horsleche have given them such convenient drinckes and pouders as are mete for them to use in the bathynge time.' This suggestion has never been acted on in England as far as I know, but in the Pyrenees horses that have been sent up from the Government stud at Tarbes to the baths of Caunterets may be seen

drinking the waters twice a day under medical advice, and after a month or two return, it is said, quite cured.

* With the Doctor's excellent advice to those who go to seek health at the baths this paper must conclude :

Banish all heaviness, pensyvenes and sadness away, and refresh youreselfe wyth honest myrth. After that ye have bathed ye may go to a feable diner; but beware of raw herbes, fruytes, and fyshes, and of pisse and pasticrustes and all unlevened breade. The broth of stewed hennes seasoned wyth spices is good meate. Beware of surfeting in anye wyse, and of anger, and of too muche studye or carefulnes.

E. AUGUSTA KING.

THE GERMAN ORDER OF THE IRON CROSS

THE recognition and the reward of service in war seem, in our Army, to be totally devoid of system, and to be dealt with in a fashion which can be regarded only as haphazard; whilst the forms of recognition are of all sorts and kinds.

The extent to which recognitions and rewards are carried has, moreover, depended not on the actual severity of the work done in any campaign, but rather on the political and national importance of the result of the campaign.

But various as are the forms the recognition takes, the fact recognised is always the same—namely, the performance of good service in war. The recent bestowal of an earldom and of the knighthood of the Garter on the late Commander-in-Chief of the South African Army is identical in kind with the award of the medal for distinguished service in the field to some one private soldier in the tens of thousands now in South Africa. Both forms recognise the possession of one and the same soldierly virtue—good service in war; good service, just as valuable in itself in the one sphere of action as it is in the other. But the recognitions are so different in form and value that the identity of the services rendered is forgotten.

The chief weak points in our methods are, that owing to the different degrees of esteem in which these many forms of recognition are held, the recognitions employed as equal rewards are of very unequal value; in many cases the rank of the recipient affects the selection of the recognition to be given; and, lastly, promotion, when used simply as a form of recognition, too frequently gives the recipient, incidentally, an unfair advantage over other men whose services are recognised in some other way, and sometimes even acts injuriously on the recipient's own future prospects. Moreover, as the number of bestowals of these forms of recognition is necessarily limited, very many men equally deserving of them are left out in the cold.

It is intended, therefore, to give here an account of the origin and nature of the German Order of the 'Iron Cross,' some details of

the history of the Order, and some illustrations of its utilisation as a recognition of good service in war,¹ for it is an order of which the underlying principle of bestowal is the recognition of this same identity of the services rendered; the recognition is the reward; and, save in extremely exceptional cases, the form of the recognition is the same, absolutely irrespective of the special character of the service rendered, and of the rank of the man whose good service is to be recognised. The Iron Cross is probably the most coveted distinction in the German Empire. In connection with it is the great advantage that bestowal quickly follows the recognition of the services rendered, and further, the bestowal on the recipient gives him no undue superiority professionally over his less fortunate comrades.

The institution of a decoration of a similar character in the form, say, of a cross, would seem to be singularly well suited at the present time and in the future, not for our Army only, but for our Navy and our colonial forces also; for Prussia, when the Order was founded, was in need of all the help Prussians could give her, just as now and in the future the British Empire needs, and will need, all the help the men of the Empire can give.

The words, 'the Iron Cross,' convey to those who know this decoration merely by name, the idea of a German military mark of distinction similar to our own Victoria Cross; and though bestowed in 1870-71, yet somehow or other connected with an Iron Cross existing in the German Army many years ago. The German Iron Cross is a Victoria Cross and much besides; whilst in its close connection with the Iron Cross of 1813 lay the essence of the value of the Iron Cross of 1870-71, as a decoration for this campaign.

The crosses of 1813 and 1870-71 are precisely similar in shape and material. The front face of the cross of 1813 is bare of any insignia. On that of the cross of 1870-71 is in the upper arm a crown; in the lower arm is the date 1870; whilst in the centre is a W., the initial of the Christian name of the then King of Prussia. But the reverse faces of both crosses are the same; in the centre are three oak leaves, in the lower arm is the date 1813, whilst in the upper arm is a crown and the initials F. W., those of the Prussian Sovereign of that time. Here, then, we find on the cross of 1870-71 insignia of two distinct epochs of national history which are more than half a century apart. It would seem almost irrational to let a soldier wear on his breast an insignia bearing the date of a campaign which had terminated before he was even born. But this

¹ From *Das Buch vom eisernen Kreuze*, by L. Schneider (Berlin, Duncker, 1872), with its 142 appendices, I have compiled the history of the Order itself. From *Kriegserinnerungen, Wie wir unsern Eisern Kreuz erwarben*, bearbeitet von Friedrich Freiherr von Dincklage-Campe, General-Lieutenant z. D. (Borig, Berlin and Leipzig,) I have selected instances of the bestowal of the Iron Cross for the Franco-German War; whilst for many facts I have drawn on German regimental histories.

combination was not adopted as a mere artistic fancy; in it lay a deep meaning.

The bestowal of the Iron Cross to the soldier in 1870-71 was not a mere acknowledgment of his services in that war; it was far more than that. The Iron Cross of 1813 is a species of heirloom of the Prussian nation; the date 1813 on the cross of 1870-71 indicated the rightful heirship of the good soldier of 1870-71 to participation in the honours of descent from a generation of Prussians which had saved his country from extinction, and by its glorious courage, heroism, and self-sacrifice had rendered possible, and comparatively easy, the work he was now carrying out. It is in this property of heirship that lay the value of gaining the Iron Cross in the Franco-German War.

The services rendered in 1813, and the national conditions under which they were rendered, stood by themselves; together they were of a character which would be unique in the life of any nation, and, consequently, the Iron Cross of 1813 stands alone in solitary grandeur, an enduring monument of splendid patriotism; and the cross of 1870-71 bears on the side nearest to the wearer's heart a replica, it may be called, of that monument, as an incentive to emulate the patriotism of his forefathers.

A passage in the Regimental History of the 46th Infantry Regiment (1st Lower Silesian) shows this appreciation of the cross. 'The dream of youth had been fulfilled: we lay before Paris, and in our ranks was many a breast already adorned with the Iron Cross, with that symbol of honour which had for us in old days marked as heroes those who fought in 1813, 1814, and 1815.'

After the battle of Jena, in 1806, Prussia sank to the lowest depths of national degradation; on her neck Napoleon planted his heel; her king, Frederick William the Third, was little more than a royal slave, though of quite another type was his consort Queen Luise, one of the noblest and best of women, and a true patriot.

On the 19th of July 1810 the good Queen Luise died, broken-hearted by the sorrows of her beloved country, and in her passed away the leader of the patriots; but nevertheless her influence survived her death, and in 1811 Gneisenau considered the progress in the desire of the nation for freedom so great, that in August of that year he submitted to the king a proposal for a national insurrection against Napoleon. The rising was to be universal.

Gneisenau proposed that every man who had served faithfully should wear for the rest of his life an honourable distinction, either a black and white scarf, or a national cockade. The king's idea was that the emblem should consist of two pieces of black and white ribbon sewn in the form of a cross on to the breast of the coat. Herein was the inception of the idea of the Iron Cross; but for the time it remained only an idea, as the national rising did not then take place. In the early part

of 1813, after Moscow, the whole population rose, and King Frederick William, sorely against his own wishes, had to take the lead in the rebellion against the power of Napoleon. These were iron times for Prussians; and Prussians offered not only their services, but, whether men, women, or children, they gave either money, the sinews of war, or contributions in kind. In the South African War the inhabitants of the British Empire have given freely, but it has been out of their abundance; in 1813 the Prussians had no abundance out of which to give, so contributions in kind of all sorts flowed into the public Treasury. And among the contributions came from a lottery keeper in Stettin, one Rollin, his golden wedding ring, the gift being accompanied with the demand that every one now should substitute iron wedding rings for golden ones, and devote these to the service of the country. No fewer than 160,000 golden rings were sent to the Treasury. The golden age of Prussia had passed away with the Great Frederick; an iron age had come; all real hard national struggles are iron in character. For gold, iron was substituted. The Iron Cross of 1813 is for ever a fitting emblem of the times in which it came into existence.

The idea formulated in 1811 was now to take practical shape. It was on the 10th of March 1813, the anniversary of the birthday of the deceased Queen Luise, that appeared the decree instituting the Order. This date, however, as Schneider points out, was probably an antedate, chosen, perhaps, expressly to connect with the Order the memory of the beloved patriot queen. It has been mentioned that the original idea of the form of decoration was a cross of two strips of ribbon sewn on to the coat. This was obviously inconvenient, so for ribbon metal was substituted; but in 1813 this metal, in the poverty of the country, could only be of the cheapest kind. Not even enamelling could be afforded; cast iron with a silver edging or border was adopted. The material corresponded exactly to the hard conditions of the life of the nation, and to the spirit which animated the nation when the Order came into existence—both were hard and iron.

The decree instituting the Iron Cross ran as follows :

WE, FREDERICK WILLIAM, by the grace of God, King of Prussia, &c.

In the present critical state of affairs, on which depends everything for the country, the brave spirit which the Nation has so grandly shown deserves to be honoured and to be commemorated by some special form of recognition. That the firmness with which the People bore the irresistible ills of an Iron time did not give way to despair, proves the high courage which now animates every breast, and which only endures by resting on religion and on true fidelity to King and Country.

We have therefore resolved to specially distinguish the merit which in the war now about to break out shall be displayed, either in actual fight with the enemy, or also in the field or at home, in connection with this great struggle for freedom and independence, and after this war not to again bestow this special form of recognition.

Accordingly we decree as follows:—

The only, for this war, existing recognition of the good service of our subjects to the country is

THE IRON CROSS

of two classes and a Grand Cross.

(2) Both classes have a precisely similar black cross of cast iron with silver edging, the front without any inscription; on the reverse in the upper arm our initials F. W. with the Crown; in the centre three oak leaves, and below the date 1813; and both classes will by a black ribbon with white edging if the service has been rendered in fight with the enemy, and by a white ribbon with black edgings if this has not been the case, carry it at the button-hole; the first class wears on the left breast in addition to this decoration a ribbon² cross of black ribbon and white edging; and the Grand Cross, which is twice as large as that of the two classes, will be worn on the black band with white edgings, round the neck.

(3) The military decorations³ of the first and second class will not be bestowed during this war, and as a rule, except in special cases, the bestowal of the second and third classes of the Order of the Red Eagle, as also of the Ordre pour le mérite, will be suspended. The Iron Cross supersedes these Orders and decorations and will invariably be worn similarly by highest and lowest alike in the two classes. The Ordre pour le mérite will in special cases be conferred with three golden oak leaves on the ring.

(4) The second class of the Iron Cross will invariably be the first bestowed; the first class can in no way be obtained unless the second class has already been won.

(5) Consequently, holders of Orders and decorations who gain the Iron Cross in this war can receive at first only the second class.

(6) The Grand Cross can only be received by a commander who has been victorious in a decisive battle after which the enemy has evacuated his position, or who has captured an important fortress, or by a commander who has unflinchingly defended a fortress which has not fallen into the enemy's hands.

(7) The already existing Orders and decorations will be worn together with the Iron Cross.

(8) All privileges appertaining to decorations of the first and second class will be enjoyed by the holders of the Iron Cross. The soldier who at the moment possesses the decorations of the second class cannot obtain any further decoration than that of the second class of the Iron Cross, and if he at the same time enjoys a monthly allowance for the possession of the first-class decoration, this allowance cannot be further increased.

(9) Cases of forfeiture of the Iron Cross are to be dealt with in conformity with the regulations of our other Orders and decorations.

Given under our Royal Hand and Seal,

FREDERICK WILLIAM.

Breslau, the 10th of March 1813.

When the paragraphs of this decree are carefully studied, the institution of the Iron Cross no longer appears as the bringing into existence a merely additional war decoration. It was a shattering of caste prejudices, caste ideas, caste inefficiency, and the substitution of the recognition and utilisation of merit and ability wherever it existed in and was forthcoming from the people. But this war was to be a national war for freedom and independence; such a struggle

² For this ere long a metal cross without ribbon and fastened on to the coat was substituted.

³ This implies those already existing.

cannot for one moment be degraded to the level of a war for aggrandisement or to satisfy ambition; it stands on its own high pedestal; any distinctive mark granted for that war must stand alone by itself in its own dignity; so it was to be for this war, and this war only, that the Iron Cross would be bestowed even on the bravest of citizens or soldiers. Yet after all, to most men, the dearest possession is that of life, and therefore the character of the ribbon on which hung the cross is such as to distinguish between those who have risked their lives in battle and those who may have done great services—all but risk their lives in battle. From those whose weakness is a love of ribbons and gewgaws on the breast, all sources of supply were, save in exceptional cases, to be for the time cut off. The sign of championing the country's cause was to be the one spring flowing at the fountain of honour. But now comes the startling innovation—the complete overthrow of the exclusiveness of military caste.

Up to this time the idea that a general and a private soldier should wear the same decoration had never been entertained. In the Iron Cross all differences of rank or lineage faded out of sight, and were ignored. No matter whether general or private soldier, noble or peasant, or the difference of degree in their responsibilities, or in the sphere of personal influence, all were dealt with, regarded, and rewarded in one character only, that of 'good soldier.' The Iron Cross on the breast of the general may have found its abiding-place there from the brave and wise leading of thousands of men; the humble soldier, only one among those thousands, and setting perhaps an example of bravery to the few around him, received identically the same recognition of well-done duties, though in spheres of action and in results so incommensurable. No doubt it was the effect produced by the Legion of Honour in Napoleon's army that led the Prussian King to adopt a similar principle in distributing his Iron Cross. And then came the wise provision that prevented this decoration, which was intended to mark actual performance of work, being perverted into a mere substitute for ordinary promotion. Promotion in the Order meant fresh good service, so the private soldier might become a member of the first class while the general under whom he was serving has remained in the lower class, for lack of opportunity to distinguish himself a second time as a general commanding in the field. No wonder that the Iron Cross became not only the object of ambition to every soldier, but that the first bestowal of it acted as yet a further incentive to continued well-doing.

On the 11th of April, just a month after the institution, the immediate despatch to Breslau of as many of the new decorations as possible was ordered. For on the 9th the king received the report of General v. Dornburg on the battle of Luneburg of the 2nd of April, and the king desired at once to decorate the officers, non-commissioned officers, and men of Major v. Borcke's Pomeranian

Fusilier Battalion, which had specially distinguished itself. The cross was given both for individual acts of bravery and for consistently good service in the battles. The recommendations were made by the commanding officers and transmitted to the king through the regular channels of the military hierarchy.

The manufacture of metal-work was not in those days so simple a matter as it is now, so the supply could not in any way meet the demand, which was immediately further increased by a call for crosses to reward good conduct at the battle of Gross Gorschen on May the 2nd, a battle unfavourable to the Prussian arms, but in which the Prussian troops behaved well in sustaining the defeat.

Even in these few weeks the bestowal of the Order had exercised on the troops an influence which Schneider describes as not only extraordinary but electrifying; and the king, convinced of the extent of this influence, at once proceeded to develop it so that it might affect beneficially the whole country.

On the 5th of May was issued a royal edict supplementary to the decree of the 10th of March, and still further disseminating in the country the special purpose of the new Order. In every regimental church was to be placed a tablet bearing the inscription—

King and Country honour gratefully the fallen Heroes.

There died the death of Heroes of the Regiment

And then followed, with a record of their services, the names of those who had fallen in battle, but who, had they lived, would have received the Iron Cross.

On another tablet in every church was to be placed the names of the men who belonged to the parish and had died on the battlefield, the list being headed by the names of those who had won the Iron Cross, or who would have received it had they lived. At the end of the war commemorative services were to be held, the names of the fallen being read to the congregation, with remarks on their good deeds in life and in their death.

There were necessarily great delays in the supply and distribution of the crosses; but when to shorten the delay the General Orders Commission handed some crosses to General v. Bulow for his own corps, the king interfered with a severe censure on the proceeding, and said he would allow no one to send the crosses but the sovereign. He evidently intended to thus increase the value of the decoration. It is quite possible, as Schneider suggests, that he most unexpectedly found that which he had originally regarded as a sort of necessarily poverty-stricken decoration, a most powerful incentive to good service in the field; and therefore he would not allow it to be in any way dealt with as an ordinary reward. In October, shortly before Leipsic, he took up the question of conferring the Order on civilians; but as the whole nation had grandly responded to his appeal

for help, it was determined at first to restrict the distribution to the instances of the highest exceptional character. The total number of crosses given for the campaign, from the fight at Luneburg, the 2nd of April 1813, to the 30th of March 1814, capture of Paris, was 331 first class, 6,639 second class, for 13 battles, 11 combats, 113 engagements, 11 sieges, and 29 blockades.

Further to render the Iron Cross enduring in memory, the king ordered that it should be borne on the standards and colours that had been carried in the campaign. The Brandenburg Gate at Berlin was to be decorated with the Iron Cross, and to his warrior Von Blucher, and his statesman Von Hardenburg, he gave it a prominent position in their new coats-of-arms.

But the keen desire to obtain the decoration, and the great value placed on it by the troops, had given rise to some serious difficulties in the matter of bestowing it. After the battle of Leipsic in October 1813, the submitting of names and the recommendations of them by the commanding generals became very numerous; and so much gallantry was being displayed in the sieges of the Prussian fortresses still in French occupation, that the king, who wished to keep the Iron Cross as a special decoration, and therefore to be bestowed only sparingly during the prolonged war, entertained the idea of creating a third class of the Order in the form of an iron medal with silvered edging; but the idea was abandoned. The question had already been put to the General Order Commission by General v. Bulow as to what was to be done with Iron Crosses whose possessors had died since their bestowal; but no definite reply could be given to him. The utilisation of these crosses offered one way out of the difficulty: without increasing the number of the decorations in existence, more claims could be satisfied. On the 14th of March the king, therefore, sent to the Commission an order in which, after saying that it had been impossible to bestow the cross on all recommended for it (but not stating the reasons for the impossibility), the king decreed that the crosses should become hereditary within the regiments to which the deceased possessors belonged. The officers were the inheritors of officers' crosses, the non-commissioned officers and men were classed together as inheritors of crosses of non-commissioned officers and men. Only in cases where in the regiment no one was already recommended for the decoration was the cross to be returned to the Commission. The hereditary character was, however, restricted to the second class of the Order. The selection of the successor was left to the regiments or battalions.

So highly in esteem was the possession of the cross held, that the greatest efforts were made, sometimes in the most unblushing manner, to obtain recognition of claims. Regiments also fought hard over the question of inheritance, not to favour any particular individual, but to retain the cross in their own ranks.

Only a certain amount of progress in the work had been made by the Commission when the war of 1815 broke out, and the king sanctioned the bestowal of the Order for the forthcoming campaign, giving as his reason that he regarded it as a continuation of the struggle for liberty and freedom. That the king as a military leader was wise in his action in this respect cannot be doubted, but nevertheless, in the altered conditions of Europe as well as of Prussia, the cross of 1815 was something very different from that of the iron time of 1813. The 'iron' of the times had to a great extent gone. Temporarily, the inheriting of the crosses was suspended.

On the 18th of June 1816, the anniversary of Waterloo, the king declared the list of recommendations closed; and the Commission drew up the final lists and a scheme for regulating inheritance. On the 16th of April 1819 the Commission reported 9,136 possessors of the cross, 6,813 inheritors of the Cross, and 1,830 possessors of the fifth class of the Russian Order of St. George; total 17,779. The last-named Order was placed as regards registration and inheritance on the same footing as the Iron Cross. The first-class crosses were held by 568 officers and 67 non-commissioned officers and men and 2 civilians; the second-class possessors numbered 3,208 officers and 5,928 non-commissioned officers and men and 869 civilians, the heirs being 825 officers and 5,988 non-commissioned officers and men; supplemental to this there was granted the right of inheritance to 70 officers and 422 non-commissioned officers and men. The Grand Crosses given were five in number. The strength of the Prussian forces in the three years' campaign 1813-1815 numbered 320,000, so that the proportion of crosses given was about one in twenty.

On the 7th of June 1840 the king died, and he was succeeded on the throne by King Frederick William the Fourth, brother of the conqueror in the war of 1870-71. In the change of rulers, the many who believed themselves to have fully deserved the cross, but for some reason had not received it, saw an opportunity for pushing forward their claims; the number of possessors of the Order was rapidly diminishing; so the greatest efforts, backed by powerful influence, were made to induce the new sovereign to make a fresh grant of the crosses.

The king regarded these claims as somewhat of an imputation of unfairness in the original distribution by his father, and he refused to take any notice of them. An examination of these claims by the General Orders Commission, to which they had been sent, showed, however, undoubtedly that whilst some were renewals of claims already considered and adjudicated, there were others from persons who by some mischance such as the loss of the recommendation owing to the movements of the troops or by being severely wounded and missed on the field of battle, or some piece of ill-luck, and sometimes owing to their own modesty, had not had the good

fortune to be included in the original list. The king decided that where mistakes had undoubtedly been made they should be rectified. Among the ordinary recipients was a woman, Augusta Frederica Kruga, as non-commissioned officer in the 9th (Colberg) Infantry Regiment, for distinguished conduct in the battles from Laon to Paris. Disguised in men's clothes, she had, at the age of twenty-four, enlisted under the name of Lubeck, at Wolten, in the 4th Company of the 3rd Musketeer Battalion of the regiment. At Dennewitz she was severely wounded and her sex was discovered. For her bravery she was promoted to non-commissioned officer in the Royal Company, rejoined the regiment in November, and received the Iron Cross on the 3rd of June 1814.

And now we pass on to the revival of the Order. For the reward of services in the campaign of 1864 against Denmark, and in that of 1866 against Austria and Southern Germany, there were other decorations available. The Iron Cross had been instituted for a struggle of all Germans against a common foe, not for Germans against one another, and it would seem that, almost instinctively, for any possible renewal of that struggle, it was held in reserve; and the occasion for its use was far nearer than was in 1864 or 1866 anticipated. On the 15th of July 1870 King William had returned to Berlin from Ems, where had taken place the historic interview with Count Benedetti; and during his journey had realised the nature of the impression which the matter had produced on the nation. The wildest national excitement prevailed. In the words of Schneider, 'It was the year 1813 again in all its power and influence. The apparently cool, egotistical spirit of the time burst into the same blaze of enthusiasm as in the days when the king—a boy—accompanied his sorely tried father to Breslau.' On the 19th of July was presented the French declaration of war. That it should have come on that particular day of the year was a strange coincidence, for it was the anniversary of the death of the patriot Queen Luise, and as such held in honour by all Prussia. For aught the king knew, Prussia might stand alone in the conflict with her old foe; Prussians had before them the possibility of fighting against a superior force as they did in 1813; for Prussians of 1870 no reward for recognition of their devotion to their country could be more fitted, more highly valued, a more powerful incentive to self-sacrifice for king and country than that insignia which had been won by Prussians who had, half a century before, secured for them the national liberty and freedom they had for those fifty years enjoyed. So under date of this same day appears the royal decree renewing the bestowal of the Order. The first paragraph runs as follows:—

In view of the serious situation of the Fatherland, and in grateful remembrance of the heroism of our ancestors in the great years of the War of Liberty, I revive in its full meaning and importance the Order of the Iron Cross instituted by my

father now in rest with God. The Iron Cross will be given without distinction of rank or position as a reward for merit, gained either in actual fight with the enemy, or at home, in connection with this war for the honour and independence of the beloved country.

In only three respects was there any difference in the regulations concerning the crosses of 1813 and 1870 ; the difference in the insignia on the cross ; the granting to holders of the first and second classes pecuniary benefits similar to those accruing to holders of these classes of other Orders ; and, lastly, an important difference, that the king reserved to himself the right of bestowing during the war other forms of distinction—a right he subsequently exercised. During 1813, 1814, and 1815 the Iron Cross was the sole decoration given. It may further be noted that in October the king decided that the crosses of those who died or were killed should remain with the relatives.

The wisdom of the king in reviving the Order cannot be doubted. To the minds of the soldiers of July 1870, the Iron Cross stood by itself, invested with a value unequalled of its kind. Its origin, the sparseness of its bestowal, the minute regulations for its inheritance, the veneration shown to the memory of its possessors by the tablets in the regimental and parish churches, all combined to make the Iron Cross a distinction far above all existing decorations, or any that could be created in future. I doubt that many officers or men of the force in South Africa entered on that campaign with the Victoria Cross as an incentive to brave conduct, so few are the bestowals of this Order, so much does the element of good fortune enter into the chance of being recommended for it ; but with the Iron Cross even the one in twenty offers a fair prospect of good service being recognised, and it seems highly probable that there must have been few either of the officers or men of the German Army who were mobilised in July 1870 that did not hope to gain the coveted distinction.

The manufacture of the insignia in 1870 proceeded rapidly, and well it was so, because of the quick succession of bloody battles in the first four weeks of the campaign and of the number of combatants who took part in them. The speediness of the recognition of the service rendered is one of the most valuable features of the Order. The royal headquarters were still at Mayence when the first bestowal of the Order took place, so says Schneider, the Crown Prince receiving the Grand Cross for the victories of Weissenburg on the 4th, and Wörth on the 6th of August ; but according to another work, the prince himself had on the evening of the 4th fastened on the breast of the non-commissioned officer Hausknecht, of the 5th Jägers, an Iron Cross for having, as one of an infantry patrol of eight men, captured the first gun of the war at the battle itself. On the 1st of September, at Sedan, Hausknecht gained the first class of

the Order for saving the life of a German officer. Incentive to action of all kinds was given by its distribution. On the 2nd of August, Under-officer Metzler, of the 5th Dragoons, not yet in French territory, receives an order to ride with a dragoon in the direction of the frontier and see what is to be seen. He comes to the village of Bebelshelm, which is in occupation of the French, enters it and manages to carry off with him an infantry soldier, the first prisoner of the war, and the Iron Cross is his. In the battle of Wörth, on the 6th of August, the 50th Regiment out of its fifty-four officers and (probably) 2,700 men lost thirty-two officers, fifty-six non-commissioned officers, and 783 men. Exactly three weeks later, on the 27th, whilst on the march to Sedan, were the first five crosses given to the regiment, the fortunate recipients being Lieutenant-Colonel v. Sperling, the Commander of the 1st Battalion, Captain v. Kamptz, who had been temporarily in command of the 2nd Battalion, a Vice-Sergeant-Major Schwebs of the 3rd Company, a non-commissioned officer Preussner of the 11th Company, and Lance-Corporal Müller of the 6th. This presentation of the same decoration to soldiers of different ranks must also have a great influence on the minds of those of the lower ranks. On the 21st of August, five days after the battle of Vionville, is published to the 3rd Army Corps, which bore there so grandly the heat and burden of the day, the following Royal Order addressed to the Corps Commander, General v. Alvensleben: 'I give you, in recognition of your splendid leading of the corps under your command, the Iron Cross of the second class.' On the 4th of September is a parade of the 5th Division for divine service. When this is concluded, Prince Frederick Charles, with Von Alvensleben and his staff, appear on the scene, many of these, including the general, wearing the Iron Cross, which to-day, seen by the troops for the first time, attracts the greatest attention and admiration. The chief staff officer proceeds to read out the list of those in the division who have been fortunate enough to be nominated for it. In the 12th Regiment are selected as recipients, the lieutenant-colonel, a major, a captain, and a sergeant-major. According to one authority, Von Moltke did not receive the first class of the Order until the day after Sedan, when on the road to Vendresse it was presented to him by the Crown Prince in the name of the king. That there were any special regulations for the distribution and bestowal of the Iron Cross during this war I have not been able to ascertain; but there were two ways in which a soldier or officer might achieve this object of his ambition. He might attract the notice of his superiors by some special action, in which others did not take part with him; or, on the other hand, he might be singled out by his superiors or his comrades as the best among the many deserving of reward for some service carried out in common with others. I will give some instances of these two kinds, though occasionally the service rendered

is a combination of both. On the 10th of October the French were defeated at Artenay, and on the following day the French, still offering resistance, were followed up towards Orleans. In the pursuit the 7th Jägers took part, and after the fighting was over, the staff captain of the battalion came to its front and asked, 'Who was the man who on the extreme right in front of all was first on the parapet and with a hurrah jumped down among the enemy in the trench?' The men of one half-zug called out in reply, 'Our non-commissioned officer Melcher.' 'That must gain you the Prussian Cross; it was a brave deed,' said the captain, and for it Melcher won his Iron Cross. On the 11th of July, at Le Mans, Lieutenant v. Garnier, with the 12th company of the 8th Bodyguard Regiment, holds the French at bay at a critical point of the fighting line and captures two guns. In the evening he meets his brigadier, who greets him with the words, 'You have saved the day for me.' Later on, the divisional commander, handing to him the cross, says, 'I would have taken off my cross if you had not received yours.' Then there is the man who carries the wounded man to a place of safety; and almost above all as an example of dauntless courage is the 'Drummer of Le Bourget' ('Der Tambour von Le Bourget'), one Bümsen, who deliberately, side by side with his captain and beating his drum, marches down the fire-swept street of Le Bourget to the barricade in front of his company, the 8th of the Guard Alexander Regiment. Then there is the captain who, finding moral influence necessary among the troops on his front, disobeys the regulations, and marches his company into the fight in close order and in hand; for this daring departure from rule he receives the cross. Cavalry, gunners, sappers, infantry, and non-combatants also find their good services in their own work marked and rewarded.

A remarkable case of its promised bestowal being used as an incentive to daring action is found in the reconnaissance towards Boisscommun in the latter part of November 1870, when information as to the position of the French was of vital importance to the force under Prince Frederick Charles. Addressing the officers of a small reconnoitring detachment which consisted of two squadrons of cavalry and two companies of infantry, the staff officer who had been sent to accompany the force spoke as follows:—

The cavalry will have to do the reconnoitring, the companies will take up a position in support. The main object is to take prisoners; for every officer captured there will be an Iron Cross. Be so good as to communicate this to your men.

But in battles it is the men or officers who together lead the way, or who hold on tenaciously against the overnumbering enemy, that win the cross. Thus in the 46th Regiment, three musketeers receive the cross for the joint capture of a colour at Wörth. And in

an army corps it was the division, in the division the brigade, in the brigade the regiment, in the regiment the battalion which had seen the most fighting that received the most crosses; and the particular recipients were selected by the commanding officer, or if he were uncertain or unable to decide, then the selection went by public opinion.

The natural result of this very commonsense principle of distribution was that in some units the Iron Cross became almost a war medal; but on the other hand its possession in such large numbers was a proof that the unit itself had been one of the most prominent in the active work of the war and the most frequently under fire on the battlefield.

The 46th Regiment took the field with 58 officers, 242 non-commissioned officers, 2,708 in the ranks. It received eight crosses of the first class, 249 of the second class, black ribbon; but the losses were 27 officers, 52 non-commissioned officers, and 450 men killed, 35 officers, 83 non-commissioned officers, and 653 men wounded; a total of 62 officers, 135 non-commissioned officers, and 1,103 men. The 20th (3rd Brandenburg), in the same corps, and of about the same strength, fought from Vionville down to Le Mans; its casualty list is 76 officers, 122 non-commissioned officers, 1,038 men. It received twelve first-class and over 300 second-class crosses, and at the end of the campaign the cross was on the breast of every officer with the three service battalions.

I have not been able to ascertain when the distribution of the cross for 1870-71 came to an end; no doubt the examination of recommendations for so vast a force must have taken a long time. In the case of the 46th Regiment some of the men did not receive theirs until 1872, though for the same battle, that of Wörth, others had received theirs almost immediately. Up to 1872 the total number given was between 40,000 and 50,000, of which more than 3,000 were crosses with the white ribbon with black edging. The number of troops under arms was over a million, which gives the same proportion as in the old war, of five per cent. But one unit would receive a large number, and another, perhaps, none. The statistics given in 1872 in a 'Beiheft' of the *Militär-Wochenblatt* show for the officers a general average of 66 per cent., but here again, whereas the 3rd Corps, who with the Guard Corps suffered greater losses than other corps, received 87 per cent., the 6th Corps, which saw but little fighting, received but 7.6 per cent. The Grand Crosses must have numbered about twelve.

There is probably no other Order in the distribution of which less unfairness, less favouritism prevails than in the Iron Cross. The recommendation comes either from a superior officer who is an eye-witness or from comrades. In one case, the officers of a regiment to which a man was for the day attached for sanitary detachment

work recommended him to his commanding officer for the cross for his gallantry in a personal encounter with the French. Neither does rank secure rapid advancement. General v. Kirchbach, who commanded the 5th Army Corps, had been a brigadier in the corps in the campaign of 1864, and had commanded a division in it in 1866. On the 21st of August he received the second class of the Iron Cross for the battle of Wörth, but he did not receive the first class for fresh good service until the 18th of October.

And now for the application to ourselves. In 1870 the Prussian King, having in his hands the control of over a million of men of many nationalities other than his own, and working widely apart, determines, whilst retaining the right to bestow at his royal pleasure certain forms of reward, to decentralise the exercise of his prerogative so far as the most general form of reward is concerned, and delegates to his chief commanders elsewhere the right of bestowal, sure that, owing to the system of selection, those in the best position to determine the selection will be the judges, and that public opinion will be the safeguard against local influences or favouritism.

And we are in a similar position now. Our militant situation, the composite character of the forces of the Empire, including as they do combatants in and from all parts of the Empire, seem to call for the creation of some form, common to all, of recognition of good service in the wars of the Empire. The times have expanded far beyond the possibility of satisfaction with our present system of rewards; they have utterly outgrown the possibility of satisfaction even by the Victoria Cross. With the close of the glorious reign of our beloved Queen the distribution of the Victoria Cross might well be brought to an end, and for it other forms of recognition of good service be substituted, a Cross of the Empire, the 'Empire Cross.'

There can be but one fountain of honour in our Empire, but it will always remain the one fountain, even if a few channels are provided by which to conduct its refreshing waters quickly to those who are worthy of the honour of drinking them, and who are certainly not likely to forget their source and to reverence it accordingly.

To the select few would be given by his Majesty himself other military honours, similar to those which the Emperor William reserved in 1870-71 for his higher officers; but the 'Empire Cross,' borne on the breasts of Asiatic, African, Australasian, and Canadian soldiers, as well as on those of our soldiers from other parts of the Empire, and of the sons of the old Fatherland itself, will be the outward and visible sign and memento of the noble deeds and the unselfish devotion of men of all ranks and stations in life who have faced death and danger in defence of their common possession, the British Empire.

LONSDALE HALE.

SHOULD THE UNIVERSITY OF LONDON INCLUDE POLYTECHNICS?

A 'HEAD of a College' at Cambridge is said to have used, in the course of a discussion on some matter touching the relations of the town and university, the following words: 'We must remember, gentlemen, that though we are in the town we are not of it.' And he was right. We speak, it is true, of the University of Cambridge and of the University of Oxford, but in each case we mean, not a university belonging to the place in question, but a university belonging to the kingdom, or rather the nation, and, indeed, the Empire.

They who are at the present time engaged in the difficult task of reconstructing, on new lines, the University of London, have it largely in their power to determine whether the product of their labours shall be a university merely in, or one really of, London.

Undoubtedly, a university simply placed in London is in more ways than one a gain. Not every father in London can afford to send his son to Cambridge or to Oxford; it is an economical gain for residents in London to have the means of a university education within a walk or a short ride from the paternal roof. Again if we admit, as I venture to think we must do, that the training for a professional career is a legitimate part of 'education of a university type' (to adopt the words used in the University of London Act), it is obvious that a double advantage is offered by the presence of a university in the midst of the great metropolis. On the one hand, the opportunities furnished by London of making a university professional training complete, practical, and therefore sound, are such as cannot be obtained in the rural retreats of the old universities; London hospitals and London doctors provide unexampled means for a medical education of a university type. On the other hand, the close and direct connections between an active profession and a university at its very door must tend to benefit that profession, neutralising trade influences by the spirit of learning and research. The medical profession, which from the earliest times has been looked upon as a university profession, is one which could thus give

to and take from a university in London; but other professions, such as engineering, though often looked down upon as parvenus by older university circles, can in the same way give and take. A university simply placed in London is a good thing. Many would perhaps be content with this and no more. Others there are, however, who would go further than this, and see, in the moulding of the new university which is now going on, the opportunity of laying the foundations of a university which shall be not only in London but of it, which shall, in due time, make itself the intellectual centre and educational mainspring of all the many and varied activities of the great city. And, indeed, that such an opportunity does to-day present itself can hardly be doubted.

Within the four corners of a meagre Act of Parliament, eloquent about some small things, dumb as touching many great things, the new Senate of the University of London is free to act as it judges best. It need not, unless it pleases, swathe itself with the traditions of the older universities; it has no vested rights to struggle against, save those of what is technically known as 'the external student,' the student who has claims on the old examining university; being young itself, it need not be ashamed to follow the lead of the provincial universities, which, though modern, are older than, or as old as, itself, and some of which have not thought it inconsistent with university aims to throw themselves into the active life of the cities in which they are placed. The way is open for it to make the new university new in purpose and grasp, as well as new in name.

There are, moreover, cogent reasons why the Senate should lay hold boldly of the opportunity which offers itself. If it is content to frame a university on the model of that of Cambridge or of Oxford, or on that of Berlin, with nothing more than small modifications and adaptations, it may have a certain success, but can never hope to secure a pre-eminence corresponding to that of the city whose name it bears. Whereas, if it sets before itself and wisely strives to accomplish the task of being the intellectual director of the many and varied labours of the great metropolis, and of bringing knowledge of a university type to bear not on a few only, but on as many as possible, of the lives of the inhabitants of London, it may achieve a greatness hitherto unknown in the history of universities.

In the present pages I wish to say a few words concerning a question upon which a decision must before very long be taken by the Senate, and the decision upon which will, I venture to think, show whether the Senate has the courage to grapple with the larger task of which I have just spoken, or, shrinking from it, falls back upon a more commonplace course of action. And I ask leave to say these few words here, because the decision will affect not the university alone, but also, and even still more, the people of London.

According to the Act of Parliament and the statutes, certain public educational institutions may take part in the university as 'Schools of the University.' Several such institutions, *e.g.* University College, King's College, the Royal College of Science, the medical schools of various hospitals and others, were so admitted under the statutes which also prescribe the conditions under which institutions are in the future to be admitted. These schools form, it need hardly be said, the backbone of the university.

According also to the Act of Parliament and the statutes, certain persons may be appointed, or under certain conditions recognised as teachers of the university, whether teaching in a school of the university or not. The Statutory Commissioners named a certain number of persons as such Recognised Teachers, and the Senate has since added to the list. Students carrying on their studies under these 'Teachers of the University' are spoken of as 'internal students' and obtain their degrees in a special manner.

Now among the educational establishments of London are institutions which, though quite different in character from the Polytechnica of Germany and some other countries, are generally spoken of as Polytechnics. These may be said to be distinguished from ordinary colleges mainly, though not absolutely, by three features. The instruction given in them is for the most part given in the evening; but, in at least several of them, some teaching is carried on in the daytime. The subjects taught in them have for the most part a technical character, being either the sciences on which handicrafts are based or the rules and principles of actual handicrafts; but in some of them at least, other subjects, even purely literary subjects, are taught. The cost of instruction is as a rule low, so as to bring the teaching within the reach of the relatively poor, but in some cases, or in some subjects, the fees are not much, if at all lower, than in some institutions which call themselves colleges. It may be added that in many of these Polytechnics, attractions to join the institutions are offered in the form of recreations, such as gymnastics and the like.

The question on which I wish to say a few words is, Ought these Polytechnics to be brought within the folds of the New University of London or ought they not?

The Act of Parliament prescribes that the instruction given by a teacher of the university must be 'of a university type.' Hence the answer to the above question turns on the answer to the question, Do the Polytechnics give instruction of a university type? And the answer to this turns again on the answer to the question, What is instruction of a university type? This the Act wisely left undefined.

It is obvious that the question cannot be answered by saying that instruction of a university type is that which prepares the

student to obtain a university degree. For a degree is merely a hall mark showing that a student has, to a certain extent, profited by the instruction which a university gives, or over which it presides; and this may vary in different universities or in the same university at different times. Indeed, we can only say that instruction of a university type is the instruction which is, or may be, or ought to be, given at a university; and thus the question takes this broader form. What are or ought to be the characteristic features of university teaching, distinguishing it from other kinds of teaching?

Some there are who are ready at once with the answer that university teaching ought to be confined to securing a general mental culture, serving as a basis on which can be placed this or that special, technical, professional training, to be acquired elsewhere than at a university. But this view is not only contradicted by the history of universities which, founded to provide the technical teaching deemed then to be needed for the three 'learned professions,' and thence divided into the families of Law, Theology and Medicine, have ever since, more or less completely, continued to provide such technical teaching, but is also daily more and more shown by the exigencies of modern times to be a wrong view. Knowledge is increasing far more rapidly than the power of man to take knowledge in; and it becomes day by day more and more clear that, though, on the one hand, there are some things which all must know, and many others which all might with profit know, and though, on the other hand, the power to learn is a far more precious result of teaching than the thing learnt, yet if a lad or lass is to achieve success in the struggle for existence, time must be saved by training his or her mind, so far as possible, by means of the teaching which will also equip him or her for active life. Happily the power of training the mind is not confined to knowledge for which there is no direct use; indeed, some minds are so constituted that useful technical learning is the most potent, sometimes the only possible stimulus for awakening and developing them. The characteristic feature of university teaching relates not so much to what is taught as to how it is taught. If universities are in the future as in the past to lay hold of the national life, they must open wide their gates to learning of all kinds, without any invidious distinction between learning which is cultural and learning which is technical, or if, while receiving both, they still desire to keep up such a distinction, they must see to it that technical matters are so taught as to bring not only usefulness but also culture, and cultural studies so carried on as not to be a stumbling block to usefulness.

Here some one may ask, Is it possible so to teach technical things, such as engineering, agriculture, chemical industry, and say, brewing, in such a way as to bring culture to enlarge the mind while storing it with useful equipments? It is possible if of the two chief ways of

teaching the one be chosen, and the other be eschewed. The way to be eschewed is the easy way, the way which may be broadly spoken of as 'the rule of thumb' way, a way not confined to the workshop or the apprenticeship, but met with in many a school, and not unknown even in the university, even in the teaching which calls itself the teaching of science, the way of training the mind by the practice of blind obedience to accepted truths and customs. The other way, the way to be chosen, is the hard way, the way of opening the eyes, of making the learner to think, of showing the scholar the methods, and so giving him the power of distinguishing that which is true from that which is false, and of training him in the habit of accepting a conclusion because he has reasons for thinking that it is the right one, not because others have accepted it before him. This way, which may be broadly spoken of as the way of teaching 'by inquiry,' is not limited to any place of learning, workshop, factory, school, or university, or to any subject of study, technical, scientific, or literary; but it is a hard way, and every teacher is continually tempted to fall away from it into the easier way of 'rule of thumb.' One thing only can keep the teacher in the better way; he must himself be, in some measure, great or small, under the influence of the loadstone of research.

Thus we come to the proper feature, to the true function of the university, as the head of teaching of all kinds. It must be the chief source of the magnetism of inquiry, so that this may flow from it and streaming through all kinds and degrees of teaching reach even the humblest school. Further, any place where teaching is carried on, under whatever name, becomes more or less akin to a university, more or less worthy to be joined to a university, according as the teaching is more or less made alive by the presence of the spirit of research.

Hence the question which I put forward a little while back—Do the Polytechnics give instruction of a university type?—resolves itself into the practical question, In what measure is the spirit and the practice of research (for a disembodied spirit, free from the bonds of practice, is a fugitive thing, apt to flee away) present in the Polytechnics of London? That it is present in some of them the records of scientific journals show; but in order that they may, as a body, form an integral part of the New University of London, it must be present in them as a body and present in an adequate amount.

Some there are who maintain not only that it is not so present, but that it can never be so present. These argue that the students of the evening classes (and it is, it must be remembered, by means of evening classes that the Polytechnics carry out their distinctive work), already wearied with the day's labour, have not left in them mental energy and alertness enough to grapple with and profit by the kind of teaching which is based on research. Such students

with their tired brains may, it is urged, be able to absorb, by passive deglutition, the prepared feed of dogmatic lessons, or may have strength enough to repeat in a mechanical fashion some manipulative exercise in experimental science, or in a handicraft, but can never brace their minds to the effort of teaching themselves by conducting, even under the guidance of their master, a task involving an independent inquiry into the laws of nature with a corresponding exercise of some original thought. It is further argued that at least in physical and natural science, a lesson consisting mainly of a continued experiment or observation, since this must often be carried on through many hours, and is spoilt by being interrupted, cannot be made use of in the brief evening hours, though such lessons must often be repeated in a course of teaching by inquiry. And it is maintained that not only are the students of Polytechnics unfit to receive, but the teachers are unfit to give, since by the time the evening comes the energies of these are exhausted by the teaching on which they have been engaged in the day; they have no longer the freshness needed to give a lesson in which inquiry plays a prominent part.

But these arguments and others like them which have been put forward by those who oppose any connection of the Polytechnics with the university can hardly be considered as carrying conviction with them. The first is refuted not only by the consideration that, admitting that the human mind is not so fresh in the evening as when first awake in the morning, a change of occupation calls into play faculties, as yet untired, but also by actual experience; for many an evening teacher will tell you that he has found in the evening scholar a power of continued attention, upheld by zeal and interest, which would put to shame the dawdling exertions of the scholar who has all the day before him to accomplish his task. To the second objection it may be replied that this is purely quantitative in character, the aristocrat of the day-time has again and again to break off or to leave his experiment in order to go to dinner or at least to go to bed, and in this respect is no better off than his humble neighbour of the evening. Moreover, the secrets of nature are not so scanty and far apart but that, in the educational course, and it is this alone which has here to be considered, problems for the student can be found in every branch of learning of such kind that they can be solved in an evening, or at least that the break of a day should not render solution impossible. As to the teachers themselves being wearied, that is simply a matter of arrangement depending on financial questions.

The most that can be said of such arguments as have been put forward, is that they perhaps justify the university in hesitating before she receives the Polytechnics bodily within her folds. And

it is for the Polytechnics to decide whether they will so order their ways as to render all such hesitation wholly unnecessary.

Starting from the standpoint that the teaching in an educational establishment, whether it calls itself a college or a Polytechnic, can only be considered to be 'of a university type' when it is actuated by research, research as a duty of the teacher, research as an instrument of training the taught, there is on the face of it no reason why the Polytechnics should not aim at being, in this sense, homes of research, or rather there is one reason, and one reason only, a reason of finance. The whole thing turns on the payment and so the selection of teachers. The man of science (and the same is true of letters) who desires to devote his life to inquiry is often able to do so by securing a teaching post which, while demanding some of his time for teaching, leaves him the rest of the day for what he is fond of calling 'his own work.' Why should not the man of science secure such a post in a Polytechnic, giving up his evenings to teaching, but having his whole day to himself? Why should he not be able to make use for research of the laboratories, which in the true Polytechnic are or ought to be thronged at night but deserted in the day so far as students are concerned? Why should not such men be secured for the Polytechnics on the same footing as in a more ambitious college? The only difficulty is that of funds; but is this insuperable? And would not such money be well and wisely spent? It may be said that such a proposal has the look of using razors to chop sticks, the proposal to employ eminent or rising men of science or letters to teach the artizan or the shopboy the elements of science or letters, or the principles of a handicraft. It is by no means so. These things are just the very hardest to teach, demanding, for wise and profitable teaching, the widest knowledge and the ripest experience.

During recent years we have, by the grand old method of making mistakes, found out, what some have known all along, that money spent on 'technical education' has been, for the most part, money wasted, so long as what was aimed at was a repetition of the 'dodges' of a craft, not instruction in the principles which rendered those dodges effective and led to their use. We have come, I think I may say all of us, to the conclusion that true technical education is scientific education writ in a large round hand, so that he who runs may read, and writ so that the meaning of the text may be clear, ready at once to be used. But such writing needs great skill. That teacher has a relatively easy task whose duty it is simply to guide the already well-trained scholar towards the heights of this or that branch of learning; far harder is the task of putting the feet of the beginner in the right way. And if honour and material reward are to be commensurate with difficulty of office, the post of teacher

in a Polytechnic ought to be one so esteemed and so paid as to be sought for by able men.

What I am proposing is that the Polytechnics should, if not by private then by public endowment, be made centres of research in technical science as well as centres of technical instruction for the classes which now use them, so that men of power might be induced to make them their spheres of action, and the craftsman might learn the secrets of his craft guided by the hand of a master, in the full light of scientific knowledge.

Such a proposal may seem utopian, but it is worth striving for. Could it be carried out, our Polytechnics, kept strictly as Polytechnics in our English sense, for instruction in the evening alone, given only to those who have to work in the day, instruction having a definite practical end in view, the equipment of the workman with intelligence for his daily work, would become, what they certainly are not now, educational instruments of enormous strength.

Could it be carried out, the University of London, if it be true to the future before it, could not hesitate one moment to gather such Polytechnics within itself. For in doing so it would take a great step towards making itself, not a thing in London for the teaching of a chosen few, but the heart of the teaching of London itself. Further, in doing so, it would set an example to other places of how a university may become the centre and pivot of national education. It is because of this wider influence that I have asked leave to write these few lines in these pages.

M. FOSTER.

ANARCHISM

ANARCHISM arises from the despair of the good and the malevolence of the bad. There are two kinds of anarchists, just as there are two kinds of Tories. The social kind seek power, that they may control public affairs for the good of the people, which they believe they can better manage than the people themselves. The political Tories seek paramountcy and authority for pride or interest, and are indifferent or hostile to the welfare of the people—not counting them of consequence. In like manner there are anarchists who seek by reason to supersede public government by self-government—a slow, long-lasting task. There is another and brutal class of anarchists who are animated by resentment and the baser sort by vengeance. They seek to destroy the most conspicuous representatives of order or government. They have that purpose, but no plan. Their future is only a day or a week. Their motive, so far as they can be said to have one, is to bring about a change. They think any change must be for the better—which shows their credulity. They are under the impression that were authority destroyed things would right themselves—which they never do. The prospect that they will is so hopeless that persons on this sane side of madness can never accept this wild and blind solution of societarian wrongs, whatever they may be. Whoever puts this dismal doctrine into practice must be arrested, and the repetition of the offence made impossible or improbable. Society must vindicate itself against irresponsible subjection. Yet it may temper the expression of public wrath to remember that the awful belief that murder is a mode of progress is not peculiar to anarchists. Charles the Second gave a colonelcy to Silas Titus, who wrote inciting the assassination of the Lord Protector Cromwell. English Tories favoured the assassination of Napoleon, and he in his turn pensioned the man who sought the assassination of Wellington. All the monarchs of Europe praised the knife of Charlotte Corday. Froude has shown that Catholics and Protestants have alike approved tyrannicide and used it. Did not Lord Beaconsfield 'bless the hand that wields the regicidal steel'? We all know how the French Revolutionists ruined their cause and perished by the hands of their

own adherents, and led to a worse despotism than that which they subverted, and established it or strengthened it all over Europe. If the anarchists of the dagger or the bullet had their way, they would all be destroyed by their own disciples of more 'advanced views,' who would find their existence an obstacle to further progress. Therefore let the doctrine that murder is a mode of progress be execrated wherever it shows itself in high place or low, in the yellow press or in the streets. Carlyle, by his dangerous gospel of force, has done more than all the anarchists to demoralise our national policy and to inspire political assassination with a sense of rectitude, as I learned from Madame Pulsky. It caused Canon Kingsley, just-minded as he was, and Lord Tennyson, who had as many virtues as gifts, to support, to applaud Governor Eyre's murders in Jamaica. I sat by Governor Eyre in the House of Commons when Mr. Cardwell (afterwards Lord Cardwell) admitted that there had been 'unnecessary executions,' which is the parliamentary name for murder. I hate anarchy alike in military or civil life, and all that leads to it or incites revenge by death, as does the new doctrine—that 'leniency is a mistake'—that it is weakness or cowardice. Can there be any wonder that some people, for the ends of their hatred, better these perilous instructions? And so incited, the pitiless sentiment acts equally in republics and monarchies.

Anarchism is not a modern invention—is not a foreign device—it is a disease of impatience in politics, and many have it. But it is without excuse in countries where reasonable freedom exists. If with a free press, free speech, and a free Parliament, agitators cannot advance just objects, they do not understand their business.

Nameless incitements to outrage everybody is willing to see forbidden. Those who are invited to act upon the advice of the writer have a right to know upon whose authority they are to place themselves in jeopardy. When a publisher, I exacted this condition in respect of any pamphlet of perilous tendency brought to me. Authors of deadly counsel against the State could not, or should not, object, when called upon, to explain their intent. It was Bakunin who first in modern days proposed to end government by the knife. He was listened to because he was a Russian and belonged to a land where reason was not tolerated and irresponsible ferocity ruled. Wiser and nobler men than Bakunin, men of unrivalled learning, such as Elisée Reclus, his brother Elie, and others, are philosophical anarchists.

Elie Reclus came to me to solicit a scarce engraving of Robert Owen, a famous advocate of progress by reason. The philosophical anarchists adopt, or accept, the name, but have no anarchy in them. They are against conventional government—not from malice, but because they think self-government nobler. What they seek is unlimited freedom, which, if set going to-morrow, would not last a

month. They hold that free association will be the ultimate form of society. There is no disquietude in that—but the distance to it is distressing. They are for voluntary, not compulsory society. Their passion is for absolute individual freedom. It may be described as individuality run mad—as men and things go. Yet it is not a bad theory that a man should be a law unto himself. Others have thought that who are not counted as anarchists. But he who is to be a law unto himself should have a perfect self. And society has reared very few of that kind. True, Shakespeare says, 'To thine own self be true.' But if a man who was a rascal by nature, or policy, or interest, were true to himself, he would be a very undesirable person to know. However, this theory of anarchy has no bullet in it and its discussion no harm in it.

Society would be silly not to distinguish between the anarchy of reason and the anarchy of violence. To the anarchy of assassination there can be but one answer: whether the motive be good or ill, benevolent or hostile, its hand must be arrested and its further use be provided against. But in a manner firm and self-regarding. Because some anarchist goes mad that is no reason why society should. One man's insanity is not cured by another becoming insane. The Indian Thug was far more dangerous than any enemies of order abroad now. The cord has gone in India, and the knife will follow in Europe. Public perturbation only inflates the assassin with self-importance, and incites the emulation of the obscure. Furious epithets increase partisans by affording a species of spurious reason for serious retaliation. When Dynamitards arose, their operations were confined to futile alarms producing injury to unimportant persons only, when a young lord in the House of Commons accused them of want of courage to attack persons in high places. Everybody knows the response to that incautious jeer. We have seen a European emperor describe, in a telegram, the assailant of President McKinley as a 'dastardly person.' A dastard is a coward who is afraid of danger. Unhappily these assailants are not all cowards and these epithets incite them to show that they are not. They may be fiends—they may be execrable—but he who takes his life in his hand is not a dastard. This assailant was atrocious. He shot the President who extended the hand of courtesy and amity to him. A man who throws bombs, which bring death to the innocent also, from which he seeks to escape, is a dastard.

Nevertheless let the ministers of repression have discriminating eyes. I have known men of real tenderness, of generosity and humanity, who had, notwithstanding, a sanguinary strain in their principles. Many in high places have it, as all who watch them, or read their utterances by speech or pen, well know. If they bring their sentiment into operation, they should be made to answer for it as well as the vulgar brute whose mind is murderous. There is a foolish praise

of 'thoroughness' (the fruitful source of many outrages) by persons who do not know that all principles have their limits. Thoroughness means the extermination of all obstacles in the way of a theory. Even thoroughness in good has its perils. It is a maxim of experience, that it takes half the time of the wise to correct and protect themselves from the errors of the good.

Some years ago, when our Government were asked to enter into a European concert to repress anarchism, Mr. Gladstone asked me what I thought of such a step, saying his disinclination to it was that the modes of procedure in some countries were such as would revolt the English people, and England, if it entered into the concert, would be committed to the approval and be understood to sanction whatever occurred. It was impossible not to agree in this view. Every country has means of dealing with the evil in question if it has prudence and patience. Every anarchist is known to the police and in every group there is a spy or a fool. What more can the police want? The extinction of this evil lies in higher hands and other manners than theirs.

The objection to government and lawful order is simply a reversion to the savage state. Mr. Auberon Herbert and the philosophers of absolute freedom cannot make anything else of it. The savage life is bold, brave, defiant, and full of original activities—but very inconvenient to others. Its ceaseless watchfulness, vicissitudes, and tragedies contain no time for progress. The irreconcilable philosopher who is out of it thinks he would be better in it. Let him try it. The opportunity is open to him. There are savages of the purest type who will be glad to receive him—and eat him when meals run short. We always have persons among us devoid of appreciation of the advantages into which they were born—not knowing what their forefathers suffered for want of them, or what it cost to obtain them. The philosophers who are against government do not realise what life is without it. Men may be too much governed—they often are; but the remedy does not lie in the extreme of no government. Anarchic outrage is born of this impetuous oversight. The best of life does not consist of defiance. There is dignity in just obedience. There is noble pleasure in grateful or useful service. It is this sense which philosophical and proletarian anarchy alike lack.

GEORGE JACOB HOLYOAKE.

LAST MONTH

SEPTEMBER is by common consent that month of the year in which public affairs trouble men least. It is the month given up to moor and stubble, baths and travel, and the mere politician who ventures to interfere with its restful activity is universally regarded as a nauseous bore. But for once we have had a September which is an exception to the rule. If in our own domestic politics the normal character of the season has been maintained, it has been quite otherwise in the affairs of the great world outside, and last month, despite the preoccupation of so large a number of persons in the absorbing pursuit of pleasure, has left an indelible mark upon the history of mankind. The chief event to be recorded here is the sad and most unexpected tragedy of which the city of Buffalo was the scene on Friday, the 6th of September. President McKinley, whose power and popularity seemed to be steadily growing, and who had just found it necessary to announce that under no circumstances would he consent to serve for a third term in the Presidential office, had arrived a day or two earlier in the town in order to visit the Pan-American Exhibition, of which Buffalo has this year been the scene. Thursday, the 5th, was 'President's day' at the Exhibition, and on that day 'the greatest crowd that has ever assembled on the esplanade heard Mr. McKinley's speech, which was a long one and the most important he has delivered for a considerable time.' It was, indeed, of an importance even greater than was realised by the reporters and critics of the moment, for its gist was an acknowledgment by the High Priest of Protection that the time was come when Protectionism pure and simple could no longer be maintained with advantage to the United States, and when it was necessary in the interests of the new 'world policy' of the Great Republic to modify it in the direction of a system of reciprocity.

'Isolation,' said the President, addressing not only the greatest crowd Buffalo had ever known but all the people of the United States, 'is no longer possible or desirable. . . . Our capacity to produce has developed so enormously that the problem of more markets requires immediate attention. A system which provides for the mutual exchange of commodities is manifestly essential.

We must not repose in the fancied security that we can for ever self everything and buy little or nothing. Reciprocity is the natural outgrowth of our wonderful industrial development. If, perchance, some of our tariffs are no longer needed for revenue or to protect our industries, why should they not be employed to extend our markets abroad ?

To describe such a speech as 'epoch-making' is not to exaggerate. The President's words proclaimed the fact that a new departure in the policy of the United States was imminent, one that was bound to have momentous and far-reaching consequences, and that could not fail to have a direct and serious influence upon the fortunes of all the great nations of the world. But before men had realised the full meaning of Mr. McKinley's utterance, before even the hurried commentators of the daily newspapers could expound his text to their readers, an event happened which gave to the speech a new and tragical significance, and for the moment swept its grave import out of men's minds. In that great crowd on the Thursday afternoon, unobserved by everybody and certainly unnoticed by the police, whose business it is, in the United States as elsewhere, to guard the person of the Chief of the State, was a young man of German-Polish descent, named Czolgosz, a native of Detroit, who had come to Buffalo intent upon the murder of the President. He was, as he subsequently confessed, an Anarchist, who had listened eagerly to the teachings of Emma Goldmann and the other apostles of Anarchism who have been free for many years past to spread their doctrines in Chicago and other great cities of the Union. A poor creature, weak both mentally and physically, and an admitted coward, he appears to be from the evidence gathered concerning him. But despite his constitutional timidity he had nerved himself to the commission of a stupendous crime, and but for the fact that the pressure of the crowd on Thursday was so great that he could not approach the President, he would in all probability have accomplished his vile purpose whilst Mr. McKinley was in the very act of delivering his great speech. Foiled on that occasion by the vast body-guard of citizens who surrounded their Chief Magistrate, Czolgosz did not relinquish his intention. On the following day, Friday, the 6th of September, the President held a public reception in the Temple of Music, one of the buildings erected in connection with the Exhibition. Here, according to the immemorial usage of the Republic, he was at home to everybody, and the assassin, like any other citizen, was free to shake hands with him if he wished. Czolgosz was consequently enabled to come into close contact with Mr. McKinley, and he took advantage of the opportunity thus afforded him to commit the crime on which he was intent. At the very moment when the President was smilingly extending his hand to the murderer, the latter deliberately shot his unsuspecting victim in two places. One bullet struck Mr. McKinley's breast-bone, but

did not penetrate the body. The other passed clean through his stomach and lodged in the muscles of the back.

We can all realise the awful moment that followed the cruel deed—the horrified incredulity of the crowd, quickly changing to consternation and a passionate rage against the criminal, the alarm of the President's friends and colleagues standing around him, and the pathetic inquiry of the martyr himself, 'Am I shot?' The whole tragedy passed, as it were, in the twinkling of an eye, and before half the crowd in the hall knew what had happened Mr. McKinley was being carried to a neighbouring hospital, whilst the assassin, whom the crowd vainly attempted to lynch, was being hurried to a cell in the police-station. Of the week of mingled hope and fear that followed there is little need to speak. For some days it seemed as though the President would recover, and the hopes not only of his devoted wife and sorrowing fellow-citizens but of the whole civilised world ran high. Then on Friday, the 13th of September, grave symptoms set in almost without warning and gave the lie to the optimism of the surgeons. Twenty-four hours later Mr. McKinley sank beneath the cruel blow, and a new President ruled in his place over the United States.

Such is the brief recital of a deed that equals in wickedness any of the same kind inscribed on the page of history. Before speaking of the character of the victim, it is well to put on record the depth and universality of the sympathy which his fate evoked. Twice before within living memory have Presidents of the United States died by assassination. Many of us remember how the news of Abraham Lincoln's fate was received in this country, where he had not a few ardent admirers; most of us can recall the long weary days during which President Garfield was slowly sinking to his grave. But on neither of these occasions was there anything comparable to the public emotion that was caused by the death of Mr. McKinley. It vividly recalled the sorrow which filled our streets last January, on the dark day when we went mourning for our Queen. And whilst in this country the sorrow was as real and wide-spread as though the blow of the assassin had fallen upon us instead of upon a people separated from us by a thousand leagues of stormy sea, on the Continent it was hardly less intense. From every quarter the warmest expressions of sympathy were directed to the bereaved nation. Most noticeable of all was the extent to which the Sovereigns of Europe participated in the general grief. If at a moment like the present the people of the United States can find consolation in such a thought, they can undoubtedly console themselves with the knowledge that the tragedy at Buffalo has drawn from the monarchs of the whole world heart-felt utterances which prove that they recognise in the holder of the American Presidency one who belongs of right to their own order—the ruler of a nation who shares not

only the dangers but the dignities of the proudest Sovereigns upon earth. To those of us who are old enough to look back as far as Lincoln's time all this seems strange and wonderful. If, on the one hand, this world-wide manifestation of sympathy bespeaks the growing solidarity of civilised mankind, on the other hand it proves how fully the Great Republic has taken its place in the ranks of the World Powers. President McKinley's death has given Europe the opportunity of acknowledging the fact that the United States now ranks, not merely in material wealth and energy, but in political influence and moral force, with the greatest Powers of the Old World.

Mr. McKinley himself was not to be reckoned among the really great ones of the earth. He could not compare with some predecessors of his own in the Presidential chair. Nobody, for example, would place him on the same level as the Titanic hero of the Civil War. But he was strong and shrewd, honest and patriotic. He made many mistakes, but upon them his fellow-countrymen must pass judgment rather than outsiders. That he was stubborn, bold, and self-reliant was obvious. That he was almost fanatical in his devotion to Protection as the sheet-anchor of the economic policy of the United States was not to be denied. But in the main he was an opportunist, and even upon Protection he had, as his last speech proved, yielded to the logic of facts. During his tenure of office his country had deliberately abandoned the purely American policy which she had carefully maintained throughout her history, and had entered upon that path of Imperialism which has so strong an attraction for every growing Power. But it may be doubted whether Mr. McKinley was the real author of this new departure. What he did was to recognise that the opportunity had come, that the public—or the party—demanded that it should be seized, and to yield to what he believed to be the sentiment of the nation. That he sought to make the new departure as little dangerous to American interests as possible, and that he strove constantly to keep up peaceful relations with the European Powers, and, above all, with Great Britain, must be freely conceded to his credit. His death must be regarded as a great misfortune for the United States, and it may yet prove a misfortune for the world at large; though high hopes are entertained by those who know his successor, Mr. Roosevelt, a President of a type entirely new to the White House.

Very naturally the tragical fate of Mr. McKinley has led to a renewed outburst of public feeling against the Anarchists who have so long been allowed to pursue their subterranean policy of destruction unchecked. Within three years we have seen the Empress of Austria, the King of Italy, and the President of the United States struck down by avowed Anarchists, whilst the life of our own Sovereign has been the object of a serious attempt which, if not actually Anarchist in its character, has undoubtedly been inspired by the success

of other crimes of the same description. Whatever reason we may at one time have had for treating the crimes of the Anarchists with contemptuous indifference, we can assuredly have no excuse for doing so now, when they have once more shown their power to change the fate of a nation by one stroke of their sinister weapon. Humiliating as it may be to do so, we have to face the fact that there is amongst us a powerful body of secret conspirators, having wide-spread ramifications throughout Europe and America, whose object it is to 'make history' by murdering in cold blood the accredited representatives of that authority upon the maintenance of which the safety of every State depends. This secret conspiracy is not the less hateful or dangerous because the men and women concerned in it are for the chief part drawn from the dregs of society, or because, whilst some of them are undoubtedly honest fanatics, they are for the most part creatures of a low type of intelligence, intoxicated by a vanity which makes them a prey to the delusion that they are the appointed regenerators of mankind. Whether honest fanatics or self-deluded simpletons, they are equally the enemies of society, and it is impossible for society to ignore their existence. How to deal with Anarchism and the Anarchists is one of the grave problems of the day throughout the civilised world, and the crime at Buffalo has necessarily impressed the public afresh with a sense of its imperative urgency.

We have been told since the death of Mr. McKinley that society has itself to blame for the existence of these noxious foes of the human race; that if we had not tolerated the evil conditions amid which the Anarchist conspiracy has sprung up like a weed on a dung-hill, we should never have had to dread this dangerous enemy. We are bidden to show the professors of the deadly creed of public assassination a great tenderness, and to visit upon our own heads rather than upon theirs the penalty of their crimes. A more preposterous inversion of reason and justice than is contained in this theory it would be difficult to imagine. Granted that grave social evils flourish in all civilised communities, and that these evils are largely responsible for the creation of the Anarchist brood, it remains true, nevertheless, that the victims of Anarchist crimes are in no case the authors of the evil conditions in question. They spring from causes which have existed from generation to generation for centuries, and for which no man now living can be held responsible. We may accept the Anarchists, if we please, as offering us a warning of the rottenness of much in our social and economic system, but we can no more afford to treat them with tenderness on that account than a man can afford to spare the pilot wolf who in flying at his throat makes him aware of the fact that in the background a whole pack of ravenous beasts is gathering. Let us take the warning, and as far as possible profit by it, in order to set our house in order; but

let us treat with just and indispensable severity the criminal who seeks to effect a revolution by waging a cowardly and merciless war upon individuals.

From time immemorial the person of the Chief of a State or a Community has been regarded as peculiarly sacred. The divinity that hedges in the throne and its occupants is not maintained for the sake of the monarch so much as for that of the social community of which he is the head. The conscience of mankind has always recognised regicide as the most dangerous of crimes, even when its victim may have been a tyrant. How much more must we regard in this light the new form of regicide, which, not content with striking at tyrants, has four times within the recollection of living men foully murdered the elected chiefs of free communities like the Republics of France and the United States! We have had actual experience of the grave consequences in which crimes of this description have involved an entire nation, and, if for no other reason, the instinct of self-preservation must lead us to use every weapon that we possess in order to put down this most wicked and dangerous form of crime. A great deal has been said in the Press during the last three weeks as to the treatment which an Anarchist criminal caught red-handed ought to receive. Some maintain, and with a certain show of reason, that it would be best to leave him to the rough justice of the crowd. Those who hold this view declare that if the assassin were put to death on the scene of his crime, 'unhouselled, unanointed, unannealed,' at the very moment at which he had accomplished his deed, the effect would be to deter others from following his example. He would then, at least, have no opportunity of figuring as the central figure in a solemn process of law on which the eyes of the whole world were fixed, and he would thus be deprived of one at least of the inducements which lead men of morbid vanity and perverted intelligence to commit these crimes. It may be so; and yet, apart from the strong objections which exist in all law-abiding communities to anything in the nature of Lynch law, this particular remedy for regicide does not commend itself to the calmer judgment of mankind as being likely to prove effectual. One thing at least is certain in connection with this problem—that is, that the punishment of an Anarchist murderer ought if possible to be made personally humiliating. In the earlier days of the last reign, when a certain number of crazy and vainglorious criminals sought to obtain notoriety by cowardly attacks upon the Queen, an Act was passed authorising the punishment of such offences by whipping. After the passing of that Act these outrages ceased entirely. It might be that if the Anarchist, whether he had failed or succeeded in taking the life of his destined victim, were soundly flogged as a preliminary to the further punishment allotted to him, his fate might serve as a warning to those who might otherwise have felt inclined to follow in

his footsteps. To a large proportion of mankind a flogging, at once painful and humiliating, would seem worse than death itself. But it is by no means certain that Anarchists, as a rule, are of this opinion. The truth is that the problem of how to deal with the assassin caught red-handed is not one that can be easily solved. Yet it is undoubtedly one that must be considered afresh in the light which the crime of the 6th of September has thrown upon the extent and activity of the Anarchist conspiracy.

The far greater problem of how the Governments of the world are to grapple with this social peril is one that demands instant consideration. It will not do to allow our strong feeling of indignation to subside, as in the nature of things it must do, and lapse into a lethargic complacency until the next victim of a hideous propaganda falls beneath the knife or pistol of the assassin. We cannot shut our eyes to the existence of this Anarchist conspiracy. We cannot pretend to ignore its gravity. Anything like a feeling of panic in presence of this danger would be discreditable. But sensible people can distinguish between the blind unreason of mere panic and the wise preventive action which is dictated by prudence. We have already had one international conference on the subject of Anarchy. It has not apparently been attended by much success. It is stated, indeed, that this conference was not followed by united action chiefly because the Washington Cabinet did not see its way to the adoption of the remedies proposed by the representatives of the European Powers. If this is the case, it is not unreasonable to hope that another conference or congress may be more successful. In any case, it behoves the Governments of the States which are exposed to this peril to put their heads together and to consider whether it may not be possible either to extirpate the conspiracy of Anarchism or to render it comparatively innocuous. It is nothing less than humiliating to the nations of the earth that they should have to guard their rulers with so much care, with such cumbrous precautions that they are in fact converted into mere prisoners of State. Of the strain which this condition of things imposes not only upon the rulers themselves but upon their families it is hardly necessary to speak. Happily, a high standard of personal courage seems to be one of the qualities in which the occupants of thrones and presidential chairs never seem to be found wanting. But even the bravest of the brave cannot be wholly insensible to the burden of an ever-present danger, and to the irksomeness of the measures which the existence of this danger renders necessary. How much happier would be the lot of the greatest amongst us if this vile Anarchist menace could be removed, and the life of a ruler brought more nearly to the level of the plane upon which his fellow-creatures are able to move in freedom and safety!

The necessity for delivering our rulers, if possible, from this

burden seems all the more urgent because in these days they undoubtedly take a more active part in the public life of their respective countries than their immediate predecessors did. The month of September, which has silenced the voices of ordinary politicians and statesmen, has hardly this year been a holiday month for kings and emperors. As a matter of fact, it is a long time since the doings of the monarchs of Europe have engaged the attention of the public so fully as they did last month. During that period the movements of our own King and of the Czar and the German Emperor have been watched more carefully, and have had, on the whole, a more direct bearing upon the course of politics, than all the sayings and doings of the statesmen of their respective countries. The visit of the Emperor and Empress of Russia to France has been the chief political incident of the month in Europe, and much ink has been spilled over it in every capital. It would be an idle thing to follow the curiously divergent speculations of the journalists upon this subject. That the brief stay of the Czar upon French territory was to be the signal for some grave change in the policy of the two friendly and allied Powers was a theory too preposterous to be accepted by any but the most credulous. The truth seems to be that the renewal of the professions of mutual friendship and good will was a peace demonstration of the most conclusive character. The very circumstances under which the visit has taken place prove this. When it was first announced a few weeks ago that France was again to have the honour of receiving her august ally, the journalists of Paris, with certain notable exceptions, lost their heads and gave free rein to the hallucination that Russia's friendship would be at the service of France in any adventure in which her statesmen might choose to involve her. Great Britain and Germany were both advised in almost minatory tones to take note of this fact and to conduct themselves accordingly. The reply of Germany was to make it known that the Emperor of Russia was to pay a visit to the German Emperor either before or after his visit to France. The dismay and incredulity with which this announcement was received by the Chauvinists of the Paris Press were nothing less than pathetic. It was strenuously denied that the Czar was setting forth from his country on a round of visits to the other Powers; France, and France alone, was the object of his journey. Yet, so far from this being true, we have seen that the Czar on his way to France spent several days in the society of Edward the Seventh, and afterwards paid a visit to the Emperor William in order to witness a review of the German fleet. Nothing could have dispelled more effectually the dream that his friendship with the French Government was inspired by hostility to the two Great Powers which many Parisian journalists insist upon regarding as the natural enemies of France. No one will pretend that any deep or dangerous political significance could be attached

to the Czar's meetings with the two monarchs who are so closely allied to him by family ties; but those meetings gave a significant and tactful hint to all concerned that it was a mistake to invest the French visit with the special character which the Chauvinist party sought to give it.

The nimble intelligence of the French publicists quickly enabled them to grasp this fact, so far at least as Germany was concerned, and the visit to Compiègne may consequently be said to have given the *coup-de-grâce* to the last hopes of the party of revenge. But as regards Great Britain the case is different. The hatreds and jealousies evoked by the Boer war still pursue us on the Continent, and many Frenchmen, it is clear, are reluctant to abandon the hope that some crowning humiliation is yet in store for us in the shape of an attempt to compel us to submit our case against the Transvaal to a Court of Arbitration. Apparently the belief prevails even among the educated classes in France that the Emperor of Russia, if he will, can enforce our obedience to a decree issued in the name of the Hague Convention. It is scarcely necessary to discuss this idea seriously; but to the very last hour of the Czar's visit to Compiègne it was cherished by a great body of Frenchmen. Another dream connected with the Russo-French alliance has inspired some of our unfriendly critics in Vienna. This is that we are about to see a combination of the European Powers directed against the Anglo-Saxon race. The British Empire and the United States are to be jointly treated as the enemy by this new Holy Alliance, and Latin, Teuton, and Slav are to join hands in order to curb what they regard as our boundless and insatiable ambition.

It is only necessary to speak of these ideas because they mark the present state of public opinion in Europe. Little has been allowed to transpire on the subject of the deliberations of the French and Russian Foreign Ministers at Compiègne, but nothing that has become known affords the slightest countenance to the dreams either of Paris or Vienna. The Czar's reported words are not such as can cause uneasiness to any one. His reference to the French Army and to its mission as the champion of equity, though some may read into it an allusion to South African affairs, is rather the frank commonplace which a peace-loving monarch uses when he seeks to compliment an armed force without appearing to encourage the spirit of militarism. In short, so far as the outside world is aware, there was nothing in the visit to France that could in any way detract from the reputation which the Emperor has won as a sincere and consistent friend of peace. Even more reassuring were the words addressed by the Emperor William to his officers after his meeting with the Czar. His declaration that the meeting had assured peace in Europe for the next ten years ought to be a

sufficient answer to the alarmists who have attached a sinister significance to recent events.

But if from the high political point of view the visit of the Czar to France has been an incident from which it is impossible to draw any evil omens, a cloud has, nevertheless, rested upon it. His Imperial Majesty did not visit Paris. How eagerly Paris expected him, how fervently it longed for him, everybody knows. The Municipal Council offered him a formal invitation, and followed it up by sending its President to Compiègne to seek an audience from the Czar. But in spite of the pressure put upon him, not merely by the Municipal Council, but by the people of Paris, the Czar quitted French soil without setting foot in the capital. So far as the Municipal Council is concerned, it is easy to understand the Emperor's attitude. The Municipal Council is a body which is in open opposition to the Government, and, as the guest of the Government, the Emperor could pay no heed to its invitation; but it is difficult not to believe that an opportunity would have been found for him to pay a visit to Paris if the hateful spectre of Anarchism had not obtruded itself upon the scene. As it was, the most remarkable feature of the Imperial visit was the unexampled care that was taken to protect the Czar from Anarchist outrage. Never before has a royal or imperial visitor to a great country been hedged about with safeguards so elaborate as those which were devised for the protection of the Czar. It may be doubted whether one in a hundred of the people who flocked to Rheims and Compiègne caught even a passing glimpse of the illustrious guest of France. With the terrible warning of the Buffalo outrage fresh in their minds, the authorities doubled and redoubled all the precautions that were taken in former times to protect the lives of royal visitors. It would have been physically impossible to carry out the whole of these precautions if the Czar had gone to Paris; and so the visit to the capital had to be omitted from the programme, to the intense chagrin of the Parisians and, one must add, to the detriment of the effect produced by the journey as a whole. Thus, fresh proof was given of the reality of that feeling of alarm which has been caused by the sustained activity of the Anarchist conspirators.

The German Emperor has necessarily played a secondary part during the past month, yet he, too, has contributed materially to the movement in the political arena. At the beginning of the month the tragi-comedy of the reception of Prince Chun on his penitential mission from China drew the eyes of Europe to Potsdam. The story of the day is that the prolonged delay before the Chinese Prince was received in audience by the Emperor was due to his refusal to acquiesce in the ceremonial which had been decided upon by the Prussian Court officials. One can only hope that this story is untrue, for undoubtedly the personal humiliation which, according to it, was

to be imposed upon the innocent members of the special mission was distinctly out of harmony with the ideas of modern civilisation. Prince Chun, according to the story, emulating that private of the Buffs whose brave refusal to kow-tow to a Chinaman has been celebrated in the fine verses of Sir Francis Doyle, refused to go to Berlin until he was assured that no degrading rites were to attend his reception by the Emperor. If this were the case, one can only respect him for his courage, and wonder at the folly of those who thought that the prestige of the German Emperor would be increased by a reversion to a barbarous and obsolete form of ceremonial. As it was, the reception of the young Prince was made sufficiently painful, and a faithful report of it should convince even the Dowager-Empress herself that she is not the omnipotent and awe-inspiring figure she imagines herself to be. When once Prince Chun had passed through his trying ordeal, the kindness of heart which is one of the distinguishing characteristics of the Emperor William was allowed to display itself, and the harmless and blameless envoy became the recipient of the choicest marks of the Imperial favour. Unhappily, the situation in China has not been cleared up by Prince Chun's mission. For the moment the country is quiet, and the evacuation of the Palace at Peking has paved the way for a return to the normal state of affairs; but scarcely one of the grave problems with which we have to deal in China seems to be even approaching solution, and the future is full of stormy portents. It does not appear that the recent movements among the chiefs of the great European Powers are likely to have any effect in simplifying a complex and dangerous situation.

It would be wrong to attribute any special political importance to the family gathering of royal persons which has taken place during the month at Fredensborg; but it is an event of great public interest, and it emphasises the position which in the new century the institution of the monarchy, both in this and other countries, has taken. Certainly no more remarkable family gathering than this at Fredensborg could well be imagined. Under the roof of the venerable King Christian there were assembled at the same moment the King and Queen of England, the Emperor and Empress of Russia, together with the Dowager Empress, the King of the Hellenes, and a score of Princes and Princesses of the highest lineage in Europe. It was only a family party, and all its proceedings were in strict harmony with the idea of such a gathering. But it emphasised the change which the new century has wrought in the political situation in Europe. A year ago Queen Victoria was the central figure in the hierarchy of monarchs, and Darmstadt would have been the spot at which the family gatherings of sovereigns took place. Now the centre of gravity seems to have changed, and it is on Danish rather than on German soil that those gatherings which cannot but have some influence on the

policy of the nations are held. There is no need to exaggerate the significance of this change, but it is one that ought not to pass unnoticed. Away in the Far West the Duke and Duchess of Cornwall are approaching the conclusion of their long mission to the Britons beyond the seas. Canada is receiving the Heir to the Throne and his wife with the same enthusiasm that was shown in Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa, and we have had abundant demonstration of the fact that our monarchy is more than ever the golden link which binds together the different members of the Empire. The arrival of the Duke of Cornwall on Canadian soil was almost coincident with the death of President McKinley, and that deplorable event cast its shadow over the reception of the representative of the Sovereign. But the coincidence served one good purpose, inasmuch as it enabled the Duke to associate himself with the grief of our race throughout the world over the blow which has fallen so heavily upon our kinsmen of the United States. There is something pathetic in the fact that the great patriotic mission undertaken by the Duke of Cornwall, which opened amid the sadness that followed the death of the revered Queen Victoria, should be closing under the gloom caused by President McKinley's assassination. Yet, despite the natural melancholy which has thus shadowed the royal progress round the world, there is every reason to regard it not only as an event of historical importance, but as an unqualified success.

The story of the war in South Africa during the past month has furnished melancholy reading for the British public. Lord Kitchener has been pursuing his 'rounding-up' tactics against the commandoes in the field with dogged pertinacity, and every week has brought its fresh record of Boers killed, wounded, or captured. But though the success of our soldiers in their trying and tedious operations has been considerable, it has been gained at a somewhat heavy cost. The interest of the struggle during the past month did not, however, centre upon the proceedings taken against the Boer guerillas, but upon September the 15th—the date fixed by proclamation as that on which the general surrender must take place if the enemy were to be conceded the full rights of legitimate belligerents. Last month, writing on this question of the proclamation, I said: 'If it should effect its object, its success will doubtless be regarded as having justified it. If it should fail, a very heavy responsibility must rest upon those who resorted to such a measure without having first satisfied themselves that it was likely to prove effectual.' There is now no longer any doubt as to the result of the proclamation; it has failed, and failed ignominiously. Not only has it proved ineffectual so far as the accomplishment of its chief end—the surrender of the Boers in the field—is concerned, but it has given the enemy the opportunity of making us ridiculous in the eyes of Europe. On the very date fixed by the proclamation for the general surrender, a new

and serious hostile movement, directed apparently by Commandant Botha, was launched against us, and within a day or two we had the pain of reading of the renewed invasion of Natal, and of at least two serious and costly reverses sustained by our troops in the field. In one of these engagements we lost two officers and fourteen men killed, four officers and twenty-five men wounded, and five officers and 150 men captured, while our guns fell into the hands of the enemy. Other minor affairs were equally unfavourable to us, though happily the lists of casualties were not so heavy as in the affair at Tarkastad.

The moral taught by this sudden revival of successful aggression on the part of the enemy is sufficiently clear. It is that the war, if it is to be ended at all, must be ended by hard fighting and by renewed and vastly increased vigour on the part of the authorities at home. Who can fail to be humiliated at this moment by the recollection of the speeches and proclamations in which Ministers have again and again assured not us only but the cynical outer world that the war was over, 'virtually,' 'practically,' or 'really'? Who amongst us can have forgotten the direct and explicit statement with which the Government went to the country last October, and upon the strength of which they secured their overwhelming majority in the House of Commons? Everybody can now estimate that statement at its true value. The cynical may pass it by as a mere trick intended to influence the election; they may even justify it on the ground that it succeeded in its object. But it will be strange if the great body of the British people are not stirred with indignation at 'the spectacle which we now present before the world. Twelve months after we were assured that the war was over it is still going on, with results such as those which Lord Kitchener has had to report during the past two weeks. And during the whole of the past year Ministers have commanded everything that was necessary in order to achieve success. Not once has Parliament refused them anything for which they asked. They have had at their disposal all the resources of the Empire. But some strange fatality seems to have pursued them during the second as during the first year of this great struggle, and in September 1901 they have undervalued their enemy precisely as they undervalued him in September 1899. It is not surprising that even their firmest supporters have now turned indignantly upon them, and that men are recalling the fatuous blundering of the Crimean war in order to find a parallel to the situation that exists to-day. It is useless for Ministers to try to shelter themselves behind the follies and excesses of a handful of pro-Boers, who have never represented more than a fraction of the nation. It is they who are responsible, not their political opponents, and not, most certainly, the army in the field, and they will have to bear the whole weight of that responsibility before the bar of public

opinion. In the meantime, it is to be hoped that for very decency's sake they will give up their futile policy of speeches and proclamations, and will confine themselves to the task of bringing the war to a close, not in name but in reality.

The loss of the *Cobra*, a new turbine torpedo-destroyer, of the same type as the *Viper*, which was wrecked during the naval manoeuvres, was one of the melancholy incidents of the month. The disaster was unhappily attended by a serious loss of life. The vessel had just been completed in the Armstrong establishment on the Tyne, and, having been taken over by the Admiralty, was proceeding to Portsmouth to be commissioned. In the North Sea she encountered very heavy weather. During the gale it is said that she ran upon a shoal near the Dowsing lightship and almost instantly broke up. Only twelve of the crew on board were able to save themselves, whilst no fewer than sixty went down with the ship. No doubt the inquiry which will be undertaken by the Admiralty will throw light upon the cause of this grave disaster, and will show how far it was due to the construction of the vessel, which, built primarily for speed, may have lacked the strength of hull that every sea-going vessel ought to have. The turbine-propeller is too valuable an invention to be lightly abandoned, and there may be no reason to connect the disaster with the peculiar engines with which the *Cobra* was furnished; but it is distinctly unfortunate that of the three vessels of this type that we possess two should have been lost within a few weeks from the same cause.

WEMYSS REID.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



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ONE LESSON OF THE WAR

THE MILITIA BALLOT

IN continuance of the efforts of the 'Administrative Reform Association' to keep the lessons of the South African War before the public mind until they are properly acted upon, the following opinions of 'men of light and leading' upon one of the gravest of those lessons are here collected, and urged upon the serious consideration of the country.

The failure of voluntary enlistment to procure an efficient and sufficient Army for the needs of our extended Empire is now patent to the whole world. The final *reductio ad absurdum* of the 'voluntary' system was made when young wastrels of the streets, bribed to volunteer at 5s. per day, were sent out 6,000 miles at the cost of the

taxpayer and promptly sent 6,000 miles back as useless and worse than useless.

• This culminating instance of its failure has opened the eyes of the country to the hollow pretence which our voluntary system has become. It is a too obvious fact that *Men* are no longer to be obtained 'for love or money,' and that our Army at home, when more than paper, consists almost entirely of undersized and immature boys.

The time has arrived when we must face the alternative which Lord Roberts so long ago foretold as inevitable, in the event which has now come to pass, '*if we are to continue as an Imperial Power, or even exist as an independent nation,*' viz. Compulsory Service.

Compulsion, however, need not at all necessarily mean *Conscription* of the Continental type.

In our ancient and constitutional expedient of the *Militia Ballot*, we have, ready to hand, a sufficient alternative to such Conscription—a middle course between compelling every man and compelling no man to do military service.

Many people forget that this is the existing law of the land, only suspended from operation year after year by Parliament. Its principle is that every capable citizen of the proper age and health ought to take his chance of helping to defend his country, within the limits of the United Kingdom. In practice it would compel only one out of every four or five suitable men to serve—a sufficient body of trained men to make the country safe being thus provided.

The service of the man drawn would be confined in ordinary times to one absence from his home, as a recruit, for forty-nine days, and afterwards to a twenty-seven days' out-of-door training under canvas every year for five years—a month's autumn holiday, for which he would be paid at the rate of the regular Army.

This amount of training would suffice, according to the best military authorities, to furnish the country with a reserve and reservoir of *Men* (not boys) out of which abundant volunteering for foreign service in the regular army could always be relied upon, while freedom from invasion panics at home would be ensured.

Incidentally great social and industrial good would result to the community from the intermixture with it of so many drilled and disciplined men. 'Hooliganism' and kindred disorders would doubtless be lessened, and those habits of steady work increased, to which our foreign rivals owe so much of their growing encroachment on our Commercial Supremacy.

JAMES KNOWLES

(Editor of the *Nineteenth Century and After*).

The following extracts are taken from former pages of this Review:—

Lord Lansdowne (Secretary for War). *Quoted by Mr. Sidney Low:*

It should always be borne in mind that our military system, so far as home defence is concerned, contemplates compulsory service as a last resort. The country is given the opportunity of providing such a force by voluntary means, and if it be not provided, the aid of the law can be invoked to remedy the defect. That the operation of the law has been suspended for many years past does not alter the case. The obligation is there; and it is only necessary to omit a few words from the schedule of the Expiring Laws Continuance Act, or to pass an Order in Council suspending the operation of the Suspension Act, in order to arm the Government of the day with power to set the machinery of the Ballot Act in motion.¹

Rt. Hon. St. J. Brodrick, M.P. (Secretary for War). *Quoted by Mr. Birchenough:*

I know very well how easy it is in this House to win cheap cheers by a proud declaration about adhesion to the voluntary system. I think the voluntary system for home defence is not a thing to be proud of unless you get an efficient defence. . . . Therefore my adhesion to the voluntary system is strictly limited by our ability to obtain under it a force with which our military authorities can satisfy the Government that they have sufficient force to resist invasion and can maintain it to their satisfaction.²

Colonel Sir George Sydenham Clarke:

There is only one course open to us, and that is to apply the Militia ballot without distinction to all able-bodied citizens. The power to do this is already vested in the Crown; the necessary machinery exists and has recently been overhauled. Industrially the country would suffer nothing by the operation of the ballot; physically our manhood would gain. . . . 'An armed people,' wrote Burke, who probably did not understand the meaning of the words in their modern sense, 'is the true constitutional Militia of the Kingdom.' . . . A national British force obtained by the ballot could be rendered formidable to the last degree. Given the power of automatically filling the *cadres* of a strictly territorial Militia from the best manhood of the country, it needs no exceptional genius to organise the national resources for war.³

I firmly believe that the true solution of the problem is to be found only in the application of the ballot to the old constitutional force which, up to the legalisation of a standing army in 1689, may be said to have fought the battles of England, and which rendered possible the victories of the Peninsula and of Waterloo.⁴

Dealing with numbers only, if the present actual strength of the Militia (about 05,000 men) were doubled, and if a real Militia Reserve were established, there would be enough men to provide eighteen infantry divisions, with their due proportion of field artillery—a force which ought to have been created long ago—and a large body of garrison artillery for coast defence purposes. To double the strength of the Militia does not appear an extreme measure; but to make the second line a reality the strength must be maintained; and here arises the case for the ballot. We are now attempting to keep up establishments amounting to about 783,000 men by voluntary recruitment alone. This is pressing the voluntary

¹ March 1900, vol. xlvii. p. 373.

² Jan. 1900, vol. xlvii. p. 11.

³ April 1901, vol. xlix. p. 550.

⁴ P. 13.

principle overmuch, and in point of fact it has always broken down. The establishment strength of our multifarious military bodies is never reached. The principle has always failed in peace; it has now failed in war, as the following figures show:—

Force	Effectives	Normal Establishment	Deficiency
Militia	105,122	132,952	27,830
Yeomanry	10,114	11,907	1,798
Volunteers	230,785	265,061	34,276
Total Auxiliary Forces .	346,021	409,920	68,899
Grand Total, all Forces .	677,314	783,541	106,227 ^a

There is, unfortunately, some reason to believe that we cannot raise the Militia to a satisfactory position without having recourse to the ballot.⁶

This moderate number of men voluntarily enlisted or chosen by lot from all ranks of the people would then, during five years' service, secure a compulsory annual holiday at the expense of the country. They would not be imprisoned in barracks. They would learn habits of discipline and of order, which would increase their value in the labour market.⁷

Mr. Sidney Low:

Recent events have more than vindicated those of us who, in this Review and elsewhere, have been urging that a military system based on voluntary enlistment is no longer adequate to our Imperial necessities. The South African war has supplied the proof; the Government have practically admitted it by their attempts to supplement our deficiency of soldiers from the civilian population. Before the campaign, against two of the smallest independent communities in the world, had lasted four months, the British Empire had come to the end of its available supply of fighting men.⁸

What is wrong is that the system of voluntary enlistment has broken down. In the first place, we do not get enough men even to carry out our own imaginary programme. The Army is always short of its establishment; so is the Militia—by 20,000 men; and the Volunteers—by over 40,000. Plainly, therefore, there are not sufficient men who can be induced, either by payment, or by part payment, or by no payment at all, to undergo the military training.⁹

To some of us it does not appear that there is anything degrading or anything 'un-English' in requiring every citizen of a free country to be educated to the use of arms. But let us pass by the suggestion for universal military service, for two reasons—first, because it would give us more soldiers than we want; secondly, because it could not be grafted on our existing institutions, military and civil. Neither objection applies in the smallest degree to that revival of the Militia Ballot which Her Majesty's ministers themselves clearly contemplated a year ago, and which private members are now asking Parliament to sanction. It cannot be too often repeated that so far from making any revolutionary change, this proposal is strictly in accordance with our constitutional practice and traditions. Compulsory service in the Militia is at the present moment the law of the land, never abrogated, though temporarily suspended. In 1808 an Act was passed, rendering all men, between the ages of seventeen and thirty, liable to serve in the local

^a April 1900, pp. 547, 548.

^b March 1900, p. 365.

^c P. 549.

^d P. 371.

^e P. 550.

Militia, without exemption, except in the case of persons belonging to a Volunteer corps. That statute has not been repealed; nor has the Act of the last century, by which every county may be called upon to supply its fixed *quotum* of Militia, by balloting, if it cannot obtain them—which is the case at present—by voluntary enlistment. No elaborate machinery is required to put these still existing laws into force. The simplicity of the process by which the dormant custom can be revived was explained by the Secretary of State for War, as recently as last July.¹⁰

Mr. Henry Birchenough :

There is no serious reason, military or other, why compulsory military training in this kingdom should conform to the Continental type. There is indeed every reason in our national character and in our actual military requirements why it should not. One of the most objectionable features in the foreign system is barrack life, but why should that be essential to effective military training? It might just as well have been urged as an argument against compulsory education that you would be obliged to send every child in the land away from home to a boarding school.¹¹

Our Army for foreign service must always be a voluntary Army. None would dream of maintaining the contrary. We are a fighting race, and the spirit of our people is sufficiently martial and adventurous to supply an adequate number of recruits for active service in ordinary times. It is at moments of crisis that the weakness of our system becomes apparent, that it betrays the narrowness of the basis upon which it rests. What we need is to widen that basis, to call gradually into existence a nation trained to arms, upon which we can rely entirely for home defence, and to which we can appeal confidently for any number of volunteers for foreign service. It is rather universal military training than universal military service that we require.¹²

The military delegate of Germany to the Peace Conference at The Hague not only refused to admit that military service was an economic burden to his country, but declared that its educational and disciplinary value were among the principal causes of Germany's industrial progress and success, and in this he is confirmed by many English observers. Germany has, I believe, succeeded in making her Army not only what it of course primarily should be, a perfect instrument of national defence, but also a great school of physical training and moral discipline. When one reflects upon the absolute neglect of physical training among vast masses of our own population, crowded together in large towns, dependent for bodily exercise upon chance games, which very few of them know how to play, one is inclined to wonder whether compulsory military training will not one day be demanded in the interest of public health and national well-being, even if it is not resorted to for purposes of national defence. We are in a position where not to go forward is to go back. In war as in trade we are continuing to pit our haphazard system against the carefully reasoned and elaborately organised systems of other peoples.¹³

Sir Robert Giffen :

... Another suggestion is that conscription, while it may be found inapplicable to the Regular Army, may be used both to strengthen the auxiliary forces in numbers and to make them genuinely efficient. It is not unfair in the State to require that all young men, as they come to the age of twenty-two,

¹⁰ March 1900, vol. xlvii. p. 372.

¹¹ P. 553.

¹² April 1901, vol. xlix. p. 552.

¹³ P. 553.

should have qualified themselves to perform military service if they are medically fit, and that if found not so qualified they should be compelled to train in the Militia or Yeomanry for one or two years, so as to become qualified. Such an obligation would stimulate volunteering or enlistment in the Militia or Yeomanry, while giving the military authorities a firmer hold over the Volunteers by their being able to define effectively the qualification to perform military service. It would certainly be of great advantage to the State to possess the large numbers of trained men which such regulations would give them, and to have Militia and Volunteers so far trained that the entire Regular Army and Reserves could be spared at need in some form or other for foreign service.¹⁴

Colonel Lonsdale Hale :

Universal liability for Home Defence must be the foundation stone of the Home Defence organisation ; selection by ballot for the Militia the means of obtaining the units, the quotas supplied being regulated by the population. It would obviously be on the counties in which are the great centres of industry that would fall the task of supplying the largest quotas ; and this is only right, because it is those centres specially that are concerned with and flourish by a reliable Home Defence. It is merely the first year that any great local strain would be felt. To the organisation of the Militia the German system should be applied. The recruits should join simultaneously at a fixed period ; the training through the following year should be carried out in all alike, and the result would be a very fairly trained battalion at the end of even the first year. The Militiaman would differ from the Regular mainly in the comparative short time with the colours and of the eventual trainings. In connection with the organisation and training of a Militia force for home defence there would be many details to be thought out and arranged, especially the matter of substitution, but none of them present insuperable difficulties. . . .¹⁵

I am one of those weak-brained people who are hopelessly incapable of following any train of reasoning showing that universal liability to service for Home Defence is anything but as natural a duty for the able-bodied men of this country as is any right they may claim and enjoy as citizens of the country. Universal liability for Imperial service outside the country is another and a different thing altogether. The much-vaunted voluntary system has been at work for years, and has shown itself to be a complete failure in producing an efficient army of good troops for Home Defence. Judged by the requirements of modern war in the military operations in this unique theatre of war, an 'armed crowd' is the most flattering epithet that could be applied to our auxiliary forces as they are at the present time, and as under the existing system they ever will be.¹⁶

Dr. Conan Doyle :

Now if the regular army is to be set free for the service of the Empire, it can only be safely done by making ourselves invulnerable at home. There is only one way in which this can be effected, and that is by the enforcement of the Militia ballot for home defence. . . . The Militia ballot. . . . is a good old constitutional measure of native growth.¹⁷

The introduction of the Militia ballot would furnish a most powerful weapon for strengthening the Volunteers, as exemption from the ballot might be granted to those men who undertook to make themselves efficient and to remain in the corps for five years. In the same way they would be officered by gentlemen who wished to avoid the Militia.¹⁸

¹⁴ April 1901, vol. xlix. p. 945.

¹⁵ February 1901, p. 263.

¹⁶ P. 264.

¹⁷ March 1901, vol. xlix. pp. 409, 410.

¹⁸ P. 411.

II

THE LAW OF THE MILITIA BALLOT

THE existing law of England as regards the Militia is contained chiefly in the Act of 1882 and—so far as regards the ballot, which is recognised by that Act—in the Militia Acts of 1802, 1852, and 1860.

The Act of 1882 (under which Militia regulations can be made from time to time) deals fully with the organisation and government of the Militia, and with the liabilities a Militiaman undertakes.

The strength of the Militia is left to the decision of Parliament from time to time, viz. when money is voted for the purpose, and the quota, *i.e.* the proportionate part of the total force to be raised by a county or other division of the country, is fixed by the Government. The eighteenth section of the Act of 1852 empowers the Government, if the quota cannot be raised by voluntary enlistment, to order a number of men, sufficient to supply the deficiency, to be balloted for. They must be between eighteen and thirty, 5 feet 2 inches in height, and must serve for a period of five years.

The Act of 1860 provides the machinery for taking a ballot as follows:

The quota for each county, when fixed by the Government, is apportioned by the Secretary for War among sub-divisions of the county, and again by the Deputy Lieutenants, at their annual October meeting, among the parishes of the sub-division. In each of these last operations, credit must first be given to each sub-division and parish for the men belonging to them who have voluntarily enlisted in the Militia. The effect of this is that, if any sub-division or parish has by voluntary enlistment supplied its quota, it is exempted from the ballot. Next, the overseers of the poor in each parish are to take a census of men between eighteen and thirty by obtaining lists from householders of all such men in their houses, distinguishing those who claim exemption and stating the reason why they claim it. These lists are to be fixed a fortnight later to the church and chapel doors, and copies sent to the meeting of Deputy Lieutenants for the sub-division, which is to be held on the first Wednesday in every October at 11 A.M. The claims for exemption are to be there dealt with, exempted men struck off, and the remainder placed upon a list for ballot. All these proceedings are (subject to the annual suspension) to take place yearly whether a ballot be in contemplation or not.

The lists made out for the October meeting as amended by the Deputy Lieutenants are now to be used, a day appointed, and the ballot taken publicly. Double the number of names required to fill up the deficiency are drawn, and the persons so selected are notified to attend at a later meeting. Objections they may make are to be heard and dealt with, and then the requisite number of those who are not entitled to be exempted and are of the requisite physique and height (5 feet 2 inches) are enrolled as private Militiamen for the county for five years. A balloted man may at this final meeting produce an unballoted man, otherwise qualified, as his substitute.

The new Militiaman who has come in under the ballot will be on the same footing as his voluntarily enlisted comrade. He will be subject to Military Law at certain times—for instance, during his preliminary training, his annual training, service with the regular forces, and (if embodiment should happen) during embodiment. The preliminary training is for six months or less and may (at the option of the recruit) take place either immediately or at the next preliminary drill of the battalion.

The next duty of the Militiaman is the annual training, which lasts ordinarily from twenty-one to twenty-eight days. This training may take place in any part of the United Kingdom prescribed. A militiaman, it must be noticed, is never liable to serve abroad, but he may volunteer to do so, and this whether the Militia is embodied or not.

Embodiment can be ordered by the Government in any time of emergency, and the embodiment continued for any length of time. Vexatious or unnecessary embodiment is guarded against by the provision that the embodiment must be first communicated to Parliament (if sitting), and if Parliament be not sitting it must be summoned to meet within ten days, and disembodiment can virtually be enforced by Parliament refusing supplies for maintaining the force.

Absence from the preliminary or the annual training is punishable as absence without leave; failure to come up for embodiment is, according to circumstances, punishable either as desertion or absence without leave, both of which offences may be tried either by a military or civil court.

To understand the history of the ballot, it is necessary to go back far earlier than the Restoration, when a Standing Army as now understood was first raised and the Militia organised by statute.¹⁹ Before the Conquest all able-bodied freemen between fifteen and sixty were bound at the King's summons to go forth to the general levy, the levy of each county being commanded, before the Conquest by the alderman,

¹⁹ This notice of the early history of the forces of the Crown is founded upon Chapter IX. of the official *Manual of Military Law*, which was revised by Sir Henry Jenkins, with the assistance of Mr. Oman and Mr. Hassall.

and afterwards by the sheriff. Gradually the practice grew up of summoning a quota only of each county to serve in person, the remainder being called upon to pay the expenses in money or kind, a tax on the county thus being developed which existed till modern times in the shape of a liability on the part of the county to contribute toward the cost of the Militia. In the sixteenth century Lieutenants were appointed to command the force of the counties, being the origin of the present Lords Lieutenant. Even in early times the force was only bound to serve in England, and, except in case of invasion, only in its own county; in early times it was often called out to fight the Welsh or Scots, but was not considered suitable for service abroad; neither was the feudal levy (introduced after the Conquest) so liable, probably because the compulsory service was only forty days in every year.

The liability to serve in the general levy continued till the time of the Stuarts, about which time the force developed into the Trained Bands, compulsorily raised, existing side by side with voluntary bodies. In the time of Charles the First, the Parliament protested against impressment, but not against the principle of the trained bands. The control of the Crown through the Lieutenants over the Militia was one of the grievances of the Parliament against the King, and in the course of their disputes the word Militia (meaning the trained bands) came into general use. At the Restoration the feudal tenures (including the levy) were abolished, but the general levy remained, and the Militia was now put on a settled footing, the trained bands, except in London, being discontinued.

From this time the Militia continuously existed, being several times called out to suppress rebellion and resist invasion; but having become inefficient towards the middle of the eighteenth century, it was reorganised by Pitt's Act in 1757, to a great extent on the same footing as that of the present balloted Militia. The age limits, however, were eighteen to fifty, and the term of service three years only. From about this time we may date volunteering for the Militia, for captains might, on embodiment, augment their companies by volunteers, and the Lord Lieutenant might accept either single volunteers or companies with their officers. But, in the main, the Militia was a force raised by ballot: it was *supplemented* by volunteers.

So matters stood when, after the Peace of Amiens, the laws on this subject were consolidated by the Militia Act, 1802, parts of which are, as regards the ballot, still in force.

After the Napoleonic wars the whole Militia again decayed, and, according to the official *Manual of Military Law*, no ballot, except in the years 1830 and 1831, has been held since 1810 to the present day. The annual training of the whole body was suspended in 1816 and many years after; from 1829 to 1865 annual Acts were

passed suspending ballot proceedings unless ordered by an Order in Council, and in 1865 an Act temporarily to suspend the Ballot was passed, and has been since kept alive by the annual Expiring Laws Continuance Act.

In 1852, a little before the middle of this long period of suspended animation, the Militia was revived and reorganised, and advantage was taken of the opportunity to try to destroy the ballot altogether; but the motion was defeated in the Commons by 127 to 110, and the eighteenth clause, already referred to, remained part of the Bill. As has been seen, the later Acts of 1860 and 1882 assume the existence of the ballot.

In 1899 another development of the history of the ballot took place, for the Secretary of State for War actually brought in a Bill to revive it. It was a timely period to do so, and the present moment is even more timely. To restore it is simple enough, so far as legislation can ever be simple. If Parliament remained passive, the ballot would revive of its own accord on the first day of 1903. A more emphatic course is preferable, and that is forthwith in the next Session of Parliament to repeal so much of the Expiring Laws Continuance Act of this year as refers to the Suspension Act of 1865, and omit references to it in similar Continuance Acts hereafter. Then the Government can at any time resort to the ballot to fill up the depleted ranks of the Ancient Constitutional Force of the country.

Meanwhile a still swifter and more drastic method remains in the hands of the Government of the day. By an Order in Council—by a stroke of the pen—the whole machinery of the ballot can be put into motion immediately, at any time.

HUGH R. E. CHILDERS.

WANTED—A BUSINESS GOVERNMENT

I WISH to make it clear at the outset that the suggestion I am permitted to make in the following pages is intended to have no partisan character whatever. I wish to make no reflections on the views held by any man on the origin and character of the war, just as I in no way modify any views I have myself held or expressed. Still less do I wish to touch upon the ordinary topics of party controversy, or, at this time and in this Review, to make capital for one side or one section out of a situation the extreme gravity of which is my only excuse for writing at all.

I. Let me begin by indicating briefly the leading points in the present position of the nation which appear to call for some exceptional course.

There is, first of all, the deadlock in South Africa. The war is now in its third year. We have something like a quarter of a million of men in the field. We have to sustain not only them, but the vast population, black and white, collected in the concentration camps and the many thousands of prisoners of war interned elsewhere. We are spending money at the admitted rate of a million and a quarter a week, and that, I fear, is a low estimate. We are still losing men by death, wounds, and disease. One half of the parliamentary recess is now over, if, as I assume, we are to meet in the middle of January, and not at the earlier date which the financial position of the Government would in the judgment of financial experts seem to render more fitting. I hope I shall not be accused of trespassing beyond the limits above specified in saying that there is little or no change for the better since Parliament rose. This at least is most certain, that no responsible person has ventured to name a date when this state of things is certain to come to an end. The reduction in the number of troops which was promised some months ago has not taken place. Can anybody pretend to be certain, that when Parliament meets in the middle of January the number of our soldiers in South Africa—a rough but sound measure of our commitments there—will be less by one man than it is now? Further, to the normal difficulties of the war against the two republics are now added the equally serious, if not more serious, difficulties in Cape

Colony. It is no longer merely the Boer republics that have to be overcome. The pacification of the whole of South Africa is now the most important concern of the British Empire.

Now this is not the war that any of us bargained for, whatever our views may have been about its origin and character. It is with no desire to score a point against those whom I may call the partisans of the war that I recall their original estimates of its duration. They were not more out in their calculations than those who took the other side, or those who, being official experts, took no side at all. None of us, whether we were for or against the war, in the autumn of 1899 predicted that in the early winter of 1901 things would be as they are now, when no man will risk his reputation by making any prediction at all.

It may seem like a party point, but it is not, to say that with all this, and as the result of all this, there has come about a general and growing dissatisfaction with the Ministers now in office on the part of those who have hitherto supported them. The dissatisfaction of the party opposite is normal and inevitable, and I make no account of it. The discontent of men who have not been opponents, but either neutral or friendly, must be taken into account. I hardly suppose that this statement will be gainsaid; it could be abundantly proved from the newspapers of the last six weeks, and from the tone of the House of Commons in the last Session. Nor is this feeling of dissatisfaction confined to matters connected with the war. It extends to other branches of the administration also, and it is notoriously stimulated by the personal composition of the Government. I am not saying that it is right or reasonable, only that it exists and is an important element in the situation.¹

Besides the uncertainty of the period to be called war is the uncertainty as to the period succeeding the war. After the main body of our forces have been called home, how many will have to remain, for what period, and at what cost to the people of this country? How far forward must we strain our eyes for the happy time when South Africa will be really at peace, with no more military cost to the United Kingdom than any other portion of the self-governing Empire? And while this condition, first of war on the present scale, and afterwards of peace depending on powerful and costly armaments, endures, who shall guarantee the Empire, thus weakened and hampered, against complications elsewhere, threatening our interests or

¹ While I write a Conservative member of unimpeachable loyalty to his party declares in the *Times* that 'it is positively painful to me to visit Old Trafford, where I live, for I hear nothing but complaints against the Government, and this from some of their staunchest and strongest supporters. It will be deeply to be regretted if there are in our party men who mislead the Government into the belief that it is only a few disappointed and self-advertising members of the party who are dissatisfied with the present position of affairs' (Mr W. J. Galloway, M.P., in the *Times*, the 19th of October)

our honour? Only those on the inside can tell how much we have already been injured in this way. If the Governments of the world have not interfered to help the Boers, have they abstained from helping themselves? And even if the Governments have given us no cause of complaint, we must not shut our eyes to the popular sentiment evoked by the war against us in all foreign countries. Like all popular sentiment, it fallaciously ignores the distinction between the Government and the people, and condemns the whole nation without exception for acts attributable only to the Government of the day. It may be explained on many grounds compatible with approval of the policy condemned—such as the ever present jealousy of foreigners, the intrigues of our enemies, the mendacious statements of continental newspapers, and so forth. All that may be quite true, but the feeling is there, and it is the merest folly to ignore its existence because we may deem it to be unreasonable and wrong. The ill-will of foreign nations is, of all the existing conditions, certainly not the least weighted with possibilities of danger for us all.

The Government now in office cannot, it seems to me, do anything but proceed on the lines which it has laid down for itself. As an administration it is committed to the continuance of the war until the Boers of both States have accepted the surrender of the last shred of independence or have been exterminated. It has no longer a free hand. There can be no change of policy so long as it endures. Members of the Government might be named who, for all that they have said or done, might conceivably under a new dispensation assent to a different line of policy altogether. But for Lord Salisbury's Ministry as a whole it must be said that a change of direction now would not be compatible with their continued existence according to the conditions governing the conduct of English public men.

The state of the Opposition is not the least important fact to be considered. In normal times we should have an Opposition in the House of Commons not greatly inferior in numbers to the Ministerial party, compactly united in opposition to the policy of Ministers, and ready and eager to turn them out and give effect to their own principles. Instead of that we have a party so inferior numerically to the other as to have no reasonable prospect of wearing down the majority by its own unaided forces for a long period of time—a period long enough to permit of irreparable injury to the Empire and the nation meanwhile. And this Opposition is not only permanently divided into two great national camps, each with its own leaders and its own party organisation, but the larger—the British—section has from the beginning of the war been and is now divided in opinion on many questions connected with the war. These divisions—I need not call them dissensions—weaken the Opposition of to-day even more than its mere

inferiority in numbers for the performance of its proper constitutional functions.

The prospect before us, then, is that so far as the ordinary play of parliamentary forces is concerned the Ministry may go on indefinitely with a policy which they have not made effective, and which perhaps they cannot make effective. Whether the policy itself or the weakness of the administration is most to blame, it cannot be denied that two such years as we have passed through are as much as any businesslike people ought to allow to any set of administrators for any particular policy. In normal times we might trust to the party system of this country to act almost automatically in rectifying this serious situation. In the meantime, and in default of such action, the situation continues, the nation is bleeding away its strength, and the peril of the Empire increases every day.

Lastly, the fact that we have but recently passed through a general election is not to be forgotten. However greatly and righteously many of us may be dissatisfied with the circumstances and the results of the last Dissolution, few would suggest that another is now possible or desirable. We are thus apparently shut up to the continuance of all things as they now are—the same House of Commons, the same Ministry, the same policy in South Africa, the same failure of administration there, and the same discontent at home and the same dangers abroad.

II. The situation which I have tried to describe fairly suggests the question whether, in default of normal remedies, some exceptional course is not conceivably possible.

The first essential from the point of view that must be taken by those who assent to the preceding observations, is that there must be a change of administration. We want the introduction of new men who can approach the solution of these great difficulties with an open mind and a free hand. I do not suggest now what the new policy of these new men should be. But there are two advantages which they ought to have over their predecessors. They would not be bound, under penalty of personal humiliation, to persevere on existing lines. They would be free from the prejudice—to put it mildly—which must have attached to the personalities of existing administrators, and must have helped to defeat all attempted negotiations.

Assuming that the existing Government somehow comes to an end, its successor must be (1) a reconstructed administration formed entirely of members of the present parliamentary majority, or (2) a Liberal administration taking office as a Liberal administration in spite of its numerical inferiority, or (3) a non-party Government formed to meet the unexampled difficulties of the situation—in other words, a business Government or Ministry of Affairs.

I am inclined to think that neither the first nor the second of

these possible alternatives would be so likely to meet the requirements of the crisis as the third. A mere reconstruction of the Government might be easy enough; we have, indeed, had such a reconstruction already, but it has had no effect on policy, and it has increased, instead of lessening, the prevailing dissatisfaction with the *personnel*. A reconstruction which would set the Government free from its own policy and yet leave it of the same general party colour and with the same party programme seems to me improbable. On the other hand, a Liberal Government as such could do nothing but dissolve unless it were supported by a sufficient body of those now constituting the Government majority. It is hardly conceivable that such support should be forthcoming, and if it were we should find ourselves closely approximating to the third alternative but without its strong point. We should have a party Government without a party majority instead of a business Government supported for a specific purpose by a non-partisan majority. Of the three alternatives, then, the last, although the most unusual, strikes me as the one most easy of adoption—given a certain state of opinion—and the most likely to yield the result desired—namely, the pacification of South Africa.

III. Assuming all these possibilities and probabilities, we must at once admit the limited scope of such a Government. It would have to be the sort of thing we have not of late been accustomed to—a purely administrative Government. Its main business would be to bring the war to an end, and settle finally, as far as finality is possible in politics, the future government of South Africa—colonies as well as republics. But that need not be its only concern. It might and it ought to have a free hand in the field of administrative reform. I need not preach on this subject in the pages of this Review. For many months its energies have been given to the systematisation of opinion on this subject, and a reference to recent numbers will show the large and influential support given by men of all classes and parties to the idea of applying 'business principles' to the administration of the public service. Indeed the suggestion I am making now is only an application of this idea on a larger scale and for a special emergency. But beyond this such a Government as I have suggested could not go. It could not have a legislative programme of the usual party character—probably not a legislative programme of any kind. The Private Member, however, would have the chance of which in recent years he has been wholly deprived. All kinds of questions, on which the Government of the day according to modern practice leads the House and dictates its decisions, would have to be open questions. I can conceive that the House under such a Government would also for the time being concern itself mainly with administrative questions. Many of us have from time to time longed for a 'fallow' Session of

Parliament, one in which the time usually given to the consideration of projects of law would be devoted to the thorough comprehension and overhauling of all parts of the administrative machinery. There need be no closure of supply in such a Session, or whatever the necessary period might be. For I anticipate as a matter of course that a Ministry formed under these conditions would be avowedly a temporary combination, disbanding itself when the emergency is over. It would be an *ad hoc*, or if you will a stop-gap, Government, an inter-ministerium, at the end of which the forces making for party divisions would or might resume their interrupted operation.

IV. It follows from what has been said that a non-party Ministry relying for the time being on a majority drawn from the various parties now in being should itself be composed of members belonging to various parties. I do not see why men of all these parties should not so combine. Nor, subject to the general considerations already mentioned, need there be any difficulty in recruiting from members of the existing Government.

V. I now turn to some considerations that will occur to the mind of all who entertain the idea. It will be asked what, within the limited scope assigned to it, will be the policy of this Business Government. Without some approach to a general understanding on this point, the movement necessary to effect the result would hardly even begin. What, in particular, would they be expected to do in South Africa? To set up a new Government merely for the purpose of carrying out more effectively the policy of its predecessor might be something gained, but it would not be enough. Those who think no change of policy either possible or desirable will not concern themselves with these suggestions. But the assumption on which I am proceeding is that many people, whatever their views about the origin of the war may have been, are coming to the conclusion that it has lasted long enough, and that the dangers arising directly and collaterally out of its continuance are becoming too formidable. They want to see a way out, and the first thing necessary is to hand over the problem to new men who may be trusted to bring an open mind to its solution. The Empire is in danger, and the South African question should at last be relieved from the complications caused by racial jealousies, by the memories of diplomatic controversy, and by the events of the war, and treated as a purely Imperial question. Beyond these generalities it is not easy to go far. We hear constantly of the military lessons of the war, but surely one of its political lessons should be not to dogmatise too much about the terms of the actual settlement. But, given a new Government with free hands and open minds, called upon to meet the emergency, its first step seems to be clear. It would have to open up negotiations with the Boer leaders in Europe or South Africa, or both. I know that such a suggestion will be stigmatised as suing for peace, as a cowardly surrender to the enemy, and so forth. Phrases of that

colour will influence none but those who are determined to proceed with the war on existing lines, whatever be the cost to this country and whatever the risk to the Empire. I do not now quarrel with their determination, but it is not to them I address myself. To those who are willing to face the realities of the case there can be nothing ignominious in giving to the enemy the opportunity of free negotiation which they have so long professed to desire. It is they who have been suing for peace.

If the first step were taken, the second would follow automatically. There would be an armistice. In the kind of sporadic warfare which has so long prevailed it might be difficult to make known at once to all the fighting bodies the new state of affairs. Mistakes might occur here and there. But in no long time fighting would cease, if for the time being only. Should such a temporary cessation of the war once more place the question in the hands of diplomacy it would be hard indeed to believe that we had not arrived at the beginning of peace.

But how, it may be said, are the pretensions of the opposing parties to be reconciled? The British demand unconditional surrender; they will leave no shred of independence to either State; they have already declared their territories to be annexed to the British Empire. The Boers, on the other hand, will have nothing but absolute independence for both States, although one of them before the war was not absolutely independent. The deadlock in arms has its counterpart in the diplomatic field. But the common-sense of the country is, I think, beginning to cry out against this entanglement. Is there no *via media* between these irreconcilable positions?

To answer this question in the negative implies a misunderstanding of the true nature of the British Empire. This vast political compound includes many varieties of political type, and, like the British Constitution itself, leaves room for every kind of political experiment. It is no part of my task now to suggest what old plan or what new plan might be tried, but I firmly believe that, once the *non possumus* on both sides is removed, a solution will easily be found. The essence of the thing is that we on our side should regard the whole problem from an Imperial—a very different thing from an Imperialist—point of view.

Surprisingly high authority might, I believe, be found for the proposition that all that the British Empire really needs in South Africa is a strip of land in the neighbourhood of the Cape. The rest concerns us mainly as presenting a problem in Government to which our presence in South Africa compels us to attend. It is one of the ironies of the situation that the war has weakened some of the fundamental ideas on which our Imperial position is based. Take the status of a self-governing colony, for example. Since the war began the Government of the day has formally declared that the tie

bin'ing such a colony to the Crown is purely voluntary—one which the colony may sever when it pleases. What, then, it might be said, is the use of giving any such *status* to the Boer republics, seeing that it would carry with it the right to absolute independence next day? Again, in South Africa we were before the war entitled to assert ourselves as the Paramount Power—not *over* other States, but as against all the world. The unfortunate misunderstanding of our paramount position is responsible, in my opinion, for many mistakes in our diplomacy into which I need not now enter. When it was used as a basis for an alleged right to interfere with the domestic regulation of the Transvaal Republic it was weakened for its own proper application, and the Government went far to nullify it altogether by admitting that it did not apply to Germany or Portugal. Now the essence of our paramountcy was that it availed against all the world. It was a limited right. It entitled us to challenge the growing armaments of the Transvaal, but not to quarrel with it about the suffrage, or naturalisation, or improvident monopolies. I mention these things, not controversially, but for the purpose of illustrating what I believe to have been, and to be, our true international position in South Africa. It was a position of vague but not less real right, which, notwithstanding the unfortunate admissions I have referred to, ought not to be given away. It is a pity, perhaps, that it was not made more definite long ago. What we have wanted all along was something like a Monroe doctrine for South Africa.

Beyond this point it would be absurd for me to pretend to forecast. I have said so much only by way of indicating the belief I strongly entertain that what is most wanted for a settlement of South Africa is a better comprehension by the nation of the true nature of our Imperial position there and elsewhere.

But it may be said that neither the House nor the country would tolerate the experiment of a Government bound by its very charter to do nothing in legislation. I am not at all of that opinion. It is quite clear that until the war is over political parties in this country will not resume their normal activities. Although the incidents of the war no longer arouse the interest of the street, anxiety about the war deepens with every day of its continuance in the minds of all thoughtful men. The state of public feeling required for legislation on a great scale is not compatible with a state of serious war. The mind of the nation is absorbed by quite different things. And it must be remembered that the present House of Commons was not selected, as most Houses are, with reference to legislative schemes of any kind. No doubt members declared themselves one way or the other about many Bills, but the dividing line between majority and minority was not a legislative one. I cannot see that anything would be lost by accepting for the time being a neutral, non-party Government.

The strongest objection to what I have suggested would probably be that men of the required strength and experience could not be induced to enter such a combination. They would recoil from a position in which their motives would be impugned. They would be chargeable, from whichever party selected, with deserting that party. And if a Ministry were got together of men courageous enough to face all these risks, who shall answer for the support of the House of Commons? What is to induce a sufficient number of men accustomed to particular leaders to follow other and temporary leaders? What would be the attitude, and what the power of leading men not forming part of the combination? Questions of this sort might, I fear, be indefinitely multiplied, and I could not pretend to answer them. A call would be made on the patriotism of public men which would put a severe strain on their party attachments. In normal times the Ministry I have suggested could not be formed, and if formed it would not last a week. But these are exceptional times, and desperate circumstances justify unusual courses. If the view I have taken of times and circumstances be correct, the rest would be a mere matter of patriotic duty.

VI. Let me turn now to the events that would have to take place before our conjectured Ministry can come into being. There must first of all be a vacancy in the office of Prime Minister. That vacancy may be brought about any day by the resignation of Lord Salisbury. Everybody knows the conditions that seem to point to the conclusion that this event will not be long delayed. The Ministerial party at large, not less than the nation as a whole, is quite clearly preparing for this event. The accepted forecast is that after the Coronation of the King, Lord Salisbury and some of his leading colleagues will definitely retire. Mr. Balfour would become Prime Minister, and rumour has already named the new Chancellor of the Exchequer. A reconstruction of this kind would have no significance in policy, and open up no prospect of improvement in the conduct of affairs. It would be a mere shuffle of the cards, like the last reconstruction. And if the resignation is to be delayed till the Coronation, it will be too late. The next six months may be critical—indeed, must be critical. If we are to reap the full benefit of a change of administration, it ought to come at once.

But a vacancy may be caused by the defeat of the Government in the House of Commons—not necessarily on a question relating to South Africa. Apart from such questions, the chance of a division such as no Government can accept is not inconsiderable. Last session was ominous. No Government of recent times ever found so much difficulty in keeping its parliamentary majority anywhere near the standard. It sustained one defeat which under other circumstances might have been fatal, and which under the circumstances of next Session could not be repeated more than once without disaster.

~~But that~~ Session will, unless the situation undergoes a sudden change, be of quite a different character from the last. All the apprehensions now filling the minds of serious men will have their effect upon members of the House of Commons. They will have to face the question whether their duty to the nation does not require them to throw party purposes to the winds, and bring about the downfall of the Government in the hope that other men may be able to bring order out of the chaos of South Africa.

Assuming the office of Prime Minister to be vacant, the next step will be for the King. The suggestion is that His Majesty should seek for a Minister, without regard to party connections, who should take office solely with a view to the pacification of South Africa. In ordinary times the transfer of power from one Prime Minister to another leaves little room for personal selection on the part of the Sovereign. The Government of the day, having been defeated by the Opposition at the polls or in the House of Commons, resigns, and all that the King has to do is to send for the leader, or one of the leaders, of the successful party. If the statesman so called in succeeds in forming a Government, the personal functions of the Sovereign are discharged and the question reverts once more to the House of Commons. Usually there is no doubt in what party the new Minister should be sought for, or who he should be. But should there be a Ministerial crisis now or soon, these conditions would not exist. Assuming the Ministry to be overthrown by such a vote as I have suggested, the victory would not be with the regular Opposition. A majority of the House drawn from various parties would have indicated its desire for a change of administration. Should the Sovereign act upon that suggestion and resort to a statesman willing to attempt the experiment of a non-party administration, I cannot see what convention of our Constitution would be infringed. There are not wanting at the present time signs of a desire that the personal power of the Crown should be brought into more active play, and some curious suggestions to that end have now and again been attempted. I have not the slightest belief in or desire for anything of the kind, and nothing of the kind is involved in the course here suggested. Even if the vacancy in the Premiership were to take place by resignation without defeat in Parliament, I conceive that under the peculiar circumstances of the time the Sovereign would be justified in passing over the leaders of the party now in power, and seeking advice in other quarters. No doubt a course so exceptional would throw an unusual amount of responsibility on the Sovereign. But the whole situation is exceptional. The present Parliament is not a normal Parliament. It was elected with reference to one subject only—the war in South Africa—and the majority gained its victory by an unusual and successful appeal to the electorate to disregard party politics altogether. This majority is now called

upon to deal with a state of facts wholly unlike that which was expected. The war, which was assumed to be over or practically over when the general election took place, still drags on, and the area to be pacified is larger than it was then. No member elected under these circumstances can be held bound by pledges to support a particular administration, and the situation, which thus interpreted should set free the House of Commons from the usual obligation of party, may well be held to allow a corresponding liberty of action to the King.

VII. For the purpose of this argument, it is immaterial to consider who the head of this non-party administration should be. Whether, indeed, any statesman of any party would have the courage to accept so anomalous a commission I do not pretend to say or know. But it would be affectation to ignore the circumstances which point to Lord Rosebery as a likely nomination. He has been Prime Minister already. For some time he has withdrawn from active co-operation with the party he once led, without in any degree approximating to the party opposite. He has no responsibility for anything in the policy of his own party since he retired, and none at all for the policy of the present Government. This neutrality of position, which I do not profess either to explain or defend, is doubtless one of the causes that have perplexed the politics of the last few years. But the present disadvantages of such an attitude may conceivably become advantages in the immediate future. Those who can admit the idea of a non-partisan administration at all will probably think of Lord Rosebery first as the head of such an administration. From the little he has said about the war it is possible to infer that the course suggested here does not run counter to his own conceptions of the future. On the last occasion on which he spoke of his political position he told us he intended to plough his own furrow. This may be the furrow he is to plough, and not of his own selection after all. As regards the incidental work which might be possible to a non-party Government—the overhauling of the Departments, his connection with the movement for applying business principles to the public service is an assurance not to be ignored.

VIII. Whether the selection be Lord Rosebery or another, we may be told that the scheme is impracticable and contrary to British constitutional practice. I do not pretend to justify it by reference to precedents at home or parallels abroad. What is suggested is not one of those personal coalitions which England, it is said, does not love. The nearest approach to it might be found in the conception of a Ministry of Affairs, which is not an English conception. Indisposed as we are in this country to take lessons in politics from our neighbours, there is one reflection which must occur to some of us. We have had from time to time a great deal of obvious moralising on the advantage which our solid division of parties gives us over the

group system in foreign Parliaments and the consequent instability of foreign Governments—especially in France. The advantages are equal on the other side. Have we not a group system in our Parliament now? Has not every House of Commons since the last Reform Bill consisted, as Mr. Gladstone once said, of four minorities? And if foreign administrations are less stable than our own, is this sort of stability always and everywhere an unmixed good? To go to France again, it is practically certain that, whatever the constitution of Parliament might have been, no administration could have survived the various stages of such a campaign as ours in South Africa has been. Is such instability necessarily and always an unmixed evil?

Whatever view may be taken of the practicability of these suggestions, I am convinced by many signs that they have been spontaneously presenting themselves as desirable to men of very different party leanings and of very different views about the war. They will probably be found most attractive by those—I fear an increasing number—on whom party obligations sit lightly. But all alike—Conservatives, Liberals, Unionists, Home Rulers, and Neutrals—must admit the grave national dangers of the present state of affairs, and the desirability of some change—of any change. The severest criticisms of the apparent apathy and inaction of the Government come from their own men, and the official answers have not been reassuring. Cabinets have not been held, it seems, because the news of Mr. Walter Long and Mr. Hanbury being in consultation would be held to mean that the situation was regarded as serious by the Government, and so prolong the war. The uneasiness now finding expression everywhere is not to be soothed by the programme sketched out for the next Session of Parliament—the formulation of new Rules of Procedure for the House of Commons, the reduction of Irish representation—and the Coronation. I doubt if the country, now growing irritable, will be in a mood to bear with a Parliament absorbed in topics like these unless there shall have been an entire change in the state of things in South Africa. One other consideration will appeal powerfully to all who are capable of looking calmly forward to the future—the less immediate future—that lies before us. What we all desire is not merely an end of the war, but a final settlement. And surely a non-party settlement has better prospects of finality than any other.

EDMUND ROBERTSON.

GREAT BRITAIN AND RUSSIA

THE Chinese crisis, which has at last come to an end, has been the latest test of the relative capacity of Great Britain and Russia to carry out their conflicting designs in Asia. Four years ago the Armenian question had constituted another opportunity for the two rival Empires to measure their forces. In both instances the double-headed Slav eagle has achieved a victory over the Anglo-Saxon lion. Great Britain notwithstanding, the success of the Government of the Czar in the Far East is as patent as that which crowned its efforts in the Near, when it decided that the 'Great Assassin' must not be called to account for the Armenian massacres.

The advantages reaped by the Muscovite owing to the recent disturbances in the Middle Kingdom are twofold: he has acquired Manchuria for all time, satisfying his want for a temperate coastline on the Pacific, and he has foiled the intentions any of the intervening Powers may have had to reform the Chinese Empire, thus securing protection for himself against the Yellow peril, which threatens him more than anyone else.

In his last speech in the House of Lords on the Chinese question the Marquis of Lansdowne repeated with evident satisfaction the declarations of Russia, verbal and written, that the occupation of Manchuria is only temporary. Either his lordship really believed these assurances of the diplomacy of the Czar, and, in that case, he is a remarkable example of candour and incapacity to profit by the teachings of the past, or else he does not, and, in that case, he has deliberately deceived the British public by the *tone* with which he treated the subject. In another speech, the head of the Foreign Office practically interpreted the Anglo-German agreement to be a guarantee of German co-operation for the maintenance of the integrity of China, *including Manchuria*. After the explicit declaration of Count von Bülow to the contrary, the view taken by Lord Lansdowne constitutes a puzzle—a Chinese puzzle indeed. However that may be, there is no student of politics outside of England who believes that Russia will spontaneously abandon her newly-acquired prey or that the Kaiser, whatever the Anglo-German convention may mean, will lift a finger to force her to do so. As to the regeneration

of China, no one, even among the British, not excepting Lord Lansdowne, admits, or affects to admit, that there is the remotest chance of Great Britain taking the matter in hand, not, indeed, as is officially given out, because the Celestial Empire is too large and complicated an organism to deal with in that sense, but because Russia will not allow it—Germany siding with her—in the same way as the Bear of the North has not allowed the reformation of Turkey which Great Britain did undertake at one time, apparently not finding *this* country either too bulky or elusive to operate upon. It is therefore a fact, a glaring fact, that Russia, *du reste* alone of all the Powers who went to China, has come out of the adventure greatly benefited materially and politically, and that this gain has been obtained at the expense of the policy pursued by Great Britain in the Far East.

Some British publicists have made out that, on the whole, Russia has sustained defeat and loss of prestige because she did not secure the signature of the Chinese to the Manchurian convention, also because, at one time, her proposals concerning the withdrawal of the international troops from Peking and other moves of hers were successfully opposed, principally through the instrumentality of His Majesty's Government. This view testifies to a fatal disposition to put details before essentials and avoid looking disagreeable facts in the face. It is as delectable as that which represented the death of Count Mouravieff as having been caused by the unexpected occurrence of the Chinese explosion at an inopportune moment for Russia, and triumphantly drew from this incident the inference that Muscovite diplomacy may also be caught napping. If Russia was taken unawares and unprepared by the Boxer movement, for which theory there is no proof, it would mean simply that she is only human and not infallible after all; but she should be admired and feared all the more for having turned to such good account what, at first, is said to have presented itself to her as a terrible *contretemps*. She could not have done more if she had foreseen and planned everything beforehand, as, in truth, there is reason to believe she did. Having managed to come out all right in the end, Russian diplomacy greatly distinguished itself, as usual, in this instance, and it can only be a shadowy satisfaction to those Britishers—not very numerous it must be admitted—who believe in the story that the Chinese complications came as a surprise to the Government of St. Petersburg, to make of an accidental *défaillance*, followed by no evil consequences, a set-off to the concurrent and decisive failure of their own diplomacy to stem the Muscovite torrent.

It is idle to contest that Russia has achieved a great and lasting triumph in the Far East in opposition to Great Britain. This is realised by the great majority of the British people. It is the fashion with them, however, to attribute this situation to the inefficiency of

their diplomacy. This branch of the national administration may be of inferior quality—undoubtedly it is compared to its Muscovite, or German, or even French equivalent—but what I want to point out is that, even if it had no match in the world, it could not thwart Russia in the Far East, for the simple reason that no moral and intellectual qualities can prevail against overwhelming force, and the Slav Empire does dispose in those latitudes of irresistible power. In fact, with the exception of India and Turkey, no part of Asia can be successfully defended against Russia. As much more of China as the Muscovite stomach can safely digest, all Central Asia, Persia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan—none of these territories can escape the fate which Russia reserves for them, however much Great Britain may wish to avert the consummation.

The British people, with that remarkable tendency to illusion of which their stubborn belief in the possibility of an Anglo-American alliance is another instance, refuse to take this view of the future of Asia, so that it does not appear superfluous to enter into a detailed demonstration of what otherwise would seem to be a self-evident proposition.

Russian preponderance in Asia is made up of three factors—viz. geographical position, military power, and facility of association on equal terms with the local races—a facility culminating in amalgamation with them.

The advantages for the Slav Empire of protruding with all its mass into the Yellow Continent, and thus being on the spot, must be manifest to all. Thanks to this circumstance, she appears in great numbers and as a compact national body at each step which she takes forward. Her military outposts are in direct overland communication with the centre of the Empire. Compare this situation with that of Great Britain, who is separated by thousands of miles of water from Asia and is only *represented* there by her Indian establishment, which, besides, is not really part of her but an extraneous body in artificial connection with her.

There was a time when the communications between the confines of the Czar's dominions and the heart of the Empire were so imperfect as to confer a superiority in this respect on Great Britain. This made no difference in Central and Anterior Asia, but it undoubtedly rendered Russia cautious in the Far East. To-day the Trans-Siberian railroad, badly built though it may be, has distinctly displaced the advantage in favour of Russia. To the west of the continent the Transcaspien renders her the same service. The iron horse has followed her at every forward move she has made, enabling her to display in these regions even more boldness than before.

Great as is this superiority of Russia over England in Asia, her military power is equal to it. Thanks to her system of compulsory service (as yet far from being utilised to the utmost), she

can array three or four men to one of her rival's. There is no reason to think the Russian army inferior to the British either in natural qualities, training, or organisation. Therefore, the latter cannot possibly be considered as a match for the former. Even though conscription were adopted in the United Kingdom, the Russian Empire could still keep ahead of it, in point of military resources, by virtue of the vast numerical superiority of the Muscovite race.

In a less degree, but still to substantial purpose, the faculty possessed by the Russians of consorting with Asiatics and eventually assimilating them provides the Slav Empire with a weapon against its Anglo-Saxon rival. Russian rule is neither humane, nor just, nor honest. The British is. But, for all that, the natives of Asia prefer the former. All their life, as nations, they have been accustomed to arbitrariness and cruelty on the part of their chiefs, and they entertain a distinct fancy for the licence of anarchy. Where they are vulnerable is in their *amour-propre*. Their social dignity is dearer to them than most things. It is in this connection that the Russian scores. Far from asserting any superiority of race over the Asiatics, he will not only mix freely and familiarly with their kind, but actually lower himself before them by flattering them. In the inferior grades of society this absence of ethnic pride leads to the marriage of the Russian with the native and to the gradual fusion of the two. Thus, Russia in her onward march may devastate and commit other horrors, but at the same time she propitiates and assimilates. Her reputation for tact and good-comradeship precedes her and facilitates her task. Great Britain, on the other hand, confers all the blessings of an enlightened rule on her subjects, but the impression of it is effaced in their hearts by the disdain of the Anglo-Saxon for the 'nigger' which appears in his aloofness, his literature, and often in deliberately perpetrated acts. The British present themselves in Asia as irreducible strangers, not even as permanent residents but as flitting shadows, ever replacing one another on account of the climate. Opposition of ruling to ruled is the visible symbol of their government in the East. They have nothing in common with the natives. Under these circumstances, it is natural that the undercurrent of abstract native sympathy which goes to the Russian as to a half-congener should be denied to Great Britain, adding to the other difficulties which cripple her with regard to her rival. Of course, China, Persia, and Afghanistan would only too gladly accept co-operation with Great Britain against Russia in the defence of their own independence; but what I mean to say is that, by reason of the respective peculiarities of the two conquering races and the special psychology of the Oriental, the British would not find in their allies either the sincere friendship for themselves which their good offices ought to procure them, or the deep detestation of Russia which invasion on her part would provoke

under any other latitude. This applies with greater force to the Chinese than to the Afghans and Persians, who are wrapped up in their religion and view with a more equal feeling the Slav and the Anglo-Saxon, seeing in both little else than infidels. But even here analysis, when it takes place, is in favour of Russia. In one word, Great Britain is not popular in Asia, and Russia, though she may not be actually liked, is viewed with less antipathy. Alone, this advantage would not mean much; combined with the geographical and military superiority of Russia, it has to be taken seriously into account.

I do not think that in making the above comparison between Great Britain and Russia with regard to Asia I have omitted any circumstance which makes decisively for preponderance. On the other hand, it is easy to ascertain that I have presented in the picture nothing but facts reproduced from the domain of reality. They are there, very visible, for anyone who will take the trouble to look for them. They point distinctly to the soundness of the view that Great Britain is helpless against Russia in the East. How is it, then, that the opinion is still so largely held among the British that they can checkmate the Russians? The idea seems to be that pressure can be exercised on them by England at other points of the world, and also through the intermediary of others. But a little reflection will show this to be a complete fallacy.

British naval supremacy is practically of no good against Russia. There is scarcely any Russian maritime commerce to destroy. As to the notion of an attack on the North or Black Sea coasts or of a landing of troops there, it is childish in the extreme. The days of the Crimea are over. Again, a blockade of the Russian ports would not harm Russia, because, as I have just said, her exchanges take the sea route very rarely. Her dependence on transmaritime countries for certain supplies, such as coal and machinery, can be easily shifted on to her Continental neighbours. Some economical and financial disturbance she will of course experience, but her very primitiveness is a force in this case which will allow her to meet it with composure. True, neither can Russia injure Great Britain in any way; but then war between the two would be a farce, and they might just as well refrain from all attempts in that direction. The fact is that Bismarck's comparison of the whale and the elephant still holds good except perhaps in the case of India, because, although Russia does not yet abut on the peninsula, she is already coterminous with Afghanistan, which, under the present treaty arrangements of Great Britain, is a prolongation of the great British possession. Now, Russia can and will occupy Afghanistan, but I maintain that this will not affect the security of India, where, as I have said before, Great Britain is quite capable of defending herself. Her Eastern Empire is impenetrable to an invasion from the north, thanks to the work of Nature. To the west, the art of man has

do much towards making up for natural deficiencies, and on this line, resting on the whole civilisation and organisation of the peninsula, the Indian army, which can be reinforced by the greater part of the English forces properly so-called—disposable in Asia as they have been in South Africa—could face three times as many Russians. That is to say that, putting the Anglo-Indian levies at 350,000, which is a moderate figure, Russia would have to concentrate here over 1,000,000 men. But this is palpably impossible in the present condition of Afghanistan, and that is why alliance with the Amir is a superfluous precaution. In fact, it weakens Great Britain, because no sooner would she step over the Indian border to go to the assistance of her *protégés* at Kushk or Herat, than she would lose her local superiority of movement and organisation and pass it over to Russia, the difficulty of operating in a barbarous country becoming then hers. At the same time she could only detach 50,000 or 60,000 troops as an expeditionary corps, which, in addition to the Afghan forces, would give her an army of only 100,000 men of very uneven value with which to confront at least double that number of Russians; for Russia can certainly maintain as many men and more in the neighbourhood of her railway terminus. There is reason to believe that the Indian Government is realising the unwisdom of the buffer-State policy, and that it will abandon Afghanistan to her fate, returning, after all, to the condition of whale with regard to Russia. In reality the danger to Great Britain in India comes from within and not from without.

This argument about India is based on the assumption that Russia would like to take the peninsula though she may not be able to do so. But what authority is there for this assumption? The irresponsible disquisitions of Russian officers and politicians, who indulge in them with a certain earnestness because they hate England. If the Czar's Government ever hints at dark plans concerning India, it can only be to amuse itself with the owner. We all admit that Russia is ambitious and grasping, but, at the same time, we know that she is thoroughly practical and has a rational conception of her good. It is plain to everybody why she should have designs on certain parts of China, on Tourania, and Turkey. They lead to as much seaboard as she cares for through sparsely populated territories, which she can easily govern and assimilate. But the situation is different in India. Here we have a huge continent densely peopled with 300,000,000 inhabitants of a type which is much further removed from the Russian than the Mongolian or Touranian, and would offer great obstacles to a fusion even if its representatives were ten times less numerous. The Russification of India, which is, besides, a poor country, is impossible, so that Russia can only hope to hold it on the English lines—that is to say, as a possession which must at no very remote period achieve independence. No one who has given a

minute's unprejudiced reflection to the matter can believe that a lapse of 100 or 150 or, at the outside, 200 years will still see India in the hands of Great Britain. The very progress the country is making under her rule will be the cause of its emancipation. But if the peninsula is marked out for an independent existence, why should Russia burden herself with it for any period at all, especially as it would only hinder her action in other territories offering her all that she requires in the way of coast line and natural riches? Homogeneity constitutes the strength of empires, and she would be mad to sacrifice it to what could only be the dream of conquest and dominion for their own sake.

I now come back to my point, which is that Great Britain has no direct means of opposing Russia. Is she better situated with regard to indirect action—in other words, what are her opportunities in the matter of alliances? I think it can be easily proved that they are very poor.

From the point of view of action against Russia, four countries only are worth studying: Germany, Austria-Hungary, Japan, and Turkey, because they have a common frontier with her with the exception of the Empire of the Rising Sun, which, however, is at no great distance by sea. I will place the first three in one group, and speak of Turkey separately.

Germany, with her great military and general situation, is evidently powerfully equipped for a struggle with Russia. But her interests do not clash seriously, anywhere, with those of her neighbour. On the other hand, pure greed of territory can scarcely actuate her in this part of the world, seeing that the bordering provinces of the Baltic and Poland, peopled, the former with Fins and Letts—the towns alone are German—the latter with Poles, would dangerously add to the mixture of nationalities from which she is already suffering. As a matter of fact, Germany is particularly desirous of remaining on good terms with the great Bear of the North and she has shown that she will go out of her way to propitiate him.

Austria-Hungary has, on the contrary, serious reason for wishing to break the power of Russia on account of the Panславistic tendencies of the latter country, which threaten her at home and traverse her plans in the Balkan Peninsula. But she is far less capable of undertaking the task than Germany, for many reasons which will readily suggest themselves to my readers.

Japan, though quite as interested in the confusion of Russia, is even less in a position to satisfy her sentiment. Her army, when every effort is made, cannot present a complement of more than 400,000 men. This is not enough to achieve a permanent military success against Russia in the Far East, especially as the difficulty of transport by sea, though not prohibitive, is still appreciable. In any

case, Japan did not stir in the defence of Manchuria, whom it was her patent interest to rescue. Why?

A la rigueur we can imagine Japan, Austria-Hungary, and even Germany throwing themselves, separately, upon Russia or combining with one another to do so. But why should any of them think of doing so in conjunction with Great Britain? The latter Power cannot contribute to the military exigencies of the situation, for, in case of her being at war with Russia, all her disposable troops would have to be locked up in her possessions, for internal if not for external reasons. To Japan she can only offer more ships, and Japan has enough of her own. Nor can she render service in another form to them.

The only thing the Teuton requires to-day is colonies and markets, and, unless the Briton despoils himself in favour of his cousin, he cannot satisfy him. The surface of the globe, wherever colonisation is possible, is already parcelled out. In Asia, permanent establishment is practicable only for Russia. Germany cannot seriously think of it because, here, the difficulty of distance is complicated by the warlike nature and superior type of the inhabitants. Being as incapable as Great Britain of assimilating the natives, these would be a thorn in her side and eventually be able to throw off her yoke. Does any one believe that Germany has gained a lasting footing in China? Would she be more favoured in Persia or Turkey? The plans attributed to her in Anatolia are absurd, if only because the question of European colonisation in Asia presents itself as follows: if the possession is to be worth anything at all you must govern the people well, but, if you govern them well, you raise their standard and, sooner or later, they will pitch you into the sea. *Alors*. . . Africa, America, and Australia, where the conditions are different and European rule can thrive, are not in the gift of Great Britain, admitting Asia to be so. Therefore she has no land to offer to Germany. As to favouring her commerce, she is precluded from doing so, in the United Kingdom, by her free-trade system, which already leaves the door open to everybody, in her colonies by their economic independence, and in her possessions by her own interest. She has already admitted Germany to equality in the Yang-tze Valley evidently in exchange for neutrality in the Transvaal question. She can help a German merchant nowhere else. Therefore, it is only with empty hands that she can approach Germany; in other words, it is waste of breath on her part to propose to this Power an alliance against Russia.

Austria-Hungary contemplates the extension of her rule in the Balkan Peninsula, and herein lies a condition of alliance with her; but Great Britain cannot help her to attain her object because it would be a case of military co-operation, and, as we have seen, she cannot indulge in it.

Admitting Great Britain to be in a better position to make a present to Japan, its offer would not certainly have the effect of urging the Government of the Mikado to court defeat by attacking Russia.

To sum up the case of the three Powers with regard to Russia and Great Britain: Germany can tackle Russia single-handed, but she has no direct interest to exercise her power in this direction. A serious indirect advantage might or might not induce her to do so. Great Britain cannot offer it to her. Austria-Hungary and, to a greater degree, Japan are not matches for Russia. Great Britain cannot assist them with troops, and any other service she may or may not be able to render them becomes, *ipso facto*, useless as a means of *rapprochement*. Therefore, Great Britain cannot enter into an alliance directed against Russia with any of them. As a matter of fact, the idea of a combination with Great Britain is scorned in Germany; not even remotely entertained in Austria-Hungary; and considered only as a pious desideratum in Japan, where, if it had been practicable, it would have been realised long ago or, at all events, during the Chinese crisis.

We now come to Turkey. Here we have a victim of repeated Russian aggression and spoliation, and whose very existence is threatened to-day by her insatiable neighbour. She disposes, however, of two formidable forces, which, subject to certain conditions, would enable her not only to resist Russia but to threaten in her turn this secular enemy of her peace. These forces are a large and especially brave army, which numbers 1,000,000 men, and the Mussulman pontificate, which procures the Turks millions of confederates in the heart of Russia. The conditions for the successful operation of these forces are an overflowing treasury, instead of an empty one, and improved means of communication on the one hand, and the substitution of intelligent direction for stupid effeteeness on the other. Herein lies a superb occasion for British help and a solid basis for useful alliance against Russia. British money, British brains, and British ships—the latter to be used for the modest but useful task of transporting and convoying Turkish troops—are all necessary to render the efforts of Turkey against Russia efficacious.

And yet it is precisely in connection with the Ottoman Empire that the policy of Great Britain has been most hesitating, clumsy, and poor in resource, with the result that at the present day the two countries are estranged from one another. But could Great Britain really have managed better? Certainly, if she had been less sentimental, more bold and more bending. In recent times she has staked all her interests in Turkey on the game of alternately opposing and propitiating Abdul Hamid, but has succeeded in neither method. As a matter of fact, Abdul Hamid cannot be propitiated because of his morbid and undying hatred of Great Britain, but he can be

effectively opposed, by which I mean got out of the way. If he is, as no one could have ever doubted, the great obstacle to an understanding with Great Britain, based on the introduction of reforms in Turkey, or even without that condition, why did she not depose him and replace him by Rechad Effendi, the heir-apparent, who, whatever his failings, is a man of normal judgment and the friend of his country, and not its deliberate enemy like Abdul Hamid? A few hundred thousand pounds—or say a million or two—intelligently spent at Constantinople would have done it. They can still do it to-day. Such a line of action would not be more immoral than was the annexation of Egypt. But it might lead to war. Of course it might, but it is precisely in order to arrest the course of Russia, if necessary by having recourse to arms, that the deposition of Abdul Hamid would take place. The conflagration need not be general. Germany and Italy would surely remain neutral, and the co-operation of France with Russia would be more than compensated by the action of Austria-Hungary and Roumania.

At this point I must recapitulate my argument as it has been developed so far.

Russia has vast plans in Asia. They apply to China, Central Asia, Tourania, and Turkey, but not to India. They are bound to succeed in the case of the first three territories, but it would be possible to thwart them in connection with the fourth. However, as things stand to-day, it looks as if not even Turkey could escape the fate which Russia reserves for her. Great Britain cannot prevent, in three instances, this consummation because of the distance which separates her from Eastern and Anterior Asia, where Russia is at home, the insufficiency of her military resources compared with those of the Slav Empire, and the uselessness of her fleet against an exclusively Continental Power. To these reasons must be added her forced isolation. She cannot interfere with Russian progress in Turkey either, because the British Government does not care or does not know how to utilise this country, with whom an alliance would remedy the disadvantages under which she labours further east.

Now the question arises, Is there anything in this situation to give cause to the British people for serious complaint and regret? Contrary to the opinion generally expressed on this point, I venture to say that, except so far as Turkey is concerned, there is not.

I am not in the secrets of the Russian Government, but a little reasoning will easily permit us to discover the limits of its designs with regard to the Middle Kingdom. Of Chinese territory proper, Russia may be safely said to have obtained as much as she cares for, now that she has annexed Manchuria. She had to get, at all costs, a temperate coast line on the Pacific, and it is for this paramount object that she has saddled herself with the administration of 7,000,000 Chinese. Having achieved this purpose, there is every reason why

she should not contemplate a further advance into the heart of China. The country is rich and evidently worth having, but it is densely inhabited, its population numbering hundreds of millions. Its assimilation, which would have to follow its subjugation if this were to be enduring, is impossible, not from any constitutional incapacity of Russia, who, on the contrary, presents, as I have shown, great affinity with the yellow races, but because of the huge mass of humanity China represents. It is not the quality but the quantity of the meal that would disagree with the Russian stomach. Russia cannot think any more of conquering China than of obtaining possession of India.

Russian greed can and will exercise itself, however, at the expense of all the Chinese dependencies, Mongolia, Tibet, &c., because of the scantiness and backward condition of their population.

For the rest, the policy of the Czar's Government in the Far East will aim at keeping up a certain ferment of anarchy in the Celestial community until such time as Russia need not fear reprisals on its part.

Now, I maintain that no vital British interest is injured or threatened by this situation.

Great Britain has reached the limits of her territorial expansion in the East, near or far. Her only concern in these regions is to protect her trade. Very well. The annexation of Manchuria by Russia does not represent a serious loss to her industrial and commercial activity, certainly not as serious as that of so many markets which Germany and the United States are wresting from her by peaceful means. The custom of the Mongolians and Tibetans she has never had, and does not care to have, and, though the conquest of their territory will bring Russia in contact with India, what of that if the Muscovite has no designs on the peninsula, and, if he had, could not carry them out? The remainder of China—that is to say, its richest, most civilised, and best populated part, representing inexhaustible opportunities to British enterprise—will continue intact.

Then comes the question of the regeneration of China, which Russia is determined shall not take place. Paradoxical though it may sound, in entertaining this resolution she is rendering a service to Great Britain. Let England bear in mind that the reformation of the Celestials will have the inevitable effect of conferring upon them the power to defy successfully the whole of Europe and shake themselves free of foreign dictation.

They have suffered at the hands of all, not excepting Great Britain, and they will take vengeance on all. Besides, from a purely material point of view, self-contained as is the Middle Kingdom, it will have every reason to adopt an economic policy on the lines of that which has increased to such a phenomenal extent the

prosperity of the United States. In any case, Chinese reform would include, I suppose, such items as the condemnation of the sale of opium, and it would be a piquant answer to British hopes for the re-organisation on rational and moral principles of the Celestial State that it should begin by prohibiting the Indian drug.

As things stand now in China, they still allow of a considerable development of British enterprise, as much, in fact, as it is capable of. Then, why not let well alone?

The substitution of Russian for native rule in the Touranian States—viz. Persia, Afghanistan, Beloochistan—would not constitute a danger to India, as I have been at pains to explain, and would only modify the economic situation in her favour. This again may sound paradoxical, but it is nevertheless also true.

With the acquisition of a seaboard on the Indian Ocean, the time will have come for Russia to divert most of her energies from the prosecution of her foreign policy, which will then have realised the greater number of its objects, and devote them to her internal development. Unlike China and the United States, she must rely, for a long time, on foreign industry and capital for the satisfaction of the innumerable wants which will spring with great force in her midst the moment she settles down. This will make Russian administration in Tourania and Manchuria worth ten times more to Great Britain than the continuance of the sterilising government of the natives.

Surely it is difficult to contradict me on this point. But even admitting that I am wrong, and that Muscovite expansion in Asia spells injury to Great Britain, her citizens can face the cor- summation with philosophy if they will only reflect that, even when things have come to the worst in this respect, they would still own two-fifths of the habitable globe and be the richest nation in the world. After all, it must be said of Russia, however much we may dislike her, that, in spreading as she is doing, she is only following the example of Great Britain, her elder. One may be allowed to say, without offence, that there is no conclusive evidence for the belief that Great Britain is preferentially entitled to the good things of the world by virtue of some right divine. In proportion to her numerical importance, she already possesses much more than her fair share. Nor can she lay claim to more than the other countries by reason of superior civilisation, for the good reason that her truly pre-eminent condition is the *effect* of her career of conquest and not its *cause* or *justification*. It is only because she wishes to become as civilised as Great Britain that Russia is appropriating as much territory in Asia as remains to be appropriated.

But, if Great Britain need not conceive annoyance or fear on account of the progress of Russia east of the Caucasus, the same does not apply to the action of this Power west of that range.

Great Britain need not trouble particularly about Constantinople or the Turkish market ; but with 50,000,000 Mussulmans living under her rule in India, and 10,000,000 in Egypt, she cannot remain indifferent to the fate of the Caliphate. True, I said before that she must eventually lose India, but so long as the peninsula is naturally meant to remain in her possession it is worth holding. Besides, she need not ever lose Egypt. The question, then, is : What will happen in the event of the Romanoffs supplanting the dynasty of Osman in the possession of its remaining Asiatic provinces, as they mean to do ? This—that the supreme dignity of Islam will most naturally devolve upon the hereditary Sheriff of Mecca or some other Arabian chief descended from the Prophet, and, as such, entitled to the succession of Mahomet even more than the Ottoman Sultans are to-day. In any case, the Mussulman pontificate is inseparable from the possession of the insignia and the holy cities of Islam, which will both have fallen into the gift of the Russians. The control of Islamism will be a terrible weapon in the hands of Russia to be used in her own interest or that of her allies. So terrible, in fact, that Great Britain, when it comes to the settlement of this question, must and will make a stand against Russia. Why, then, allow things to drift to that point instead of turning to account, in time, the interest the Ottomans have in the matter ?

Thus, of all the countries that Russia is threatening, the fate of Turkey alone concerns Great Britain. By a lucky combination of circumstances it is also the only one she could, in conjunction with the natives, defend against the terrible Slav. If the Ottoman Empire —sacrifices, Great Britain will have only herself to blame.

I have now reached the end of my contention on the subject of the relation in which Great Britain and Russia stand to one another in Asia.

Whether British statesmen, as opposed to the British public, realise that Russian ambitions, except in one instance, are not detrimental to their country, I have no means of knowing. What is manifest, however, is that they recognise the impossibility of arresting the course of the Muscovite. In fact, extending this idea even to the case of Turkey, where it is false, successive Cabinets have for the last thirty years beaten a retreat before the Russian advance. Are all British Governments, Liberal as well as Conservative, stupid, pusillanimous, unpatriotic ? Evidently not. If the same line of action has been followed by all, it means that there is no alternative. Then why not admit the situation frankly, and, by renouncing all pretensions except with regard to Turkey, where they can be enforced, avoid gratuitous humiliations ? It is not enough, as the Marquis of Lansdowne has done in the House of Lords, to admit the 'preponderance of Russia' in China.

Great Britain can very well remain content with foiling Russia

in Turkey, where it is possible and necessary to do so. Without getting the better of her elsewhere, she can still lay claim to the respect and admiration of the world. She can dictate in Africa; all the continent of Australia is hers; and she can hold her own in America. Is there not enough profit and glory in this situation? She cannot, in reason, aspire to more, and she would seriously better her chances in life by soberly recognising this fact and concentrating her efforts.

A. RUSTEM BEY DE BILINSKI.

THE TRUE ORIGIN OF THE NEW- FOUNDLAND DILEMMA

It is said that when Thiers met Ranke in Vienna during the fatal winter of 1870 he asked him, 'With whom are you now fighting since the fall of the Emperor?' 'With Louis XIV,' replied the German historian. Lord Salisbury to-day finds himself still fighting the policy of Louis XIV, while at the same time he is hampered by the treachery of Bolingbroke, though we might have hoped that the lapse of nearly two centuries would have exhausted the fury of that Nemesis which avenges the perfidy of statesmen. Reid contracts, French Shores, the complicated nothings of Newfoundland politics, and the physiological puzzle as to whether or no a lobster is a fish, need never have troubled us had not the intrigues of Oxford and Bolingbroke put them at a disadvantage in their dealings with Louis XIV and his Minister, De Torcy. The whole story of the negotiations which preceded the Peace of Utrecht and the consequences of that treaty are a warning to those politicians who prefer crooked and tortuous paths to more straightforward roads for attaining their ends.¹

No party ever succeeded to a greater inheritance of glory than the Tories on assuming office in 1710. The victories of Marlborough had not only dispelled the fears of French predominance on the Continent, but had given England a position of military renown such as she had never dreamed of attaining seven years earlier. Nor had we been less successful by sea. The capture of Minorca and Gibraltar had seated us firmly on the shores of the Mediterranean. It is true that the French King's grandson still held his ground in Spain, whence it had been the ostensible object of the war to oust him, but the menace of Bourbon power on both sides of the Pyrenees and the Atlantic had ceased to have any real terrors for English statesmen. With a victorious army and navy, trade flourishing, and debt easily

¹ Only those phases of the question which directly bear on the Newfoundland arrangement have been considered, but that was a matter which played a much more important part in the general adjustment of affairs between France and ourselves than is usually made out. This adjustment was really made in London and Paris, not at Utrecht at all.

borne, we could have exacted any terms we liked from Louis. Anything short of actual participation in the expulsion of his grandson from Spain he had shown himself ready to agree to at Gertruydenburg in the early part of the year. Had the Austrian envoy abstained from inflicting a gratuitous humiliation on the old King, the negotiations there commenced might have been successfully completed by Godolphin and Marlborough.

It is a gross exaggeration to charge the latter with endeavouring to prolong the war for his own purposes, as was done in the party pamphlets of the day. It was in reality the obstinacy of the Austrians and Dutch that caused the war to continue, but firmness in time would have overcome that obstacle. Whether or no Philip continued to reign at Madrid was now of small importance. The war itself had effected the purpose for which it had been made. The power of Louis could no longer seriously endanger his neighbours, and whether the King of Spain was to be called Charles or Philip need no longer disturb the sleep of diplomatists. The exhaustion of France was the safeguard of Europe. In 1712 the expenditure of France was 240,000,000 francs and the revenue only 113,000,000 gross, of which only 37,000,000 remained in the treasury after deducting expenses and losses. The revenue for years ahead was anticipated to meet the deficit. This was in a rich and fertile country with nineteen millions of inhabitants. 'The fields were deserted; the lands fallow for lack of instruments, for lack of manure, for lack of cattle; the houses were falling to ruin.'² 'In England, on the contrary, with a population of only 8,000,000, the immense grants of Parliament in 1710 struck the French prodigiously; while their credit was low, or in a manner quite gone, ours was at its zenith.' Our trade was increasing by leaps and bounds. Our fleets were undisputed masters of the sea; on that element the French no longer dared to meet us. Our trade with the Levant and Italy was safe; we struck such terror into the heart of the Sultan that he would not accept the overtures for alliance against the Emperor which the Most Christian King had made in his desperation. 'Before the war,' says Mahan, 'England was one of the sea Powers; now she was *the* sea Power.'

When, therefore, the Tories found themselves in office, with St. John as one of the Secretaries of State,³ after the election of September 1710, they had such a chance of gaining credit by a glorious peace as no politicians ever had before. Sacheverell and High Church were the causes of their triumph, but they were right in assuming that the country at large was tired of the war. A little firmness, united with tact and good management, would not only have

² Martin, *Hist. de France*.

³ Lord Dartmouth was the other Secretary, but St. John was the only responsible party in conducting the overtures for peace.

secured enormous gains for us, but would have forced our Allies to be reasonable. Their conduct at Gertruydenburg had been irritating, but nothing could excuse the course now pursued by St. John. With the character of the Lord Treasurer Harley, who had won his position through the intrigues of a waiting-maid, a low, peddling, treacherous policy was consistent; but from St. John, the most brilliant orator in the House of Commons and the friend of philosophers, something more consonant with the glory of his country than what actually happened might have been expected. It is true he had less reputable associates. Whether or no the story told by Voltaire of one lady of doubtful virtue writing to another on his appointment, 'Mr. St. John has 6,000 guineas a year, and all for us,' be true or not, it indicates the view held by all classes of society as to one side of the new Secretary's life; but society was ready to condone his escapades if he had redeemed them by his policy. An Alcibiades is never really unpopular. Unfortunately when he comes to meet cooler-headed statesmen in the conduct of a prolonged and complicated affair he is apt from impatience to make false steps. St. John was ambitious of engineering a quick and brilliant peace. He desired the credit of it, and saw the Allies were an obstacle. Dutch and Imperial diplomacy were slow and lumbering, and he knew the Allies were unpopular. He therefore assumed that the country would forgive the means if he attained the end. He made a colossal blunder, and we are suffering for it. He held all the trumps, and had only to play according to the rules; but he finessed for his own hand and threw away the game.

The Grand Alliance against Louis, which had now held together for nine years, had been prodigiously successful, but only because it was bound by the strictest agreements at the beginning. If one party to the original treaty played false, the whole powerful engine ceased to operate. As a means of exacting terms from France it became useless. The actual wording of the eighth clause in the Alliance Treaty was as follows: 'When the war has once begun, none of the Allies shall have the right to treat with the enemy for peace save in conjunction with the rest, and after full communication of their plans.' Nothing could be clearer than this. Up to January 1711 none of the Allies had thought of violating this honourable understanding most solemnly sworn to by them all. It remained for England to take that step. The instrument selected by Bolingbroke was worthy of the occasion. A certain fat and somewhat disreputable priest, named the Abbé Gaultier, had come over to this country with Marshal Tallard after the Peace of Ryswick in 1797. He had been taken up by Lady Jersey, who was a Frenchwoman, and had acted since that time as her private chaplain. Some people thought he was a French spy, but he does not seem to

have had much communication with the French Government.⁴ This was the person selected by the Secretary of State as the envoy of a great and victorious nation to open negotiations for peace with the vanquished Power. It is not surprising that De Torcy, the French Minister, distrusted both the message and the messenger on his first apparition. But, once convinced, his welcome was cordial enough. 'Asking us if we were ready to make peace,' he says in his Memoirs, 'was like asking a sick man if he wanted to be made well.' Gaultier soon convinced De Torcy that he was not only duly authorised, but that the new English Ministry were as anxious for peace as the French themselves. So long as England remained at war Marlborough could not fail to be the first man in the realm. On a solid and durable peace alone could a Tory system be constructed. The French terror being removed, our old jealousy of the Dutch was reviving, and the trading classes could easily be reconciled to the desertion of our Allies if our trade was to profit by it. So, at least, the Ministry reasoned (or those who were privy to the negotiations). By thus showing his hand St. John at once threw away much of our advantage, and let France see that dissension might be sown between England and her Allies. Gaultier returned authorised by De Torcy to announce that Louis was so indignant with the conduct of the Dutch at Gertruydenburg that he would not treat with them, but would open negotiations directly with the English Ministers. Had St. John been gifted with, we will not say a high sense of honour, but even the clear head of a good business man, he would have indignantly refused to break the solemnly plighted word of his Sovereign, or at least would have anticipated the difficulties which he would incur by underhand negotiations. Unfortunately, once enamoured of a project, he saw only the end to be obtained, and cared little about the means. Instead of refusing to play the Allies false, and threatening to prosecute the war with vigour if France were not reasonable, St. John re-despatched 'Mercury,' as he began to style his fat and furtive emissary, to Versailles with an intimation that the English Ministers would be glad to know on what terms the French King would treat with them. The negotiations now entered on the subterranean course which they followed for so long. We commenced the diplomatic combat by putting ourselves at a distinct disadvantage with France. We had broken our most solemn pledges and cynically deserted our Allies without a word of warning. It would at least have been possible to have informed them that we should feel obliged to treat alone if they continued unreasonable. By pursuing the path of common honesty we could have played the French off against our Allies, but by adopting a treacherous and quite unnecessary course we allowed France to play them off against us at every step. Nor did

⁴ Though he was certainly in communication with the Pretender.

St. John obtain most of the commercial advantages^{*} for England which had been one of the principal objects of his action. That this was his object was well known to De Torcy, for he says in his *Memoirs* that 'secrecy in the negotiations was expressly demanded by the English Ministers, who considered it absolutely necessary to conceal from the Dutch the advantages which the English nation was to obtain for its commerce.'

Very early in the discussion arose the question of Newfoundland, and at the last moment it was almost proving the cause of a rupture. With our fleet commanding the ocean, as well as the Mediterranean, it might well have seemed that we could exact the surrender of any French possession we chose; but by negotiating separately the Ministers put their heads in pawn, for the outraged Whigs would have shown them little mercy on their return to office had the treaty come to nothing. As it was, they were impeached after the Queen's death.

St. John knew well enough the value set upon Newfoundland, or rather its fisheries, by French and English alike; so did De Torcy. 'French commerce,' he writes, 'was much interested in this demand [for its cession]; it was of no less interest to our marine, the training of our sailors, and our navigation.' But for the sake of peace Louis was ready to cede Newfoundland, and Mesnager, who came over as French envoy in August, 1711, had instructions to that effect. As a matter of fact, to speak of the 'cession of Newfoundland' is inaccurate, for it had always been an English colony, but the French had from time to time made marauding excursions from Cape Breton and Canada, and had occupied, and still held, Placentia in the south of the island. Thence they directed continual attacks on the English settlements. On one occasion they took and burned St. John's. From their base on the mainland they could easily annoy us. In the fishery they employed sixteen to twenty thousand men every year, and they were accustomed to dry their fish on the shores of the island. The mere cession of Newfoundland without exclusion from its shores would do them little harm and us little good. In his declaration of war in 1790 William the Third had stated that the French had no right even to fish upon the coast except by licence. That was the view of the English traders and it was the view of the Ministry. It was this view that the French Minister determined to contest at all hazards, and at the last he carried his point. Had we gone into the negotiations with clean hands we should have maintained our claim; as it was, we lost it in the end, but it was not from ignorance

^{*} What we obtained in the end was the *Asiento* Contract, i.e. the right of conveying African slaves to the Spanish West Indies and the coast of America, to the exclusion of France. This was the provision which especially aroused the jealousy of the Dutch. We abandoned the exclusive right to the Newfoundland fishery, and the Commercial Treaty with France was rejected by the House of Commons. The dismantling of the fortifications of Dunkirk rescued us from the French privateers, and may therefore be put down as a commercial advantage.

or carelessness, as is often stated. On the contrary, from the first this question had aroused the liveliest interest. We find that De Torcy had given the strictest instructions to his envoy that he was only to yield in the last resort, and then on condition that 'French subjects should continue to practise the cod fishery and to dry the fish, as it had been the custom up till then, in the part of Newfoundland called the Petit-Nord; that the English should renounce all pretensions to the islands of Cape Breton and Ste. Marie; and that Acadie and all its dependencies should be restored to the King.' Mesnager arrived in the greatest secrecy, and in the greatest secrecy St. John began to pay him visits, his only anxiety being to discover if he was empowered to treat with England on the material advantages she was to derive from a peace. It was soon evident that the Newfoundland question would be a serious one. The English Ministry, knowing the strong feeling on the matter among our merchants, raised the most determined opposition to the retention of the fishery by the French. Matthew Prior, the poet and wit, an intimate friend of St. John, was acting as go-between, and says that in October the London merchants had been sounded on the French proposals and had expressed the most violent opposition to them.

De Torcy kept a careful record of the whole discussion, which for a time threatened to bring the preliminaries to an abortive conclusion. The debate grew fiercer and fiercer. The French envoy declared that Louis would rather fight on than yield on so vital a point. Then, suddenly, St. John's resistance seems to have collapsed. Prior came to announce to Mesnager that 'the Ministers at last consented to leave to the French this point, so much contested, about the fishing and drying cod on the Newfoundland coast.' It is worthy of notice (now that those who argue on behalf of the French claims lay so much stress on the use of the word *poisson* in the Treaty of Utrecht as justifying the contention that it is a general term including lobsters) that in De Torcy's account of these discussions he never uses the word *poisson*, but always *morue* (codfish). *La pêche des morues* and *sécher les morues* occur again and again. It is clear that at that time the French negotiators were thinking of codfish, and of no other marine creature.⁶

It was not without misgivings that the Ministry as a whole entered into these negotiations. St. John was the only man who was bent, heart and soul, upon having the secret preliminaries between France and England signed before the Allies were informed of the matter. Mesnager communicated to De Torcy a curious account of the first meeting of the Ministry to consider the French proposals. They 'looked more like conspirators,' as indeed they were, than the rulers of a great country. The Duke of Shrewsbury,

⁶ It is probable that the word *poisson* was adopted because it was thought to look better in a dignified instrument.

who was in fact a Whig and a friend of the Hanoverian succession, was the most difficult to convince. He read and re-read Mesnager's credentials 'with the close attention of a man who desires to find some difficulty and some subject of dispute.' The real cause of alarm to him was the Pretender. His recognition as King of England by Louis had been the means of deciding us to take part in the war, and the Ministry would never be forgiven if they allowed that matter to pass unnoticed in the peace. Newfoundland was swallowed up in a dilemma that seemed more important; and St. John was thoroughly disgusted by this time with North America. He had prepared a blow to French interests which had missed its mark. An expedition had been equipped in the early summer, consisting of men-of-war and transports, which was destined for the St. Lawrence. He had the most sanguine expectations of success, and doubtless, had Quebec fallen, he might have had a very valuable asset to barter in the negotiations about Newfoundland. Unfortunately the chief command had been entrusted to Jack Hill, whose only qualifications were that he was the brother of Mrs. Masham, the Queen's favourite, and was able to put away almost as many bottles at a sitting as the Secretary himself. As everyone who knew Hill, except St. John, expected, the expedition proved a ridiculous failure, and the news arrived in the autumn. The dispute about Newfoundland was dropped for a time, and, after satisfactory assurances had been given regarding the attitude of Louis towards the Pretender, the preliminaries were signed with the utmost secrecy on the 8th of October. Mesnager was then taken to Windsor by St. John, and introduced to Queen Anne, also with great secrecy. He then left for France, shortly to be followed by Prior and the indispensable Gaultier to continue the negotiations on behalf of the English Government.

Thus ended the first act of the tragi-comedy known as the Peace of Utrecht. The policy adopted by the Secretary of State had already excited serious misgivings in the Cabinet itself. In order to ensure success he had resorted to courses which would seriously imperil his head and perhaps theirs in the case of the return of his opponents to power, and had consented to bargain away one of the most valuable assets obtained by the successes of our arms.

The development of the plot exhibits the natural results of its commencement. The initial perfidy had to be supported by other perfidies far more disgraceful, and the attempts to recover the ground lost by this original surrender only ended in worse failures.

The Dutch had now to learn something of the story of the preliminaries, which they did with rage and indignation, though only a carefully cooked account was allowed to reach them. Gallas, the Emperor's Ambassador, used such language about the Ministry that he was forbidden the *entrée* to St. James's. Marlborough returned to England to remonstrate; Prince Eugene himself came over; but all to

no purpose. The negotiations had to follow the course on which they had entered, and England's power of putting pressure on the enemy was fatally weakened by the alienation of her Allies. St. John, who was now Leader of the Commons, took care to widen the breach by carrying resolutions condemning the conduct of the Dutch and the Emperor for not 'fulfilling their obligations as members of the Grand Alliance.'

The cool cynicism of these proceedings could only have been duly appreciated by their promoter, who had originated Gaultier's mission. There never was a better instance of the truth of the apophthegm that 'We hate those whom we have injured' than the conduct of the English Ministry towards the Dutch throughout the year 1712. St. John's letters are full of expressions of hope 'that the Dutch will hold out and refuse the terms, which will enable us to make far more advantageous arrangements for ourselves.' To give him credit, he stuck at nothing to carry out his views. The Whig majority in the Lords was overridden by the creation of twelve new Peers, one of them being Mrs. Masham's husband, and St. John expressed his 'readiness, if there were not enough, to give them another dozen.'⁷ He took a further step, the audacity of which is hardly credible, but is now clearly proved to have been his own.

Negotiations for peace were formally opened at Utrecht in January 1712, when our representatives were the Earl of Strafford and the Bishop of Bristol. These high and mighty personages, however, were by no means the true depositaries of the Minister's views. Gaultier, whom De Torcy dignifies with the title of 'the angel of peace,' was the secret messenger between the parties, and he carried with him the proposals of real importance between London, Utrecht, and Versailles. But the war was still going on, and England was still supposed to be acting in concert with the Allies against France. Marlborough had been dismissed from all his offices, it is true; but the Duke of Ormond had been appointed to the command in the Netherlands. Prince Eugene was at the head of the Allied forces, and expected along with Ormond to make an overwhelming attack on Marshal Villars, to break through his lines, and enter France. This, however, was what happened. On the 10th of May St. John wrote to Ormond:

It is the Queen's positive command to your Grace that you avoid engaging in any siege or hazarding a battle till you have further orders. I am at the same time directed to let your Grace know that the Queen would have you disguise the receipt of this order, and that Her Majesty thinks that you cannot want pretences for conducting yourself so as to answer her ends without owning that which might at present have an ill-effect if it was publicly known.

⁷ The House of Lords in December 1711 had indirectly censured the Ministry by carrying (62 votes to 54) a resolution of Nottingham's to the effect that 'no peace could be safe or honourable to Great Britain or Europe if Spain and the West Indies were allotted to any branch of the House of Bourbon.'

In a postscript he adds :

I had almost forgot to tell your Grace that communication is given of this order to the Court of France.

The English Commander-in-Chief was thus enjoined to on no account assist the Allies with whom he was ostensibly acting, but that he was to conceal from them these orders, which had been already communicated to the enemy ! These commands were issued by the Secretary himself ; no Council was called on the matter ; none, or very few of his colleagues were cognisant of them. He was fully prepared to see them carried to their logical conclusion, for, when asked by De Torcy what Villars was to do in case Eugene persisted in attacking him, St. John replied that there was ' nothing for him to do but to fall upon him and cut him to pieces with his army.' Is it possible to conceive of audacity and treachery combined carried to more cynical excesses ?⁸

After this the flagrant breach of faith which was contemplated towards another friendly nation, Portugal, seems a minor matter. We were bound by the engagements of the Methuen Treaty⁹ to grant that country alone certain advantages of trade which no other nation enjoyed with us, and under that treaty our commerce in woollen goods had flourished exceedingly. But the drinking classes as a body disliked an instrument which made claret and burgundy dear and port cheap. The boon-companions, the lawyers, the doctors and the *demi-monde* were all in favour of a return to French wines. For these reasons, and perhaps better ones too, St. John determined, in breach of the Methuen Treaty, to bring about a commercial treaty with France which was to complete what the Utrecht negotiations were beginning, and make the peace popular with the trading and professional classes.

In the summer of 1712 St. John committed the capital error of his life. He left the House of Commons, where he was supreme, and entered the Lords with the title of Viscount Bolingbroke. Had he remained where he was, he might with his command of the popular assembly have controlled the storm which afterwards burst there, and swept him away. As it was, he left the field open to Walpole.

As the negotiations made no satisfactory progress, it was resolved to send Bolingbroke himself to France in August. He went, accompanied by Prior and Gaultier. Never had an envoy a more enthusiastic reception. All the way from Calais to Paris crowds

⁸ On the 28th of May in a debate in the House of Lords Oxford said : ' Nothing of that nature [*i.e.* a separate peace] was ever designed. Such a peace would be so knavish and so villainous a thing that every servant of the Queen must answer for it with his head to the nation.' One person present alleges he added : ' The Allies know of our proceedings and are satisfied with them.'

⁹ Portugal was also a member of the Grand Alliance. By the Methuen Treaty the duties on Portuguese wines were always to be less by one-third than those on French.

thronged around his carriage, blessing him as the harbinger of peace. The attentions of the classes were no less flattering than those of the masses. He was the guest of Madame de Croissi, De Torcy's mother; the King received him privately at Fontainebleau, and at parting presented him with a diamond worth 4,000*l.*; and when he visited the theatre to see a performance of the '*Cid*' of Corneille the whole house rose to do him honour. But the result of his mission was hardly worthy of this magnificent welcome. A suspension of arms was signed; but little else was effected, and the peace itself was not concluded until the 1st of April 1713.

At the last two matters threatened to block the way, the Commercial Treaty and the old dispute about Newfoundland, which had been the great obstacle to the arrangement of the preliminaries.¹⁰ The signature of the peace was not obtained without a final perfidy, more cynical because more brutal than any of the others which had marked this ill-omened bargain. The story of our betrayal of the Catalans has been told so often that it is unnecessary to repeat it at length here. Anyone who wishes to follow the dismal tale can do it in the report of the Secret Parliamentary Commission which was appointed to inquire into the whole matter of the Utrecht Treaty in 1715. It is sufficient to say that the inhabitants of Catalonia had been induced to rebel against King Philip and to support our nominee, the Archduke Charles, under the promise that none of their traditional liberties should be interfered with, and that, in any event, we would save them harmless. In the end we abandoned them to the vengeance of King Philip. We failed to provide for their future in the peace itself. Not only did we omit to protect them, as we promised, but we actually perpetrated the crowning infamy of allowing our ships to be employed in assisting the Spanish King to bring them to submission. They were an obstacle to the conclusion of peace, and, like the Dutch, were cynically thrown over. Bolingbroke regarded 'this turbulent people' as a nuisance; but of all the betrayals of Utrecht, this one proved the least tolerable to the English people.

After this it is hardly surprising to note the final abandonment of our original claims to the exclusive possession of Newfoundland. The matter had been by no means settled with the signature of the preliminaries.

In May 1712 we had made a proposal that the French should be allowed to dry their fish on a small portion of the Newfoundland coast, and should share Cape Breton with the English colonists. This was rejected by De Torcy under the excuse that it would be likely to lead to disputes; but it is difficult to see that the final arrangement has proved less contentious. However that may be,

¹⁰ The remonstrances of our merchants and the Board of Trade against accepting the French proposals were the cause of the Government reconsidering their position.

the stringent instructions given to our plenipotentiary, the Duke of Shrewsbury, who went to Paris in December 1712 to bring the matter to an end, were to alter the conditions signed in October 1711 and insist on the complete cession of Newfoundland without any reservations by the French. In return, we were to abandon any claim to a part share in Cape Breton. The French stoutly resisted this proposal, but there is no doubt that they would have given way in the end had our Ministers not been fatally hampered by their own folly and treachery. They had signed a preliminary treaty with France behind the backs of their Allies. The basis they had gone on was that English interests were to be first consulted; and now they were in great danger of being thrown over while the French concluded a peace with the Allies before settling with us. To avoid this complete collapse of so much elaborate scheming a further compromise had to be made; but even now, had it not been to secure his pet hobby—the Commercial Treaty—Bolingbroke, after the strict orders to Shrewsbury, would not have given way. We have no exact record of the order for the actual surrender. We know that our representatives in Paris were very anxious to get the matter settled, and that Bolingbroke drew a new tariff clause for his precious Commercial Treaty; but the comment of the Parliamentary Committee which inquired into the affair gives a fair summary of a dark and disgraceful story:

It seems a very extraordinary proceeding that the Queen's Ministers in France should apply to the Lord Treasurer to release them from the Queen's positive instructions because they were thought by the French Ministers to be too strict; and if it be a doubt by whose orders they were given up, this much is certain, that these applications had the desired effect and the Newfoundland fishery was given up.

We do not think there can be much doubt now that the person by whose orders they were given up was Bolingbroke. The negotiations are not very easy to follow. Shrewsbury was the avowed plenipotentiary, but Prior, who accompanied him, often received secret instructions withheld from Shrewsbury. The true explanation seems to be this. Bolingbroke never gave any definite and final orders on the matter at all, but he was the author of the compromise which was accepted by our agents in Paris. A few extracts from the Bolingbroke correspondence prove this conclusively. As has been pointed out, orders were often given secretly to Prior. They were not included in the instructions to the Duke, which were for public consumption. On the 7th of January 1713 Bolingbroke writes to Shrewsbury:

The other principal article of dispute is about North America. By what Mr. Prior writes, I perceive the French are already come to *that expedient which I had prepared to be offered if nothing else would do, and which was not thought proper to be made an instruction to your Grace*. They must make us easy in

... as what you have to ask; the difference to them between not fishing at the coast of Newfoundland and being confined to fish in the northern parts only cannot be very momentous, when they have the entire coast of Capé Breton to themselves, but the difference to us is very essential, with respect to popularity and opinion, between having the island absolutely without any interfering right and having the sovereignty of the whole whilst they remain entitled to put part of it to the only use for which it is valuable.

Two things, then, are quite clear—first, that Bolingbroke himself was the author of the compromise; secondly, that he was quite aware of the value of what he was surrendering. If we want more evidence on the first point, we have it in a letter of Prior to him dated the 12th of January and headed ‘Matt. to Henry.’ (Bolingbroke and Prior were on most intimate terms.) ‘If you agree with the proposal of Newfoundland, *which is the same you and I* [N.B. this is Matt. and Henry] *laid down* . . . the peace is made.’

On the 19th of January Bolingbroke wrote to the Duke that the Queen would admit the French claims as to the fishery and drying their fish if they would accept his proposals regarding commerce; and the next day he writes to De Torcy, ‘Our contentions with regard to Newfoundland will not prove a stone of stumbling, provided that you no longer refuse our proposals for the treaty of commerce.’ Had the Committee of Inquiry had this correspondence before them they would not have hesitated as to the author of the Newfoundland surrender. The final step, it is true, was taken by Shrewsbury, in which the Ministry acquiesced. Here are his own words: ‘Taking this article [of the Commercial Treaty] to be settled, *I have agreed to the other of Newfoundland*, and have obtained that the Ile de Sable is yielded to us and made our boundary on the side of Acadia.’ This letter was written on the 7th of February. On the 17th Bolingbroke writes to De Torcy: ‘I regard the peace between Great Britain and France as settled.’ Other points still remained undecided, and France had to come to an agreement with the other members of the Grand Alliance, but this was the end of the negotiations so far as Newfoundland and its fisheries were concerned.

The Treaty of Commerce for which such sacrifices had been made proved an egregious failure. The House of Commons refused to ratify it by a majority of nine. Commerce was not Bolingbroke’s strong point; he spoke of ‘matters, such as that of commerce, which the negotiators of the Peace of Utrecht could not be supposed to understand.’ He hated the City people because they were Whigs, but hoped to conciliate them by the facilities for trade which we acquired by the treaty.¹¹ Though we granted to France the most-favoured-nation treatment, and got the same in return by the Treaty

¹¹ It may be alleged, that he was an enlightened economist, but his own contemptuous allusions to commercial matters destroy this theory. The object of the Commercial Treaty was to buy political support, and proved a gross miscalculation.

of Commerce, nothing could make a high-spirited nation forgive the turpitudes of Utrecht. We had treacherously abandoned our Allies, without whom we had sworn not to treat; we had basely left the Catalans, whom we had sworn to defend, to the vengeance of their Sovereign, against whom we had induced them to rebel; we had instructed our Generals to stand aside and leave the Allied troops to be cut in pieces by the enemy; we had broken faith with the Portuguese; and in return we had secured a peace which satisfied nobody. 'If even,' said Burnet, 'we had been beat as often by the French as they have been by us, this would have been thought a very hard treaty.' This is the exaggeration of a partisan. We gained much by the peace, but if we had conducted the negotiations with common honesty we might have gained more. At all events, we should have kept our self-respect, and Newfoundland clear of the French. Attempts have been made to prove that the British Ministry were up to their necks in a plot to restore the Pretender. There is no evidence of this; or what there is, is unworthy of consideration. The principal informer is one Azzurini, a contemptible creature of no account as a witness.¹² De Torcy, who had no reason for lying, expressly says there were no negotiations between the Pretender and the English Ministry. It was not this that led Bolingbroke to make the concessions which have ever since hampered English policy. The original bad faith of our Ministry was the cause of all that followed. They dare not leave office, after violating the terms of the Grand Alliance, without concluding a peace sufficiently advantageous to satisfy all classes. To effect this they tried to secure certain peculiar advantages of trade for ourselves, including reciprocity in commerce with France, and that matter they could not finally settle without abandoning the interests of Newfoundland.

This is the real origin of that particular clause of the Peace of Utrecht which interests us to-day. Its subsequent affirmation and extension, through an equally base betrayal by Lord Bute in 1763, is another story, not much more creditable to us. As for the immediate results of the peace, the career of its authors was ruined, for the English people never forgave them, and the Tory party was out of office for fifty years. As for its remoter effects, the condition of affairs to-day is directly attributable to this prodigious blunder in

¹² Azzurini is the authority for the stories regarding Bolingbroke's interviews with the Pretender when in Paris in August 1712. As a fact Bolingbroke only saw him once—at a distance, in the Opera House. He refused to receive a letter from him brought by Gaultier. We find him insisting in 1713 that a change of religion must precede any attempt to secure the Crown for James Edward; and though Bolingbroke in 1713 was undoubtedly intriguing with the Jacobites, there is no evidence at all that it influenced the terms of the peace. In fact, the recognition by Louis of the Protestant succession of the House of Hanover was one of its terms. His fault as a politician was vacillation between George and the Pretender.

statesmanship. History hardly affords a more striking instance of the permanent evils brought upon a State by a cynical disregard of its solemn obligations.¹³

W. B. DUFFIELD.

¹³ The portion of Art. 13 of the Treaty of Utrecht, above referred to, as finally settled ran as follows: 'The island called Newfoundland, with the adjacent islands, shall from this time forward belong of right wholly to Great Britain. . . . It shall not be lawful for the subjects of France to fortify any place in the said island of Newfoundland or to erect any buildings there, besides stages made of boards and huts necessary and usual for drying of fish, or to resort to the said island beyond the time necessary for fishing and drying of fish. But it shall be allowed to the subjects of France to catch fish, and to dry them on land in that part only, and in no other besides that, of the said island of Newfoundland, which stretches from the place called Cape Bonavista to the northern part of the said island, and from thence, running down by the western side, reaches as far as the place called Point Riche.'

NAVAL FASHIONS

THE fickleness of fashion in dress has passed into a proverb. These unwritten laws that rule such countless thousands are enacted by no one knows whom, and are repealed as mysteriously. They come and go like the wind. Little less changeable are the fashions that govern naval warfare. The highly esteemed weapon of to-day is ridiculed to-morrow. The warship whose design was studied with enthusiasm when her keel was laid often appears almost obsolescent before she is launched. The British Admiralty, as is natural in a body that administers a force that cherishes with reverent care all its traditions and customs, is conservative. It hates change, ignores it as long as it can, then disparages it, and finally, if it has stood these tests, adopts it. This Department, cling as it may to what is old and familiar, has not been able to check the kaleidoscope groupings of the little available knowledge of marine warfare. It recognises that the perfection of one year is a grotesque antiquity ten or twenty years hence. Calculating in the dark, the naval authorities have drawn up a scale of fashion's vagaries which may be seen appended to each year's Navy Estimates, showing roughly their opinion of the time by which each vessel will be out of date. Armoured and protected ships, including battleships and cruisers, are estimated to depreciate every year by 4 per cent., and after 22 years they are practically useless. In small cruisers, gunvessels, and gunboats, the percentage is placed at 6 per cent., and in torpedo craft it rises to 9 per cent., and on these little ships, it is calculated, 'ichabod' must be written after the passage of eleven years, though they may have seen little or no service. As a business-man writes off so much every year for depreciation, the Admiralty set down year by year the amount necessary under this head merely to replace those ships which, though they may still be almost as sound as when they were launched, have become out of fashion. Of the sum of nine millions sterling voted this spring by the House of Commons for 'new construction,' roughly nearly one-half is in reality a provision for depreciation—for the replacement of the ships now at sea—and the balance only is devoted to making actual additions to the Fleet. At the end of 22, 15 or 11 years, as the case may be, the battleships,

cruisers, and torpedo-boats may be seaworthy and almost as efficient in speed as when first they hoisted the pennant, but they will be out of fashion and must go.

All the navies of the world are experiments. The most that can be said is that the ships are built after careful study of the effect that it is anticipated would be produced by a certain course—the terrible blow from the 30-ton ram of a battleship, the devastating influence of an 850-pound projectile, or the 100-pound shell of a 6-inch quick-firing gun. Until this year the nations of the world have relied on such great pieces as the 50-ton wire-wound weapons to find their way through the thickest armour of citadel or belt, leaving the 6-inch guns of the secondary batteries to penetrate the protection afforded the secondary armament of an enemy's ships. But the armour maker and the naval architect have contrived to shield the men behind these smaller guns with armour so strong that it will resist, or it is thought will resist, the blow of the 100-pound projectile. What happens? This year we shall mount on our three newest battleships an improved 12-inch gun in thickly armoured turrets, and besides ten 6-inch weapons there will be four of the 7.5-inch type, which it is believed will easily send daylight through any of the 6-inch armour—tough as it is—with which our enemies clothe the portion of the ship against which they have presumed a 6-inch piece would be directed. These mastodons will carry heavier armament and must consequently be of greater dead weight. We shall spring, therefore, from the battleship of 15,000 tons of yesterday at one leap to a greater daughter of 16,500, and there are few critics to urge an argument against this increase in the size of our floating citadels.

Similarly, owing partly to changes in the naval fashions and also to some extent to advances in the construction of guns and the manufacture of armour, those monster cruisers *Powerful* and *Terrible* were out of date as soon as their successors the smaller *Cressys* were planned, with their armoured protection, greater speed and heavier gunfire. So the duel of forty years between guns and armour still goes on. At present the experiments on the old coast defence ship, *Belleisle*, by the guns of the *Majestic*, show that the artillerist has the worst of it, and the result is the decision to build the three battleships of 16,500 tons, and the innovation of placing as big a weapon as the new 7.5 inch gun in such a medium-sized cruiser as the new vessel of the 'Monmouth class,' with a displacement of only 9,800 tons. So rapidly does naval fashion alter, that there are experts who protest that those eight beautiful battleships—one of which, the *Royal Sovereign*, Queen Victoria launched in 1891 amid a chorus of congratulations from the nation—are already out of date. They cost the taxpayers over six millions sterling, but with such quickness has naval opinion and in part science as

applied to marine warfare progressed, that it is urged that these vessels, admittedly the finest afloat five or six years ago, the acme of perfection, should be withdrawn from the Mediterranean squadron and given some station of secondary importance in the scheme of naval defence. This, in fact, is being done. Thus does the possession of one day, the highest product of all the best thought and labour at the command of a supreme naval power, become antiquated and despised.

A glance back over the history of the gun and armour protection as exemplified in the British fleet is most interesting as an index to the variations of fashion. One hundred years ago Nelson fought with broadside ships; this was the feature of the earliest ironclads of our navy, the *Achilles*, *Defence* and *Northumberland*. Then came the *Bellerophon*, *Iron Duke*, *Swiftsure*, *Hercules*, *Alexandra*, and others with central batteries and still with complete belts. These vessels, ranging in age down to 1875, were of comparatively high freeboard, and consequently conspicuous targets. To obviate this danger several turret ships were laid down with low freeboards and short belts, and all importance was attached to the big guns. In the *Inflexible*, for instance, there is a short citadel amidships, heavily armoured, mounting four 80-ton weapons, all the smaller guns being unprotected. Of the total length of the vessel only one third is armoured, and there the protection varies from 16 to 24 inches in thickness. Two-thirds of the ship might be shot away, it was urged, and the remainder would float. This was the mode in the late seventies, and marks the extreme swing of the pendulum. In subsequent years the length of the belt was gradually increased again; then protection was added for the secondary batteries. For some time the proportion of protection varied. In the *Nile* and *Trafalgar*, of Queen Victoria's Jubilee year, two thirds of the length have a belt. In the *Royal Sovereigns* the proportion is about the same, but in the *Majestics* of 1894-5, the armour was forty feet less than two thirds long. In the *London* type the armour is carried right up to the ram, and in the later *Duncans*, or *New Admirals*, the same system is carried out and where the armour ends aft protection is afforded by a turtle-back steel deck. All the guns of the secondary batteries are shielded, and the vessels have high freeboards. Practically we have returned to the belt from stem to stern of a quarter of a century ago. A somewhat similar movement may be traced in the armament. All importance for a time was attached to big weapons, the bigger the better. We were very proud of our 111-ton weapons in the *Victoria*, *Sans Pareil*, and *Benbow*, firing an 1800-lb. projectile, and little account was taken of the secondary armament. In the past fifteen years we have been using less cumbersome guns, and we have developed the broadside fire. A ship's offensive efficiency is judged now very largely by the number of medium-sized guns she carries

and the security afforded those who fire them. Even in the new 16,500-ton battleships no piece larger than the 50-ton wire-wound weapon, firing an 850-lb. shell, will be carried. Thus do we see—saw backward and forward, and though scientific advances in a measure account for some of the changes and apparent reversions to old types, they do not eliminate what are little more than the freaks of naval fashions.

It may be urged that the swift movement in opinion is due to radical causes. New needs call for new measures. But this is not entirely true, though the experiments that are ever in progress in guns and armour have had a most important influence on warship design. Behind this influence, however, lies what is little more explicable than the unseen forces that change the modes of costume in our streets. In the latter case it is almost entirely a question of eye effect, a longing for change. In the Navy it is a feverish desire for power, a feeling more or less in the dark after some more effective instrument of extermination. To and fro the pendulum is ever swaying. Each fashion in warships leaves behind it after it has passed away its adherents, just as you may occasionally meet women who still walk abroad in crinolines. We have recently had a controversy between the old seadogs of an earlier day and the younger 'steam and nothing but steam' advocates of the present time. The former claim that only on a sailing ship can boys acquire the fearlessness, resourcefulness and clear-headedness in time of danger that distinguished Nelson's heroes. Therefore, retain the training squadron of corvettes, they urged. Their opponents, in whose eyes a sail is a picturesque anachronism, cry, 'Away with such old nostrums. All the qualities most desirable are to be acquired in devilish torpedo craft, in the rough-and-tumble life of small cruisers, and in the storm and stress of existence in a battleship.' Advance is the watchword, and we move, but whether onward or backward who shall decide when the greatest admirals of the British Fleet disagree in their fashions? An officer who has retired from active service for, say, five years, and then revisits one of the home dock-yards, can say, with melancholy truth, in the words of Lynch, 'Change and decay in all around I see.'

New men have new fashions, and these change with a swiftness that sometimes baffles the expert, and completely puzzles the man who merely pays his taxes and marvels in bewilderment. He may well ask, 'Will the old simplicity of Nelson's day never return? Shall we never again be able to classify our ships of war and refer to any naval topic without revealing an ignorance that seems colossal to the man who knows?' There is no hope of a respite. Fashion and science show no signs of weariness; there are no indications that finality is in sight. Ten or fifteen years ago a battleship might have been defined as a man-of-war of slow speed, with guns

constructed to pierce the thickest protection of an enemy, and a skin made to defy penetration. Then also a cruiser was the successor of the frigate of the wooden navy, lightly built craft with plenty of coal, whose primary feature was great speed. Now who shall say what differentiates sharply the battleship and the cruiser, when we are building battleships to travel faster than most of the cruisers in the world, and cruisers so heavily gunned and completely clad in Krupp steel that they could sink any battleship fifteen years of age? The confusion becomes daily worse confounded.

The Admiralties of the world are surfeited with a plague of new ideas, which chase and destroy each other. No sooner did France build a great flotilla of torpedo boats—craft of the flimsiest construction, relying upon one weapon of attack, the torpedo, and defenceless against gunfire—than we replied with the torpedo-boat destroyer, armed with torpedoes and also with guns, and therefore calculated to pierce at a distance its thin-skinned and practically unarmed opponent. Before we have built as many of these vessels as it is held we require Russia has constructed what has been termed a ‘destroyer of torpedo-boat destroyers.’ It is a ship ten times the size of a ‘destroyer,’ with bigger guns, great speed, and what is most important, an armoured deck to protect her vital parts from the ‘destroyer’s’ light guns. Similarly France and America have spent years in experimenting to produce a submarine boat, seaworthy, invisible, and a reliable engine for under-water attack with the torpedo. The idea has appealed powerfully to the French imagination, and their new creations are claimed as triumphs. Germany views this craft in its present development with only greater contempt than the British naval officer does. At Portsmouth, as at Kiel and Stettin, it is not regarded as a serious weapon of war, except possibly for a country whose exclusive rôle will be defence in her own ports and not attack. Already Portsmouth has replied with a spar torpedo attachment to a ‘destroyer,’ which it is believed will be an antidote to the submarine. She will carry a long boom hanging down over her side deep in the water, and as she comes near the periscope left by the submarine on the surface, electricity will fire the explosive at the end of the boom. The battle of the torpedo itself is being repeated. This weapon was introduced years ago. An effective repartee was found in a strongly woven steel netting to be hung round a ship like a skirt when an attack might be reasonably expected, and thus cripple the delicate mechanism of a foe’s torpedo in its flight. Yet again scientific ingenuity replied, affixing cutters to the torpedo to enable it to make a way through the steel net. Recently a net has been contrived which it is claimed can defy the cutter. So the contest proceeds.

The torpedo threatens to set many modes in the future. It is a disturbing influence of unknown power. It has revolutionised the world’s navies already to some extent. It has led to changes in

the equipment of practically every type of man-of-war ; it has forced constructors to produce special vessels for its more effective use. Yet what is the real value of this rival of the more ancient and more honourable weapon, the gun ? Probably no two officers of the Navy comparing chance notes would agree as to its future rôle in warfare. It suggests to some persons terrors that may unnerve the bravest man, but which may prove to be grossly exaggerated. What is certain is that it has come to stay, and that it has deeply impressed the minds of the naval authorities of the world. Every battleship and cruiser has tubes for discharging this mysterious, silent, and swift engine, but is it certain that circumstances would permit its effective use by large vessels ? Opinions differ. For nearly thirty years the Powers have been groping, more or less in the dark, for a means to utilise the locomotive torpedo in a special vessel to the greatest possible advantage. First in the field was the Norwegian Government with a torpedo boat, British built, of only seven tons displacement and a speed of 15 knots. This craft was ready in 1873. Within a little over ten years all the principal navies had this new type of warship, small and therefore offering a minimum target, and swift as speed was counted then, a matter of 18 to 22 knots. By 1884 Russia had 115, France 50, while we, following our traditional policy of waiting and watching, had only 19. Seeing that some special type of torpedo vessel was essential, the British authorities set to work to strengthen their flotillas, and in one year, 1885, 54 were ordered. But the Admiralty were not satisfied with the boats ; they were not suited to a nation whose policy on the seas, in war-time, must be offensive.

At length the pendulum had a swing and we produced far larger and more seaworthy boats which were known as 'torpedo-catchers.' They ranged in size up to 750 tons, but they were found to be too slow to catch torpedo boats, and for the purpose for which they were built they were discredited. Consequently the little torpedo boat still held the field. The swiftest of this type unfortunately belonged to foreign Powers ; we had nothing that could overtake them. For some time the British authorities did little beyond trying again to build big swift 'catchers.' France had a larger number of these mosquitos of the sea than this country, but still the Admiralty would not build more, though public opinion was restive. Meantime our rivals chuckled. Then there came the sudden announcement of another change of fashion that was to spread to every seaboard. The authorities had designed a new type of torpedo vessel, smaller than the 'catcher,' and yet larger than the torpedo vessel, and swifter than either. Thus we came to have the torpedo boat destroyer with its light guns capable of sinking a torpedo boat at a distance, and yet able to do all that was claimed for the smaller boat, with the distinctive weapon of both, with this advantage, that she was more

seaworthy. At first the Admiralty were satisfied with a bare 27 knots, and then the demand leapt to 30. Sixty-two vessels of this new type were ordered in the years 1893 and 1894, and now we possess 113, many of them able to travel over 30 knots an hour.

Does the 'destroyer' mark finality? It is already evident that this class is merely a transitional type. They have not in all respects come up to expectation. As long as they are built by firms who devote themselves almost exclusively to their construction, and who understand every detail of their peculiarities, they usually prove fairly good seaboats, but it cannot be doubted that half of our flotillas are unseaworthy, in the sense that they are not fit to weather a bad storm. At present a third of our 'destroyers' are laid up for repairs. What was true of the unfortunate *Cobra* is very largely the case with others of these craft—they are structurally weak. They are, all of them, marvels of ingenuity, closely packed boxes of machinery with the same propulsive energy as suffices for a battleship or a second-class cruiser. But it seems evident that they merely mark the working out of a process of evolution. Slowly they have been growing in size until they have approached the dimensions of the 'catchers.' What the future has in store is uncertain. We are face to face with two engines that threaten further change, the submarine or submersible boat, and the Armstrong-Orling invention. If the claims that are made for the latter are supported by demonstration, naval warfare will be revolutionised again. It is urged by the inventors that they can control the course of a locomotive torpedo by means of wireless telegraphy. If this be proved, the torpedo becomes at a leap a far more formidable and reliable instrument than the gun, since the captain from the conning tower of battleship or cruiser, by unseen electrical forces, will be able to direct the torpedo with absolute accuracy against a foe, who, manoeuvre how he may, will be powerless to evade the blow. It may be, therefore, that we are on the eve of most momentous changes in naval fashions, even if the submarine and her more promising sister, the submersible boat, do not realise all expectations. In any case the reign of the 'destroyer' is threatened by the disaster to the *Cobra* and the buckling incidents of the past few weeks. This type of craft is at least unreliable, and reliability is the first requisite in a man-of-war.

The influence of fashion and science hand in hand may be seen in countless directions. Some weeks since an outcry was raised that the Mediterranean Fleet was not fully supplied with armour-piercing shells, telescopic sights for the guns and gyroscopes, the last named a delicately adjusted contrivance to prevent torpedoes after discharge from being deviated by the current or other cause from their original direction. Among civilians there is too great tendency to forget that the equipment of a fleet suggests an immense number

of problems, all of which have to be carefully examined. Admitting that the Admiralty are sometimes blind to the Navy's interests, the nation is the first to cry out when it acts quickly and unwisely, as in the matter of adoption of the Belleville boiler. It must not be forgotten that the advances of science and the differences of experts render the task of those in authority increasingly difficult. An amazing confusion prevails. For a long period the simple screw was preferred to the twin system in this country, and now in the German, American, and Russian navies triple screws are being fitted. While these rivals are developing the screw system, the British Admiralty are looking to the turbine as a possible means of securing in men-of-war a speed hitherto regarded as unattainable. We have been using the Belleville boiler; the Germans are building ships of war, not one or two, but many, in which half the boilers are cylindrical and half water-tube. In the British Navy coal is exclusively used; Russia is building ships in which half the boilers will be heated by coal and half by oil. In this country two big guns are mounted in the turrets of our battleships, fore and aft; the Americans, in spite of the diversity of opinion prevailing on the other side of the Atlantic, are placing one turret on the top of the other, which is known as the 'superposed turret' system. Sweden is following the American fashion. France is relying mainly on torpedo-boats; Great Britain is placing her trust in torpedo-boat destroyers. Our neighbours across the Channel are modernising many of their older battleships; we are concentrating all our efforts on entirely new ships. France hurriedly adapted an armour-piercing shell for her 50-ton guns; we experimented, and have now a much superior projectile. The great Powers some years since established pigeon lofts along their coasts and spent large sums in breeding and training suitable birds to carry communications from ships of war to the naval centres ashore; the British Admiralty hesitated, at last established three lofts, and now it is evident that wireless telegraphy will supplant the winged messengers of war.

These are examples of the disordered state of naval opinion as it appears to any one who attempts to get a bird's-eye view of the tendency of construction and equipment in the arsenals of the world. Some of the Powers are endeavouring to perfect flying machines which will bring aerial warfare within the realms of possibility; others are relying on the feasibility of carrying destruction secretly beneath the waves. There are persons again—and among them one of the most skilful naval constructors under the Admiralty—who believe that in the near future a complete revolution in the means of naval warfare may be witnessed. They look to the marshalling of ships in something of the same order as land forces. In their dream they see squadrons afloat corresponding to an army division on land, and comprising the three arms, infantry, artillery and mounted troops. The battleships

will be heavily armoured and will carry big guns, but no torpedoes; the cruisers, built to scout, will have lighter guns but will be also without torpedoes; and lastly, torpedo craft will be innocent of guns of any type, even of the smallest calibre, relying solely upon the weapon that gives them their distinctive name.

In the knowledge of these diverse opinions on every subject that comes within the realm of the naval officer, who would dare to prophesy as to the future of warfare on the high seas? Nelson, and even his successors as late as the sixties, would have laughed to scorn a forecast of the world's fleets constituted as they are to-day. The transformation has been effected in forty years. Wood has given place to iron, and iron to steel, and steel is now largely disappearing in favour of armour. Sails were used in co-operation with steam with reluctance. When Queen Victoria ascended the throne the Admiralty recorded their opinion that the steam-engine could never be more than a useful auxiliary to sail power under special conditions. To-day we have not a sailing ship in commission. Ten years ago wireless telegraphy was regarded as an impracticable toy. To-day every ship in the Channel has it installed, and along the coast from Dover to Land's End stations have been equipped.

Restless as the sea, those who are searching for means with which to hold the sea's supreme command never sleep, and as new competitors have entered the field—Russia, then the United States and now Germany—the contest of naval fashions has grown keener. An increasing army speaking various tongues is devoting itself to the study of sea power, its acquisition and its retention. The battle of ideas grows in area and in intensity as rivals spring up on every hand—in the Far East, where Russia and Japan have supplanted British domination afloat, and in the American waters, where the United States rules unrivalled. The sea is all one, and the Navy all one, and supremacy can be no longer judged by a world-wide Power by comparing the British squadron in the Pacific with B's or C's fleet in those waters. There are vital points that must be adequately defended, and for the rest Great Britain must rely on the mobility of her forces, on her unexampled reserves, and on her wealth to carry on a struggle for years if it is forced upon her.

The Two Power standard—equality in numbers and superiority in quality to the next two strongest fleets—has been the ideal of our statesmen. Hitherto this governing principle has ensured to us the theoretical control of the waters that encircle our shores and has in ages past been the best protection of the heart of the Empire. But now a change is taking place. Germany has been bitten by the prevailing love of sea strength; she has a desire for naval power which is held to be synonymous with commercial and colonising power. With that determination that is their birthright, the German people have issued a fiat to their shipbuilding yards. Before the British have

awakened to the possibility, a fleet of thirty-eight battleships, thirty-eight cruisers, thirty-eight smaller cruisers, and all the tentacles of four large squadrons will dominate the North Sea. We being equal to two Powers—France and Russia—what rôle will Germany fill? She will hold the balance of power. Her weight for or against Great Britain may turn the scale for victory or defeat. This is the vision that some students see unfolding in the future. In the present year the six great Powers—Great Britain, France, Russia, Germany, Italy, and the United States—are devoting eighty-three millions sterling to their Fleets. As the zest for supremacy gets a firmer grip on the imaginations of these rival peoples, so the outlay will increase, and it may be that other competitors in the great naval handicap will enter the lists. Year by year the world's naval expenditure is growing, no effort that money can repay is being spared to discover new implements of destruction, and thousands of men devote their thoughts to the direction of naval fashions. As the armoured cruiser of from twenty-one to twenty-four knots is the favourite of to-day, to-morrow a fiendish craft built for speed and night attack with the torpedo, above or below the surface, may be the vogue.

Amid confusion world-wide, who shall prophesy? Only one point seems certain. As the ingenuity of man contrives more deadly instruments, the terror of war becomes more appalling to contemplate. Cardinal Manning, lover of peace and of his fellow men as he was, always held that a supreme British Navy was the peace preserver of the nations of the world, since its strength and ability to strike, and to strike with terrible power, was as a shadow over the desires of all rulers who planned a wrong. It is a picture we may well cherish. With it we may find place for the consoling thought that the more terrible the anticipation of naval war, as fashion and science continue the contest, the less likely will be its realisation. Statesmen will strive and negotiate long and earnestly, before they will loose the forces of devilish intent at their command.

ARCHIBALD S. HURD.

THE PRESS-GANG

IN all civilised communities the liberty of the individual is limited by the rights of his fellows. Mutual protection is the foundation-stone of all society, and no plea but that of inability can free any man from the paramount duty of providing for the safety of the State which protects him by its laws. Compulsory military service is one of the oldest of British institutions; the Saxon 'ceorl' was bound to attend the 'fyrd,' or war host, when summoned; the king had his Huscarles, or household troops ashore, and his Buscarles to man his ships at sea; but their force, possibly sufficient in time of peace, was inadequate for war, and in all times of national stress they had to be reinforced by national levies. In feudal times the vassal followed his lord to war, and did his appointed service under his banner; upon that tenure he held his lands, and failure meant forfeiture. If he were unfit or unwilling he might send a substitute, but either in person or by proxy the duty had to be done.

Military service was one of the chief duties of the citizen, one of the principal conditions of his citizenship. It was always irksome, but if it bore heavily, it bore on all alike. Only the Church was exempt, and perhaps this exemption was not the least of the attractions of the monastic life, though fighting bishops and militant monks were not unknown. The individualist who asserted his right to develop his own Ego, and live his own life in his own way, met with little encouragement. They called him a masterless man, and hanged him out of hand, that so he might bear witness to their recognition of the fundamental truth which lies buried under the thousand exaggerations of Socialism—that no man can repudiate the debt which he owes to the community and yet claim the right to live under the protection of its laws. The mere fact of being born did not, in their eyes, confer a right to exist; that had to be earned by service.

The seafaring population of the Cinque Ports, and the fishermen in their allied villages, were summoned to do their service to the king afloat, in return for certain privileges and monopolies granted by him. There was little talk then of individual liberty, nor was it very highly valued; for the rough school of feudalism taught that a

community of free individuals, each doing as he listed, was always at the mercy of any over-lord who could command a disciplined body of obedient followers; so men bartered a portion of their liberty in exchange for the more valuable consideration of safety to life and property. Afloat or ashore, each able-bodied subject of the king owed him service, and had his allotted part to play in the defence of the kingdom; and the King's Press, which Falstaff misused so damnably in the neighbourhood of Coventry, was the recognised and constitutional method of recruiting the king's forces.

As an island kingdom our security depended principally upon the efficiency of the fleets which asserted and maintained our sovereignty over the seas which have always been our chosen battleground. For this reason the Commissions of Impressment have generally been for the sea service. According to that high authority Sir William Blackstone, the power of impressing seamen by the king's commission has been a matter of some dispute, and was always submitted to with great reluctance;

though it hath been very clearly and learnedly shown by Sir Michael Forster that the practice of impressing, and granting powers to the Admiralty for that purpose, is of very ancient date, and hath been uniformly continued by a regular series of precedents to the present time, whence he concludes it to be a part of the common law. The difficulty arises from hence, that no statute has expressly declared this power to be in the Crown, though many of them strongly imply it. Statute 2 Ric. II. c. 4 speaks of mariners being arrested and retained for the king's service as of a thing well known and practised without dispute. By 2 and 3 Ph. and M. c. 16, if any waterman who uses the river Thames shall hide himself during the execution of any commission of pressing for the king's service, he is liable to heavy penalties. By 5 Eliz. c. 5, no fisherman shall be taken by the Queen's Commissioners to serve as mariner, but (unless?) the Commission shall first be brought to two justices of the peace inhabiting near the sea-coast where mariners are to be taken, to the intent that the justices may choose out and return such number of able-bodied men as are needed by the Commission to serve Her Majesty.

By various Acts of William the Third, Anne, George the Second, etc., etc., especial protections are allowed to seamen in particular circumstances. Ferry-men are also said to be privileged at common law from impressment.

All this most evidently implies a power of impressing to reside somewhere. If anywhere, it must reside in the Crown alone, from the spirit of the Constitution and from frequent mention of the King's Commission. This method of impressing is only defensible from public necessity, to which all private considerations must give way.

The writer of the article on Naval Impressment in the *Encyclopædia Britannica* (1856) declares that

whatever may be said as to the legality of this method of manning the Navy, there can be no doubt that it is a gross invasion of natural liberty, and at

variance with the principles on which recruitment ought to be conducted, excepting in those cases of imperative necessity which imply the suspension of all ordinary rights and laws.

What is 'natural' liberty? If it implies the right of every man to do as he pleases, it is incompatible with any civilisation whatever. If it merely signifies the right of every man to the protection of the laws while he earns his living in any lawful way which seems good to him, it is necessarily dependent upon the existence of the State which maintains those laws; therefore the defence of the State is indispensable for the preservation of natural liberty. The State has the right to summon every citizen to assist in its defence; and the citizens will obey the summons until it appears to them that it is better to lose State, liberty and all, than to spend more men and more money in their defence.

Many expedients were suggested at different times to obviate the necessity of resorting to this evil and clumsy method of recruiting. In 1691, Henry Maydman, an ex-warrant officer of the Navy, published his *Naval Speculations* concerning a number of details of the Service. He observed that

in the reign of Queen Elizabeth was enacted a law for an equal Tax for the Relief of the Poor; and therein was prescribed a method to keep the poor on work, that they might not live in idleness at the charge of their neighbours; which part of the Act took so little effect that no workhouses were used, out of a general pity for the poor; so that of the Act only one part took effect; viz. the poor were provided for in their wants; but for that part which was to provide for their idleness, that they might not live useless and burthensome members of the State took, I say, no effect; but that they and their children also, bred up in the said idle life, are generally heirs of their parents' poverties, by which they are constant sharers of the neighbours' estates, and are of no more use to the State than by their generally fruitful procreations, and serve to people the nation.

He went on to propose that a law should be enacted that every poor boy of a parent that received alms from the parish should be sent to a Training Hospital at Greenwich, there to be trained under a captain and warrant-officers until he arrived at the age of fourteen; then to be bound apprentice to the king, to serve at sea up to the age of twenty-four. He also suggested that all foreign-going seamen from each parish on the sea-coast should be registered in their own parish and also at the Custom House; and that the king should undertake the conduct of the Newfoundland fishery, then a great nursery for English seamen. But all these suggestions, however good in themselves, were in advance of their time, and the nation clung to its old hand-to-mouth policy of pressing seamen when they were wanted, and turning them adrift again, when their services were no longer urgently required. We have travelled far and fast since Henry Maydman's day, and the tendency has always been for the State to do more and more for the individual, while it demands less and less of the individual in return. There is one

point upon which all authorities are agreed, which few men will care to dispute. Whatever may have been the stern necessity which compelled the State to resort to compulsion in manning the Navy the method they employed was calculated to combine the minimum of efficiency with the maximum of individual hardship. There was no regular principle of selection; the press-gangs swept the streets and cleared the taverns, and every able-bodied man who failed to fight his way out or to show a clean pair of heels was sent on board the tender.

The officers in charge were ordered to press seamen only, but they were not very particular, and as a rule all were fish who came into the net. Landsmen, or those properly exempt, if pressed against their inclination, had their remedy at common law, and sometimes obtained damages; but it was not often that a poor man could take this course. From this cause there arose in the Navy a class of men the origin of whose designation has puzzled many writers. These were the 'State-the-case' men, those who believed that they had been pressed illegally, and on the outside of whose letters of complaint was marked 'State the case.' With the majority of them it is probable that this is as far as the matter ever went.¹

We may gather some idea of the brutality and utter indifference with which the operations of the press-gang were sometimes conducted from Mr. David Hannay's *Rodney*.² In 1755 Rodney issued an order to Lieutenant Richard Bickerton:

You are hereby required and directed to proceed on board the *Frederick* and *William* tenders, taking with you forty men from His Majesty's ship under my command, and immediately proceed to the eastward of the Isle of Wight, and cruise for eight days between that island and Beachy Head, using your best endeavours to impress and otherwise procure all such seamen as you possibly can for His Majesty's service.

This was something of an innovation; outward-bound crews had generally been exempt, for it was considered prejudicial to trade to cripple ships at the commencement of their voyage. But when men were badly wanted outward and homeward-bound ships alike were laid under contribution. One homeward-bounder, the *Britannia*, resisted Rodney's order, refused to lay-to, and fired into the tender; the press-gang boarded her, and in the struggle three of the *Britannia*'s people were killed. Rodney reported the matter to Sir Edward Hawke, and asked for instructions. He was bidden 'to lose no time in putting on board the *Britannia* sufficient men to navigate her to the Thames, directing them as soon as they got without St. Helens to throw the dead bodies overboard. For which this shall be your order.'

In 1758, when our national fortunes were at their lowest, and many deemed them altogether desperate, there was 'the hottest

¹ Commander Robinson, *The British Fleet*, 1895.

² *Rodney* (Men of Action Series).

press for seamen on the Thames since the war began, no regard being had to protections. Eight hundred men were swept away. The crew of the *Prince of Wales*, letter-of-marque, stood to arms and saved themselves.³ In the following year warrants were issued for pressing seamen and able-bodied landmen. The terms of the warrant set forth 'that it was absolutely necessary in the present critical situation of affairs, and in face of a threatened invasion, to equip the fleet.' Greenwich pensioners were summoned from their well-earned repose to man the guard-ships. Thirty pressed men fought their way out of the tender at Sunderland; they were confined below and the hatchway-ladders removed, but they contrived among them to hoist their leader on deck. He wrested a halbert from the sentry, and kept him off with one hand, while with the other he lowered a ladder for the rest, who then overpowered the tender's crew. In July of the same year a Greenland whaler, the *Golden Lion*, entered Liverpool homeward-bound. Two tenders boarded her in the river, and the lieutenant in charge announced his intention of pressing every man unless they entered voluntarily. This seems to have been illegal, for harpooners at any rate had hitherto been exempt from impressment. The crew resisted, imprisoned their officers below (probably without too much resistance on their part), and mastered the boarding party. The lieutenant hailed H.M.S. *Vengeance* to fire into the *Golden Lion*; so the sixty whalers kept him and his men on deck to share the risk with them. The *Vengeance*, coming within pistol range, duly fired into them, but the guns' crews, not being particularly desirous of killing anybody, least of all their own shipmates, aimed wide, and several stray nine-pound shot fell in the town of Liverpool. The result was a truce; the *Golden Lions* got their ship into port, made full speed for the Custom House, gave bond according to the Act, and renewed their protections. Nevertheless the press-gang pursued them, and seized Captain Thomson and five of his men.

In the same year Captain Fortescue of the *Prince Edward* was cast in 1,000*l.* damages for pressing too many of the crew of the *Thomas and Elizabeth* of Poole, 'whereby the ship was lost.'

In the midst of the celebration of the anniversary of the Gunpowder Plot in 1770, Michael Thomas (black) and Ann Brandley (white) entered into the bonds of matrimony at St. Olave's, Southwark, and the ceremony was melodramatically interrupted by the entrance of a press-gang. The negro bridegroom and his friends of both complexions made resistance, and something like a riot took place in the church; in the course of it the clergyman received injuries. The lieutenant in command was brought before the magistrates, but was discharged upon the clergyman's intercession.

³ *Annual Register*

The high-handed proceedings of officers in charge of press-gangs frequently brought them in conflict with the civil power. In 1777 some naval lieutenants were taken into custody, charged with an assault upon one Stephen Richardson, in Leadenhall Street, and produced as their justification an Admiralty warrant backed by Alderman Harley. The Lord Mayor declined to receive it as sufficient answer to the charge, and said that if Richardson insisted on prosecuting he should require the defendants to find bail. Richardson declined to prosecute; but as he was leaving the court Lieutenant Hills expressed his determination to take him on board the tender, insisting that he had lawful authority to do so. The Lord Mayor retorted that he was equally determined to keep the man out of their hands, and directed Richardson to remain in court till he could send him home under escort.

As the war went on and the needs of the Navy grew more pressing, a Bill was passed in 1779 taking away all exemptions (for a limited time), and also suspending the Habeas Corpus Act for such breaches of exemption as had already taken place. After this there appears to have been no real security for any man—seaman or landsman; nevertheless, the civil power still asserted its right to protect those who had never been subject to any previous commission of impressment, and a lieutenant and a midshipman were fined 13s. 4d. each, and imprisoned for one month in the King's Bench Prison, for entering a shop and impressing the shopman.

It is not without some reason that we boast of being a law-abiding people. Here was a tyranny which could not easily be outdone. Almost any man of the middle classes might be seized in the public street by a band of armed men, beaten, pinioned, and shipped off to serve the king whether he would or no. Many naval officers hated the iniquitous system almost as bitterly as the sailors and landsmen who were made man-of-war's men against their will; but naval officers and landsmen alike acknowledged the necessity of manning the Navy. The enemy's cruisers were at sea, and scarcely a day went by without some British merchant ship being captured in our own Channel, or some ocean convoy losing a straggler or two to the privateers of St. Malo or Dunkirk, who hung on their tracks like wolves after a herd of deer. The great French fleets were blockaded in their own ports, and year in and year out our in-shore and off-shore squadrons of line-of-battle ships clung to the enemy's coast through the hard winter gales and summer squalls. Toulon, Rochefort, Brest, and every little hornet's nest of a harbour from Ushant to Dunkirk, had to be watched, and there was work for every ship and every man we could muster. The long-suffering people grumbled and swore; the press-gangs had to fight their way to their boats, hammer and tongs, through mobs of seamen, fishermen,

and landsmen, who were always ready for a scrimmage with them; but there seems to have been little or no malice on either side, and weapons were rarely used. It was curious, because there was no such spirit of give and take between smugglers and Custom House people. Every boatman and fisherman on the coast was more or less of a smuggler, and the maritime population generally were tarred with the same brush. The blood of many a murdered Custom House officer cried to Heaven of the bitter, pitiless hatred that the people cherished for the Revenue men who robbed them of spirit kegs and contraband goods; but they bore no such grudge against the men of the Royal Navy who kidnapped their fathers, sons, and brothers to serve the State. The whole nation was fighting for its existence, and with grim logic was willing to endure even tyranny rather than suffer defeat. Commander Robinson in his *British Fleet* quotes a forgotten story of Douglas Jerrold's, in which the hero, Jack Runnymede, gives expression to the popular feeling. Jack, having been pressed into the Service, returns home with his pockets full of prize money, a man of substance. His vote and interest are solicited by a Parliamentary candidate who declares himself opposed to the infamous and inhuman system of pressing. 'My service to you, sir!' says Jack. 'You don't have my vote. What, sweep us from the world as a naval power by doing away with impressment? No, sir, not while I can lift my voice will I consent to this. By losing this I should cease to be grateful—as I am—for my country; should no longer bless my stars that I am a Briton; no longer thank God that I am an Englishman.' If Jerrold, the past-master of nautical melodrama, had only dramatised 'Jack Runnymede,' what a roar of applause that speech would have drawn from the gallery!

In Osler's *Life of Lord Exmouth* we have an invaluable picture of the condition of the Navy at the commencement of the Great War. As usual, the naval forces had been reduced in time of peace till they were far below the level of safety or efficiency; and we declared war on the 11th of February, 1793, with no more than 16,000 seamen and marines. Orders were issued to raise this number, first to 45,000, and afterwards to 60,000 men; but notwithstanding the exertions of the press-gangs, seamen were not to be had.* Scores of ships were fitting out at the same time, and though Pellew's frigate, the *Nymphe*, was completed for sea with all despatch by the Dockyard at Portsmouth, and officers and marines joined her at once, there were no seamen to be found. Pellew, being a Cornishman, induced eighty Cornish miners to volunteer. They were sent on board at Spithead, and the *Nymphe* actually sailed from thence to Falmouth with these

* In the Navy List of 1794 three flag-officers, twenty-nine captains, and fifty-four Lieutenants are mentioned as engaged in the impress service.

eighty miners and no more than a dozen seamen for all her crew. The captain steered the ship, the officers and seamen did duty aloft, the marines pulled and hauled about the decks, and the miners were sea-sick. At length her complement was filled up with merchant sailors and landsmen, none of whom had ever seen a shot fired; yet in May she was doing convoy duty, and on the 18th of June she fought and captured the French frigate *Cléopâtre* of equal force, which had been in commission for more than a year.

In 1795 Pitt proposed a scheme for manning the Navy without having recourse to the odious expedient of pressing, by levying a number of seamen proportionate to the tonnage of each vessel cleared outwards. He estimated that there were at that time 100,000 seamen employed in the Merchant Service, and proposed to take one seaman or two landsmen for every seven able seamen on board. Ships of less than thirty-five tons were to be exempt; ships of less than seventy tons were to contribute one 'landman'; up to 100 tons, two landmen or one seaman; above 150 tons, one landman for each fifty tons of measurement. The Bill was passed with few alterations, but seems to have been quite ineffectual, for only two years later Pitt suspended all protections, for one month in the coal-trade, and for five months in all other trades.

The *Naval Chronicle* gives us some graphic descriptions of the state of affairs in the great Government ports when war with France broke out again in 1803, after a peace of only eighteen months duration. A false economy had been the order of the day, and of the 130,000 seamen and marines serving at the beginning of 1802, 60,000 had been turned adrift without any provision for finding them again when they were wanted. The king's message to Parliament on the 8th of March was considered tantamount to a declaration of war; and at 4 A.M. on the morning of the 10th, an Admiralty messenger, who had travelled express from London in thirty-two hours, arrived at Plymouth with despatches for the Port-Admiral, Rear-Admiral Dacres. A few minutes later the gates of the marine barracks at Stonehouse and Mill Barracks were shut, and at seven o'clock several armed parties of about a dozen marines, each under an officer and accompanied by a naval officer, boarded the colliers at the Quay, the ships in Catwater and the Pool, 'and the gin-shops.' They took a great number of prime seamen, and also pressed landmen of all descriptions: the town looked as if it were in a state of siege. At Stonehouse, Mutton Cove, North Corner, Morris Town, and in the receiving and gin-shops at Dock, hundreds of seamen and landmen were picked up. Upwards of 400 useful hands were pressed in the Three Towns during the day and night. 'Too much credit cannot be given to the officers and their gangs for the spirit, secrecy, address and humanity with which they executed their orders. One

press-gang entered the Dock Theatre and cleared the whole gallery except the women.' Next day several useful hands were picked up, 'mostly seamen who had been concealed in their lodgings and were discovered by their girls;' for Jack's delight, his lovely Nan, had ever a keen eye for business. Bodies of seamen and marines were judiciously posted on all the northern and eastern roads, and all communication was cut off.

The Admiralty orders reached Portsmouth as early as the 9th, and 600 seamen were sent on shore from the ships at Spithead, in separate gangs. They took every man from the ships in harbour, and the merchants had great difficulty in procuring people to take care of vessels and cargoes till the captains were released. People living on the Point could scarcely get a boat to take them to Gosport, for all the watermen were in terror of the press-gang; yet bounties and enthusiasm ran so high that twelve volunteers entered for every man pressed unwillingly.

Six homeward-bound East Indiamen were wind-bound off the Eddystone, knowing nothing of the declaration of war; the Channel cruisers boarded them and took out 300 seamen. On one Saturday afternoon in May a number of holiday folk were pressed in Plymouth, while troops picketed the streets to protect the press-gangs. On the same day the gates of Portsmouth were shut and soldiers placed at every avenue. Tradesmen were taken from their shops and sent on board ships in the harbour 'till they could be examined; if fit for His Majesty's service they were kept, and if in trade set at liberty.'

The most singular case of all occurred in the Island of Bute in 1808. Donald McArthur was minister of a Dissenting congregation at Port Bannatyne, and John Campbell of Southall was a magistrate: Campbell disapproved of McArthur's doctrine. Being religiously angry with him on theological grounds, he became aware that at some earlier period McArthur had been employed in the herring fishery; so he had him arrested in the middle of Divine service, shipped him off to Greenock, and handed him over to the impressment officer as fit for service in the Navy. The unfortunate minister was sent on board the *Tourterelle* frigate; from thence he was shifted first into one ship, then into another; but his congregation and friends had not been idle, and at the end of five weeks he was discharged by a special Admiralty order, and granted a certificate and a perpetual protection. He brought an action against Campbell, and that zealous magistrate pleaded in justification that McArthur preached seditious doctrine, and was liable to impressment as a fisherman; but he had to pay 105*l.* damages and all costs.

In 1813 a tender from Belfast landed a party of men at Campbelltown who proceeded to impress every man they could find. Meeting

with very determined resistance (the *Annual Register* does not specify if it was armed resistance) the officer in command ordered his men to fire. One fourteen-year-old girl was killed and two men wounded, and the verdict was 'justifiable homicide.'

These were some of the inevitable results of a hand-to-mouth system of recruiting the Navy. No attempt was made in time of peace to prepare for the possible contingency of war; expenditure was cut down, and the number of ships and men in commission reduced to the lowest possible level. Then, when the sudden strain of war came, and the very existence of the nation depended upon a great and rapid increase of the naval forces, men had to be procured anyhow. The danger was too imminent, the feverish haste too pressing, to leave room for scruples. It is impossible to praise too highly the patriotic temper of the people who were willing to submit to such hardships, to such high-handed interference with personal liberty, in order to save the State which had made so little provision for their protection; but we should be but degenerate descendants of the men who earned for us a century of unchallenged sea-dominion if we ever allowed a repetition of the blunder.

When the Napoleonic wars came to an end and the peace of exhaustion fell upon Europe, many worthy people believed that the world had learned the sin and folly of all war, and that the nations had raged furiously together for the last time. Swords were out of date; industry was to be the weapon of the future, and international exhibitions were to be its battle-ground. Filled with this belief, certain politicians of a school now extinct assured Nicholas of Russia that England would not fight, and the result was the most aimless, fruitless war that we ever engaged in. The only guarantee of peace is readiness for war; the Latin tag is somewhat musty, but it is by no means obsolete.

If it should be our misfortune to be involved in a great naval war, we are far better prepared to enter upon it now than we ever were before. Now, in time of peace, we have as many men in the Navy as we have ever had at any previous time when war was at its hottest, and man for man they are better trained. We are spending more money on the Navy by one-half than when we were fighting France and America; but our population has doubled since then, and the interests which we have to guard have increased five and ten-fold. In the days of Nelson any seaman and most landsmen could be turned into efficient man-of-war's men in a few months; now it takes years to train a blue-jacket. The inevitable wastage of the next great naval war will probably be enormous; how is it to be best supplied? We are told that the wars of the future must of necessity be short and sharp, but such prophecies have been falsified before and may be again. During the Seven Years War we employed

183,898 men in the Navy, and when peace was made in 1763 there were only 49,673 still serving. No more than 1,512 had been killed in action, but wounds, disease and 'missing' accounted for 133,708.* If in the first twelve months of war we found it necessary to increase the number by 30,000 men—which is not perhaps an exaggerated hypothesis—how do we propose to set about it?

When it was suspected in 1860 that the Army was numerically too weak to ensure a reasonable safety, Government and Parliament admitted that there were some grounds for uneasiness, but took no particular steps to provide a remedy. Then that Greater Parliament which we call Public Opinion, acting by means of private enterprise, produced the Volunteer Forces; and after many years of official coldness and departmental snubs, our citizen army has proved its value in South Africa. The Naval Artillery Volunteers were enrolled as a possible nucleus of a Naval auxiliary force; but either the movement had less vitality or it met with stronger opposition, and after some fifteen years of precarious existence it died of inanition.

Under our system of political see-saw it is unlikely that any Government would jeopardise its existence by proposing a Bill for increasing the naval reserves by any form of ballot or conscription. The holy and constitutional horror of His Majesty's faithful Opposition would be so edifying, their political indignation so scathing, that only a change of Ministry could appease an aroused electorate; but the precedent of the Volunteer movement has shown us how a Constitutional force can be founded outside Parliament, and can be built up without any strong Government support. It would certainly meet with more encouragement in 1902 than in 1860. Many—perhaps most—naval officers will tell us that untrained men are utterly useless on board a modern ship of war. Probably Edward Pellew would have said the same thing; but when he could get no others he was compelled to take them, and contrived to make good use of them. In any case, partially trained men would be better than those who had no training at all. In an article entitled 'Current Fallacies upon Naval Subjects,' which appeared in *Harper's Magazine* in June 1898, Captain Mahan expressed his opinion that no ship is obsolete for which fighting work can be found with a tolerable chance—a fighting chance—of her being successful; because though unequal to this or that position of exposure, she, by occupying an inferior, releases a better ship. May not the inferior man be valuable in the same degree as the inferior ship? Mercantile seamen could run despatch vessels and non-fighting ships as well as blue-jackets who were trained in gunnery and torpedo work; and if the Admiralty is to be saddled with the defence of coaling stations, there may be work for men with no sea experience at all. We have

* Commander Robinson, *The British Fleet*.

the greatest and most sincere admiration for the high standard of efficiency required by the naval authorities; but in the strain and stress of war we may find it necessary to accept something lower and less ideal. Is it not better to organise some kind of training in time of peace than to repeat the experiences of the press-gang in time of war?

We have in the Royal Naval Reserve and the Royal Fleet Reserve about 40,000 men; but that number no more represents the whole of our possible naval resources than the Militia and Yeomanry of 1860 represented the potential military strength of the Empire. If a volunteer naval service could only be made as popular as the land service, and men were granted retaining fees and sufficient pay during training to relieve them from pecuniary loss, there seems to be no reason why our 40,000 reserve men should not be doubled. The Merchant Service has always been the nursery and the chief source of supply for the Fleet; yet we have allowed the British merchant seaman to be slowly and steadily supplanted by foreigners who may be cheap to the shipowner, but are worse than useless to the State. It should be the business of Parliament to set that right, but public opinion outside Parliament should see that our seamen are trained to serve the State as thousands of men of all classes are trained ashore. Pitt, Maydman, and many others have touched the fringe of the subject. Many schemes for raising naval volunteers have been tried and abandoned; yet our fishermen and boatmen have never been less patriotic than their landsmen neighbours—they proved that in 1798 and after. Nor is British mercantile Jack, though his numbers are dwindling, altogether careless of the honour of the Red Ensign. A large proportion of our steamships and nearly all our sailing fleet would most likely be laid up on the outbreak of war. What is to become of their crews?

If it had been proposed in 1860 to enroll free citizens, not enlisted soldiers, and send them to fight the enemies of their country 6,000 miles away, the idea would have been scouted as preposterous by the political Pecksniffs of that day; yet we ourselves have seen the thing done without any reprobation, and it is the Volunteer system that has worked this wholesome conversion by familiarising the public with the idea of the citizen soldier. It is no new thing; only we had grown unaccustomed to a duty which was once as necessary and as natural to us as it now is to Continental nations. It may be that the Volunteer system is only a half-way house to compulsory service; if so, it has done a great work in educating the community. Is it not possible to introduce a similar system of gradual development into the sea service? It has taken the Volunteer movement forty years to bring us to this point; thanks to the experience we have gained, Naval Volunteers might be

organised and trained in five years; but who will arouse public opinion to begin the movement? If we have to wait till the imminence of war raises our patriotism to fever-heat, after the bad old fashion, the necessary work will have to be done in the bad old way; but if history and experience have taught us anything we should set our house in order while yet we have time to do it. The work will be better done, and there will be no need of such individual hardship as was caused by the old institution of the press-gang. The laws of impressment have never been repealed; it rests with us to see that they are never again put in force.

W. J. FLETCHER.

DID ELIZABETH STARVE AND ROB HER SEAMEN?

IN his book—*The United Kingdom: a Political History*—Mr. Goldwin Smith repeats the accusations made within the last forty years, and apparently only within that period, against Queen Elizabeth of having starved the seamen of her fleet by giving them food insufficient in quantity and bad in quality, and of having robbed them by keeping them out of the pay due to them. He also accuses the Queen, though somewhat less plainly, of having deliberately acquiesced in a wholesale slaughter of her seamen by remaining still, though no adequate provision had been made for the care of the sick and wounded. There are further charges of obstinately objecting, out of mere stinginess, to take proper measures for the naval defence of the country, and of withholding a sufficient supply of ammunition from her ships when about to meet the enemy. Lest it should be supposed that this is an exaggerated statement of the case against Elizabeth as formulated by Mr. Goldwin Smith, his own words are given.

He says :—

Instead of strengthening her armaments to the utmost, and throwing herself upon her Parliament for aid, she clung to her moneybags, actually reduced her fleet, withheld ammunition and the more necessary stores, cut off the sailor's food, did, in short, everything in her power to expose the country defenceless to the enemy.¹ The pursuit of the Armada was stopped by the failure of the ammunition, which, apparently, had the fighting continued longer, would have been fatal to the English fleet.²

Mr. Goldwin Smith makes on this the rather mild comment that 'treason itself could scarcely have done worse.' Why 'scarcely'? Surely the very blackest treason could not have done worse. He goes on to ask :

How were the glorious seamen, whose memory will be for ever honoured by England and the world, rewarded after their victory?

¹ Vol. i. p. 391.

² *Ibid.*

This is his answer :—

Their wages were left unpaid, they were docked of their food, and served with poisonous drink, while for the sick and wounded no hospitals were provided. More of them were killed by the Queen's meanness than by the enemy.³

It is safe to challenge the students of history throughout the world to produce any parallel to conduct so infamous as that which Mr. Goldwin Smith has imputed to an English queen. If his charges are true, there is no limit to the horror and loathing with which we ought to regard Elizabeth. Are they true? That is the question. I respectfully invite the attention of those who wish to know the truth and to retain their reverence for a great historical character, to the following examination of Mr. Goldwin Smith's accusations and of the foundations on which they rest. It will not, I hope, be considered presumptuous if I say that—in making this examination—personal experience of life in the Navy sufficiently extensive to embrace both the present day and the time before the introduction of the great changes in system and Naval *matériel* will be of great help. Many things which have appeared so extraordinary to landmen that they could account for their occurrence only by assuming that this must have been due to extreme culpability or extreme folly will be quite familiar to naval officers whose experience of the service goes back thirty or forty years and can be satisfactorily explained by them.

There is little reason to doubt that Mr. Goldwin Smith's charges against the great Queen are based exclusively on statements in Froude's History. It is remarkable how closely Froude has been followed by writers treating of Elizabeth and her reign. He was known to have gone to original documents for the sources of his narrative; and it seems to have been taken for granted, not only that his fidelity was above suspicion—an assumption with which I do not deal now—but also that his interpretation of the meaning of those who wrote the papers consulted must be correct. Motley, in his *History of the United Netherlands*, published in 1860, had dwelt upon the shortness of ammunition and provisions in the Channel Fleet commanded by Lord Howard of Effingham; but he attributed this to bad management on the part of officials and not to downright baseness on that of Elizabeth.

Froude has placed beyond doubt his determination to make the Queen responsible for all shortcomings.

The Queen [he says] had taken upon herself the detailed arrangement of everything. She and she alone was responsible.⁴ She had extended to the dockyards the same hard thrift with which she had pared down her expenses every-

³ Vol. i. p. 392.

⁴ Chap. lxxi. p. 370. This and the following quotations are from the twelve-volume edition.

ships.⁸ She did the ships to harbour by supplying the stores in dribble. She allowed rations but for a month, and permitted no reserves to be provided in the distilling offices.⁹ The ships at Plymouth, furnished from a distance, and with small quantities at a time, were often for many days without food of any kind.⁷ Even at Plymouth, short food and poisonous drink had brought dysentery among them.⁸ They had to meet the enemy, as it were, with one arm bandaged by their own sovereign.⁹ The greatest service ever done by an English fleet had been thus successfully accomplished by men whose wages had not been paid from the time of their engagement, half-starved, with their clothes in rags, and so ill-found in the necessities of war that they had eked out their ammunition by what they could take in action from the enemy himself.¹⁰ The men expected that at least after such a service they would be paid their wages in full. The Queen was cavilling over the accounts, and would give no orders for money till she had demanded the meaning of every penny that she was charged. . . . Their legitimate food had been stolen from them by the Queen's own neglect.¹¹

We thus see that Froude has made Elizabeth personally responsible for the short rations, the undue delay in paying wages earned, and the fearful sickness which produced a heavy mortality amongst the crews of her Channel Fleet; and also for insufficiently supplying her ships with ammunition.

The quotations from Mr. Goldwin Smith's book make it clear that it is possible to outdo Froude in his denunciations, even where it is on his statements that the accusers found their charges. In his *History of England*—which is widely read, especially by the younger generation of Englishmen—the Rev J. Franck Bright tells us, with regard to the defensive campaign against the Armada,

The Queen's avarice went near to ruin the country.¹ The miserable supplies which Elizabeth had alone allowed to be sent them (the ships in the Channel) had produced all sorts of diseases, and thousands of the crews came from their great victory only to die.² In the midst of privation and wanting in all the necessities of life, the sailors had fought with unflagging energy, with their wages unpaid, with ammunition supplied to them with so stingy a hand that each shot sent on board was registered and accounted for, with provisions withheld, so that the food of four men had habitually to be divided among six, and that food so bad as to be really poisonous.

J. R. Green, in his *History of the English People*,³ states that,

While England was thrilling with the triumph over the Armada, its Queen was coolly grumbling over the cost and making her profit out of the spoiled provisions she had ordered for the fleet that had saved her

The object of each subsequent historian was to surpass the originator of the calumnies against Elizabeth. In his sketch of her life in the *Dictionary of National Biography*⁴ Dr. Augustus Jessopp, a clergyman, asserts that the Queen's ships 'were notoriously and

⁸ P. 357.

⁹ P. 369.

⁷ P. 391.

⁶ P. 431.

⁵ P. 391.

¹⁰ P. 429.

¹¹ P. 432.

¹² Period ii. p. 559 (published in 1880)

¹³ P. 562.

¹⁴ Vol. iv. (1896 edition), p. 181.

¹⁵ Vol. xvi, published in 1889.

scandalously ill-furnished with stores and provisions for the sailors, and it is impossible to lay the blame on anyone but the Queen.' He had previously remarked that the merchant vessels which came to the assistance of the men-of-war from London and the smaller ports 'were as a rule far better furnished than the Queen's ships,' which were 'without the barest necessities.' After these extracts one from Dr. S. R. Gardiner's *Student's History of England*¹⁶ will appear moderate. Here it is, 'Elizabeth, having with her usual economy kept the ships short of powder, they were forced to come back' from the chase of the Armada.

The above allegations constitute a heavy indictment of the Queen. No heavier could well be brought against any sovereign or government. Probably the first thing that occurs to anyone who, knowing what Elizabeth's position was, reads the tremendous charges made against her will be, that—if they are true—she must have been without a rival in stupidity as well as in turpitude. There was no person in the world who had as much cause to desire the defeat of the Armada as she had. If the Duke of Medina-Sidonia's expedition had been successful she would have lost both her throne and her life. She herself and her father had shown that there could be a short way with Queens—consort or regnant—whom you had in your power, and whose existence might be inconvenient to you. Yet, if we are to believe her accusers, she did her best to ensure her own dethronement and decapitation. 'The country saved itself and its cause in spite of its Queen.'¹⁷

How did this extraordinary view of Elizabeth's conduct arise? What had Froude to go upon when he came forward as her accuser? These questions can be answered with ease. Every Government that comes near going to war, or that has gone to war, is sure to incur one of two charges, made according to circumstances. If the Government prepares for war and yet peace is preserved, it is accused of unpardonable extravagance in making preparations. Whether it makes these on a sufficient scale or not, it is accused, if war does break out—at least in the earlier period of the contest—of not having done enough. Political opponents and the 'man in the street' agree in charging the Administration with panic profusion in one case, and with criminal niggardliness in the other. Elizabeth hoped to preserve peace. She had succeeded in keeping out of an 'official' war for a long time: and she had much justification for the belief that she could do so still longer. 'She could not be thoroughly persuaded,' says Mr. David Hannay,¹⁸ that it was hopeless to expect to avert the Spanish invasion by artful diplomacy.' Whilst reasonable precautions were not neglected, she was determined that no one should be able to say with truth that she had needlessly thrown

¹⁶ Published in 1892.

¹⁷ Goldwin Smith, i. p. 391.

¹⁸ *A Short History of the Royal Navy*, pp. 96-7.

away money in a fright. For the general naval policy of England at the time, Elizabeth, as both the nominal and the real head of the Government, is properly held responsible. The event showed the perfect efficiency of that policy.

The war having really come, it was inevitable that the Government, and Elizabeth as its head, should be blamed sooner or later for not having made adequate provision for it. No one is better entitled to speak on the naval policy of the Armada epoch than Mr. Julian Corbett,¹⁹ who is not disposed to assume that the Queen's action was above criticism. He says that 'Elizabeth has usually been regarded as guilty of complete and unpardonable inaction.' He explains that 'the event at least justified the Queen's policy. There is no trace of her having been blamed for it at the time at home; nor is there any reason to doubt it was adopted sagaciously and deliberately on the advice of her most capable officers.' Mr. David Hannay, who, as a historian, rightly takes into consideration the conditions of the age, points out that 'Elizabeth was a very poor sovereign, and the maintenance of a great fleet was a heavy drain upon her resources.' He adds: 'There is no reason to suppose that Elizabeth and her Lord Treasurer were careless of their duty; but the Government of the time had very little experience in the maintenance of great military forces.'

If we take the charges against her in detail, we shall find that each is as ill-founded as that of criminal neglect of naval preparations generally. The most serious accusation is that with regard to the victuals. It will most likely be a surprise to many people to find that the seamen of Elizabeth were victualled in a more abundant, and much more costly scale than the seamen of Victoria. Nevertheless, such is the fact. In 1565 the contract allowance for victualling was $4\frac{1}{2}d.$ a day for each man in harbour and $5d.$ a day at sea. There was also an allowance of $4d.$ a man per month at sea and $8d.$ in harbour for 'purser's necessities.' Mr. Oppenheim, in whose valuable work²⁰ on naval administration the details as to the Elizabethan victualling system are to be found, tells us that in 1586 the rate was raised to $6d.$ a day in harbour and $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ at sea; and that in 1587 it was again raised, this time to $6\frac{1}{2}d.$ in harbour, and $7d.$ at sea. These sums were intended to cover both the cost of the food and storage, custody, conveyance, &c., the present-day 'establishment charges.' The repeated raising of the money allowance is convincing proof that the victualling arrangements had not been neglected, and that there was no refusal to sanction increased expenditure to improve them. It is a great thing to have Mr. Oppenheim's high authority for this, because he is not generally favourable to the Queen, though even he admits that it 'is a moot point' how far she was herself responsible.

¹⁹ *Drake and the Tudor Navy*, 1898, vol. ii. p. 117.

²⁰ *The Administration of the Royal Navy, 1509-1660*. London, 1896.

If necessary, detailed arguments could be adduced to show that to get the present value of the sums allowed in 1588 we ought to multiply them by six.²¹ The sum allowed for each man's daily food and the 'establishment charges'—increased as they had been in 1586—did little more than cover the expenditure; and, though it does not appear that the contractor lost money, he nevertheless died a poor man. It will be hardly imputed to Elizabeth for iniquity that she did not consider that the end of government was the enrichment of contractors. The fact that she increased the money payment again in 1587 may be accepted as proof that she did not object to a fair bargain. As has been just said, the Elizabethan scale of victualling was more abundant than the early Victorian, and not less abundant than that now given.²² As shown by Mr. Hubert Hall and Thorold Rogers, in the price lists which they publish, the cost of a week's allowance of food for a man-of-war's man in 1588, in the money of the time, amounted to about 1s. 11½d., which multiplied by six would be about 11s. 9d. of our present money. The so-called 'savings price' of the present allowance is about 9½d. a day, or 5s. 6½d. weekly. The 'savings price' is the amount of money which a man receives if he does not take up his victuals, each article having a price attached to it for that purpose. It may be interesting to know that the full allowance is rarely, perhaps never, taken up, and that some part of the savings is now, and for many years has been, almost invariably paid.

²¹ See Mr. Hubert Hall's *Society in the Elizabethan Age*, and Thorold Rogers's *History of Agriculture and Prices*, vols. v. and vi. Froude himself puts the ratio at six to one.

²² It will be convenient to compare the two scales in a footnote, observing that—as I hope will not be thought impertinent—I draw on my own personal experience for the more recent, which was in force for some years after I went to sea.

WEEKLY

	Elizabethan scale	Early Victorian scale
Beef	8 lbs.	7 lbs.
Biscuit	7 "	7 "
Salted fish	9 "	none
Cheese	¾ lb.	"
Butter	"	"
Beer	7 gallons	"
Vegetables	none	3½ lbs.
Spirits	"	⅞ pint
Tea	"	1¼ oz.
Sugar	"	14 "
Cocoa	"	7 "

There is now a small allowance of oatmeal, pepper, mustard, and vinegar, against which we may set the 'purser's necessities' of Elizabeth's day. In that day but little sugar was used, and tea and cocoa were unknown even in palaces. It is just a question if seven gallons of beer did not make up for the weekly allowance of these and for the seven-eighths of a pint of spirits. Tea was only allowed in 1850, and was not an additional article. It replaced part of the spirits. The biscuit allowance is now 8½ lbs. weekly.

The Victorian dietary is more varied and wholesome than the Elizabethan; but, as we have seen, it is less abundant and can be obtained for much less money, even if we grant that the 'savings price'—purposely kept low to avoid all suggestion that the men are being bribed into stinting themselves—is less than the real cost. The excess of this latter, however, is not likely to be more than 30 per cent., so that Elizabeth's expenditure in this department was more liberal than the present. Such defects as were to be found in the Elizabethan naval dietary were common to it with that of the English people generally. If there was plenty, there was but little variety in the food of our ancestors of all ranks three centuries ago. As far as was possible in the conditions of the time, Elizabeth's Government did make provision for victualling the fleet on a sufficient and even liberal scale; and, notwithstanding slender pecuniary resources, repeatedly increased the money assigned to it, on cause being shown.^{*} In his eagerness to make Queen Elizabeth a monster of treacherous rapacity, Froude has completely overreached himself. He says that 'she permitted some miserable scoundrel to lay a plan before her for saving expense, by cutting down the seamen's diet.' The 'miserable scoundrel' had submitted a proposal for diminishing the expenses which the administration was certainly ill able to bear. The candid reader will draw his own conclusions when he finds that the Queen did not approve the plan submitted; and yet that not one of her assailants has let this appear.²³

It is, of course, possible to concede that adequate arrangements had been made for the general victualling of the fleet; and still to maintain that, after all, the sailors afloat actually did run short of food. In his striking *Introduction to the Armada Despatches* published by the Navy Records Society, Professor Laughton declares that:

To any one examining the evidence, there can be no question as to victualling being conducted on a fairly liberal scale, as far as the money was concerned. It was in providing the victuals that the difficulty lay. . . . When a fleet of unprecedented magnitude was collected, when a sudden and unwonted demand was made on the victualling officers, it would have been strange indeed if things had gone quite smoothly.

There are plenty of naval officers who have had experience, and within the last ten years of the nineteenth century, of the difficulty, and sometimes of the impossibility, of getting sufficient supplies for a large number of ships in rather out-of-the-way places. In 1588 the comparative thinness of population and insufficiency of communications and means of transport must have constituted obstacles, far greater than any encountered in our own day, to the collection of

²³ It may be stated here that the word 'rations' is unknown in the Navy. The official term is 'victuals.' The term in common use is 'provisions.'

supplies locally and to their timely importation from a distance. 'You would not believe,' says Lord Howard of Effingham himself, 'what a wonderful thing it is to victual such an army as this is in such a narrow corner of the earth, where a man would think that neither victuals were to be had nor a cask to put it in.' No more effective defence of Elizabeth and her Ministers could well be advanced than that which Mr. Oppenheim puts forward as a corroboration of the accusation against them. He says that the victualling officials 'found no difficulty in arranging for 13,000²⁴ men in 1586 and 9,200 in 1597 after timely notice.' This is really a high compliment, as it proves that the authorities were quite ready to, and in fact did, learn from experience. Mr. Oppenheim, however, is not an indiscriminating assailant of the Queen; for he remarks, as has been already said, that, 'how far Elizabeth was herself answerable is a moot point.' He tells us that there 'is no direct evidence against her;' and the charge levelled at her rests not in proof, but on 'strong probability.' One would like to have another instance out of all history, of probability, however strong, being deemed sufficient to convict a person of unsurpassed treachery and stupidity combined when the direct evidence, which is not scanty, fails to support the charge and indeed points the other way.

The Lord Admiral himself and other officers have been quoted to show how badly off the fleet was for food. Yet at the close of the active operations against the Armada, Sir J. Hawkins wrote: 'Here is victual sufficient, and I know not why any should be provided after September, but for those which my Lord doth mean to leave in the narrow seas.' On the same day Howard himself wrote from Dover: 'I have caused all the remains of victuals to be laid here and at Sandwich, for the maintaining of them that shall remain in the Narrow Seas.' Any naval officer with experience of command who reads Howard's representations on the subject of the victuals will at once perceive that what the Admiral was anxious about was not the quantity on board the ships, but the stock in reserve. Howard thought that the latter ought to be a supply for six weeks. The Council thought a month's stock would be enough; and—as shown by the extracts from Howard's and Hawkins's letters just given—the Council was right in its estimate. Anyone who was paid to write or to read official letters about stocks of stores and provisions will find something especially modern in Howard's representations.

Though the crews of the fleet did certainly come near the end of their victuals afloat, there is no case of their having actually run out of them. The complement of an ordinary man-of-war in the latter part of the sixteenth century, judged by our modern standard, was very large in proportion to her size. It was impossible for her to carry provisions enough to last her men for a long time. Any

²⁴ There were between 1,700 and 1,800 men in our Channel Fleet in 1588.

unexpected prolongation of a cruise, threatened a reduction to short commons. A great deal has been made of the fact that stewards had to oblige six men to put up with the allowance of four. 'When a large force,' says Mr. D. Hannay, 'was collected for service during any length of time, it was the common rule to divide four men's allowance among six.' There must be still many officers and men to whom the plan would seem quite familiar. It is indicated by a recognised form of words, 'six upon four.' I have myself been 'six upon four' several times, mostly in the Pacific, but on one occasion in the East Indies. As far as I could see, no one appeared to regard it as an intolerable hardship. The Government, it should be known, made no profit out of the process, because money was substituted for the food not issued. Howard's recourse to it was not due to immediate insufficiency. Speaking of the merchant vessels which came to reinforce him, he says: 'We are fain to help them with victuals to bring them thither. There is not any of them that hath one day's victuals.' These merchant vessels were supplied at by private owners; and it is worth noting that, in the teeth of this statement by Howard, Dr. Jessopp, in his eagerness to blacken Elizabeth, says that they 'were, as a rule, far better furnished than the Queen's ships.' The Lord Admiral on another occasion, before the flight off Gravelines, said of the ships he hoped would join him from Portsmouth: 'Though they have not two days' victuals, let that not be the cause of their stay, for they shall have victuals out of our fleet,' a conclusive proof that his ships were not very short.

As to the accusation of deliberately issuing food of bad quality, that is effectually disposed of by the explanation already given of the method employed in victualling the Navy. A sum was paid for each man's daily allowance to a contractor, who was expressly bound to furnish 'good and seasonable victuals.'²⁵ Professor Laughton, whose competence in the matter is universally allowed, informs us that complaints of bad provisions are by no means confined to the Armada epoch, and were due, not to intentional dishonesty and neglect, but to insufficient knowledge of the way to preserve provisions for use on rather long cruises. Mr. Hannay says that the fleet sent to the coast of Spain, in the year after the defeat of the Armada, suffered much from want of food and sickness. 'Yet it was organised, not by the Queen, but by a committee of adventurers who had every motive to fit it out well.' It is the fashion with English historians to paint the condition of the Navy in the time of the Commonwealth in glowing colours, yet Mr. Oppenheim cites many occasions of well-founded complaints of the victuals. He says: 'The quality of the food supplied to the men and the honesty of the victualling agents both steadily deteriorated during the Commonwealth.' Lord Howard's

²⁵ See 'The Mariners of England before the Armada,' by Mr. H. Halliday Sparling, in the *English Illustrated Magazine*, July 1, 1891.

principal difficulty was with the beer, which would go sour. The beer was the most frequent subject of protest in the Commonwealth times. Also, in 1759, Lord (then Sir Edward) Hawke reported: 'Our daily employment is condemning the beer from Plymouth.' The difficulty of brewing beer that would stand a sea voyage seemed to be insuperable. The authorities, however, did not soon abandon attempts to get the right article. Complaints continued to pour in; but they went on with their brewing till 1835, and then gave it up as hopeless.

One must have had personal experience of the change to enable one to recognise the advance that has been made in the art of preserving articles of food within the last half-century. In the first Drury Lane pantomime that I can remember—about a year before I went to sea—a practical illustration of the quality of some of the food supplied in the Navy was offered during the harlequinade by the Clown, who satisfied his curiosity as to the contents of a large tin of 'preserved meat' by pulling out a dead cat. On joining the service I soon learnt that, owing to the badness of the 'preserved' food that had been supplied, the idea of issuing tinned meat had been abandoned. It was not resumed till some years later. It is often made a joke against naval officers of a certain age that, before eating a biscuit, they have a trick of rapping the table with it. We contracted the habit as midshipmen when it was necessary to get rid of the weevils in the biscuit before it could be eaten, and a fairly long experience taught us that rapping the table with it was an effectual plan for expelling them.

There is no more justification for accusing Queen Elizabeth of failure to provide well-preserved food to her sailors than there is for accusing her of not having sent supplies to Plymouth by railway. Steam transport and efficient food preservation were equally unknown in her reign and for long after. It has been intimated above that, even had she wished to, she could not possibly have made any money out of bad provisions. The victualling system did not permit of her doing so. The austere republican virtue of the Commonwealth authorities enabled them to do what was out of Elizabeth's power. In 1653, 'beer and other provisions "decayed and unfit for use" were licensed for export free of Customs.' Mr. Oppenheim, who reports this fact, makes the remarkable comment that this was done 'perhaps in the hope that such stores would go to Holland,' with whose people we were at war. As the heavy mortality in the Navy had always been ascribed to the use of bad provisions, we cannot refuse to give to the sturdy Republicans who governed England in the seventeenth century the credit of contemplating a more insidious and more effective method of damaging their enemy than poisoning his wells. One would like to have it from some jurist if the sale of poisonously bad food to your enemy is disallowed by international law.

That there was much sickness in the fleet and that many seamen died is, unfortunately, true. If Howard's evidence is to be accepted—as it always is when it seems to tell against the Queen—it is impossible to attribute this to the bad quality of the food then supplied. The Lord Admiral's official report is 'that the ships of themselves be so infectious and corrupted as it is thought to be a very plague; and we find that the fresh men that we draw into our ships are infected one day and die the next.' The least restrained asserter of the 'poisonous' food theory does not contend that it killed men within twenty-four hours. The Armada reached the Channel on the 20th of July (30th, New Style). A month earlier Howard had reported that 'several men have fallen sick and by thousands fain to be discharged;' and, after the fighting was over, he said of the *Elisabeth Jonas*, she 'hath had a great infection in her from the beginning.' Lord Henry Seymour, who commanded the division of the fleet stationed in the Straits of Dover, noted that the sickness was a repetition of that of the year before, and attributed it not to bad food, but to the weather. 'Our men,' he wrote, 'fall sick by reason of the cold nights and cold mornings we find; and I fear me they will drop away faster than they did last year with Sir Henry Palmer, which was thick enough.'

'The sickness,' says Professor Laughton, 'was primarily and chiefly due to infection from the shore and ignorance or neglect of what we now know as sanitary laws. . . . Similar infections continued occasionally to scourge our ships' companies, and still more frequently French and Spanish ships' companies, till near the close of the last century.' It is not likely that any evidence would suffice to divert from their object writers eager to hurl calumny at a great sovereign; but a little knowledge of naval and of military history also would have saved their readers from a belief in their accusations. In 1727 the fleet in the West Indies commanded by Admiral Hosier, commemorated in Glover's ballad, lost ten flag officers and captains, 50 lieutenants, and 4,000 seamen. In the Seven Years' War the total number belonging to the fleet killed in action was 1,512; whilst the number that died of disease and were missing was 133,708. From 1778 to 1783, out of 515,000 men voted by Parliament for the Navy, 132,623 were 'sent sick.' In the summer, 1779, the French fleet cruising at the mouth of the English Channel, after landing 500, had still about 2,000 men sick.²⁶ At the beginning of autumn the number of sick had become so great that many ships had not enough men to work them. The *Ville de Paris* had 560 sick, and lost 61. The *Auguste* had 500 sick, and lost 44. On board the *Intrépide* 70 died out of 529 sick. These were the worst cases; but other ships also suffered heavily.

²⁶ Chevalier, *Histoire de la Marine française pendant la guerre de l'indépendance américaine* (Paris, 1877), p. 160.

It is, perhaps, not generally remembered till what a very late date armies and navies were more than decimated by disease. In 1810 the House of Commons affirmed by a resolution, concerning the Walcheren Expedition:

That on the 19th of August a malignant disorder showed itself amongst H.M. troops; and that on the 8th of September the number of sick amounted to upwards of 10,948 men. That of the army which embarked for service in the Scheldt sixty officers and 3,900 men, exclusive of those killed by the enemy, had died before the 1st of February last.

In a volume of *Military, Medical, and Surgical Essays*²⁷ prepared for the United States' Sanitary Commission, and edited by Dr. Wm. A. Hammond, Surgeon-General of the U.S. Army, it is stated that, in our Peninsular Army, averaging a strength of 64,227 officers and men, the annual rate of mortality from the 25th of December, 1810, to the 25th of May, 1813, was 10 per cent. of the officers, and 16 per cent. of the men. We may calculate from this that some 25,000 officers and men died. There were 22½ per cent., or over 14,000, 'constantly sick.' Out of 309,268 French soldiers sent to the Crimea in 1855-6, the number of killed and those who died of wounds was 7,500, the number who died of disease was 61,700. At the same date navies also suffered. Dr. Stilon Mends, in his life of his father,²⁸ Admiral Sir William Mends, prints a letter in which the Admiral, speaking of the cholera in the fleets at Varna, says: 'The mortality on board the *Montebello*, *Ville de Paris*, *Valmy* (French ships), and *Britannia* (British) has been terrible; the first lost 162 in three days, the second 120 in three days, the third 80 in ten days, but the last lost 50 in one night and 10 the subsequent day.' Kinglake tells us that in the end the *Britannia's* loss went up to 105. With the above facts before us, we are compelled to adopt one of two alternatives. We must either maintain that sanitary science made no advance between 1588 and 1856, or admit that the mortality in Elizabeth's fleet became what it was owing to ignorance of sanitary laws and not to intentional bad management. As regards care of the sick, it is to be remembered that the establishment of naval and military hospitals for the reception of sick soldiers and sailors is of recent date. For instance, the two great English military hospitals, Netley and the Herbert, are not yet fifty years old.

So far from our fleet in 1588 having been ill-supplied with ammunition, it was in reality astonishingly well equipped, considering the age. We learn from Mr. Julian Corbett,²⁹ that 'during the few years immediately preceding the outbreak of the war, the Queen's Navy had been entirely re-armed with brass guns, and in the process of re-armament a great advance in simplicity had been secured.' Froude, without seeing where the admission would land him, admits

²⁷ Philadelphia, 1864.

²⁸ London, 1899.

²⁹ *The Spanish War, 1585-7*. (Navy Records Society), 1898, p. 323.

that our fleet was more plentifully supplied than the Armada, in which, he says, 'the supply of cartridges was singularly small. § The King [Philip the Second] probably considered that a single action would decide the struggle; and it amounted to but fifty rounds for each gun.' Our own supply therefore exceeded fifty rounds. In his life of Vice-Admiral Lord Lyons,³⁰ Captain S. Eardley Wilmot tells us that the British ships, which attacked the Sebastopol forts in October, 1854, 'could only afford to expend seventy rounds per gun.' About a dozen years ago the regulated allowance for guns mounted on the broadside was eighty-five rounds each. Consequently, the Elizabethan allowance was nearly, if not quite, as much as that which our authorities, after an experience of naval warfare during three centuries, thought sufficient. 'The full explanation,' says Professor Laughton, 'of the want [of ammunition] seems to lie in the rapidity of fire which has already been mentioned. The ships had the usual quantity on board; but the expenditure was more, very many times more, than anyone could have conceived.' Mr. Julian Corbett considers it doubtful if the ammunition, in at least one division of the fleet, was nearly exhausted.

Exhaustion of the supply of ammunition in a single action is a common naval occurrence. The not very decisive character of the battle of Malaga between Sir George Rooke and the Count of Toulouse in 1704 was attributed to insufficiency of ammunition, the supply in our ships having been depleted by what 'Mediterranean' Byng, afterwards Lord Torrington, calls the 'furious fire' opened on Gibraltar. The Rev. Thomas Pocock, Chaplain of the *Ranelagh*, Byng's flag-ship at Malaga, says: ³¹ 'Many of our ships went out of the line for want of ammunition.' Byng's own opinion,³² as stated by the compiler of his memoirs, was, that 'it may without great vanity be said that the English had gained a greater victory if they had been supplied with ammunition as they ought to have been.' I myself heard the late Lord Alcester speak of the anxiety that had been caused him by the state of his ships' magazines after the attack on the Alexandria forts in 1882. At a still later date, Admiral Dewey in Manila Bay interrupted his attack on the Spanish squadron to ascertain how much ammunition his ships had left. The carrying capacity of ships being limited, rapid gun-fire in battle invariably brings with it the risk of running short of ammunition. It did this in the nineteenth century just as much as, probably even more than, it did in the sixteenth.

To charge Elizabeth with criminal parsimony because she insisted on every shot being 'registered and accounted for' will be received

³⁰ London, 1898, p. 236.

³¹ In his journal (p. 197), printed as an Appendix to *Memoirs Relating to the Lord Torrington*, edited by J. K. Laughton for the Camden Society, 1889.

³² *Memoirs* &c. p. 161.

with ridicule by naval officers. Of course every shot, and for the matter of that every other article expended, was to be accounted for. One of the most important duties of the gunner of a man-of-war is to keep a strict account of the expenditure of all gunnery stores. This was more exactly done under Queen Victoria than it was under Queen Elizabeth. Naval officers are more hostile to 'red tape' than most men; and they may lament the vast amount of bookkeeping that modern auditors and committees of public accounts insist upon, but they are convinced that a reasonable check on expenditure of stores is indispensable to efficient organisation. So far from blaming Elizabeth for demanding this, they believe that both she and Burleigh, her Lord Treasurer, were very much in advance of their age.

Another charge against her is that she defrauded her seamen of their wages. The following is Froude's statement:

'Want of the relief, which, if they had been paid their wages, they might have provided for themselves, had aggravated the tendencies to disease, and a frightful mortality now set in through the entire fleet.' The word 'now' is interesting, Froude having had before him Howard's and Seymour's letters, already quoted, showing that the appearance of the sickness was by no means recent. Elizabeth's illiberality towards her seamen may be judged from the fact that in her reign their pay was certainly increased once and perhaps twice.⁵² In 1585, the sailor's pay was raised from 6s. 8d. to 10s. a month. A rise of pay of 50 per cent. all at once is, I venture to say, entirely without parallel in the Navy since, and cannot well be called illiberal. The Elizabethan 10s. would be equal to 3*l.* in our present accounts; and, as the naval month at the earlier date was the lunar, a sailor's yearly wages would be equal to 39*l.* now. The year's pay of an A.B., 'non-continuous service,' as Elizabeth's sailors were, is at the present time 24*l.* 6s. 8d. It is true that the sailor now can receive additional pay for good-conduct badges, gunnery-training, &c., and also can look forward to that immense boon—a pension—nearly, but thanks to Sir J. Hawkins and Drake's establishment of the 'Chatham Chest,' not quite unknown in the sixteenth century. Compared with the rate of wages ruling on shore, Elizabeth's seamen were paid highly. Mr. Hubert Hall states that for labourers 'the usual rate was 2d. or 3d. a day.' Ploughmen received a shilling a week. In these cases 'board' was also given. The sailor's pay was 5s. a week with board. Even compared with skilled labour on shore the sailor of the Armada epoch was well paid. Thorold Rogers gives, for 1588, the wages, without board, of carpenters and masons at 10d. and 1s. a day. A plumber's wages varied from 10½d. to 1s.; but

⁵² Mr. Halliday Sparling, in the article already referred to (p. 651), says twice; but Mr. Oppenheim seems to think that the first increase was before Elizabeth's accession.

there is one case of a plumber receiving as much as 1s. 4d., which was probably for a single day.

Delay in the payment of wages was not peculiar to the Elizabethan system. It lasted very much longer, down to our own times in fact. In 1588, the seamen of the fleet were kept without their pay for several months. In the great majority of cases, and most likely in all, the number of these months was less than six. Even within the present century men-of-war's men had to wait for their pay for years. Commander C. N. Robinson, in his *British Fleet*,²⁴ a book that ought to be in every Englishman's library, remarks: 'All through the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries it was the rule not to pay anybody until the end of the commission, and to a certain degree the practice obtained until some fifty years ago.' As to the nineteenth century, Lord Dundonald, speaking in Parliament, may be quoted. He said that of the ships on the East Indies station, the *Centurion's* men had been unpaid for eleven years; the *Rattlesnake's* for fourteen; the *Fox's* for fifteen. The Elizabethan practice compared with this will look almost precipitate instead of dilatory. To draw again on my personal experience, I may say that I have been kept without pay for a longer time than most of the people in Lord Howard's fleet, as, for the first two years that I was at sea young officers were paid only once in six months; and then never in cash, but always in bills. The reader may be left to imagine what happened when a naval cadet tried to get a bill for some 7l. or 8l. cashed at a small Spanish-American port.

*A great deal has been made of the strict audit of the accounts of Howard's fleet. The Queen, says Froude, 'would give no orders for money till she had demanded the meaning of every penny that she was charged.' Why she alone should be held up to obloquy for this is not clear. Until a very recent period, well within the last reign, no commanding officer, on a ship being paid off, could receive the residue of his pay, or get any half-pay at all until his 'accounts had been passed.' The same rule applied to officers in charge of money or stores. It has been made a further charge against Elizabeth that her officers had to meet certain expenditure out of their own pockets. That certainly is not a peculiarity of the sixteenth-century Navy. Till less than forty years ago the captain of a British man-of-war had to provide one of the three chronometers used in the navigation of his ship. Even later than that the articles necessary for cleaning the ship and everything required for decorating her were paid for by the officers, almost invariably by the first lieutenant, or second in command. There must be many officers still serving who have spent sums, considerable in the aggregate, of their own money on public objects. Though pressure in this respect has been much relieved of late, there are doubtless many who do so

²⁴ London, 1894.

still. It is, in fact, a traditional practice in the British Navy, and is not in the least distinctly Elizabethan.

Some acquaintance with present conditions and accurate knowledge of the naval methods prevailing in the great Queen's reign—a knowledge which the publication of the original documents puts within the reach of anyone who really cares to know the truth—will convince the candid inquirer that Elizabeth's administration of the Navy compares favourably with that of any of her successors' Governments; and that she deserves, for it, the admiration and unalloyed gratitude of the nation.

CYPRIAN A. G. BRIDGE.

OF THE PERSONAL ELEMENT IN HISTORY

AN old shagreen manuscript book which I have been lately turning over has had the effect of awakening, as though it had been a scent, a rush of half-obliterated impressions, so dim and evanescent for the most part, that even as I try to touch them they elude me, and melt away into nothingness. It belonged to a forebear of mine, a man of three generations back, though how it came to lodge specially in my keeping, or by what right I retain it there, I should be not a little puzzled to explain.

As a book the poor thing is, I must confess, desperately dull reading, the matters of which it treats being almost entirely utilitarian ones, chiefly financial, though occasionally political, and a good deal of it takes the form of a diary, not at all in the style either of Mr. Pepys or M. Amiel. Of the facts and the figures it refers to I know nothing, so that it must be something familiar in the book itself, or in the names that catch my eye as I glance along its pages, which produces this odd attack of recollectiveness, vague as a dream, yet not quite of the texture of a dream either, rather like something that has once really formed part of my own experience, only so long ago, and so overlaid by fresher matters, that it is impossible to guess when it all happened, or to disentangle it from the baffling crowd of other, and hardly less shadowy events, amid the jungle of which it has contrived to hide itself.

Such impressions are, I imagine, in one form or another, common enough, and the scientific, therefore the orthodox, thing is to set them down as part of that root of inherited experience which makes us all either leaves or blossoms of one sadly overburdened human tree. It may be so, yet the explanation fails somehow to satisfy me, and it seems much easier to talk about heredity, and the solidarity of the race, than to try honestly to account for some probably quite simple operation of one's own brain, which happens to be a little out of the range of one's ordinary, middle-day experience.

Another favourite way of accounting for the matter is to say that

all who enjoy or suffer from these odd attacks of recollectiveness are endowed with what is known as the 'Historic sense,' the power, that is, of so throwing themselves into the past that they become for the time being the actual contemporaries of their own grandfathers or great-grandfathers. Whether such a power exists or not I cannot say, but certainly I have never felt the slightest suspicion of possessing it myself. No impression of familiarity with the great and good of three generations back has ever for a moment overtaken me. No tie, sentimental or otherwise, binds me to Mr. Pitt or to Mr. Fox; not even to Mr. Grattan or Mr. Burke, dearly as those two last names ring through every decent Irish heart. No, the sort of impression I mean is entirely different, very much more impalpable; consequently, like all impalpable impressions, extremely difficult to put into words so that one can even recognise it oneself, far less pass it on intelligibly to any one else.

I sometimes wonder whether the dividing line between the events that take place within our own memory and those that we read of, or have been told about, is really so hard and fast a one as it is commonly supposed to be. Let us take the case of any intelligent child, and consider how the events actually now going on in the big outside world get themselves projected upon his or her small consciousness. Few people, it is true, take the trouble of presenting those occurrences in such a fashion that they could be intelligently received, but even if by chance some one did take this trouble, my impression is that they would sustain such a change in the alembic of a child's imagination that they would practically become, not themselves, but something entirely different.

Memory is, of course, an extremely capricious possession, and differs prodigiously with different individuals. Judging by the 'Lives' that in some seasons lie thick as autumn leaves upon our reading tables, the early years of properly constituted people stand out to the last with all their original sharpness and precision. Like those stereotyped moulds, which sometimes record our poor literary misdeeds, they have been 'set up' once for all, and remain 'set up' for ever. Other memories, unfortunately, more resemble that inferior style of type which, after a brief period of service, gets broken up, and reduced to a mere incoherent jumble of letters, without context or backboard of any kind to hold them together.

To take a personal instance. I have been told that in early youth I more than once travelled by canal boat. It may have been so, and I am sure I hope it was, but alas! treacherous memory entirely declines to furnish so much as the faintest shadow of such an event. And yet a canal boat! Could anybody, one asks oneself, travel in a canal boat and fail to remember the circumstance? Think of the sights, of the sounds, above all, think of the smells that would attend such a voyage! Think of the descent into the Tartarean

depths of the first look! Think of the tarry sides of our good ship all adrip with black drops; drop following drop, drip! drip! drip! to the very bottom of our temporary dungeon! Think of the all-pervading sense of ooze and weediness; of the shrill shrieks with which those who carried or guarded one on so adventurous a voyage would be sure to greet every fresh incident of it! Reflecting upon this, I ask myself if these things failed to make the slightest impression on my mind—as they most certainly did—why should a revolution, or any other perturbing incident, have succeeded in doing so?—unless indeed it had taken the form of pulling down one's nursery roof over one's dolls' heads, or of leaving oneself without pudding for dinner, either of which catastrophes might, of course, have provided the necessary pinch or prick of attention.

I am the less disposed to take a dignified view of the advantages of a direct contact with history from a recollection of the inverted, not to say extremely topsy-turvy, fashion with which a very slight approach to such a contact was regarded by a circle of young people with whom in youthful days I happened to be rather intimately connected. The event in question was not indeed contemporary with themselves, nor could it even strictly speaking be called historic, save in the most partial, and so to speak family sense of the word. For them, however, it was *the* historic event, the one up to which all previous history led, and after which the value of that study so visibly declined in importance that it seemed really hardly worth any one's while to prosecute it further.

Why they were so inordinately proud of it, or who put it into their heads to be so, I am unable at this distance of time to tell. The source of pride in children is a very obscure subject, one which would need much careful thought to elucidate properly. I once knew a small boy whose deepest source of pride was that his nurse's brother had a wen upon his forehead, the largest wen, so nursery report ran, that had ever been seen, and he would dilate upon this protuberance as though wens were at least diamonds, and this particular wen had been the Kohinoor. In this case my young friends were not driven to seek out any such recondite and wholly extraneous sources of elation. They knew perfectly well wherein their own pride, grandeur, and special glorification lay. It was all summed up for them in the four magic words, 'The Tower of London.'

Now the oddest part of the affair was that at that particular date not one of the party had, I believe, with their bodily eyes so much as seen that historic edifice, or even, I think, the town in which it stands. This, however, had nothing to say to the matter. Seen or unseen, the Tower of London was theirs; it belonged to them, and to no one else, nor had any one so much as the right to speak of it,

or to dare to know anything about it without their special leave and licence.

Had a contemporary of their own, on the strength of a mere visual acquaintance with the building in question, dared to dispute their intimate and peculiar knowledge of it, I verily believe that they would have felt it their duty to tear him in pieces. Even for an elder, a casual visitor, still more for some authorised instructor—an unfortunate new governess, say, unacquainted with the family tradition—it would have been by no means safe. It would have been regarded as a *casus belli*, and they would have burst out instantly into shrill and open war.

‘Was your grandfather ever shut up in the Tower of London?’ they would have shouted with one accord, and with all the united power of their lungs. Now as it is extremely unlikely that the casual visitor or the newly arrived governess would have been able to reply that he was, the repartee would have been felt to be unanswerable, and their triumph as complete as it was deserved.

It has sometimes struck me since in reflecting upon the circumstance that it must have been a little edifying, the alacrity which upon this point, and upon this point only, overtook the languor with which ingenuous youth strives as long as possible to resist receiving information upon any subject. If in their readings of Mrs. Markham or *Little Arthur*—still at that date the main historical pabulum provided for schoolrooms—the topic was even remotely touched upon, there was an instant pricking up of ears around the lesson table; a sudden show of alacrity; a feeling that the era of futility was for the moment over, and that an important, and really-worth-attending-to topic had at last been reached.

Fortunately Mrs. Markham has a great deal to say upon this only important topic. ‘Tower Hill,’ ‘State Prisoners,’ ‘High Treason,’ ‘The Axe,’ ‘The Headsman,’ ‘The Scaffold,’ ‘The Block,’ these and other cheerful appendages to the Tower itself figure considerably in her instructive pages. Upon each of these details my young friends were in those days extremely well informed. They had mastered every stage of the proceedings, from the first arrest of the illustrious victim, down to his last momentous walk upon Tower Hill. Next to Mrs. Markham the author most patronised by them was, I believe, Shakespeare, but chiefly, I may say almost entirely, with a view to how far he could throw light upon this one important point. Did Shakespeare—perhaps it was Mary Lamb’s Shakespeare—cause Crookshanks to exclaim—‘Off with his head! Now by St. Paul I swear I will not dine until I see the same!’ the whole party thrilled as if the particular victim of the minute had been a near relation of their own. They did more, they sighed enviously, feeling that fate might have been even kinder to them than it had been. To have had a grandfather who had been shut up several years in the Tower

of London was indeed a splendid privilege, one which few contemporaries could hope to rival, but it might have been more splendid still! There was a picture in Mrs. Markham representing a gentleman crossing the stage wearing trunk hose excessively distended, and a black velvet cloak which depended gracefully from one shoulder. It was called 'A Statesman's Death on Tower Hill,' though who the particular statesman was, or why he was to be executed, I have never been informed. All that I am sure of is that he was preceded by 'The Headsman,' wearing a mask, and carrying 'The Axe,' and that the edge of that axe was presented in due form to the victim.

Over this inspiring print the whole party were in the habit of hanging long and lovingly. It suggested various ideas to their minds: some of them rather odd ones. For it may as well be admitted at once that the only flaw to their satisfaction was that the orthodox and fascinating preliminaries had not in their own case led up to their still more orthodox and fascinating end. There was no personal feeling to interfere with this natural aspiration, the hero of the drama having died in the fulness of old age, years before most of the party were even born. Moreover it was anything but a lack of filial piety that inspired it. On the contrary, it was a profound desire for his honour and glory. To have risen so high, and yet not to have risen to the very top. It did seem rather hard upon him! If only he had been sufficiently inspired to perceive wherein his own greatness lay, or if only the government of the day had been good enough to insist upon that concluding scene—Tower Hill, Masked Headsman, Condemned Gentleman, the Axe, the Trunk Hose, the Black Velvet Cloak, and everything—how glorious it would have been for himself; and moreover how immensely gratifying for his descendants! That their progenitor, having been a mere youth at the time, and unmarried, they would never have come into existence to glory in his exit, was a detail which I need hardly say, nobody ever stopped to remember. Had it been forced upon their attention, I feel sure that it would have been dismissed as the merest irrelevancy. Poor-spirited would be that boy or girl who allowed so trumpery an obstacle to dip for a moment the straining topsails of their glory.

Unfortunately everybody cannot be so happy as to have had a grandfather who has gone within even an imaginary distance of being beheaded for high treason, and for those to whom this endearing note of association is wanting, a good deal of history is undoubtedly rather flat, and sadly deficient in the right personal note.

To possess a name that is itself redolent of history would perhaps be even a happier lot: a name that has been shouted at Agincourt, possibly even at Hastings! The number of persons in that happy

position must, however, be extremely small, and for the rest of us the gorgeous, historic roll-call is apt to wear rather a cold and haughty aspect, like the guest-list of some entertainment to which we have not been invited. There is always patriotism, it is true, to fall back upon, and an Englishman has the right to flatter himself that a good deal of history has been written specially with a view to gratifying his share of that quality. National vanity is undoubtedly a much finer thing than family vanity; at the same time it must be remembered that it does not afford quite the same room for elation, especially for that very comfortable form of elation which implies the exclusion of everybody else!

Seeing that providence has so arranged it, that we cannot all be De Veres or De Courcys, the next best thing is to see if we cannot discover something else in history to fill up the vacuum, and provide us with some feeling of personal relationship with these men and women who have strutted or wept their brief hour upon that emblazoned stage. Perhaps the nearest approach to such a personal link is to be found in a joke: a nice, timely little joke, well delivered, and exactly at the right moment. 'One touch of humour makes the old world kin,' and the man with whom we have shared a joke—though he may have died centuries before we were born—is ever afterwards a friend of ours, in that truly intimate sense of the word which makes the Tapleys and the Wellefs, the Poysers and the Falstaffs among the best and the most consolatory of our friends.

I should be sorry to dogmatise upon such a point, but it seems to me that English history is rather poorly provided with jokes, the few that one encounters in its pages being mostly of extraneous origin. If this is so, it is, after all, hardly unnatural, seeing that history deals with a race as a whole, and humour—at all events in its airier manifestations—has never been regarded as a special characteristic of the Anglo-Saxon. So little indeed is this the case that when a son or daughter of that race shows any marked aptitude in this direction their biographer generally thinks it necessary to scan their pedigree in order to discover a reason. Among sovereigns the Tudors were extremely English, and several of them were also great jesters, but for the lighter sort of repartee or badinage their hands appear to have been a trifle heavy, and their jokes apt to take that personal turn pleasanter for the joker than for the necessary second actor of the piece. No one, we all know, ever succeeded in crying 'Halves' with Macaulay in conversation, and no one, I feel quite confident, ever succeeded in crying 'Halves' with Henry the Eighth over a joke! His illustrious daughter Elizabeth also liked her jokes, and although her pleasantries were of a less sanguinary turn than her father's, she must have been even more formidable than usual when disposed to be frolicsome. A tale may be found in one of Lord Essex's letters with regard to a new dress belonging to one

of her maids of honour, over the possession of which the owner had been rash enough to exhibit some elation. The young lady, it seems, was several inches taller than Her Majesty—hardly, perhaps, quite a nice or loyal thing to be. Having desired that the dress should be made over to her custody, the Queen, first carefully selecting an extremely wet day, was pleased to put it on, and trail it for yards behind her in the mud, the owner of the humiliated garment having to appear as delighted with the royal fun and condescension as the rest of the lookers-on.

This is a small peg upon which to hang an indictment against an entire reigning house, but if a poor example of the historical illustration, it is at least a good example of the sort of joke which is no joke, or only one of that detestable kind of which we are all guilty when, overcome by the sense of our own pleasantry, we fail to perceive that for some one else our joke is not a joke, but a mere annoyance; at best an intolerable bore.

The jokes in Irish history are few and far between, unless we are to include those very grim ones of which the flow of blood and the reek of burning roofs are the main points. Here and there in that murky record a few of lighter type may be discovered, and these ought to be carefully noted and cherished by all who wish to recommend that most unpopular of all varieties of history. No one, I should think, can ever have failed, for instance, to thrill imaginatively over the reply of the Earl of Desmond to the Ormond soldiery who, having captured him, were carrying him off triumphantly on their shoulders. 'Where now is the proud Desmond?' they shouted. 'The Desmond is where he ought to be, upon the necks of the Butlers!' came the retort, and one feels that the captive had in his discomfiture one moment of supreme, and really almost compensatory enjoyment.

His kinsman Geroid Mor, ninth Earl of Kildare, and for many years the virtual ruler of Ireland, was a great joke-maker, and the tales told both of himself and of his son are many, and in their day had a wide popularity. They belong rather to the rollicking, schoolboy type of pleasantry, of which hard thumps and horse-play are the staple. Of the larger and more dignified type of repartee perhaps the best known in Irish history is the reply of Lady Tyrconnell to James the Second upon his arrival in Dublin, hot-footed, and almost unattended, after the defeat of the Boyne. 'Madam, your countrymen have run away!' was the king's gracious accost. 'I am rejoiced, at least, to perceive that your Majesty has won the race!' the viceroy's wife replied with a curtesy.

A few more jokes, good, bad, and indifferent, might be culled from the same pages, but the truth is, Irish history does not seem to be quite fair game for any little sport of the kind. It looks up at us with its pitiful eyes from the ground, and seems to request, if

we cannot show it any decent measure of attention, at least that we will have the goodness to leave it alone, and not make it the subject of our poor and pointless comments. Its record is too dark, the woes of which it is the receptacle have been too many, the neglect under which it has laboured too consistent, for any save serious comment to be quite becoming. Men laugh who win, and the winning days for Irishmen have been a long time on the road.

Recurring to the old green manuscript book, and still trying to account for the not very reasonable feeling of familiarity with which its contents inspire me, I am inclined to think that to get to the inner side of history must be a less difficult performance than people are wont to imagine. Certainly if we want to read it with any feeling of vividness and reality, we ought to contrive to get ourselves into it, and to put oneself into the foreground of any event, or series of events, has never been accounted a particularly difficult feat. What we call the Past is not after all an utterly dead and withered thing, or if it is, this other, that we call the Present—soon in its turn to bear the same name—must be half dead, and half withered already. To induce history to live and move, to induce its men and women to walk and talk, to live, breathe, sigh, weep, and laugh for us, in their habit as they existed, is the aim of every good writer, and ought equally to be the aim of every good reader. Nor, given the right mood, and the right materials to work upon, is there any particular difficulty about the matter. Something fresh, no doubt, we need; something that we can imagine to be of our own finding, even though it be nothing more promising than an old last-century account-book. The sense of discovery, of having dug ourselves, with our own private trowels, amongst the roots of that hoary old forest of Time, is consoling, and brings a peculiar sort of satisfaction to the mind. For such of us as have no private family coppice to delve in, the most attractive of such hunting grounds is undoubtedly the State Papers, nearly all of which are now printed and ready to our hands. Open these where you will, they are extraordinarily living, far more so, I think, than the same materials after they have been worked over by even the best of historians. Peep into no matter what volume, and you find yourself at once at the very heart of things. You read the actual letter which A wrote to B, specially charging him not to make the contents of it known to C, and you read C's letter after the faithless B had sent on A's letter to him. The whole forgotten panorama begins suddenly to heave and move. The actors wake up, and walk; the scenes shift; the procession passes by under our very noses. It is as if the thick clouds of centuries had shifted for a moment, and allowed some fresh rays of sunlight to fall upon the picture. More than a mere picture, it becomes a play to us, and we hold our breath as we follow its developments. That it is really past, over, and done

with; that the actors and actresses are all dead, gone, and buried, we know very well. Their woes and their triumphs are alike at an end; the kings and the clowns are sleeping together in the dust.

King Pandion he is dead,
All thy friends are lapped in lead.

For the moment, however, he seems alive, and we shake in our shoes as though he could condemn us to the headsman; as though his sceptre were not dust, and his very name a matter often of the merest conjecture.

The pleasant pursuits of life so notoriously flag as the years roll on that it seems well if we can hit upon a few which rather wax than wane with time. The part of looker-on is generally admitted to be one of these, and there seems no particular reason why this should apply only to the smaller dramas of life, those that we can see played out under our actual eyes.

Personally I think that we enjoy this rôle of historic looker-on best when we have no particular purpose of our own to forward at the time; no special little task in hand; no pet theory, which must be supported at any cost, and after which we go burrowing blindly through the past, as moles burrow through the choicest seed-beds. Here, as elsewhere, the impersonal attitude brings its own reward. The prospect opens, and we get a wider sweep of the horizon, when we are not trying to focus for ourselves some one particular corner of it. Gradually, as we read—or as, laying down our book, we dream open-eyed over the scenes that its pages have evoked—a certain sense of intimacy, of real acquaintanceship with these dead men and dead women begins to grow up in us. Genuine likings, still more swift and genuine dislikes, spring into existence like mushrooms after rain. For good or for ill we get an extraordinarily extended sense of the unity, of the unbroken continuity of our race as a whole, merely by dwelling upon one little corner of it. So close does this intimacy now and then become, that the time-honoured barriers between the words ‘Past’ and ‘Present’ seem at last to melt away, and vanish into air. And if under these circumstances the famous ‘Historic sense’ does not get itself born, all I can say is that it proves more conclusively than ever that no such sense has ever existed.

EMILY LAWLESS.

OMENS AT CORONATIONS

ONLOOKERS at next year's great ceremony at the Abbey may take note of little incidents and accidents not arranged for in the rubric of the coronation ceremony. If they are newspaper onlookers they will no doubt utilise such untoward occurrences as aids to the picturesqueness of their copy. But neither newspaper men nor their more fortunate fellow spectators will read into any such little incidents the good and ill portents read into similar occurrences at the crownings of former kings and queens.

Children in the nursery still hear some echo of the evil auguries—many of these sufficiently horrid and disastrous in themselves—that hedged in the crowning of Norman William. To begin with, there was the ill-omened absence of Archbishop Stigand, who 'manfully refused to crown one who was covered with the blood of men, and the invader of others' rights.'¹ Peter Langtoft, however, had the advantage of living within two hundred years of this memorable abstention. He gives another reason in a somewhat scandalous passage of his rhyming chronicle. It is quaint enough to justify quotation :

Fair grace William fond ; his chance fulle wele him satte
The reame of Ingland so graciously he gatte.
The archbishop Stigand, of Ingland primate
That tyme was suspended, the pope reft him the state.
The abbot & prioure, men of religion
The oder men of honoure, archdecane & person
Wer prived of thar office, of woulfes had renoun
For lechorie that vice were many als don down.
The archbishope of York com with devocioun,
Thorgh William praiere, com to London toun,
Bifor the barons brouht, he gaf William the coroun
To chalange was he neuh, Sir Stigand was don down.

After William had taken the coronation oath, to protect the Church, prohibit oppression, and execute judgment in mercy, Archbishop Aldred put the question, 'Will ye have this prince to be your king?' The clamorous response startled the Norman garrison in the city. They believed the English had revolted, and proceeded

¹ William of Newbury.

to invoke the tranquillising influences of the sword and torch. They set the houses around their garrison on fire. The flames spread in all directions. A general alarm came as a natural consequence. Most of the congregation rushed out of the church, the English hastening to stop the fire, and the Normans to plunder. The bishops, clergy, and monks, who remained within the church, were in such confusion that they were scarce able to go through the office of crowning the King; William himself, who saw the tumult and could not conjecture the cause, sat trembling at the foot of the altar, and though no great mischief was done by the fire, it laid the foundation of a long and inveterate enmity between the English and the Normans.²

Perjured Stephen could not, of necessity, hope for any but the most ill-omened coronation. The ceremony was beset by dismal portents. A fearful storm arose in the middle. All those participating were consequently thrown into such confusion that the consecrated water fell on the ground, the kiss of peace after the sacrament was omitted, and even the final benediction forgotten. The complaisant Archbishop of Canterbury, and the false witnesses who declared that Henry the First disinherited his daughter a little before his death, all died appropriately within a few months of the event.³ We must wait until we reach the reign of Richard the First before we once more meet with ill omens of the orthodox kind. One augury of evil was the massacre of the Jews on the day of the ceremony, although not all the chroniclers appear to have read a signification of future mischief into the event.

Now in the year of our Lord's incarnation 1189 [says one³], Richard, the son of King Henry the Second by Eleanor, brother of Henry the Third, was consecrated King of the English by Baldwin, Archbishop of Canterbury, at Westminster, on the third of the nones of September. On the very day of the coronation, about the solemn hour in which the Son was immolated to the Father, a Sacrifice of the Jews to their father, the Devil, was commenced in the city of London, and so long was the duration of this famous mystery, that the holocaust could scarcely be accomplished the ensuing day. The other cities and towns of the kingdom emulated the faith of the Londoners, and with a like devotion despatched their blood-suckers with blood to hell.

Much more important, more alarming to all beholders of the coronation ceremony, was the appearance of a bat 'in the middle of the bright part of the day, fluttering about the church, inconveniently circling in the same tracks, especially round the king's throne.'³ Again, according to the same naïve chronicler, a peal of bells was rung, without any agreement or knowledge of the ministers of the Abbey, of such portentous omen as then was hardly allowable to be related even in a whisper. At Complin, the last hour of the day, the first peal happened to be

² *Chapters on Coronations.* London, 1838: James W. Parker.

³ Richard of Devizes.

ring, neither by any agreement, nor even by the ministers of the church themselves being aware of it, until after it was done, for prime, tierce, sext, nones, and the solemn service of vespers and two masses were celebrated without any ringing of peals.

King John had only himself to thank for many of the ill omens that marred the ceremony of his coronation. Not altogether, though, since the name 'John' has been reckoned unfortunate for the king's name both in England and in France. Again, he was crowned on Ascension Day, the same fatal festival as astrologers predicted would close his reign. But 'it was also remarked as an evil omen that the King hurried away without receiving the sacrament.'⁴ He became less callous later on, as death approached, showing a pardonable anxiety 'to elude the demons whom he had so faithfully served in life.' For this purpose he not only gave orders to disguise his body in a monk's cowl, but to bury it between two saints.⁴

Fiasco from start to finish, such is the impression Holinshed gives us of the crowning of Edward the Second. Nothing appears to have been more offensive to the nobles than his delivering the crown to be borne by Piers Gaveston, his unworthy favourite, who was dressed finer than the King himself, and outshone everybody in the procession. Gaveston had charge of all the arrangements. He performed his duties so negligently that 'there was such presse and throng at this coronation, that a knight, called Sir John Bakewell, was thrust or crowded to death.' Great abundance of viands and wines had been provided, but the dinner did not begin until night, and was then badly served; the usual forms of service were neglected, and the whole was a continued scene of confusion, singularly emblematic of the state of the nation during this monarch's unhappy reign. The ceremony of the coronation, in the case of the unfortunate Richard the Second, was so fatiguing that he was obliged to be borne back to the palace on knights' shoulders, surely some prognostication of what the end would be.

Henry the Fifth, the son of Richard's supplanter, when it came to his turn, was crowned the 9th of April, 'being Passion Sundaie, which was a sore ruggie and tempestuous day, with wind, snow, and sleet, that men greatlie marvelled thereat, making diverse interpretation what the same might signifie.'⁵

And so the Tudors move slowly across the scene. The first two were not the monarchs to lend themselves to omens, ill or good. In the case of poor little Edward the Sixth, however, there fell out an occurrence emblematic of much that happened later in the course of English history. When the three swords, for the three kingdoms were brought to be carried before him, the King observed that there was yet one wanting, and called for the Bible.

⁴ *Crowns and Coronations*, by William Jones, F.S.A. Chatto and Windus 1898.

⁵ Holinshed.

That [said he] is the sword of the Spirit, and ought in all right to govern us, who use these for the people's safety, by God's appointment. Without that sword we are nothing: we can do nothing. From that we are what we are this day. . . . we receive whatsoever it is that we at this present do assume. Under that we ought to live, to fight, to govern the people, and to perform all our affairs. From that alone we obtain all power, virtue, grace, salvation, and whatsoever we have of divine strength.⁶

In Mary's case the omens were less benevolent. The jewelled adornments on her head were 'so massie and ponderous, that she was faine to beare up hir head with hir hand.'⁶ And for Elizabeth the auguries altered again. During the procession from the Tower to Westminster many poor women ran to the chariot and offered her nosegays, which she accepted. A withered old crone gave her a sprig of rosemary at 'Fleethbridge,' which she held in her hand until she reached her palace at Westminster.⁷

The fashion of our ancestors made such coronations as that of either the second Stuart, or the last, one drawn-out ill omen from the commencement of the ceremony to the end thereof. In the case of Charles the First it must be confessed that a number of most disconcerting little *contretemps* arose to hinder the easy flow of a most difficult day. To begin with, there was Queen Henrietta Maria's abstention from the ceremony. Her religious opinions may have excused her resolute refusal to be crowned; they hardly justified the more than callous surroundings from which she saw the proceedings. 'She took a place at the palace-gate, where she might behold the procession going and returning, her ladies frisking and dancing in the room.'⁸ The Count de Blainville, the French Ambassador, was debarred from being present owing to this absence of the Queen. The passing through the City in grand cavalcade from the Tower to Westminster the day preceding the coronation was omitted in Charles the First's case as in that of his father, and for the same reason—plague. As human old Fuller puts it in his *Church History*, the King went through the City to Westminster

by water out of double providence, to save both health and wealth thereby; for though the infectious aire in the city of London had lately been corrected with a sharp winter, yet was it not so amended but that a great suspicion of danger did remain. Besides, such a procession would have cost him three score thousand pounds, to be disbursed in scarlet for his train, which summe, if then demanded of his exchequer, would scarce receive a satisfactory answer thereunto; and surely those who since condemn him for want of state in omitting this royal pageant, would have condemned him more for prodigality had he made use thereof.

Alack and alack, the omission caused the first bad omen. The ceremony took place on the 5th of February 1626. A carpeted landing-place had been prepared at Westminster, but the royal barge, the economical barge, drifted on 'unaccountably' to the stairs

⁶ Holinshed. ⁷ *Chapters on Coronations*. London, 1838: James W. Parker.

⁸ Meade.

belonging to the backyard of the palace. There the unwieldy vessel stuck in the mud. Mr. William Jones, F.S.A., whose industry has rescued this incident from Sir Simonds d'Ewes' autobiography, relates 'how this grounding 'was taken to be an evil and ominous presage.' The preacher of the coronation sermon was Senhouse, Bishop of Carlisle, who was naïve enough to choose for his text, 'I will give thee a crown of life.' 'This,' says the Suffolk historian, Lawrence Echard, 'was rather thought to put the new king in mind of his death than his duty in government, and to have been his funeral sermon when alive, as if he was to have none when he was buried.' An earthquake shock was felt while the Bishop was still speaking. Nothing seemed able to go right on the most fateful day, either at Westminster or anywhere else. At the 'court-gate' at Theobald's, his dead father's favourite palace, the herald in proclaiming the coronation of the new King made a slip in one most important word, calling him the 'dubitable' instead of 'indubitable' heir to the throne.⁹ Then again:

The left wing of the dove, the mark of the Confessor's halcyon days, was broken on the sceptre staff—by what casualty God Himself knows. The king sent for Mr. Acton, then his goldsmith, commanding him that the ring stone should be set in again. The goldsmith replied that it was impossible to be done so fairly but that some mark would remain thereof. The king in some passion said, 'If you will not do it another shall.' Thereupon Mr. Acton returned, and got another dove of gold to be artificially set in; whereat his Majesty was well contented as making no discovery thereof.¹⁰

But Mr. William Lilly, who was born at Diseworth, Leicestershire, in 1602, and flourished seventy-nine years as the Zadkiel or Old Moore of the seventeenth century, has put his finger upon the most terrible omen of all. All who run may read *A Prophecy of the White King and Dreadfull Dead-man Explained*, etc., by this wise astrologer (1644):

The occasion of the Prophets calling him *White King* was this, the Kings of *England* antiently did weare the day of their *Coronation* purple clothes, being colour onely fit for Kings, both Queen *Elisabeth*, King *James*, and all their Ancestors did weare that colour the day of their *Coronation*, as any may perceive by the *Records* of the *Wardrobe*; contrary unto this custome, and led unto it by the indirect and fatall advise of *William Laud*, *Archbishop of Canterbury*, hee was perswaded to apparell himself the day of his *Coronation* in a *White Garment*; there were some dehorted him from wearing the white apparell, but hee obstinately refused their Counsell. *Canterbury* would have it as an apparell representing the King's innocency, or I know not what other superstitious devise of his. And of this there is no question to bee made, myselfe though not ocularly seeing him that day, yet have had it related verbally by above twenty whose eyes beheld it, one or two were workmen that carried his Majestie apparell that day, so that I challenge al the men upon earth living to deny his wearing *white* apparell that day of his *Coronation*, etc.

⁹ *Crowns and Coronations*: London, 1898.

¹⁰ Echard.

It is difficult not to sympathise with James the Second and the humorous forbearance he displayed at the supreme mischance which befell his coronation festivities when his turn came. It was at the Coronation Banquet, and the champion of England had just flung his challenge to the world. He had dismounted from his horse, and was advancing towards the King's seat to kiss James's hand. Unfortunately awkwardness brought it about that he stumbled and fell down his full length, equipped in complete armour as he was. The Queen Consort, Mary of Modena it may be remembered, exclaimed, 'See you, love, what a weak champion you have.' To which the King said nothing, but laughed, and the champion excused himself, pretending his armour was heavy, and that he himself was weak with sickness, which was false, for he was very well, and had had none.¹¹

George Hickes, the titular Bishop of Thetford, who later on obtained martyrdom as a non-juror, has left an eyewitness's record of other evil omens, to wit the tottering of the crown upon the King's head, the broken canopy over it, and the rent flag hanging upon the White Tower 'when I came home from the coronation. I put no stress upon these omens, but I cannot despise them; most of them, I believe, come by chance, but some from superior intellectual agents, especially those which regard the fate of kings and nations.'

The curious may turn gratefully from the contemplation of such sinister portents to the omens of a less malevolent character which marked the reign of George the Third. His long reign can hardly be counted to have been an unmixed benefit to his people. At any rate the fairies who presided, if malicious a little, were at least altogether euppeptic. The accidents were more or less mirth-provoking in themselves, and for the most part ended in a smile.

The Deputy Earl Marshal, the Earl of Effingham, hardly gave that attention to his duties to be expected from an intelligent nobleman of his exalted rank. He forgot, among other things, the sword of state, the state banquet chain for both King and Queen, and the canopy. The difficulty of the first named of the above-mentioned articles was overcome by borrowing the City sword of state, which the Lord Mayor had brought with him. A hasty canopy was extemporised as well; but even with these makeshifts the commencement of the ceremony was delayed until afternoon. The King afterwards sent for Lord Effingham to complain, and received this most delightful reply: 'It is true, sir, that there has been some neglect, but I have taken care that the next coronation shall be regulated in the exactest manner possible.'¹² It was to the young King's credit that he was much amused. How the King took the Holy Sacrament uncrowned has been told many times. Neither Archbishop nor Dean of Westminster could answer his question whether he should

¹¹ Pryme, in his *Ephemeris Vitæ*.

¹² Jesse: *Memoirs of George the Third*.

not lay aside the crown, so lately placed upon his head, before kneeling at the Communion Table. They could not say whether or not there was any rule. The King thereupon removed the crown with the remark, 'There ought to be one.' But an accident had happened to the crown earlier in the ceremony. As the King was moving down the abbey with the circlet of dominion upon his head, the great diamond in the upper portion of it fell to the ground, and it was not found again without some trouble. There were not wanting in after days those who saw in this mishap the falling away of the thirteen colonies of America; and not only did men prophesy such evil after the event, but even at the time:

When first, portentous, it was known
Great George had jostled from his crown
The brightest diamond there,
The omen-mongers, one and all,
Foretold some mischief must befall,
Some loss beyond compare.¹³

CHARLES BENHAM.

¹³ *Crowns and Coronations*, by William Jones, F.S.A. Chatto and Windus, 1898.

THE EMPLOYMENT OF EDUCATED WOMEN

SOME time ago the pages of this Review contained a touching and eloquent account of the sufferings endured by poor ladies in reduced circumstances. The lot of such unfortunate sufferers is sure to provoke pity and arouse a desire to help whenever it is known. It is curious that it should be so much more difficult to induce people to interest themselves in schemes which may make it less easy for educated women to fall into miserable conditions. We are very fond of saying that prevention is better than cure, but somehow, both to philanthropists and physicians, cure always remains more interesting than prevention.

Many causes combine to make it necessary for an increasing number of educated women to work for their livelihood. Yet the difficulty of obtaining suitable employment with sufficient remuneration remains almost insuperably great. The majority of educated women do not seek work until it is absolutely necessary, and then, having no training or special capacity, naturally find it by no means easy to get anything to do. Those who know that they must work for their living are for the most part quite ignorant as to the different possibilities of employment, and do not know where to turn for advice. In truth the number of possible openings seems small enough even to the most experienced. There is need for much pioneer work; both employers and workers must be persuaded and encouraged to make experiments which may lead to the opening of new fields for women. At present the whole condition is chaotic; and in her too, often lonely, struggle for a livelihood the unhappy woman makes shipwreck, and becomes one of the pathetic company of ladies in reduced circumstances, for whom there seems no hope but in the charity of the benevolent.

Many attempts from various quarters are being made to bring order and light into this chaos, and among these none seems more promising than that started some two years ago by the Central Bureau for the Employment of Women in London, and the kindred Bureaux in Edinburgh, Manchester, Liverpool, and other provincial towns, with which it is in close connection.

The Bureaux of which I am speaking do not attempt to deal with the work of women of the industrial classes. The many questions affecting their interests are left to the care of the Industrial Councils of Women. It is with girls and women springing from the middle class that the Bureaux are concerned. The Central Bureau in London (9 Southampton Street, Holborn, W.C.) is now about to become an incorporated Society, and is hoping in time to form an Association similar to the Association of Chambers of Commerce, which may comprise all women's employment societies and cognate institutions in the country. Meanwhile it is in close touch with other similar institutions, and is able to compare conditions of employment in the provinces with those in London.

It must be remembered that as yet there are few traditions with regard to the work of educated women. The natural desire of the employer is to get what he wants as cheaply as possible. The isolated woman, who must starve if she cannot find work, is not in a position to make conditions; but a public institution can do this for her, and employers are often quite willing to take a more just view of the situation, when it is pointed out to them with tact and discernment.

Prominent amongst the employers who attempt to get work without giving sufficient salaries are, I regret to say, philanthropic societies and individuals. A demand like the following is made: 'Wanted, a superintendent for the workroom in a penitentiary; able to carry out orders for fine underclothing and manage workers, thorough knowledge of fine needlework and cutting-out.—As this is a charitable work in which it is difficult to make ends meet, the salary offered is only 12*l*.' One wonders how the worker is to make ends meet, and provide for old age and possible sickness, out of such a salary.

If the best women—and they are surely needed—are to be secured for paid charitable work, an adequate salary must be offered; salaries such as that mentioned above can only attract the incompetent, and the consequent loss, economic as well as moral, to the charitable undertaking is obvious. The Employment Bureau wisely declines to attempt to fill posts like the above. In another case, where a housekeeper was needed for a college for women, with thirty-five residents, to manage the servants, do the entire catering, and possess not only experience but good business power and education, a salary of 20*l*. was offered; here timely expostulation procured the doubling of the proposed salary.

Employers have not only to be persuaded to give sufficient salaries, but must be taught that, for those whom they employ, life cannot be all work and no play. We hear of a secretary to a large institution, who is to have long hours of correspondence, shorthand, and typing every day in the week, Sunday included; of a companion-

attendant to a mental case, with no time off, who is frequently called up at night. Again it has to be sometimes pointed out to employers that even capable women are not possessed of superhuman powers, which they are willing to use for the service of others at a small salary. Who could hope to satisfy such requirements as the following: 'Lady-help wanted, to be "the backbone of a family," which includes two persons of weak intellect. Must be capable, tactful, a good traveller, a cyclist, a lady by birth, well educated, and an evangelical churchwoman?' And all this for a salary of 25*l.*!

But if these are some of the difficulties experienced in dealing with employers, the difficulties in dealing with applicants for work are even more numerous. Some are easily dismissed. The Bureau does not wish to undertake what other existing agencies can do better, and in the first place tries to act as a Clearing House and send applicants with any special training or capacity to places where they will be likely to hear of such work as they desire, and to agencies already existing to supply particular needs.

It is impossible to over-estimate the ignorance of the average person; and the capable person seeking work may be put to untold straits just from want of knowledge that there exists already the very agency fitted to help her particular case. The Bureau has helped in no small degree when it has merely served as sign-post to send on the applicant to the right place. Of course there remains the further difficulty that seekers for work may even be ignorant of the existence of the Bureau itself, and that difficulty all interested in the work done by it must assist in overcoming.

But when those with some particular knowledge and definite views and training have been sent on elsewhere, there remain many to be advised and helped, and amongst these there are many whom it is almost impossible to help. There are those whose powers, such as they are, have never been developed by any adequate education, who are wanting in general capacity, and often wanting in any spirit of enterprise. They have no courage to strike out a new path, to adjust their ideas to new circumstances. They still cherish, to a degree which in these days seems surprising, the fear of injuring their social position by the work they undertake, and work otherwise suitable to their capacities is frequently refused on this ground alone. They are quite ignorant of the nature of the supply and demand in various occupations. Women, who have not worked before, think it must be quite easy to get a place as superintending housekeeper in a very small establishment, or as 'amanuensis' to a Member of Parliament. Governesses, who wish for a change of work or have difficulty in finding another situation, expect to be able to get a secretaryship to an author at once. Want of training for any special occupation is of course a frequent difficulty, but this is not so hard to overcome as the want of the foundation of a sound general education. A well-educated and

capable woman, with an open mind, unhampered by dread of the loss of social position, need not long look for work. She may have to submit to some preparatory training, to begin low down, but she has got the general preparation, which will enable her to overcome difficulties. There is, on the other hand, a danger that the girl who has had an insufficient education and gone in too early for some form of special training, which she hopes may fit her for modern requirements, will find herself, if employment in her special line is scarce, quite unable to adapt herself to anything else.

We cannot therefore insist too strongly, from the experience acquired, on the importance of a good general education, such as will make the mind alert and versatile and quick to adapt itself to altered circumstances. Upon this such special preparation or training as is needed can be built up. But it would probably be true to say that the majority of those who apply to the Bureau for work are unprepared in any way to make their own living, and are on the contrary hampered with an inconvenient load of prejudices. Still, in the majority of middle-class homes, the view prevails that something in the shape of a husband will most probably turn up for the girls, and that for them to engage in any definite work will diminish their chance of marriage. There is just this amount of truth in the last assertion, that a woman who has learnt how to support herself and to find interest in her work will be less likely to marry any man who turns up, merely in order to break the monotony of an aimless life. On the other hand, in many cases a girl who goes into the world and makes a sphere for herself has more opportunity of meeting with men of the kind, who might prove real companions for life as she would like to lead it, than has the girl who is confined in the choice of her acquaintances to the social opportunities of the ordinary middle-class home.

There are signs that some parents at least are awakening to the need of fitting their daughters for the work of life; and such parents are very often anxious for advice as to how to proceed. Here the Bureau is able to give them just the help they need: to tell them where the best openings are to be found, the steps to be taken and the cost involved in preparing for any particular line of work, to enter into the special case and consider the tastes and capacities of those who are to be fitted for work. All this needs experience, tact, and discernment, and full opportunity for continued study of the conditions for employment—in a word, it needs an adequate and efficient staff.

It is comparatively easy to advise parents who are so far enlightened as to wish to prepare their daughters for work. Far more difficult is the task of helping those who, without preparation, suddenly find themselves in reduced circumstances, and who, sensitive and reserved as a result of their previous life, find difficulties and hardships at every step of their career. To advise and help

these, not only knowledge and experience are needed, but the understanding mind which will know how to inspire confidence, and will see what powers are lying dormant that may be brought out. Here it is often most desirable to point out how unwise it is to take up any work, however poor, that offers, under pressure of necessity.

The first idea in such cases is to try for the post of companion, which, as every woman considers herself at least able to act as a companion, is an occupation terribly overstocked, and at best one which offers no opportunity of a career. We hear of one such lady who, to add to the difficulty in her case, was middle-aged, but who after some difficulty was persuaded to learn cooking. A loan was procured to enable her to do so, and she is now comfortably settled in a small household. Another, who was persuaded to do the same, finds it difficult to choose what situation to accept amongst the many which are offered to her. It would be easy to multiply instances of those who have been persuaded to fit themselves by training for some work which is really needed. Of course, training needs money; but in some cases friends who are willing to help, and would perhaps under ordinary circumstances have given a little money or a new dress every year, may be persuaded to give a lump sum for the training which will make the recipient independent, and there are some societies willing to help in this way.

Of course, amongst the applicants at the Bureau there are many for whom it seems impossible to do anything, those who seem to belong to the sad class of the hopelessly incapable. But even with regard to these the Bureau does not despair, and at any rate in investigating their sad stories experience is gained which is useful in dealing with others, and which may be of great value in showing the charitable how best to help those who seem unable to help themselves.

In no way can the women who are seeking work be better helped than by a study of every possible opening for employment. That this should be continuously done, and that women of capacity and enterprise should be induced to try experiments and act as pioneers for others, is of great importance for the whole class of women workers and, we would venture to add, for the whole community as well; for it must surely be for the interest of the community that any necessary work should be done by those best fitted to do it.

A manufacturer, speaking at a meeting of the Bureau, said: 'I believe there is a considerable field for the employment of women in our large manufactories, in posts of considerable responsibility, in which they have not hitherto been largely tried.' He proceeded to give as an instance certain posts which he could never fill satisfactorily with men. At last, 'almost as a counsel of despair,' he tried women. And now 'order and contentment reign where previously there was disorder and dissatisfaction.' There need be no desire in

the experiments made to supplant men, but only so to arrange that the work should be done by the persons best fitted to do it.

Another form of experiment might well be tried by women of capacity who have capital at their disposal. Why should not they, if they are desirous of helping their fellow-creatures, start, after due consideration and investigation, some form of industry which might give suitable employment to educated women? Many such experiments, which have been tried by the women themselves who are in need of work, have been hopelessly hampered by want of capital. I believe myself that women as a rule possess decided business and practical capacities; of this, indeed, there is abundant proof in France, where large business concerns are managed by women. Surely a woman of means might find life much more interesting if she were at the head of a large business concern which gave employment under satisfactory conditions to other women, and she would be doing quite as good a work as if she gave subscriptions to charitable societies, or even engaged in any of the established methods of philanthropic work.

It is obvious that all these directions in which women can be helped to find suitable work, and in which the nature and conditions of the work itself can be improved, require careful study and investigation. It is this which the Bureau is attempting to do, and it seems to us a work which justly claims the interest and sympathy of all who care to improve the condition of women.

LOUISE CREIGHTON.

CAN THE SEA BE FISHED OUT?

Is the harvest of the sea ever likely to be exhausted? This question has frequently been asked, especially since steam has so greatly increased man's power, not only of getting in the harvest, but of distributing it rapidly to places far away from the coasts. Steam has opened up fresh mines of fish food, and created fresh markets for it.

The London papers of the 6th of April last published a note to this effect:

EASTER FISH—A RECORD

The fish supply sent from Grimsby on Wednesday for Easter surpasses all previous records, the supply of fresh cod and halibut being unprecedented. One railway alone, the Great Central, sent 331 trucks, made up into several special trains.

This was only a fraction of the supply sent to London, and London is only one of thousands of places to which supplies were sent and are sent continually. How long will the sea be able to supply this great demand is a question which directly or indirectly affects everybody, inasmuch as any increase or diminution of one kind of food must affect the price of other kinds.

Until very recently it has generally been supposed that, immense as is the amount of fish life existing in the sea, there is a certain maximum beyond which Nature cannot go, a certain balance on which man can draw which she places to his credit on certain banks, limited both in number and extent. To make an overdraft on Nature's fish supply has long been considered by many well qualified to judge as not only possible but probable; they say, and there has been hitherto little but conjecture to contradict them, that as compared with its extent the ocean is a desert, a Sahara with a few oases on which alone fish life is possible. Further, they say that these oases are not only limited in extent, but also in their capability for supporting fish life, and that they are at the mercy of man, because they are confined to the comparatively shallow waters near the coasts on which he lives.

That some kinds of sea fish, especially flat fish, can be practically exterminated in certain localities is proved by the fact that in many of the in-shore fisheries round our coasts it no longer pays to fish for

them; and because they have been destroyed and the fishermen have year by year to go farther afield, or rather afloat, in the pursuit of them, it has been argued, on the *ex pede Hercules* basis, that eventually the limit of the fishing grounds and of the supply of fish will be reached.

Not many years ago the lobster and crab fisheries on the East Anglian coasts were seriously threatened through over-fishing, and Sir Edward Birkbeck, to whom our sea fisheries generally owe so much for wise legislation in their interests, got an Act of Parliament passed for restricting and regulating the fishery. But what man does in the way of destroying a fishery is child's play as compared with Nature's work in that direction. Within the last year or two a countless octopus army has advanced along the northern coasts of France and, for a time at any rate, absolutely destroyed the crab and lobster fisheries; lately we have heard of them on our own south-west coast. Some years ago the Menahden fishery of the South-Atlantic coast of the United States was almost destroyed by some submarine disturbance—for some time ships sailed through a sea of dead fish. But not all were destroyed, and Nature is refilling the void she had created.

Some years ago a strange thing was witnessed on the most northerly coast of Scotland. For days a vast army of emaciated cod-fish, helpless, exhausted, drifted past with the current; one could only conjecture the reason for this pitiful procession. Had the fish been driven away from their usual feeding-grounds by the attacks of dog-fish or sharks or other sea pirates, or were they simply poor neighbours crowded out?

Only of very recent years has the subject of marine biology¹ been studied on any systematised plan, and with any definite object; but now that the North Sea has been mapped out for observation by an International committee of biologists representing the nations interested in its fisheries, British, German, Dutch, Scandinavian, &c., it is certain that we shall learn many things we did not know, and have to unlearn many things which we thought we knew to be facts, but which have proved to be fallacies.

It would be difficult, for instance, to over-estimate the value of the discoveries made last summer by the Norwegian Marine Biological Expedition in the steamer *Michael Sars*, under the direction of Dr. Hjort, a most interesting account of which has recently been published by another Norwegian biologist, Dr. Knut Dahl. Dr. Dahl reminds us that as far back as history extends there have been

¹ One of the most recent discoveries of Professor Hensen, the German State Marine biologist, is of bacteria which keep the sea fresh by attacking the surplus organic matter in it. Other researches in Plankton show that in some places the sea is a mass of liquid food, which fish and birds inhale, as it were. Even round the Arctic and Antarctic Poles this minute life exists in such a quantity as to permeate and colour the seas.

accounts of great fluctuations in the results from the Norwegian fisheries. In the time of the sons of Eric, the people almost perished of starvation owing to a total failure of the fisheries; they even sold their weapons to get food. The fisheries of Norway have always been subject to uncertainty, one season bringing a glut of fish to the coasts and the next perhaps a dearth of them. But never have the fisheries been worked so systematically and extensively as in recent times, and never has the sea furnished such a large proportion of human food as at present, and never have the complaints that the sea would be fished out been so loud as of late.

It is curious that this cry of the fisheries being destroyed and the sea fished out should be loudest at a period when the sea is giving us far greater supplies of fish than ever man has had from it before. There must be some ground for this persistent protest which is heard—last year in England, this year in Germany or Scandinavia, and presently we shall hear it again here. It is like the warning we in this country hear from time to time of the possibility of war bringing famine to our shores in place of foreign-grown bread. Never were bread and meat and fish and food of all kinds so cheap and plentiful as at present.

According to Dr. Dahl the reason for the fear of exhaustion of the sea fisheries rests on incorrect theories, due chiefly to the want of scientific investigations of the last forty years. Much the most important result in connection with this subject was the discovery during the present generation, that most of our sea-food fish produce an enormous number of eggs, several millions, and that these eggs after being laid ascend through the water, the milt of the male ascending with them and fertilising them, and that they develop while floating just under the surface of the sea. When hatched the young fish is carried about for a time hither and thither by the currents until it comes near the coast, when it seeks the bottom, and gradually as it grows older wanders out into the depths. For this reason it was said that the young brood of the food-fishes was to be met with elsewhere than in the immediate neighbourhood of the coast, where the nets of the trawlers sweep it up and destroy it wholesale.

Remembering, then, on the one hand that the mother fish produces an endless number of eggs, and on the other that a large proportion of these eggs is swept by the currents so far from the coast that the delicate brood when hatched would have no chance of coming near any coast, it was supposed that Nature's object was only a limited number of eggs should survive. The practical production must require these millions of eggs being swept from the surface of the sea—the greater part driven out into the open sea and destroyed, the smaller number which remained near the coast to fish for

to grow to be decimated by enemies and to suffice finally to replace their parents in the ordinary course of Nature.

The aim of Nature in this fish reproduction was only, it was supposed, to make good the loss, and this was so from the beginning. According to this view, there existed a fixed relation or proportion between the numbers of each species, and reproduction only sufficed to maintain the balance between them. So soon as a new factor appeared, causing increased diminution in the numbers of a species, then the balance would be destroyed and could not, without artificial help, be set right again.

The whole theory may be set out thus :

a is the stock of fish with its chances of reproduction.

b is the amount caught by man and the destroyed chances of reproduction of the fish caught.

But, as Dr. Dahl points out, if this view was correct, the final result of abstracting b from a would long ago have been 0. 'No, not yet; but it will come!' we are told. And in the meantime the fisheries exist, and have always existed, and never before were such quantities of fish caught as now.

The untenable nature of the theory referred to has led several investigators, as a result of their investigations into marine economics, to adopt widely different views and conclusions. In Great Britain Professor William C. McIntosh, the leading British marine biologist, has strongly supported the view that the resources of the sea are practically inexhaustible; and in Norway Dr. Hjort and Dr. Dahl are stout apostles of the more hopeful prospect as regards our sea-food supply, and have demonstrated that a dearth of fish in some waters arises from the brood being carried away from them by currents, but that the great mass of brood on the coasts, and the great multitudes of fish which periodically visit them, point to anything but to a general dearth of fish in the sea. They could not, it is true, until recently give any direct proof of the riches of the sea, as a vessel and means for investigating the open sea were wanting; but last summer, in the newly built fishing steamer *Michael Sars*, they were able to carry out experiments in the Norwegian seas and the Skager Rack, and to make what, in the opinion of Dr. Dahl, belongs to the most important zoological discoveries of the nineteenth century, and which justifies the hope that we are within measurable distance of the solution of many vexed questions in connection with our fisheries.

AN UNDREAMT-OF DISCOVERY

Undoubtedly the most important result of Dr. Hjort's researches was that he found the brood (fry) of all our round food-fishes in immeasurable quantities, not dead, as it ought to be in theory, but

alive, and spread over the whole Norwegian sea and the Skager Rack. No one had the least idea that this was the case. That the young of cod, haddock, coal-fish and whiting could live out in the open sea would have been considered impossible a year ago. It was thought that they were only to be found quite in-shore near the coasts, as that was the only place where they had been found.

Dr. Hjort's discovery shows that there are many million times more young fish in the sea than man had any idea of, and the theory that the young brood carried out to sea perished is proved to be a fable. Nature is shown in her true light, not as the unnatural step-mother destroying all but a favoured few of the brood of our food-fishes, but as designing that as great a number as possible should come to maturity. We now know that the rearing grounds of the young fry are not restricted to certain limited areas near coasts, but extend to the open sea itself. We may well exclaim with Spenser—

Oh! what an endless work has he in hand
Who'd count the sea's abundant progeny,
Whose fruitful seed far passeth that on land,
And also theirs that roame in th' azure sky,
So fertile be the floods in generation,
So vast their numbers, and so numberless their nation.

In view of this discovery, as Dr. Dahl says, all former speculations as to the exhaustibility of our sea fish supply fall to the ground.

But it was not only fish brood or fry that Dr. Hjort found in his investigations of the North Sea. He made the further remarkable discovery that away out in the open sea, where it was several thousands of metres in depth, he found fish as it were in layers or ocean strata. Some required a line as long as the Monument to reach down to them, others were in still lower depths which would submerge St. Paul's and the Monument on top, and with many thousand feet of water below them. There, in these still and dark and hitherto supposed barren regions of the sea, he caught great cod and haddock and coal-fish, sometimes in quantities. The importance of this discovery is that it proves that not only fish brood, but mature fish also, exist out in the ocean, and that what have been looked upon as typical 'ground fish' and 'local' sorts are to be found at other places, as well as near the coasts. Not of least significance is the finding of cod in the deep places of the sea, as in this discovery we have the key to solve the mystery as to where the cod abides when he withdraws from the coasts. In the great cod fisheries off the coast of Newfoundland the fishermen find the fish at the commencement of the season in April in the shallow water near shore, and use lines of thirty or forty feet, increasing the depth as they find the fish receding, until they have to fish at over two hundred feet for them in December.

It was formerly supposed that the killing of a cod in roe meant

the destruction of more than two million potential cod-fish. Now, as Dr. Dahl says, it merely looks like improving the life-chances of the progeny of another cod. Formerly it was considered that the fish production of the sea was a fixed quantity, which was being continually decreased by man's inroads on it. Now it would appear to be an organism on which the attacks of man can make no real impression. It seems probable, indeed, that in every second, every minute, and every day more fish is produced in the sea than all humanity combined could devour in the same time.

Who knows? At any rate, the marine biological investigators of the new century need have no fear that the ocean will not continue at least to provide them food for reflection. The more success they have like the discovery which Dr. Dahl has described (which applies more or less to the whole of the seas of the world), the more will Governments, and let us hope ours among them, be inclined to encourage and support their efforts by substantial 'grants in aid.' It is a disgrace to our nation, depending so entirely as we do upon the sea for our existence, that we do less than almost any nation to encourage and support our fisheries, both inland and sea.²

Apart from the question of national defence—for our fishing fleets afford the finest recruiting ground for our fighting fleet—no one who knows the benefits which the United States of America derive from the great National and State Fisheries Departments but must regret that the United Kingdom does practically nothing in this way beyond providing a gunboat or two for police duty. I do not believe in 'grandmotherly legislation,' but in a wise national development of our natural resources; such a policy, in fact, as has placed America first among the nations.

R. B. MARSTON.

² A correspondent of the *Pall Mall Gazette* at Antwerp, writing recently, says: 'Few realise that eight millions sterling is extracted from the North Sea in fish, and fewer still, perhaps, that more than half this great sum is secured by England.'

THE FRENCH ASSOCIATIONS LAW

HISTORY records few migrations of more curious interest than the ebb and flow of religious communities during the last two centuries over the face of Western Europe; and of these migrations that which has recently taken place in France will probably afford the most difficult problem of all to future students. It is the first movement of its kind that can in any sense be called voluntary, and the only one for which it seems impossible at first sight to assign an adequate motive.

Hitherto such migrations have been made under the stress of *force majeure*. The law of some country, backed very often by a wave of popular feeling, has suppressed the religious orders and compelled their members unwillingly to seek shelter upon other shores. The precedent set by England in 1540, when the broom of the Reformation swept them out across the seas, has been followed in other countries, with a more or less relentless confiscation of property and expulsion of individual members. In all cases they have gone under compulsion; and it is a noteworthy fact that in every case they have, sooner or later, returned to the country which expelled them. Austria drove them out in 1780; ten years later the French Revolution made an even more thorough clearance of the monastic orders in France; in 1834 they were ejected from Portugal, and their lands and houses, all the accumulated wealth of centuries, were put up for sale to the highest bidder; Spain drove them out in 1837, and thirty years later, when the persistent law of return asserted itself, drove them forth again; in Italy also the expulsion of 1866 had to be followed by another in 1873 before the country was free of them. Nevertheless, in all these countries, England, Austria, France, Portugal, Italy, and Spain, there are large religious communities to-day, called by the same names, living under the same rules, and very often inhabiting the same houses as they did before the decree of banishment went out against them. The monastic idea seems inherent in human nature—*expellas furca, tamen usque recurret*. Unfortunately, it does not always preclude the presence of failings which are also inherent in human nature and, though less harmful in the single individual, are apt to display dangerous powers for

mischiefs in the corporate body. The causes that led to expulsion have rarely been far to seek.

The more human of these failings, or rather those which belong to the lower side of human nature, are not to be counted among those causes to-day. The scandalous life of some religious communities in the Pre-Reformation days, both in England and on the Continent, is only a story of a now dim and distant past. So, too, are the grinding tyranny, the extortion, the avarice and greed which made the monastic yoke so heavy once upon the necks of the patient peasants of Italy and the Peninsula; though in those countries the reformation from within was very long in making itself felt. In Italy, within a period of five years, no less than 2,255 communities were suppressed and their members scattered, and few Italians will be found to-day who would say that the deed was ill-done. Even Pius the Ninth himself, if the story be true, had little to urge against it. 'It was the devil's work,' he is reported to have said, 'but God will turn it into a blessing. After all, destruction was the only way of reform.'

Destruction was probably the only road to reform in the case of institutions which had grown so old in the abuses that once disfigured the monastic life of Italy and Spain. But the case of the French monasteries, whose history has been yet more chequered than any others, was from the first a very different one. Even in the earlier days the French religious communities were truer to the democratic ideal which should have always set the monasteries on the side of the many oppressed rather than that of the few oppressors. Still the wind that drove them forth in the years of the Terror was hardly tempered to them, except in the case of the *Scours de Charité*, in whose favour a special exception was made. They suffered, as did all other ancient institutions, in the wild storm that swept across France, and at the beginning of last century few, if any, of the male orders were left in the country. With the restoration of the monarchy the Dominicans came back also. The Benedictines, the Carthusians, and the Trappists followed, though their welcome from the Orleanists was but a cold one. The Second Empire, however, was more encouraging, and before its fall not only had a large proportion of the old orders been reinstated in their former homes, but a considerable number of new societies had found a footing in the country—had found a footing and had begun to exercise an influence which could hardly fail to be hostile to the new régime.

On the first establishment of the Republic, indeed, there seemed but little hope of any *rapprochement* between the clergy in general and the new force that had come into power. Their mutual distrust, naturally engendered by a very different conception of the principles of liberty, could only be strengthened by the lessons of past history. The whole Clerical party was unanimous in siding with the avowed

enemies of the Republic, and took an active share in the furtherance of reactionary schemes. The famous phrase of Gambetta—'Ils cléricaux, voilà l'ennemi'—was more than justified by the fact that neither Monarchists nor Bonapartists need have been feared had it not been for that powerful support behind them. More than once in those early days the struggle seemed likely to terminate in favour of the friends of the Clerical party. The dissolution of the Chamber by Marshal de MacMahon on the fateful 16th of May, 1877, might well have seemed the first step in their certain return to power. The Clericals threw themselves with feverish energy into the ensuing five months' electoral campaign, which ended in their overwhelming defeat by the Republicans. The latter, with a huge majority in both houses, cannot be blamed for following up their victory and attempting to weaken their enemy by repressive legislation. M. Ferry's Education Bill, depriving the religious orders of any participation in public instruction, was not without provocation.

Nevertheless, the Clerical party would not accept defeat, though every year that followed found the Republic more consolidated and more firmly settled. The Ralliés might renounce the useless struggle; they would make no compromise. The collapse of Boulanger left them undismayed and still resolved to carry the Republic by sudden assault whenever a leader should be found. Wiser counsels, however, began to prevail elsewhere. The Holy See, though slow to acknowledge defeat, could not but perceive the mischief that was resulting to its own interests by this persistent support of a lost cause, and in 1892 Leo the Thirteenth issued his Encyclical calling upon the French clergy to submit and recognise the Republican Government as the rightful masters of France. The letter was not received without protest on the part of the secular clergy, but they obeyed its mandate, and their loyal acceptance of the existing *régime* has not since wavered. The religious orders still remained irreconcilable, stubbornly irresponsible to both the mandate of Papal authority and the persuasion of their secular brethren. From this date the rift between the two bodies, the orders and the secular clergy, began to widen, and the fight still waged by the former to grow less creditable to the combatants. The mob of survivors of other anti-Republican parties, who call themselves Nationalists, were their only allies: and the disgraceful history of the Dreyfus persecution has been the record of their latest campaign. Had only Leo the Thirteenth continued to rule absolutely at the Vatican, the story of the last six or seven years might have been different; as it is, the Jesuit influence has grown with the failing vigour of the Pontiff, and the Papal authority is no longer solely exercised by a wise and prudent statesman.

The religious orders were not amenable to persuasion and they could not be coerced, for the Concordat which gave the State

control over the episcopacy, and through it the secular clergy, gave it no hold upon religious bodies who refused to recognise or obey hierarchic chiefs. Even with the secular clergy the law had more than once been found wanting when it was evoked. In February of this year a change had to be made in the Penal Code in order to prevent sedition being preached or otherwise disseminated by the French priesthood—the occasion being a pastoral letter addressed to his diocese by the Archbishop of Aix and containing an open defiance of the Government. As the law stood, the only punishment provided for such an offence under Clause 204 of the Penal Code was banishment, a penalty which was rendered nugatory by its excessive rigour. It was necessary to make a law which could be set in force, and one was passed which punished criticism of the acts of the supreme authority, either in pastoral letters or in pulpit addresses, by imprisonment for a term varying from three months to three years—the minor offence of embodying such criticism in sermons or letters to the newspapers being punishable with a term of from fifteen days to six months.

Over the secular clergy, then, it was possible to exercise, directly or indirectly, some form of legal control; over the religious orders there was none, so long as those orders refrained from breaking the ordinary enactments of the common law. And, apart from the question of legal control, open rebellion is ever more easily dealt with than covert sedition, and it was the latter of which the French Government had most reason to complain. It was possible to deal with such conduct as that of the Assumptionists, who, rendered bold by impunity, openly defied all authority in their egregious newspaper *La Croix*. They, at least, could be arraigned before the common tribunal and punished by the existing laws. They were so arraigned, and suffered banishment. But the sedition that lurked underground and never came out into the open, that spent its time and its forces in unwearying efforts to undermine and subvert the authority to which it had vowed no allegiance, that never lost an opportunity of fomenting troubles and stealthily encouraging conspiracy against that authority, how could it be dealt with? The question had to be solved, for every day increased the danger which rose from its neglect. Already wealthy, these communities were rapidly amassing more wealth, and the large means at their disposal were almost openly used for the furtherance of political ends. Entrusted with the education of the children of the most influential classes in France, they abused that trust by instilling principles of disloyalty to the State which their pupils might some day be called upon to serve. Wherever trouble arose, or any conflict in which the constituted authority of the State was concerned, they or their emissaries were to be found somewhere in the background, watching to see if profit might be drawn for themselves by helping to defeat

or thwart the side that the Government seemed to espouse. It mattered nothing what was the nature of the case or the justice of the cause, whether it was a strike of workmen or the barbarous sacrifice of a French soldier to save the credit of his chiefs; their restless hands were always plucking at the strings, their busy brains were always scheming with ever the same end in view—the defeat, the discredit, the ultimate downfall of the régime under which they lived. During these last two years they redoubled their efforts. The Socialist element in M. Waldeck-Rousseau's Ministry goaded them to more desperate endeavours, and filled them with all the energy that panic inspires. The word seems to have gone out among them—'Let us make haste to destroy this Government before it can destroy us.' They would not admit that there was any other course, or any way of common life in the same State for the religious order and the Socialist. For while the religious order always finds it difficult to distinguish between a Republican, a Social Democrat, and a Socialist, it can never see any difference at all between a Socialist and the devil.

It must not be supposed that this eagerness to try conclusions at all costs inspired all the religious orders alike. A good many desired nothing more than to live at peace with the authorities in their own country, or, as it is in some cases, the country of their adoption. But the more masterful of the orders—as the sequel showed—were wont to sweep along the rest in their train, and there can be no doubt that the attitude assumed by the former did constitute a real menace to the peace of France. Nor could the French Government afford to overlook the effect that was being produced upon the secular clergy by this more or less open revolt of the irregulars. The French bishops, flouted, and finding neither sympathy nor redress when they appealed to Rome, were practically being called upon to choose between the favour of the Holy See and the duty of loyalty which they owed to their new engagements, while the lower clergy were being dominated by the wealth and superior position of their rivals and, in many places, bullied into a state of submission.

The Government had to act, and it took the only course which could have been dictated by moderation and common-sense. It brought in a bill limiting and regularising the right of association. Such a bill was no new thing; it was simply one more serious effort to solve a problem which had taxed all the ingenuity of French legislators for the last thirty years. M. Waldeck-Rousseau's bill was the thirty-third attempt since 1871 at finding a solution. The right of association as far as property is concerned is of course easily limited and defined, and the provisions of the civil law amply suffice. But the right of association where intelligence is concerned, the right of men to combine their brains to some common end—although it involves a liberty of the subject which should be as

jealously guarded by a democratic Government as any other—presents at the same time more danger in its misuse and more difficulty in its control. It is a significant fact, however, that nearly all the thirty-two preceding attempts to frame restrictions have come to nothing through the failure to find any limitations for political or lay associations which are acceptable to the friends of the religious orders. While the Catholic party would be satisfied with nothing but the most stringent regulations for political and social associations, and all such bodies as the Church loves to confound under one name as 'Freemasons,' they would hear of nothing short of complete exemption for the religious orders themselves. From the very first, as M. Waldeck-Rousseau remarked in one of his speeches in the Chamber, it was the Catholic party which demanded exceptional legislation in favour of the orders. It was not the Government who, by proposing such legislation, provoked their justifiable opposition. His bill was but one more honest attempt to deal with lay and religious bodies alike.

The best account of the aim and scope of the bill, as far as the religious orders are concerned, can be rendered by briefly summarising a passage of the eloquent speech which M. Waldeck-Rousseau delivered at Toulouse, just a year ago, when announcing the legislative programme of his Government for the coming session. After explaining the way in which political and lay associations generally would be affected by the proposed measure, he went on to say that the bill had another object, and was intended to combat another peril. That peril, he said, could best be described in words that were familiar in the records of former Parliaments, as the introduction into the State, 'under the specious guise of a religious institution, of a political corporation the object of which was first to reach complete independence and then the usurpation of all authority.' For his part, he protested that he was stirred by no sectarian spirit, but only with the same desire that dominated the policy of the Revolution, and indeed the whole historical policy of France. He was perfectly willing that the fundamental statute which determined the relations between the Church and the State should always hold good, and that its letter should be interpreted in the broadest spirit of tolerance. But there must be guarantees upon one side as well as the other, and where could the State look for such guarantees on the side of the religious orders? That statute had been framed exclusively for the case of the secular clergy, who owed hierarchic obedience to their ecclesiastic superiors, not for the case of the dispersed—but not suppressed—religious orders who owned no authority. And it was from these orders that the chief danger was to be apprehended, and with them that the State was called upon to deal. Both in the pulpit and in the school their voice was drowning that of the secular clergy. It was their preaching and their teaching which challenged

the most attention. And it was they who, because they defied the rule of ecclesiastical authorities, were outside and beyond all State control.

Some people derided the idea that there could be any danger in an increase of mortmain which threatened the principle of free circulation of property. M. Waldeck-Rousseau contended that it was no vain imagination. In 1880 the amount of real property held in mortmain by religious communities exceeded 700,000,000 francs. It was to-day more than a milliard. Calculating on this basis, what might not be the amount of mortmain personalty?

In his speech delivered in the Chamber of Deputies on the 21st of January M. Waldeck-Rousseau defined the aim and scope of the bill with still greater emphasis and precision. The bill, he said, was entirely based upon the most elementary principles of law; it merely aimed at submitting associations to the regulations common to all conventions. One had only to look back through past history to see that legislation, as regards religious communities, rested entirely on the necessity of authorisation, of surveillance, and of the right of dissolution.

It is said [he continued] that we want to suppress the religious orders, but there is no word in the bill to suggest that they are to be suppressed or that no new orders can be formed. Our opponents should tell the truth and confess that they are protesting against the orders being subjected to the civil law. And if these orders are essential to the Church, how is it that the Concordat did not restore them or recognise them, instead of speaking only of the secular clergy? In all the infinite variety of religious orders in France I do not know one which is intended to assist the labours of the regular clergy, but I find a large number of the latter who have fallen under the tyranny of their irregular brethren.

Examination of those clauses of the bill which particularly affect religious associations fully bears out M. Waldeck-Rousseau's description of its aims. After defining what constitutes an association, and stating that only such associations will be recognised by law as conform to the requirements of Article V., it is enacted:—

Art. III. That any association founded on a cause or with an object that is illicit, contrary to the laws or public morals, or which should have for its aim an attack upon the integrity of the national territory or the Republican form of the Government, is null and void.

Art. IV. Any member of an association which has not been formed for some definite period can withdraw from it at any time, after payment of all dues for the current year, in spite of any rule to the contrary.

Art. V. Every association which desires to be legally recognised must publish, through its founders, the title and object of the association, the place of its establishments, and the names, professions and domicile of those who are in any way concerned with its administration or management. These declarations must be made at the prefecture of a Department or the sub-prefecture of a district. Any changes in the administration or modification in their statutes must also be reported within three months.

Article VIII. provides for the punishment, by a fine varying from 16 to 5,000 francs, of founders, directors, or administrators who

illegally maintain or reconstitute an association which has been dissolved for contravening articles V. and III.

Articles X. and XI. provide that associations recognised as of public utility may exercise all the rights of civil life which are not forbidden in their statutes, but they cannot possess or acquire other real property than what is necessary for the avowed object of their association. Also, all personal property belonging to members of the association must be invested in bonds bearing the name of the owner. Such associations can also receive gifts and bequests under the conditions which are already defined in the Civil Code. Real estate, included in an act of donation or testamentary disposition, which is not necessary for the working of the association must be sold within the period and after the forms prescribed by the decree which authorises acceptance of the gift, the sum thereby realised becoming part of the association funds. In no case can they accept a donation of real estate or personal property under the reserve of usufruct for the benefit of the donor.

Under Article XVIII. it is enacted that associations existing at the time of the promulgation of the present law, and not previously authorised or recognised, must within three months prove that they have taken the necessary steps to conform to its prescriptions. In case of their dissolution, under the articles of this law, the property belonging to members of the association before its formation, or since acquired by them by succession, shall be restored. The property acquired gratuitously, and not specially assigned by a deed of gift to a work of charity, may be reclaimed by the donor, his heirs or assigns. After a delay of six months, all property that has not been claimed or devoted to some work of charity shall be liquidated, and the sum realised set apart to be used by the public liquidator according to the Regulation of Public Administration of the Law.

This regulation, which was published about the middle of August, defining further the action of the law and fixing the methods of its application, certainly leaves no loophole for its evasion. Nevertheless it cannot be said, as has been averred by some opponents of the law, that it makes its clauses more stringent. What it does do, however—and in this lies the real grievance—is to put the responsibility of authorisation and subsequent surveillance upon the shoulders of the Ordinary, making submission to the Ordinary one of the necessary statutes of all religious associations. In other words, it subjects to the authority of the bishops all the religious bodies who have hitherto claimed canonical exemption.

Stress has been laid here upon what may be called the financial clauses of the law, because it is that aspect of the measure which seems to have chiefly occupied the attention of its lay opponents. One looks through them in vain for any justification of the charge of

wholesale spoliation. Where is the spoliation? The residue of property which cannot be claimed under one head or another, is not likely to be more than a very small portion of the whole, and even that residue, according to the Regulation of Administration, will be devoted to providing for such members of dissolved orders as are left without means of subsistence. The bribe to the working classes which the Comte de Mun denounced with such indignation—for in the original bill it was suggested that this sum should be devoted to an old-age pension fund—would not have been a very heavy one. And, if the communities have not been robbed of their property, what is the liberty of which they have been robbed? We will not do them the injustice to suppose that they protest against Article III.; so it can only be the requirements of Article V., as interpreted by the Regulation of Administration, that they find impossible to accept—namely, the submission of the statutes of their orders to the Bishop of the diocese, and the submission of the community itself to his surveillance.

It is impossible to do more here than treat the question on its broad merits; and, after all, it is not necessary to do more than that in order to arrive at a fair idea of the justice of their cause. The case for the religious orders is set out in the letter addressed by Leo the Thirteenth to their superiors on the 29th of June, and in the manifesto issued by the Provincials of the French Jesuits on the 2nd of October, the eve of their departure from the country. With regard to the Papal letter, when one considers the circumstances under which it was written, one is tempted to say frankly that it is one of the most discreditable documents ever issued from the Vatican. The Pope himself is the one and only head and authority acknowledged by the orders, and it was natural that they should at once appeal for his guidance in the dilemma which confronted them. Should they submit and remain in their homes, or should they cling to their claim of canonical exemption—as essential to the very life of the order—and go forth into exile? The dilemma may have been a cruel one, but not more cruel than the heartless ambiguity of the answer returned to them. Not even to save them from dissolution will the Pope abate one jot of his pretensions. 'We emphatically reprobate such laws,' he writes, 'because they are contrary to natural and evangelical right, and to the absolute right of the Church to found religious institutions exclusively subject to its authority.' That, at least, is an intelligible position, and one expects that a counsel of 'no surrender' will follow, and that His Holiness will take the responsibility of this deplorable resolution upon his own shoulders. But he does nothing of the kind. He neither gives them permission to conform, nor will he expressly withhold it. He simply leaves the responsibility of the choice upon the separate communities, and at the same time makes

the way of submission more difficult than before. Nor is any assistance given them in the advice, subsequently tendered to such congregations as may elect to submit, to follow a course which is neither very practicable nor very honest. These communities are told that, if they do conform, they should do so with mental reservations. There is no necessity to submit the ancient rules and constitutions of their orders, which have already been approved by the Holy See, to the scrutiny of the Ordinary; a synopsis of statutes can easily be prepared for his satisfaction. Nor, in promising him obedience, is it necessary to understand more by that obedience than is conformable with the character of each institution, for they need only give such submission to the episcopal authorities of France as is already exacted by the provisions of existing laws.

Even were the communities willing to follow the disingenuous course traced for them by their Spiritual Head, the French Government would hardly let itself be hoodwinked by such subterfuges. But, for the moment, that is not the question. The main point is this. The Holy See is indifferent to all considerations except one—the exemption of the religious orders from canonical law and their direct allegiance to the Pope. The infringement of this exemption prevents the Papal sanction being given to their submission. Once subject to episcopal authority in France, they become a part of the Gallican Church and are useless for the purposes of the Vatican, which, in its turn, is completely indifferent henceforth to their fate.

The farewell address of the Jesuit Provincials puts this point even more clearly. After declaring that they cannot seek authorisation under conditions which violate an essential right of the Church they continue:

In making this declaration, far be it from us to condemn those of our brethren in the religious life who think fit to take another course. We know how full of anguish is the deliberation. Forced to choose between two evils, both very serious—between the ruin of every kind which must follow upon abstinence, and, on the other hand, the profound infringement made by the law on the prerogatives of the Church no less than on personal liberty—hesitation is explicable, and the Supreme Pontiff himself, under certain reservations, has allowed the communities the opportunity of choice. Several of them think they are able to find a formula of reconciliation satisfying the Government without sacrificing the rights of the Holy See. *As for us, between the Government, which persists in requiring as a preliminary condition of authorisation the abandonment by the communities of canonical exemption, and the Holy See, which declares itself 'unable to allow the disregard or diminution of the direct and immediate exercise of its supreme authority over the religious orders or institutes,' we confess, with all the ecclesiastics who have taken the path of exile or have dispersed, that we cannot discover a formula of reconciliation.*

In plain words, the enemy, to whom the Holy See will not allow them to surrender and they themselves are so unwilling to submit,

is not the French Government, but the French Church. It is not the inquisition of the civil authorities which they dread, but the supervision of ecclesiastic authority in France; and they are fleeing, not from the tyranny of the Government, but from future subordination to the bishops.

It is well to remember that this is the real point at issue when one is moved to a sympathetic pity for the dispersed communities. For the Jesuits, the Assumptionists, and some of the Passionist communities, pity in any case is uncalled for; they provoked the storm, and have only suffered a just retribution. As for the Jesuits, their parting shot is an aggravation of their original offence, for they have the least right of any to pose as champions of the Church whose recognised representatives in France they have never ceased from thwarting and hindering; nor can one see any merit in their choice of martyrdom, for it is fairly certain that the French Government, if it were well advised, would refuse them authorisation. They have been active beyond all their fellows in attempting to establish for the Holy See that *imperium in imperio* which seems to be sought as a compensation for the loss of temporal power. If there were any doubt in the mind of a candid inquirer as to the reality of the danger which M. Waldeck-Rousseau wished to avert, it should be removed by the utterances of the Jesuits and the Holy See itself. And in this matter it is instructive to look at the policy pursued by the Vatican and the Jesuits in Spain. In that country the whole weight of their influence is thrown into the support of the ruling dynasty and the Liberal Government upon which that dynasty rests; indeed, the Holy See has gone far in conferring marks of its favour upon the Spanish Crown. The secret sympathy of the Spanish Church, however, is largely Carlist, for the reason that Carlism spells reaction and the restoration of Church privileges and rights which have suffered grievous diminution during the last half-century. How is it, then, that Vatican sympathy is not upon the same side? The explanation lies in the whole history of the Spanish Church, which has ever shown a sturdy independence of Roman dictation, and in the days of its strength was wont to be openly insubordinate. To the Holy See it seems more desirable that the Spanish Church should remain crippled, poor, and weak, while its own political influence grows great, than that its influence should wane because the Church of Spain recovered its former strength.

Though one can feel no sympathy with the Jesuits, or with the communities whose political activity has been conspicuous of late years, it is impossible not to sympathise with others. One cannot think of Solesmes without a pang, of the vast pile that lies empty and deserted once more, and of the silence that has again fallen on the famous choir; or without bitterness, even, of the forlorn group of nuns standing outside the inhospitable door of the Avila convent.

How many other bewildered, helpless women, one wonders, are now wandering about Europe, seeking shelter and being denied? Why should these poor women, whose life spent in devotion to others has utterly unfitted them to take care of themselves, be sacrificed and turned out on the world when it needed but one word from the headquarters in Rome to stay their going? One can only suppose that the permission to seek authorisation was withheld in their case in order to give a touch of pathos to the exodus, and make the action of the French Government appear odious. For it is impossible to escape from the conviction that permission has been privately given and withheld according to some preconceived plan. The Dominican Sisters of Dijon remain, while those of Châtellerault depart. The Carthusians of the Grande Chartreuse remain alone; all their other communities are broken up. The Benedictines, the Augustins, the Redemptorists, the Carmelites, are all divided, some of their communities seeking authorisation, others dispersing in search of another home. In some cases it is noteworthy that the French Church has intervened and pleaded successfully on their behalf. In the department of Lozère all the religious communities, 180 in number, have yielded to the solicitations of the Bishop of Mende and complied with the law. In Bourges all but two have sought authorisation, and Bourges is a hotbed of socialism. Another Bishop, of Arras, is reported to have interfered successfully on behalf of some of the Carmelites. If so many of the communities have been able to submit to the law, why is it impossible for others of the same order to do so?

It is significant that almost all the religious orders have left some community behind to represent them; for the possession of one establishment in the country will greatly facilitate the return of other members of that order in the future. The possibility of such a return inevitably suggests itself, since there is no reason why the present exodus should have more permanent results than the many that have taken place before. In the meantime it is only fair to put the responsibility for all the trouble and distress that it has involved upon the right shoulders, and those do not belong to the French Government.

WILFRANC HUBBARD.

A VISIT TO THE ARGENTINE REPUBLIC

THE country, other than our colonies whether Crown or self-governing, where British interests bear a larger proportion to native or foreign interests than in any other part of the world, and where the aggregate of British investments in industrial concerns is enormously great, is unquestionably the Argentine Republic.

When a few months ago I contemplated a visit to Buenos Ayres, I was under the impression, shared I think by many, if not most, people in the City of London, that the Republic was still under a black cloud, that ever since the financial crash of 1891 it had been suffering from deep and well-merited depression, and that Englishmen, having learned by experience how dangerous were investments there, had prudently abstained from committing themselves further in a community of defaulters.

It was a surprise to me to find that there was practically no sign of any commercial depression in Argentina, but very much the reverse, that during the last ten or twelve years there has been greater progress made by the country in every direction than ever before during the same length of time, and that while no more loans have been brought out and subscribed for by unwary investors in Europe, on behalf of the Argentine Government or its various provinces and municipalities, there has been a continuous stream of capital from England, to be expended on railways, tramways, and other industrial concerns of all kinds, under the management and control of Englishmen, and further that there is every reason to believe that these investments have been wisely made and are making or will make a good return.

Certain it is that during the last twelve years the population of the great province of Buenos Ayres and of its capital has nearly doubled, and that vast extensions and improvements have been made in the city, which now contains a population of over 800,000. Accounts published of it twelve years ago state that its houses with few exceptions were then single-storeyed, that its streets were ill-paved and very rough to travel on. In the short interval a great proportion of the houses have been raised to four or five storeys. The streets have everywhere in the more central parts been paved with asphalt or wood. Tramways have been laid down every street with one single

exception, the Bond Street of Buenos Ayres, too narrow for the purpose. A splendid new avenue of 120 feet in width has been driven at great cost through the centre of the city for a distance of one mile, and is already lined by palatial hotels and commercial buildings. Several other avenues have been laid out in new quarters. Quite a number of open spaces have been provided and have been laid out in beautiful gardens. The harbour works designed by Sir John Hawkshaw, and carried out by the late Mr. Walker, have been completed and are a splendid achievement by British capital, of which any port might be proud. Nothing surprised me more than the number of large houses, evidently the residences of persons with great incomes, on a scale which very few capitals can compete with. It is said, indeed, that there are many hundreds of millionaires living in Buenos Ayres (reckoned in dollars, I presume), and there is every appearance to justify this. The city is up to the latest date in every respect, in trams, mostly electric, in electric lighting, in telephones, in clubs, churches, and theatres. There are 160 miles of tramways under charge of ten different companies, mainly provided by British capital.

Outside the city, railways have been pushed in every direction. They are practically all provided by British capital, and are under British management. Their mileage has been nearly doubled in the last twelve years, and there is every indication that the increase will be relatively greater in the future, for the country is filling up and railway accommodation is the first condition of its progress. Let me take as an illustration the Great Southern Railway of Buenos Ayres, which serves the whole of that great province south of the capital, a vast district of which it has practical monopoly. It has a length of more than 2,000 miles, with Buenos Ayres as its port at one end, and Bahia Blanca, a growing port destined to be the Liverpool of the country, at the other end. This company besides adding continually to its mileage is constructing docks at Buenos Ayres, and docks and wharves at Bahia Blanca. It has a traffic beyond what its present rolling-stock and the means of moving it can deal with. Immense stacks of wheat in bags encumbered, while I was there, most of its stations, and could not be cleared in less than three or four months. The company with already 20 millions of capital is asking the British public for three more millions in the present year, and must be continually extending its works in order to sustain its monopoly—with every confidence that the receipts will pay the interest on the new capital. The same may be said of the numerous other railway companies with lines running north and west. If for a time after the crash of 1891 some of them were unable to pay dividends, the crisis has already passed away, and present experience justifies the anticipation of their promoters. These companies appear to be on good terms with the authorities and to have no difficulty in obtaining the

necessary powers for extensions. Their night services are remarkably well provided with sleeping cars and restaurants.

What strikes one as remarkable and anomalous is that these railway companies, financed and controlled by boards of directors in England, and under the care of British managers and engineers, can raise additional capital when required on debentures with interest under 4 per cent., and that their shares can be bought at a price which pays little over 4 per cent. to investors. On the other hand, the Federal Government, with all the resources of this great country, and with such a certainty of future progress, cannot raise money at less than about 6 per cent., while the credit of provincial and municipal authorities is at a very much lower ebb. The difference is due to the superior credit of the British companies and to the confidence of investors that the railways will be honestly and capably managed, and that the interest on the debentures will be secure. There can, however, be no reason why the credit of the Federal Government should not be at least as good. Its present debt of about 87,000,000*l.*, though large, is not excessive having regard to the wealth and prospects of the country. It may be confidently assumed that its population and wealth will double in the next fifteen years. The debt might easily have been raised at 4 per cent. or even less, if there had been confidence in the financial stability of the Government, and the burden would in such case be one third less than it now is. It is a case where experience proves that honesty is the best policy.

The present Government, through the President, General Roca, and the late Finance Minister, Señor Berdúe, had till lately done their best to restore and maintain the credit of the country, by restricting the issue of paper money and keeping the price of gold stable, and by otherwise showing a determination to keep faith with its creditors. The recent withdrawal, however, by the Government of its scheme for the unification of the Federal Debt, and the forced resignation of Señor Berdúe and others of the Ministry, at the instance of an insignificant and factious *émeute* in the streets of Buenos, which should have been easily put down by the police, have again shown the instability of the financial system of the Republic, and have caused a renewal of distrust in Europe. If a sound financial policy could be maintained for a few years we might confidently expect to see a great rise in the value of Government bonds, and that the disparity between them and railway debentures would disappear. It will be many years, however, before provincial and municipal bonds, in respect of which default occurred for many years, followed in many cases by compositions at very great sacrifice to the bondholders, and in some scandalous cases still maintained, will rise to a point where there will be inducement to these bodies to borrow again, and to British investors to lend again. It will be the interest

of both to abstain from increase of their relations as debtor and creditor in the future. There is every distinction between money lent and borrowed for the purpose of industrial enterprises, such as railways and tramways, and money lent to local authorities, ostensibly to be expended on improvements, but too often finding its way into corrupt hands. What the total indebtedness of Argentina is to England or to Europe, it is difficult to estimate. It has been stated to be 250,000,000*l.* The account includes, so far as England is concerned, not only Government bonds, provincial and municipal bonds, railway and tramway shares and debentures, but a vast number of miscellaneous investments, such as banks and loan companies, money lent on mortgage through private agencies, and landed property. It is impossible to ascertain how many landed properties belong to Englishmen. The number must be very considerable and is constantly increasing. In the north in the province of Tucuman there are many sugar plantations owned and planted by Englishmen. In the extreme south, in Patagonia, there are very large sheep runs in the same position, and in many of the best parts of the provinces of Buenos Ayres and Santa Fé, English owners of estancias are numerous. The interest and profits on these investments have to be remitted to England, and must form a very large item in the international account. It might be very embarrassing to the country to have to pay all this in gold if it were not that there is a continual increase of British investments in the country which constitute a very large item on the other side of the account. Let us suppose, for instance, that the annual indebtedness to England in the shape of interest and dividends is 8,000,000*l.*, and it cannot be less. If fresh capital is advanced each year on the average of 4 millions, only the difference of 4 millions has to be remitted in gold or in produce valued at that amount.

There is a very large community of English people at Buenos Ayres—said to number 25,000. Others are to be found in considerable numbers in cities such as Rosario and Cordoba, and there are sprinklings of them in most rural parts of Argentina. In Buenos Ayres the best evidence of the number of Englishmen consists in the churches, clubs, playgrounds, and charitable societies, of which there is a very long list. These numbers include very few, if any, labouring men in the ordinary sense of the term, or even small farmers. Such men cannot compete with Italians, who form the main body of immigrants and who do the greater part of the manual labour of the country. It is said that Italians form one half the population of Buenos Ayres. The great bulk of the colonists, as they are called, the men who are the pioneers of cultivation and who break up the pampas lands for wheat and maize, and then move onward, are also from the same country. Many thousands of Italians also cross the sea every year for the harvest in Argentina and return home when it is over. The high wages they

get ~~are~~ small fortunes as compared with the wretchedly low rates in Italy. The Englishmen who come to the country are men of business, managers, engineers, agents, clerks, bailiffs, &c. Great numbers of estancias owned by Argentines are managed by Englishmen and Scotchmen. The British banks, as a rule, employ English clerks to the extent of one half of their staff. This class appears to be rather overstocked, and having regard to the cost of living, the pay is low and the prospects not very bright, especially to those who will not learn the language of the country.

The wealth of the country consists wholly in its agricultural products—its sheep, cattle, horses, wheat and maize. In the extreme north of the country near Mendoza excellent wine is produced, and there is a district where sugar cane is grown. But these are the exceptions, and the main products of the great alluvial treeless plain extending over three-fourths of the country and watered by the great rivers of Parana, Uruguay, and Paraguay, are cattle, sheep, and grain. For the most part the land is owned in great blocks of from five to twenty or even fifty square leagues, each league consisting of 6,600 acres. The value of this land varies very greatly. In the neighbourhood of Buenos Ayres or other cities such as Rosario or Santa Fé, it has already attained a high value. At a further distance the value largely depends on its distance from a railway station and whether it is suitable for the growth of the celebrated alfalfa grass.

Three great economic developments have taken place in Argentina during the last few years which are largely responsible for the increase of its wealth. The first is the enormous increase in the cultivation and export of wheat. It is difficult to believe that twenty years ago the country did not produce enough of this cereal for its own consumption, and that it actually imported in 1880, 177,000 tons. In 1893 it exported 1,090,000 tons, and in 1899, 2,273,000 tons, and the cultivation now extends to 8,500,000 acres. It is estimated that at least twenty times this area is suitable for the cultivation of wheat. The second is the great extension of the valuable alfalfa grass, or lucerne. The value of this product has only been generally recognised during the last twelve or fifteen years. It has been found that where there is water from five to ten metres below the surface, as is the case over very large areas of the Provinces of Buenos Ayres and Cordoba, this plant sends down its roots, often as thick as one's arm, and draws from it moisture, which makes the alfalfa independent to a great extent of rain on the surface. Under these favourable conditions the plant becomes perennial. Even after long droughts it remains green. It produces four or five and often more full crops in the year. In the winter it dies down and another natural grass takes its place, so that there is always feed. A field in alfalfa carries four or five times more cattle and sheep than when in natural grass, and the cattle are double in weight. For the most part

cattle and sheep or even pigs are turned into the alfalfa to feed and fatten upon it. In such case a part of the great fields are left in the natural grass, as the alfalfa is too moist for the cattle to lie on. They feed on the alfalfa and then repose on the dryer natural grass. Fifteen years ago the area laid down with this plant was inconsiderable. In 1891 there were 1,500,000 acres of it, and in 1893 3,000,000 acres. Since then it has enormously extended. The land must be cultivated for three years in wheat before being sown with alfalfa, in order to get rid of the coarser natural grasses. The extent of land suitable for alfalfa is enormous. On the best land, where the water is from five to ten metres below the surface, the plant is perennial. In some parts the plant will only last for seven years and must then be ploughed up. In other parts where the soil is heavy cattle cannot be turned into it, and the alfalfa, if grown, must be cut for hay. There can be no doubt that the extended growth of alfalfa has greatly increased the production of beef and mutton and is giving rise to a great export of hay. The third recent development is in the export of frozen meat. This has greatly increased the last two years, since the prohibition of the import to England of live cattle and sheep from Argentina, in consequence of the existence of foot and mouth disease. For the time this prohibition has raised the price of meat in England, but the increase of the frozen meat trade will soon supply the deficiency and will cause prices to fall again. Improvement is also rapidly taking place in Argentine wool, and it is now being imported more largely into England. The production has reached a total greatly in excess of that in Australia. Everything points to an enormous agricultural production in Argentina and to its being a serious competitor with the United States in wheat and meat, and with Australia in wool.

I paid a visit during the week before Easter, when no business was transacted at Buenos Ayres, to the largest existing property in the country, that of the Curumalan estancia, in the southern part of the province of Buenos Ayres, and distant about 300 miles from the capital. The area of the estate is enormous. It consists of 108 square leagues, or over 700,000 acres, equal to many an English county. It is intersected by the Great Southern Railway, and has four stations of that line within its limits. The estancia had its origin in a dubious transaction. It was a concession about twenty years ago by the Provincial Government to a cavalry officer, at an almost nominal price, on the condition that he was to stock it with 50,000 mares, for the purpose of supplying remounts for the Argentine army. This officer is said to have complied with the obligation by detaining from the railway the same lot of horses many times over at the various stations on the property. He was thus enabled to complete the purchase, and later he sold the property to a well-known Irish speculator. This gentleman added to it an adjoining estancia belonging to the notorious

Mr. Mangworthy. He then formed a joint stock company and vested the property in it. The Curumalan company borrowed in London immense sums through a well-known English firm. A first series of debentures of 500,000*l.* at 7 per cent. was issued by this firm and was taken up in London, and the proceeds, or so much of them as was realised by the company, were expended in improvements on the property, in dividing it into fields of from 100 to 500 acres fenced with barbed wire, in erecting farm buildings and in buying stock. An issue of a second series of debentures of 500,000*l.* was then attempted by the same London firm, but without success, in consequence of the sudden collapse in Argentine securities about twelve years ago. The proceeds of this advance by the London firm appear to have been handed over to the Irish speculator, the main shareholder, who speedily lost the money in wild speculations and became insolvent. The London firm, as holders of the second debentures, and as mortgagees of a majority of the shares, have virtually become owners of the property, or at least have a commanding interest in it, subject to the payment of interest of the first debentures. The estancia is under the general control of Mr. Pasman, the chairman of the company, and is locally managed by an Englishman.

About one-fourth of the property has been set apart for colonists, and is in course of being sold to immigrants in lots of about 240 acres. The purchasers have been largely Russians, as they are called. They appear, however, to be Germans by race and language, who were established in Russia about 120 years ago, under the promise of the Tsar that for 100 years they would not be subject to conscription, and would be allowed to retain their religion and language. On the expiration of the 100 years the Russian Government extended conscription to them and began to interfere with their schools and churches. This caused large numbers of them to emigrate. They have bought land from the Curumalan Company and have established four or five villages where they have their own churches and schools. The Argentine Government does not interfere with them except to the extent of requiring that Spanish shall be taught in the schools as well as the German language. The houses of these colonists are clean and comfortable, but the people are dirty in appearance. They are said to be thrifty and to have saved money. Another colony consists of Frenchmen, and a third was formed by emigrants from Wales, but the Welshmen did not succeed and have been replaced by Russians and Basques.

During the last four or five years the Company have let large areas of land, in the parts where they retain ownership, to these colonists for wheat cultivation during a limited time. It has been discovered that when the rough pasture land covered with pampas grass and other coarse grasses is ploughed, and cultivated for three successive years in wheat, and is then allowed to fall back into grass,

it will carry double the number of sheep and cattle as compared with what it did before being broken up.

The coarser grasses are got rid of by cultivation. The pampas grass, which the cattle and sheep will not eat, disappears, and other and finer grasses grow and nourish a larger stock of cattle and sheep. Between one third and one fourth of the property other than that set apart for sale is now let in this way. The colonists come from their distant villages and encamp on the land thus let to them. They erect small turf cabins and live there for some weeks during the harvest time and till they have ploughed the land. They bring with them their horses and their machinery for ploughing and reaping. As I drove through the country in the month of April I saw a great deal of ploughing. A boy of fifteen was in one case riding an American sulky plough with four light horses. He was driving it at a great pace, and was said to plough four acres in the day, with two relays of horses. The plough only turns up four inches of soil. The yield is said to be about three quarters to the acre. After three years of cultivation this falls off and it is found better to let the land fall back into grass for six or seven years, when the process of wheat cultivation may be repeated. The tenants pay about 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.* per acre for each year, and the rent thus obtained is nearly sufficient to pay the interest on the first debentures, about 30,000*l.* a year. The Company does not itself cultivate any of its land. It devotes itself wholly to cattle, horses, and sheep. The wheat grown by the colonists is very small in the grain, but hard. It might be greatly improved by the use of better seed, but the colonists have refused to make the change, even when offered good seed in exchange by the manager. They will not incur the cost of conveying it from the station. Neither are they willing to improve the breed of their cattle, horses or sheep.

The Company does not at present grow any of the alfalfa grass or lucerne. The land appears to be too heavy for turning out cattle to feed on this grass and the Company cannot afford labour for cutting it for hay. The estancia is stocked by 200,000 sheep, 40,000 cattle and 17,000 horses. In the accounts the horses are valued at an average of about 4*l.* 10*s.* a head, sheep at 10*s.*, and the cattle at 4*l.* The Company has spent very large sums in buying horses and cattle of the best blood in England. They have 485 bulls, pure shorthorns, Holstein and Polled Angus, besides numerous others of mixed breeds. They have 45 stallions, Clydesdales or shire horses, and 10 thoroughbreds, in addition to great numbers of the country breed. They are thus gradually improving the breed of their live stock. At one of the stations on its property the Company has erected a very large flour mill with all the latest and best improvements. The machinery for grinding was imported from Switzerland, the engines from Saxony. The cosmopolitan character of the country may be estimated from the fact

that the manager of the mill is of Spanish blood, the chief engineer is an Italian, the second engineer a Frenchman, the accountant an Englishman, and the book-keeper a Dane. Mr. Pasman, himself an Argentine of American descent, told me that the Company employed the best men they could find irrespective of their nationality. Englishmen, he said, did not do well in the lower classes of employment; they are too independent and too frequently given to drink. On the other hand they produce the best men for positions of high trust, as they can generally be relied on for honesty. About sixty Englishmen are employed on the estancia in various capacities, chiefly as sub-agents and cattle managers, and some few as shepherds; there are about 240 other employés of all nationalities, Italians, Argentines, Basques, Frenchmen, Germans, Russians. The local manager receives a salary of 700*l.* a year with a house and living. The sub-managers receive about 300*l.* a year with house and food. The shepherds are paid 35*l.* to 40*l.* a year with an allowance of 8 sheep per month for food. Each one looks after about 2,000 sheep. I spent four days at this estancia in company with Mr. Pasman and the local manager. The house was comfortable and the fare excellent. We spent the time in driving each day great distances over the property. The weather was fine, but the wind strong and keen. The wind is a great impediment to planting on any scale. Young trees have to be protected against it, but when established they grow quickly and well. One of the days was devoted to seeing large numbers of horses. Some of them were caught by the lasso and were mounted for the first time by the employés of the Company.

I was not able to visit estancias in other parts of the country, but in fact there is little variation in them, except in size. The country is nearly everywhere the same. Three-fourths of it consists of a level alluvial plain three times the size of France. It is treeless, except where a few trees have been planted round the residences. The buildings consist mostly of low bungalows surrounded by verandahs. I learned more of the condition of different parts of the country from conversations with many landowners whom I met. The following notes may be of interest.

A. B., a British ex-officer of artillery, bought, in partnership with a brother officer, an estancia of one league in the province of Santa Fé, about eight hours by rail from Buenos Ayres and one and a half miles from a station. The property had a good house upon it and was already divided into eighteen fields. The whole of it was also already laid down in alfalfa. The price given for the property was 12,000*l.*, and 15,000*l.* has been expended on stocking it with cattle and sheep. The land is of excellent quality and the alfalfa is perennial there. There are 2,000 breeding cattle on this property, besides a large number of sheep, horses, steers, &c. The owners go in for superior breeds of cattle, and say that the better the cattle the higher is the profit of the farm. They complain much of the recent prohibition of the import of cattle and sheep from England. This, they say, is a great impedi-

ment to progress of the Argentine agriculture. Although they have only been in possession of their farm six years, they are already making fifteen to twenty per cent. on their outlay, and confidently expect an even better return. Their property has also already greatly increased in value. There are many other English owners of estancias within reach of them, and they have no lack of neighbours. They have no difficulty in getting on with the natives. Local taxation, they say, is very light, and they make no complaint of the authorities. The climate is hot in summer but quite bearable and very healthy. Life is very enjoyable. They have plenty to do in riding about the property superintending the work. There is no difficulty in getting Italian labourers.

Señor A——, an Argentine gentleman of good position, told me that he is the owner of about eighty leagues of land in four or five different parts of the country, but all in good alfalfa districts. He has an income of about 100,000*l.* a year. Of his land about 6 leagues only as yet is laid down in alfalfa. This year he will add another three leagues and he intends to increase it very greatly. It is only within the last eight years that the enormous advantage of the alfalfa has been generally recognised. He has done much to improve the breed of cattle and sheep on his farms, and has spent large sums in buying prize bulls and rams in England.

Mr. G—— owns thirteen leagues of land about ten hours from Buenos Ayres by rail. Of this, three leagues are under alfalfa. It is his intention, he said, to lay down the whole, or nearly the whole, of it with this valuable plant. For this purpose it is necessary to plough the land, and cultivate it in wheat for three years. Three leagues are now being dealt with in this way by Italian colonists. A league of land under the natural grass will support only 1,000 head of cattle, when under alfalfa it will carry 4,000 or 5,000 head, or even 6,000, and the cattle are doubled in weight from 300 to 600 kilos. At present he has 18,000 cattle and 25,000 sheep on the farm. He expects to raise the number of cattle to 40,000. The farm is divided by fences of barbed wire into fields of about eighty acres, and there are thirty American windmills on it to raise water for the cattle. Part of each field is left in natural grass, as the cattle cannot lie on the alfalfa, which is too damp for them. They feed on the alfalfa and then repose on the drier natural grass. The farm is now worth about 160,000*l.*, or 12,000*l.* per acre. There is an excellent house upon it. Mr. G—— resides in London, and only visits the farm every three or four years. He has a manager to whom he pays 500*l.* a year and a share of the profits, which he estimates at a rate which makes the remuneration between 1,500*l.* and 2,000*l.* A great deal of capital has been laid out, and Mr. G—— now gets about 6 per cent. on the value of his land and the capital. He expects to make 25,000*l.* a year from it, when the whole is laid down in alfalfa. Mr. G—— is also chairman of a great company in London which owns thirteen large estancias varying from ten to twenty leagues, mostly in Uruguay. The company pay their managers about 500*l.* to 800*l.* a year. They are nearly all Englishmen. On some of these farms the alfalfa will only last for seven or eight years. On others it is perennial. The improvements in this respect have been mainly effected by English and Germans. The Argentine landowners are content to get what they can out of the land—farming in the old fashion, and as a rule don't improve the breed of cattle. There is great opening, he says, for Englishmen with capital of from 5,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* Very good land for alfalfa can be bought within a reasonable distance of a railway for 6,500*l.* per league of 6,600 acres, or about 1*l.* per acre. It costs 5,000*l.* to lay down a league of land in alfalfa. Mr. G—— has found no difficulty in dealing with the Government or with the local officials. If difficulty is experienced in this respect, it is generally the fault of Englishmen who come out knowing nothing of the language, and not trying to learn it, and adopting an overbearing and irritating tone to the natives.

Mr. D——, an English merchant at Buenos Ayres, born in the country, and therefore an Argentine by the law of the country. He is, however, thoroughly English, or rather Scotch, in feeling, and even speaks with a Scotch accent. His father bought, in 1870, 200 leagues of land at a cost of 80*l.* per league. On the death of the father a few years ago, the property was divided among his children and grandchildren in accordance with the Argentine law. Some own three leagues, others twenty to thirty. *Mr. D——* owns himself eight leagues, one half of which he is gradually selling to Italian colonists in farms of 200 acres; the other half he intends to keep in his own hands. He agrees with others that a league of land suitable for alfalfa can be bought for 5,000*l.* to 6,000*l.*, and that it costs 5,000*l.* to prepare it for this product. *Mr. D——* spoke in very desponding terms on the prospects of British trade in Argentina. He said already much of it had been lately displaced by Americans and Germans. All the old and formerly wealthy British firms had disappeared with two exceptions. They would not consult the wants of the people. They insisted on jogging on in the old grooves. Germans came in, and sent agents all over the country, made great efforts to ascertain the wants of the people, and undersold the old firms, who, with two exceptions, have been ruined. He complained of the number of young men who came out from England with university educations, knowing nothing of business or of the language of the country, expecting to find everything easy for them, sauntering down to office at ten o'clock and leaving again to play at tennis or cricket in the afternoon. The German clerks begin business at seven o'clock in the morning and have a far keener eye for business. *Mr. D——* was taking two sons to England for education, but nothing would induce him to send them to the English public schools or universities. He considered they would be ruined for purposes of business by their education, and by the habits they would pick up there.

Mr. M——, a sturdy Scotchman, came to Argentina in 1865, now owns several large estancias, and is a very wealthy man. One of his properties is on the banks of the Rio Negro, in the southern part of the country, another adjoins to Curumalan. He does not grow any alfalfa at present. He fully confirmed all that the previous speakers had said. He has ten children, all of them being educated in England. He comes to England every year for a few weeks to see them. It appears that few of the Englishmen who come out to this country intend to be permanent settlers here. They hope and expect to return home when they have made their fortunes. All who can afford it send their children to England for education.

From the above statements, and from much other information I obtained in the country, it appears that there is a very good opening for Englishmen with a fair amount of capital, say from 5,000*l.* to 10,000*l.* for cattle and sheep farms on a large scale. Land suitable for alfalfa can be bought at a moderate price, about eight to ten hours by rail from Buenos Ayres. A league of land, 6,600 acres, near to a railway station, with a fairly comfortable house can still be bought for about 1*l.* per acre. If further distant from Buenos Ayres and more remote from a station, the land is at a lower rate. If, again, the land is unsuitable for alfalfa, it is lower in price. It is evident, however, that it is better worth while to give a higher price and to buy a less extent of land of the best quality. Land so bought and let will realise from 6 to 7 per cent. The ordinary rate of mortgages on land with ample security is 8 to 9 per cent. If the owner farms himself with

cattle and sheep, he may reasonably expect to make from 10 to 12 per cent. on his capital. He may also confidently expect that his land will increase in value.

Italian labour can be obtained without difficulty at a moderate rate. There are many districts where an Englishman thus settling will find a fair number of neighbours of his own countrymen. The climate is healthy, and the occupation as supervisor of a large cattle farm is pleasant. The prospects seem to be vastly better than in the Western States of America, in Australia, or in South Africa. The land is very superior, and labour is more easy to get and is cheaper. Those, however, contemplating such an occupation should spend two or three years in the country on some estancia to learn the methods of farming, and to pick up the language. They should also be prepared to make the best of the natives, and to keep on good terms with them. Much of the difficulty which Englishmen have met with has arisen from want of courtesy to the local authorities and other natives, and from the egotism and assumption of superiority which too many of them exhibit in their relation to people of other races.

It is more difficult to form an opinion as to the prospects of Englishmen in other industrial undertakings in the country. It is certainly a matter of pride to an Englishman to find what a large proportion of the commercial enterprise is in the hands of his countrymen. All the railways are practically owned and managed by English companies. Of the Tramway Companies, Telephone Companies, and Electric Lighting Companies a large proportion is in the same position. The principal banks and loan and trust companies, and very many industrial concerns, are worked with British capital, which has, in fact, been mainly utilised in equipping this country with all the essential elements of industrial life. Englishmen and Scotchmen are mainly employed in managing or looking after these concerns. This predominance of British capital ought to, and does in fact, give a great advantage to British productions in the import trade of the country.

It cannot, however, be denied that in spite of these advantages the commercial position of England is by no means secure in the future, and that there are many indications that its supremacy may be wrested by others. There are two very dangerous competitors, Germany and the United States. Germany of late years has made great and sustained efforts to push its trade. A few years ago the foreign commerce of the country was mainly, if not wholly, in the hands of old, well-established, and wealthy British firms. These have almost wholly disappeared. The story of their exit is instructive. They persistently continued to do business in the old grooves and to import goods of the same quality and character they were accustomed to do. German agents entered into competition with them, studied the wants of the people, offered a greater variety, and provided cheaper

goods, not, perhaps, of such lasting quality, but better suited to the wants and means of the people. They issued circulars in Spanish, reducing their prices and weights into those of the country, while the English firms continued to use English circulars. The competition ended in their driving out of existence nearly all the British firms; one after another the latter succumbed, and trade is now transacted more directly between the manufacturers in Europe and their customers in Argentina without the intermediary of the old-established firms.

The United States of North America have also obtained a monopoly of some classes of imports formerly supplied from England. Wire for fencing, for which there is an enormous demand, especially barbed wire, is now nearly or wholly supplied from the States. The light steel windmills, so universal and necessary on all farms, and electric machinery of all kinds, are exclusively supplied from the same quarter. Competition has lately arisen in respect of steel rails, railway engines and carriages. There is the greatest danger of England being wholly supplanted in these and other classes of imports.

When asked as to the causes of the relative falling off of demand for British goods, the answer is always the same:

(1) The hide-bound self-complacency of the British manufacturers and merchants who think that the same goods must and ought always to be required, and who will not take the trouble of consulting the wants of their customers or of reducing their prices and measurements into the decimal system of the country.

(2) The grave defects in the commercial education of the young men who are sent out from England to Argentina as agents, clerks, or farmers. Over and over again it has been the subject of complaint to me that young men come out who have been educated at public schools and often at the universities, who are perfectly useless for the conduct of business, who have had no commercial training, who know no other language than their own, who have not the capacity easily to pick up Spanish or French, and who think that life is largely to be devoted to games of cricket, football, golf and polo. These ideas seem to be all that they have imbibed at school and college, and they have to begin *ab initio*. If any one wishes to form an opinion as to the value of the average public school and university education and training for commercial purposes, they need only spend a few weeks of inquiry in Argentina to conclude what a terrible waste of the best period of young men's lives there has been, and how totally these institutions fail to train men for the business of life.

Perhaps the most significant feature about the young men who come over is their absolute belief in the supremacy of everything British. It seems as though the portentous increase of militarism in England has brought with it a certain contempt for the ideas and practices of other people, and the most absolute confidence

that whatever Englishmen do is, and must be, the best, and that what they want others must want. It must not be supposed, however, that this is universal. There are to be found not a few able and energetic men who have been able to emancipate themselves from this panoply of conceit and ignorance, and who have got on by their abilities, and by cultivating good relations with the Argentines.

There are two qualities which certainly distinguish Englishmen who have otherwise qualified themselves for work in this country—the one is their high standard of morality, the other their instinctive power of directing and controlling others. It is due to these qualities that so many of the great companies continue to be managed and controlled by Englishmen. Though there are doubtless many other foreigners who share in these qualities, yet it cannot be doubted that the average of our countrymen is considerably better in these respects. This is fully recognised by the native Argentines. ‘*Parabla Inglesa*’ is a common expression to affirm that a promise is a serious one. There is an undoubted demand for English managers for business of all kinds as well as for farms owned by wealthy Argentines. Of men of this quality the supply is not equal to the demand. The difficulty is that of the men who come out from England so few with those qualities have also the business capacities and the knowledge of the Spanish language which render them fit for such positions. Nothing, I venture to think, can open one’s eyes more completely to the deficiencies of English education and commercial training than a visit to a country so cosmopolitan as Argentina, where no favour is given to any one, where there is equal field for all, and where there is the greatest danger that England, for the want of equipment of its emissaries, will fall behindhand in the commercial competition which is becoming so universal.

G. SHAW-LEFEVRE.

THE NEW HARBOUR WORKS AT DOVER

EVER since the days of the Duke of Wellington successive Governments have had under their consideration the necessity of constructing a harbour of refuge at Dover which would form a shelter to ships of war in case of stress of weather or conflict with a foreign foe. At the present time there is no place of shelter either in storm or war for His Majesty's fleet from Portsmouth to the Thames, but a perfect protection will, when the new harbour is constructed, be obtained in all conditions of tide and weather.

The introduction of the torpedo boat and destroyer has rendered the Downs—once an anchorage for the fleet—useless as a place of safety in time of war, and Lord Salisbury's Government in the year 1897, with the sanction of Parliament, determined to construct at Dover a National Harbour of such magnitude as when completed would be the finest artificial harbour in the world. Two harbours are now being constructed at Dover: one, the National Harbour, by His Majesty's Government; the other, the Commercial Harbour, by the Dover Harbour Board. The plan which accompanies this article clearly indicates the position of both.

All travellers are aware of the existence of the Admiralty Pier, which for many years has been used for the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers between England and the Continent. The scheme of the National Harbour—as will be seen by the plan—is to extend the present Admiralty Pier seawards by 2,000 feet; to construct an eastern arm, 3,320 feet in length, having its base below the site of the present convict prison on the cliff; and between the extension of the Admiralty Pier and the extremity of such eastern arm to construct a south breakwater, 4,200 feet in length, leaving two entrances of 800 feet and 600 feet.

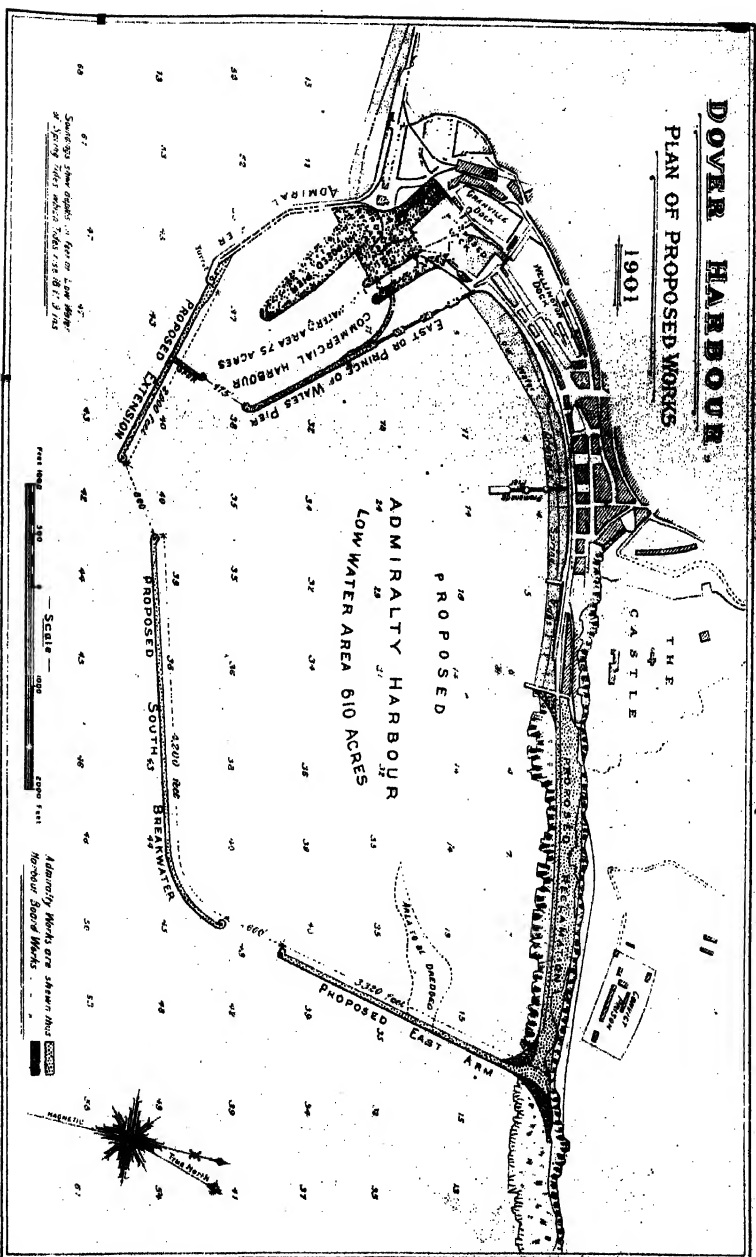
When these works have been completed they will enclose a water area no less than 685 acres in extent.

One-third of the extension of the Admiralty Pier has now been executed; land has been reclaimed, as shown in the plan, at the base of the cliff, and the eastern arm has been constructed to a length of some 700 feet. The cost of the works of the National Harbour will be 3,500,000*l.* sterling, and the contract time for their completion expires in about six years.

DOVER HARBOUR

PLAN OF PROPOSED WORKS

1901



regards the method of construction adopted. In the first pile staging is built, and on this staging enormous overhead cranes are erected, each having a movable steam winch or capstan. Any loose material lying on the sea bed is removed by large mechanical diggers or 'grabs,' operated from the Goliaths and capable of lifting 3 tons each. The grabs are open when lowered, and on being raised the teeth are drawn together and into the sea bed, thus catching the material, which is then brought to the surface, loaded in barges, and taken out to sea for discharge in deep water. The final levelling of the bottom is carried on from diving-bells of exceptionally large size and by helmet divers, the foundations being formed at depths varying, according to the nature of the material, from 2 to 4 feet below the original surface. On the bottom thus prepared the extension of the pier is effected by the laying of blocks of concrete each weighing 40 tons. The blocks are made on the land at the rear of the present South Eastern Railway Station, and are brought by specially constructed trucks from the place of their manufacture down the Admiralty Pier on to the extension works. Those above the level of the lowest tides are granite-faced. The blocks are placed in position with much ease and accuracy by means of the Goliath cranes, and are thoroughly bonded and keyed together by means of joggles inserted in notches moulded out of their sides.

So desirous are the Government to complete the work that whenever the weather will permit the work of block-laying is carried on, night and day, by the employment of three shifts of men and the plentiful use of electric light.

While the nation has, at last, recognised the fact of the importance of the National Harbour for naval purposes and as a feature of naval defence, the Dover Harbour Board have long been aware that the Commercial Harbour had become utterly inadequate to the ever-increasing Trans-continental traffic and the general development of the port.

The Dover Harbour Board are a public trust, and were originally created under a charter granted by James the First. The Board consists of seven members: the Chairman (being the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports for the time being), one representative of the Board of Trade, one representative of the Admiralty, one of the South-Eastern Railway Company, one of the London and Chatham Railway Company, and two representatives of the Dover Corporation.

These gentlemen hold their offices without emolument of any kind; and the whole of the revenues of the harbour are devoted to its maintenance, development and equipment. The present Board were appointed by an Act in 1861, which abolished tolls payable by vessels that passed up and down the Channel and gave power to levy dues for vessels using the harbour.

In addition to the harbour, the Board had vested in them a large

amount of freehold, including nearly the whole property forming the base of the National Harbour.

From 1861 to 1891 the Board improved the harbour by making a new dock, called the Granville Dock, and deepening the Wellington Dock, and the expenditure for these works was obtained by mortgaging their freehold property. The Continental traffic had, however, during these years considerably increased, and the Board found that they must still more increase the accommodation of their harbour.

In 1891 they promoted a Bill in Parliament by which they were entitled to levy 1s. poll-tax on every passenger embarking and disembarking from the harbour. At the same time they obtained from the Government a lease of the Admiralty Pier, and took powers to reclaim certain land in front of the Lord Warden Hotel, and to erect two piers or jetties for the use of the Channel traffic. Having obtained these powers, the Board proceeded to carry out the first portion of their work by the construction of the present Prince of Wales Pier, the foundation-stone of which was laid by His Majesty, when he was Prince of Wales, in 1894. This pier is now just approaching completion. But already the traffic has exceeded the accommodation it provides. Accordingly, last year the Board promoted another Bill in Parliament which gave them largely increased powers, enabling them, with the consent of the railway companies, to increase the poll-tax from 1s. to 2s. 6d., and to carry out the works shown on the plan, and marked thereon as 'Proposed Reclamation and Proposed Pier.'

The following are the principal works thus authorised :

(a) A proposed new pier, which will extend 1,100 feet beyond the reclaimed land, the end of it being at a point almost in line with the turret at the end of the present Admiralty Pier. The width will be 320 feet, and it will be constructed so as to hold four platforms, two 50 feet, and two 30 feet wide ; it will also contain eleven lines of railway, and will be provided with four landings for steamboats, which will disembark their passengers under cover at the same time, without causing inconvenience to one another. In addition there will always be available the three existing berths on the east side of the Admiralty Pier, which can be used as relief berths when necessity arises.

(b) A lock connecting the new Commercial Harbour with the existing Tidal Harbour. It will be 450 feet in length and 90 feet in width, and will enable vessels to pass in and out at all times of the tide.

(c) The conversion of the existing Tidal Harbour into a wet dock, and the construction of further quay accommodation, in order that the Continental merchandise traffic may be adequately dealt with.

(d) The connection of the Prince of Wales Pier with the railway

system by means of a swing-bridge over the lock, and a viaduct from the lock on to the Prince of Wales Pier.

(e) The construction of tram-lines round the quays, connected with the railway systems, so that the merchandise may be discharged direct from the ship into the truck.

For many years past the accommodation provided at the Admiralty Pier for the embarkation and disembarkation of passengers has been little short of a scandal. The pier was originally constructed only for a breakwater, and was absolutely unprovided with any of the requirements ordinarily needed by the travelling public. The contrast between the accommodation at Dover and that at Calais and Boulogne is most marked. But by the construction of the proposed new water station the Dover Harbour Board will remove this reproach. The steamers will be enabled to come up close to the railway platform itself, and the passengers will pass from pier to steamer protected from the inclemency of any weather. A first-class buffet for luncheons and dinners on the arrival and departure of every boat will be provided, and cranes and transporters will be erected for the speedy transhipment of the baggage and mails, now so often the cause of great delay. The Continental traffic now averages from one thousand to one thousand five hundred passengers daily.

There are at present only two routes to the Continent passing through Dover—namely, between London and Paris and between London and Ostend; but a great concentration of foreign traffic at this port may be anticipated in the near future, for the simple reason that Dover is nearer than any other English port to so many places abroad. The following table of distances, which has been compiled from the Admiralty Charts, shows this fact very plainly :

	Miles
Dover to Calais	22
Folkestone to Calais	27
Dover to Boulogne	24½
Folkestone to Boulogne	25½
Dover to Ostend	62
Tilbury to Ostend	117½
Dover to Flushing	88
Harwich to Flushing	97
Queenborough to Flushing	115
Dover to Hook of Holland and Rotterdam	118
Harwich to " " " "	120
Dover to The Elbe for Hamburg }	{ Distances about equal.
Hull to " " " " }	
Dover to Dieppe	70½
Newhaven to Dieppe	64
Dover to Havre	110
Southampton to Havre	106
Hamburg to Cherbourg (via Dover)	470
" " (via Southampton)	526

The accompanying sketch map shows the various routes, and from it and the above table it will be seen that Dover is actually nearer to Boulogne than Folkestone is by three-quarters of a mile, and nearer to Flushing than Queenborough is by twenty-seven miles; while it is only five miles more distant from Dieppe than Newhaven is, and from Havre than Southampton.

When once the new station has been erected at Dover the Harbour Board anticipate the immediate concentration of the Boulogne and Flushing traffic. The advantage to the railway companies is most obvious, for the heavy establishment expenses both at Folkestone and Queenborough will be saved, and the same trains which at present serve the Ostend and Calais routes will be enabled, at any rate in the winter time, to provide sufficient accommodation for the Flushing and Boulogne travellers.

In order to provide for the increased Continental merchandise traffic which will necessarily follow the development of the passenger traffic the Board propose, as already stated, to make of the present Tidal Harbour a wet dock, to deepen the harbour by means of dredging, and so provide increased quay accommodation. In addition to this, it is proposed to construct the lock before referred to.

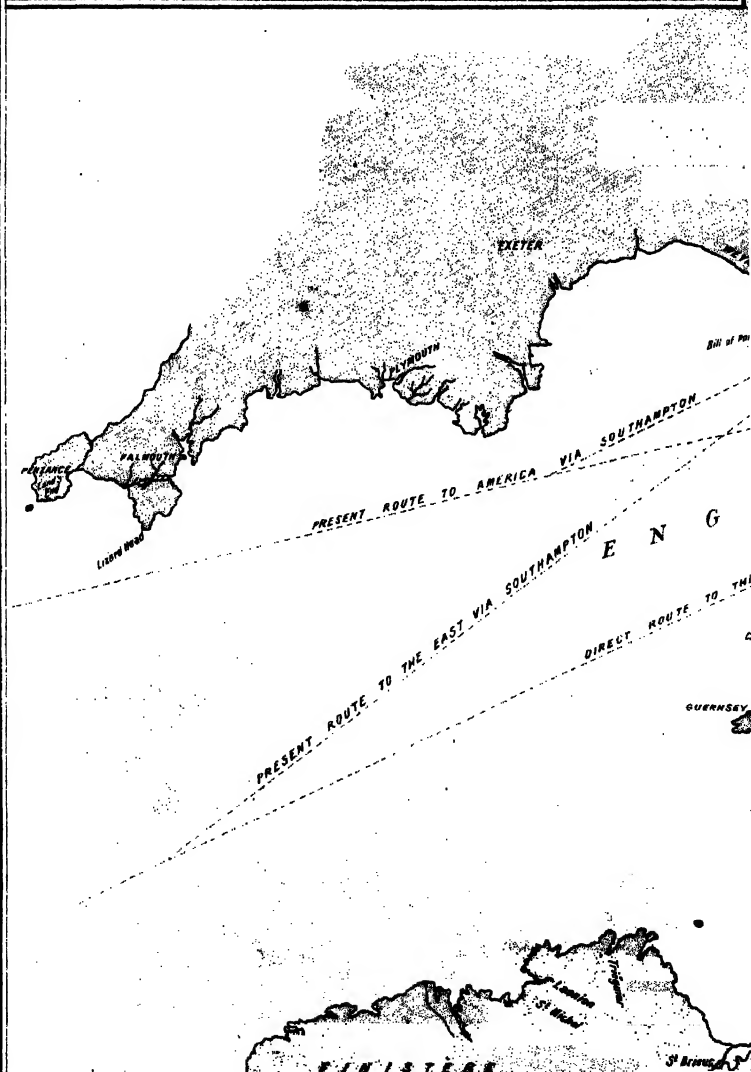
When all the works have been constructed the steamers receiving their passengers and goods will, either at the new water station, the Admiralty Pier, or the harbour itself, be in any stress of weather in perfectly smooth water.

When the Government determined to create the National Harbour, the then plans of the Dover Harbour Board for the construction of the Commercial Harbour were altered. The Prince of Wales Pier had been originally intended to be constructed of much shorter length, and was to curve round in the direction of the Admiralty Pier. The Admiralty Pier was to have been slightly extended and curved in the direction of the new pier. After the Harbour Board had entered into the contract with Sir John Jackson for the construction of the Prince of Wales Pier, the Government undertook the extension of the Admiralty Pier. The Harbour Board took advantage of this by extending the Prince of Wales Pier to its present length, thus enclosing a much larger water area. The adoption of this change enabled the Harbour Board to obtain a much larger water area than was originally intended, and thus to erect the water station before described. But not only so. The increase of this water space allowed provision to be made for the Transatlantic traffic which would otherwise have been impossible.

Dover Harbour would be the most convenient place of call for the many lines of steamers running between London, Hamburg, Bremen, Rotterdam and New York. At the present time the great German lines of steamers call on their outward journey at Southampton, then cross over to Cherbourg, and then proceed from

CHART:

Shewing comparative distances (taken from Admiralty Chart) between
DOVER AND OTHER CHANNEL PORTS AND THE CONTINENT,
also the time saving advantages of
DOVER AS A PORT OF CALL
for a direct route between the
NORTH SEA AND AMERICA AND THE EAST.



Cherbourg to New York. The call at Southampton is attended with many difficulties. The smaller vessels go right up the Solent and into Southampton Harbour. The navigation is extremely difficult, and the frequent presence of fog renders it more or less dangerous. The larger boats remain off Netley, and the passengers are embarked or disembarked by means of a tender running from Southampton Harbour, taking about half-an-hour each way.

In addition to these difficulties and discomforts, the voyage has to be made across to Cherbourg, or to Cherbourg in the first instance, and the passenger proceeds from Cherbourg to Paris, the time on the railway journey occupying some seven hours. All the hindrances at Southampton and the long railway journey from Cherbourg to Paris will be avoided when Dover is made the port of call. At the end of the Prince of Wales Pier there is sufficient depth of water at the lowest spring tides to accommodate the largest passenger steamer at present in existence. And, in addition to these two berths, there is a berth of similar capacity between the spur to be erected at the Admiralty Pier and the present turret. When the National Harbour is completed these three berths will be available at all times of the tide and in any weather, and the steamers using them will lie in absolutely smooth water. At the present time the berth on the western side of the Prince of Wales Pier is absolutely protected, and as soon as Messrs. Pearson have slightly further extended the Admiralty Pier the berth at that pier will be in the same position. The eastern berth on the Prince of Wales Pier will also be protected as soon as the eastern arm of the National Harbour is further extended.

The acquisition of a very large Transatlantic business by means of the accommodation thus afforded is confidently expected. It is therefore proposed to increase the width of the Prince of Wales Pier as now constructed and to erect thereon a station; the Atlantic liners will thus be enabled to come to either berth of the Prince of Wales Pier, and the passengers landed without all the inconvenience and discomfort of the use of a tender.

A further work contemplated is the connection of the Prince of Wales Pier with the railway systems by means of a swing bridge over the proposed lock,¹ and carrying the connecting lines over such bridge. When the pier has thus been connected with the railways, Transatlantic passengers will have this great advantage: those who are proceeding to London will be enabled to step from the liner into the train, and those proceeding to Paris will be enabled to walk from the liner on to the Channel steamer and proceed direct to Calais. In fact, before the liner will have had the opportunity of proceeding on her voyage the travellers will be well on their way to Paris or London. The crossing between Dover and Calais now occupies but little over an hour, and with the larger and more powerful steamers

¹ See plan.

which the increasing traffic will make a necessity the time occupied should be considerably lessened.

The journey from Calais to Paris is now performed under four hours by the new and powerful engines which the enterprising Northern Railway of France has recently constructed, so that the journey from Dover to Paris should be performed in the immediate future within the four hours, or in about half the time now occupied in the railway journey between Cherbourg and Paris. Dover will therefore become, as it were, the quay between London and Paris. The railway journey from Dover to London should also occupy less time than it does at present. The amalgamated southern lines have practically four separate lines of railway between Dover and London: one *via* Tunbridge and Redhill, another *via* Tunbridge and Sevenoaks, the third *via* Ashford and Maidstone, and the fourth *via* Canterbury and Chatham. As the passenger traffic develops at Dover the railway companies will probably use the line *via* Ashford and Maidstone more or less exclusively for the Continental traffic, and with engines of the same capacity of speed as the engines now in use on the Northern of France Railway there is no reason why the journey from Dover to London, which now occupies one hour and fifty minutes, should not be reduced to at least an hour and thirty minutes.

The Dover Harbour Board have received much encouragement in their proposal to develop their harbour as above described. They have submitted their plans to the Ministers of Commerce and Marine at Paris, and have further had the advantage of discussing the matter with M. Sartiaux, the able Administrator of the Northern of France Railway. Both the Ministers and M. Sartiaux expressed their cordial approval of the suggested development of the harbour, and M. Sartiaux was most emphatic in stating his opinion that the Dover and Calais route was the Continental route. The Harbour Board have further been in negotiation with the Dutch Ministers as to the traffic from Holland to America, and the Dutch Ministers are proposing to visit Dover shortly in order to confer with the Harbour Board personally upon the matter.² The greatest encouragement of all was received from H.I.M. the German Emperor, at an audience accorded at Potsdam on the 3rd of September last to a deputation from the Harbour Board. Sir William Crundall explained to the Emperor the constitution of the Board, its position as a public trustee, and the fact that the revenue of the harbour was devoted entirely to its maintenance and development. The charts and plans were then examined in great detail by the Kaiser, the first chart being a facsimile of the Channel chart reproduced in this article, showing the relative position of Dover to the various Continental

² The plans have also been submitted to and approved by H.M. the King of the Belgians, the Prime Minister of Belgium (Count de Smet de Naeyer) and Mons. Garnier (the Administrator of the Belgian Railways).

ports. The Kaiser expressed his warm admiration of the plans, and wished the Harbour Board every success in the development of their scheme. He further remarked that the harbour would become a very convenient port of call for the German Atlantic liners.

In consequence of this visit tentative arrangements have been already made with the Hamburg-American Line to call at Dover on the 1st of May next. The proposed berths for the Atlantic liners will not, of course, then be completed, but it has been arranged that the steamers should come to anchor within the sheltering arm of the Admiralty Pier, and that the passengers should be landed by tender until the accommodation provided by the Harbour Board should be completed. Several of the English steamship companies are in negotiation with the Board for landing their passengers at Dover, and the Atlantic Transport Company have expressed their desire to make Dover their port of call as soon as the necessary works have been carried out.

W. H. CRUNDALL

(Deputy Chairman of the Dover Harbour Board).

WORSFOLD MOWLL

(Register of Dover Harbour).

THE ANXIETY OF THE HOUR

MR. CARNEGIE has recently said that a healthy optimism is the normal condition of the plucky Briton. A careful student of the Press during the last few weeks may, however, reasonably doubt whether, if this be true, there has not been a very serious, not to say alarming, fall by the nation from its high estate. Many, even among those who were most confident and courageous, have been afflicted with a fit of panic which vainly seeks to hide its true character under bitter complaints of inefficient management on the part of the Ministry at home, and even of the Generals on the field. The British public does not present its most admirable aspect when it is in this mood. Unhappily it has been encouraged by some military critics who appear intent on making the authorities understand that there are neglected strategists at home who are as superior in military skill as they are in patriotic feeling to those at the head of our armies. The effect of this kind of representation, addressed to a people who know very little of the nature of the wearying struggle, has been to create a spirit of depression which has been quite as exaggerated as the extravagant jubilation which was induced by the early successes of Lord Roberts. Even his gallant service and the great results which he achieved have come to be undervalued, and men have been talking as though we had suddenly been thrown back on the dark days of December 1899. In a word, it might seem as though South Africa, which has been the grave of so many reputations, were to end by entombing the reputation of the British people for courage and resolution.

If the present mood were only a reaction from an extravagant optimism, which is sadly lacking in sanity and in which there is, in truth, an element of fatalism, the change would be welcomed. We have got too much into the habit of assuming that whatever blunders be made, whether of policy on the part of the Cabinet or of strategy and tactics on the part of our commanders in the field, we shall, in virtue of the stubborn qualities of the race, be able, though possibly at some sacrifice, to repair them all. Hence we easily reconcile ourselves to reverses which other nations would treat as extremely grave. 'We shall muddle through all

right' is the current British superstition, and it is not easy to shake the popular faith in it. If it be disturbed at all, reference is at once made to the Crimean War, with the flattering suggestion that the people who surmounted all the mistakes of that celebrated imbroglio are certain to triumph over any difficulty—in fact, may regard with unruffled complacency a mismanagement involving the waste of treasure, the loss of precious lives, and serious damage to national prestige. It is open to doubt whether this comfortable persuasion has not extended to Ministers themselves, and is not the true explanation of the strange apathy which of late has paralysed their action, and which is criticised as keenly by their own supporters as by the regular Opposition. It is not easy to conceive of a more dangerous state of mind on the part of rulers or people. So far as present impatient and irritable temper is a recoil from this, it may be a sign of returning sanity. But there is no justification for the pessimism in which some indulge. It seems to be the prevalent mood of the hour, and is seen quite as much in the commercial, and even in the religious, world. It is an unmanly temper wherever it is found, and, so far as the war in South Africa is concerned, the travesty of facts on which it bases its forecasts is often ludicrous. But even in deprecating such an irrational extreme it must be confessed that there is occasion for a more sober-minded estimate of our present national position, especially as affected by the protracted war, than is common. Men who insist on looking at this subject in a scientific spirit are not, therefore, to be classed among pessimists. The pessimist is, for the most part, an emotional rather than a rational being, governed by instinct more than by reason, with a temperament that leads him to indulge in gloomy prophecies, not a thoughtful observer whom a dispassionate study of facts has led to definite conclusions. Of course the same may be said of the optimist. The sane politician differs from both of them. He is not free from the bias of temperament, but, at least, he endeavours to shape his views by the teaching of facts, and it is more than possible that he may be forced to regard the outlook with anxiety although he has not in him a touch of pessimism.

It would be the very height of folly to treat all who feel that the present position of the country is critical as the victims of illusions, out of which they are to be ridiculed or denounced by truer patriots. There is no patriotism in refusing to see things as they are, but that is one of the prevalent weaknesses of the day. Possibly it may be one of the results of that party spirit, the habit of treating the war as a party question, which I venture to say has, from the very beginning, prevented it from being discussed on its own merits. It is a very conspicuous item of the Ministerial policy and especially of the policy of the Colonial Secretary, and it has been dealt with accordingly. A general election has been held

upon it, and the electors have been told in the most emphatic language that ~~these patriots~~ could only cast their votes in one way. But surely this is the very worst spirit in which such a subject could be handled. If it were possible foreign politics should be kept out of our party strife, and if this can be suggested only as a counsel of perfection, yet it is an ideal to which the nearest approach that is practicable should be made. In the absence of this, however, it may be possible that a true estimate of the needs of the State may teach the representatives of opposite parties to combine in work, lying outside the lines of their ordinary political discussions, which they are agreed to be essential to interests which are dear to all alike.

Unfortunately there has been nothing of the kind among ourselves. There is a general consent that the situation is unsatisfactory, but there seems to be no clear idea as to how it can be remedied. Certainly never were Ministers in a more favourable position, but their advantages have been so abused as to become occasions of stumbling rather than sources of strength. It is little to say that they have had, and still have, a majority almost without parallel, since even that leaves out of account the fact that they have not even to face an Opposition prepared to take office and carry out the hostile policy which they represent. No doubt this freedom from criticism is not without its compensating evils, but the whimpering over these to which some of the Ministerial leaders are addicted is pitifully childish. They first do their utmost to exclude all opponents from Parliament, denouncing them as traitors whose return would be a positive success to the Boers, and when their arts have prospered they turn round and complain that they are left to rule the State without the happy corrective influences which Liberal criticism would supply. Without irreverence to these eminent authorities, it may safely be said that all this is simple bosh or something worse, as they will one day learn to their cost.

There is one aspect of the case which may encourage a more hopeful outlook on the part of one who puts country before party. The Liberals have at present no prospect of return to office. They are hopelessly divided, and every attempt to compose their differences has hitherto resulted in more complete estrangement. The story of the celebrated meeting at the Reform Club and its sequel is one which the party might well desire to blot out from its annals. But it is true of a party as of an individual: 'What I have written, I have written.' The record is there, and it is one which is the pregnant cause of fresh difficulties. To outsiders the result seemed poor enough at best, but as events have developed themselves it has simply become the centre of new disputes which have now extended to the constituencies, where they threaten to work fresh evil. Liberalism is as strong as ever, and it is folly to suppose that there will not be in the future, as in the past, leaders, who will carry the old flag to new

victories. But for the present there is no prospect of such a reconstitution of the old party. How soon a new one will arise out of the new conditions in which we find ourselves is a different question. In the meantime Liberals are not doomed to political isolation unless they choose that position for themselves. There is little hope that they can govern the councils of the nation, but they can at all events influence the policy of those on whom this responsibility rests. They may not be able to meet Mr. Balfour's cravings for a regular Opposition. But they may supply a criticism which will not be less effective because it is manifestly conceived in the spirit of patriotism, not of party, and may even initiate a policy which shall have behind it the united mind of the nation. Assuredly this is the great need of the hour. The old political differences have not been ended, and it is not easy to hold them even in temporary abeyance. But more and more the conviction is forced on the more thoughtful men on both sides that in a crisis like that through which we are passing every other consideration must be subordinated to a supreme regard for the safety and honour of the country.

It is only necessary to look at the actual facts for a complete justification of this view. It may be, probably is, true that a large proportion of the hostile foreign criticism, both of the policy of our statesmen and the strategy of our generals, is a mere outburst of a rival's spleen, that the prestige of Great Britain was never higher than at present, that it has been increased rather than diminished by the South African War, that the pessimist forecasts to which some are prone as to the future of the country are without warrant. All this may be admitted, and it may, nevertheless, be reasonably contended that the present state of affairs is sufficiently grave.

The country has been, and is, suffering for its want of foresight and preparation. Its statesmen have undertaken a task whose magnitude they had not realised, and the result has been a tax upon its resources which, even if it does not strain them beyond endurance, has involved, and may involve even more, a serious curtailment of its strength for other purposes. The policy of the nation has everywhere been hampered and hindered by the demands of South Africa. How far our difficulties in other parts of the world have been due to the desire of rivals to take advantage of our preoccupation there I will not attempt to decide. I am concerned simply to note the fact that we have been compelled to give way in disputes in other parts of the world because our forces were so largely engaged in South Africa. In other words, our national interests both in the Near and in the Far East have suffered because we are committed to an enterprise whose real character seems to have been little understood by our Ministers.

It is at a crisis like this that the country is left under the control of a Ministry which, unfortunately for itself and still more unfortu-

nately for the nation, is left without any of those restraints which, though they may seem to hamper its action, are in reality guarantees for its greater efficiency. The peculiar constitution of the present Government is an additional element of weakness. The practical abolition of the control of the Cabinet in consequence of an enlargement of its numbers which destroys its essential character; the dominance of a single family, and that family one which is singularly lacking in popular sympathies; the division of the party into two sections, each of which insists on preserving its own individuality despite the loud professions of perfect unity on the part of both, are all so many obstacles to the pursuit of a firm and far-seeing policy. To reply that the Opposition is in a still worse plight may be sufficient as a party retort, but it increases instead of diminishing the anxiety of every far-seeing patriot. At present one Administration only may be possible, and if this were simply a phase in the endless conflict of party, Liberals might find some consolation in the thought that the blunders of our Tory rulers will ensure a strong reaction in favour of their opponents. But no such prospect can dispel the solicitude of those who fear lest the truest interests of the Empire may suffer from the feebleness and vacillation and, worst of all, the self-complacent optimism of a Government one of whose supporters has proclaimed on the house-tops, amid the plaudits of multitudes of his comrades, that it knows not how to make either peace or war. Meanwhile Liberals growl in wretched impotence, and the Ministry smile at their critics and point to their very blunders as triumphs of policy. Any hope that this state of things will be remedied by the revival of what is still pleasantly called the 'Liberal party' may be dismissed. The story of the last few weeks—of the notorious banquets, of the meeting at the Reform Club and the subsequent discussion as to whether there was a 'compact' or not, and if there was, who were bound by it, the miserable feuds which have grown out of the Lanark election—has ended all probability of a reunion of the old party. This may not, after all, be so grave a calamity as at first sight appears. Its successes in the past have helped to bring the party into its present condition. Many of the questions in which the last generation was deeply interested have been decided in favour of Liberal views, every such settlement involving a secession of more or less importance from the victorious party. Some of the new problems by which politicians are confronted to-day are of so entirely different a character that the comrades of yesterday may find themselves in opposite camps in the inevitable struggles of the present and the immediate future. Under these conditions party loyalty is rapidly becoming a mere fetish. The letter of the Master of Elibank on the recent Lanark election is a striking illustration. Accept the views there propounded, and the very idea of party is at an end. Into the merits of the controversy growing out of that election it is

not necessary to enter. But the general lesson to be drawn from its incident is plain. Possibly Mr. Harmsworth may not have been the best candidate who could have been selected. The difficulties of an Imperialist candidate were quite sufficient without adding to them needlessly by asking Liberals who already found their loyalty strained almost to breaking-point, to vote for a partner and director in a company whose papers carry on the most persistent warfare in favour of militarism. Still, he was selected, and, to say the least, Liberals outside the constituency who desire to maintain the unity of the party might have been expected to keep silence. Why should the Master of Elibank have interfered at all? The question, indeed, might have been left without an answer were it not that his letter was little short of a declaration that party allegiance is at an end, and that every Liberal must henceforth do what seems right in his own eyes.

It certainly is not without much regret that one who through a long life has maintained fidelity to Liberalism arrives at this conclusion. But to me it seems worse than futile to be continually trying fresh expedients for preserving a show of agreement among those who are distinctly at variance. All such expedients are foredoomed to failure. The gathering at the Reform Club was to have ended the difficulties; it only made it more clear that the opposing sections were irreconcilable. Even before the echoes of the words of mutual respect had died away, some of the newly reconciled friends were off on the warpath again. To try and apportion the blame for the new dissensions which have made the party a laughing-stock to its enemy would be worse than futile. More important is it to note that these bickerings have left the Ministry more than ever masters of the situation, while they in their turn boast (as did Mr. Gerald Balfour in a recent speech at Leeds) that the country is perfectly satisfied with its leaders who do not lead, statesmen who are content to accept their policy from the man in the street, rulers who show such strange unconcern as to the fortunes of the country which trusts them.

It surely should be the first aim of a patriot statesman to put an end to such an anomalous situation. We are not in the habit, like the old Romans, of summoning a dictator to the helm in times of critical emergency. Perhaps it is owing to the inveterate conservatism of our race that even at such points of danger we still hold fast by our old methods of party government. But at present they have absolutely failed, and if ever there was a call for the interposition of a wise and courageous man, ready to take his political life in his hands, and to venture everything for the sake of his country, it is the present. There is such a man who to numbers of us seemed to be distinctly marked out for this service, but it has been widely assumed, not only too readily but, as it seems to me, by a strangely

mistaken interpretation of his attitude and words, that he has declined the task. No effort has been spared in order to convince the people that Lord Rosebery has made himself impossible, but there are multitudes still who retain their faith in him and wait anxiously for him to give the signal for a true Liberal uprising.

I have no special qualification for interpreting that declaration as to the working of his own solitary furrow by which his Lordship is supposed to have separated himself from active political life. I did not so read it in the first instance, and the bitter criticisms which have been passed upon it have not disturbed me in my original view. It may be granted that there is a certain ambiguity about it, but it is hardly more than was to be expected in the circumstances. His Lordship's position made great plainness of speech impossible. To suggest that he should have unfurled his flag and summoned his followers was unreasonable. Assuredly if he had taken this course the criticism would have been even more severe. What he did, as I read the speech, was to outline a policy and to express his own resolution, if others were not prepared to join him, still to cultivate his own solitary furrow. But I will not pursue the personal line. Suffice it to say that the party which can afford to part with a statesman of his Lordship's proved ability, and of his experience in handling national questions of great difficulty, must be singularly rich in able leaders. But if it were necessary (and a hard necessity it would be) thus to sacrifice a man who by general consent is the most attractive personality among the statesmen of the day, at least let it be done without attacking him with a malignity which would be discreditable even in political opponents. Looking back at the history of his Foreign administration, I cannot but feel that such firm yet tactful steering as his is what the State sorely needs to-day.

However this be, the time is surely come when Liberals must look beyond these personal questions. They have had more than enough of differences among their chiefs. It would be well for the front Opposition bench to understand that their followers are ceasing to have any interest in their quarrels. It is the special misfortune of the hour that the nominal leaders of Opposition do not inspire enthusiasm, while they, on their side, seem to regard their own position as the matter of primary importance, and spend more time in defining their relation to each other than in watching over the interests of the country. It is bad enough that we are without a strong and united Liberal party—it is still worse that we are without a policy.

The first condition of a revived Liberalism is, I venture to think, that it should adopt clear and patriotic views of our Imperial position. To scoff at it, after the fashion of some, is one of the most foolish of political diversions, and it is one in which the Liberal

party cannot afford to indulge. It may be that the word 'Empire' is an unfortunate one, and does not fully represent the actual facts. The British Commonwealth gives a truer conception of our relations to our Colonies. But, after all, that is but a question of words, for the idea of anything resembling Imperial sway is hardly entertained by any sane politician. On the contrary, the more intimate and cordial relations between the Mother Country and the Colonies are very largely due to that system of Home Rule which has taken the place of the fussy and often stupid meddling of the Colonial Office which, in the last generation, fettered the action and hindered the growth of those young and independent States. In our great Indian Empire there is of necessity more of external control, but even there it is the desire of our wisest statesmen to make the pressure of the Imperial sway as light as possible. But whatever the name by which it is called, the British Empire is a great fact, and facts are not to be disposed of by simply 'squirming' at them, to quote the elegant phrase of one of the critics of Imperialism.

But if there is no need to insist upon the use of a particular term which for many has acquired an evil significance, about the thing there must be no mistake. If Liberalism is ever to regain the confidence of the country it must have an Imperial policy. Its first business is to purge itself of all suspicion of sympathy with politicians whose advocacy of peace means not only the belittling of their country but the blackening of her reputation. It is not easy to understand how a certain school have come to adopt this peculiar style of warfare. Possibly it may be due to the fact that the war has been so largely treated as though it were a domestic question. In discussing these there is a tendency to exaggeration, and even misrepresentation, which is not creditable, and to which high-minded men would never stoop, but which, unfortunately, is only too prevalent. In the course of a contested election a candid man, even though he be a partisan, must often long for a dispassionate statement of the points at issue. But, alas! he longs in vain. The licence of party warfare is so extreme that the wildest assertions are made about political opponents without scruple and without adequate censure when they are detected. These evils of political spite are very seriously aggravated when the area of war is so far extended that the enemies of the country are regarded as political allies whose cause must be defended, even though at the cost of injustice to our own people. Critics who were nothing more than pro-Boers might have been tolerated, even though they sometimes made large demands upon the patience of their fellow citizens; but anti-English diatribes are sure to alienate public confidence. It requires some charity to listen to declamations about the wrong done to two free republics one of which declared war without the slightest provocation, while the other brought on

the whole trouble by trifling with the natural rights of its most useful subjects. But when, in addition to this, the evils incident to all war are credited to the barbarism of British statesmen and generals and an army which (as the reports from the field come to hand) is seen, by a large consensus of evidence, to have shown a conspicuous measure of humanity, the bounds of endurance are passed. The first obvious objection to such a mode of attack is that it defeats its own purpose. It may be—indeed, must be—that there have been defects and mistakes in administration, but the first effect of reckless attacks which are soon repelled is simply to screen the faults which need exposure; the second is to intensify the opposition of the country to a party which shelters these assailants in its ranks.

The evil is all the more serious and far-reaching in its consequences because the party itself is not committed to any definite policy. The position of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman is so difficult, and he is himself so loyal in his political relations, that there is a natural reluctance to press hardly upon him. But the course he has taken has, as it seems to many outside observers, increased the evils he is most anxious to remove. The party is in a worse condition, its internal dissensions are more acute, its influence in the country distinctly reduced within the last twelve months. I venture to predict that the same process of degeneration will go on, possibly with accelerated speed, until it learns its own mind and lets the country understand that it is as anxious that the nation should fulfil the high trust committed to it as any 'prancing proconsul' or boasting Jingo.

Mr. Asquith has been explaining once more, with all his acumen and eloquence, the policy of the 'free hand.' He has his own definite views, and does not hesitate to insist upon them with all his force. He takes a position more to the Right than the majority of the party. At all events, I often feel in reading his deliverances that he is so tender to the Government and their war policy as to destroy the effect of his scathing criticism on some of their methods. But, even if this be so, he is indulgent to others who tend to the extreme Left. There need be no difficulty in such tolerance, provided there be a clear deliverance as to the principles and aims of the party itself.

The majority of that party surely belong to the Centre, and it is of their views that no proper notice has been taken; and the fear is that the same indifference will be shown so long as the two extreme wings are so intent each on maintaining its own special position that the common interest of the army is forgotten. Mr. Asquith's aim at Edinburgh was to preach unity and concentration. Nothing could well be wiser or more necessary. But the two points must be kept closely and indissolubly linked. There is no good in concentration unless there be unity, and this is about the last quality which could be attributed to the Liberal party at present. The crucial difficulty

is how to secure it and yet to preserve that individual liberty which Mr. Asquith is so anxious to conserve. Two or three of his sentences are sufficient to indicate his position. He says:

It has been, indeed, by the frank and open interchange—sometimes the actual collision—of honest opinion that we have succeeded, better, I believe, than any other party, in reconciling intellectual independence with political co-operation. (Cheers.) To ignore differences which are real and genuine is often the best way not of healing but of inflaming them; and it will be a bad day—should it ever come, which Heaven forbid—in the history of the Liberal party when any man or body of men who belong to it can be deterred by the fear of misconstruction or of the imputation of petty or unworthy motives from fearlessly imparting to their associates the counsel that their minds can furnish.

Nothing need be finer than these sentiments, but they lose much of their attractiveness when subjected to the test of hard fact. Look at them as they bear upon the composition of the Liberal party at the present moment. Mr. John Redmond and his followers may be regarded as an independent corps with which we have no real alliance and which at some critical moment may play the part that Lord Stanley played at Bosworth and decide the battle against us. In the meantime it must be remembered that we have at present to bear the reproach of such speeches as Mr. Redmond's which Mr. Asquith so severely but so justly criticised. Then we come to the contingents supplied by the irreconcilable enemies of the war, and the point at once presents itself, Is this to be regarded as one of those open questions in which a political party must give the fullest scope to individual liberty? Of course no party would be foolish enough to set up a test shaped after the pattern of the Athanasian Creed. But it can lay down the principles of its own action, and can thus do something towards guarding itself against the constant misrepresentations of its opponents. If it cannot and ought not to have an Athanasian Creed it can have a policy, and especially can it make it so clear that even a wayfaring man (the scriptural description of Mr. Balfour's man in the street) may understand that the Liberal aim is to purify, strengthen, and ennoble that great nation to which we are as loyal, and of which, I may add, we are as proud, as those who are for ever boasting of their patriotism.

There is, undoubtedly, enough and to spare of bastard patriotism. The remedy is not to blaspheme patriotism but to substitute the true for the false. To me it is sometimes curious to hear some of my fellow-countrymen denouncing their own people. For as I hear their bitter censures on British Pharisaism the thought suggests itself that there might be some who would fix on this as the conspicuous feature in the criticism itself. At all events I cannot accept the suggestion that love of country is an unworthy sentiment or that the maintenance of our great national position is to be deprecated as unworthy of a Christian people. The extinction of the British

Empire would, I do not hesitate to say, be the greatest political calamity that could darken the twentieth century. But if that, or anything approaching it, be true, then all true Britons are bound to guard it against hostile attack. This is what may be called sane Imperialism. It is neither aggressive in policy nor arrogant in tone. If it accepts war it would only be when it has become a stern necessity forced upon it by ambitious neighbours or the tyranny of circumstances it cannot control. Accepting as its fundamental maxim that 'righteousness alone exalteth a nation,' it would shape its policy by a due regard to the rights of others and so would follow the things that make for peace. But it would guard carefully the heritage this generation has inherited, so that it may be handed down enriched not by territorial expansion but by a persistent course of wise policy which extended the blessings of liberty and self-government to all the people living under the sway of our illustrious Sovereign.

The party which will set such an Imperialism before it as a central aim, and pursue it with intelligence and persistency, is sure to win the confidence of the country. Whether the Liberal party will rise to the opportunity is a question which need not be discussed here. But if it altogether holds its peace, enlargement and deliverance will come from another place. We have been allowing old party watchwords to become mere fetishes, and trusting to them instead of seeking out a policy which will meet the real needs of the country. The stubborn resistance of the Transvaal, combined with the undisguised satisfaction with which the great Powers of the Continent have looked on and gloated over our difficulties, has produced an impression that will not soon be effaced. The safety of the Empire is the anxiety of the hour. Liberals may regret that reforms on which all hearts are set, and which are urgently needed, must pass for the time into a subordinate position. But to spend time in angry discussions as to who are true Liberals, in wrangles with representatives of the I.L.P., or estimates of the exact relation of British Liberals and Irish Nationalists, is very much like Nero's historic performance on his fiddle. It is high time that we cease from these futilities and address ourselves to the grave realities of national life. To speak frankly, we cannot afford to part with our Empire unless we are prepared to follow this suicidal procedure by a surrender of our independence. There is, happily, not the slightest danger either of the one or the other. But there is abundant cause for the exercise of watchfulness and for carrying out effectively those reforms in our military system which our experience in the Transvaal has shown to be imperative.

But that is a subject outside my particular sphere. I am not entitled even to express an opinion as to the proper methods of national defence. My only contention is that a true Liberal party

must be prepared to undertake the work and to get it done even at the risk of incurring the sturdy resistance of some who are now numbered in its ranks. The nation has to accept the teaching of events, and one of its first lessons is that so well expressed by the poet, 'Who would be free *themselves* must strike the blow.' How the strength of the nation can best be developed, how we can secure a reserved force of trained men from whom voluntary recruits may be drawn, how best to increase the attractions of the Service so that we may have no repetition of the discredit, not to say scandal, of some of our late reinforcements, are questions for experts. But this at least may be said—no reform will be thorough and effective until it is brought home to all citizens that the work of defence belongs to them, and that in the last resort they must take their own share in meeting its requirements.

J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

LAST MONTH

THROUGHOUT the greater part of October there has raged a series of what Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has described as equinoctial gales directed against the Ministry. More than once since I began to pen this chronicle I have had to mention squalls, and even storms, of adverse public opinion of which Lord Salisbury and his colleagues have been the victims. But never have I had to describe a hostile movement so widespread and powerful as that which last month witnessed. Not since the days of the Crimean war has there been anything that could be compared with it. Mr. Gladstone's Government, after the death of Gordon, was about as unpopular as any Government conceivably could be ; but General Gordon was, after all, a remote hero to the mass of the people, and I remember a cynical member of Parliament of that date confiding to me his belief that if the effigy of the brave soldier were to be hanged once a day in the market of the city he represented the majority of his constituents would not care a brass button about it. The case is different to-day. Lord Salisbury and his colleagues insisted upon exploiting this war for party purposes to the utmost possible extent. They used the patriotic enthusiasm of the public as though that sentiment—never, happily, wanting in the hearts of the British people—were the exclusive possession of their own political connection. They went so far that, if one might judge by their language, no Liberal, in their opinion, could possibly be a patriot. It was absurd and false ; but it told for the moment, as Mr. Chamberlain and the Mayor of Mafeking can bear witness. The result of the tactics to which Ministers thus stooped was that a great wave of party passion swept over the face of the nation, that the war became the sole shibboleth by which to distinguish between the rival political camps, and that Ministers were everywhere acclaimed as the representatives of the patriotism of the people, because, according to their own account, they had not only conducted the war with success, despite the machinations of their rivals at home, but brought it, within a reasonable limit of time, to a happy end.

Neither in politics nor in private life, can men use weapons of this kind without incurring some risk. Ministers insisted—the Colonial Secretary in particular—upon taking all the credit for the war. Not for a moment would they discriminate between the small faction of pro-Boers and men whom in their hearts they knew to be just as loyal and patriotic as themselves. If they had adopted a wiser and more moderate course—if, for example, they had admitted that in the conflict with the Transvaal Republic they had received the support of the great majority of the nation irrespective of party, and that the war was consequently one in which neither the blame nor the credit could rest exclusively upon any particular class—they would have been in a much happier position to-day than that which they now occupy. But they would have none of this moderation. The war having, as they believed, been terminated with brilliant success by the occupation of Pretoria, they insisted that it was their war and theirs alone, and they succeeded in inducing the great majority of the British people to accept their assertion. They cannot complain at having to reap what they have themselves sown. Those who deliberately assume a grave responsibility, when they believe that it is one which will bring honour and credit to themselves, cannot shake it off when it becomes a burden almost too heavy to be borne. They have taught the country to look upon them as being wholly responsible for the military events of the last two years, and they must not be surprised if the country holds them to their word. The war is not over; the hopes which have been raised month after month ever since June of last year have not been fulfilled, and whilst the nation still hopes, and is still, happily, resolute in its determination to persevere to the end, it becomes more and more sensible every day of the enormous cost in blood and money which the prolongation of the struggle imposes upon it. Nothing has done more to open the eyes of the country to the real state of things than the melancholy *fiasco* of the proclamation which fixed the 15th of September last as the date when legitimate hostilities in South Africa were to come to an end. Since the 15th of September the war, instead of being brought to a close, has simply entered upon a new and fiercer phase of its existence, and, though most of us believe that the dogged pluck and perseverance of our soldiers are slowly bringing us nearer to the desired goal, it is painfully evident that the end is not yet.

Public opinion at home has been unpleasantly affected during the past two months by the fact that affairs in South Africa have, so far as the ordinary sources of information are concerned, been enshrouded in mystery. A censorship as rigorous as that of Russia has been practised throughout the whole of our South African territory, and, though Lord Kitchener must be absolutely acquitted of any attempt to distort the truth, he has confined himself in his

sparse despatches to the barest recital of military movements, leaving our minds a blank as to everything else that was happening in South Africa. But Ministers, when they set up this rigorous censorship, forgot that they could not tie the tongues of the scores of thousands of British soldiers who are now at the front. For a long time past it has been only too notorious that the private letters from the Army have been of a very gloomy description. No doubt much of the gloom of these letters may be fairly attributed to the circumstances of the writers. It is not easy for a man who has been exposed for two years to constant risk and privation, and who sees no probability of an early deliverance from his painful lot, to write cheerfully to his friends at home. But when full allowance has been made for this fact, it is impossible to deny that much uneasiness has been caused to those in touch with the Army in South Africa by the tone of the letters which they have received from the seat of war. This feeling has been aggravated by the revelation in hundreds of private communications of the blunders which have been committed, not only, or even chiefly, in the field, but by those who are responsible for furnishing the Commander-in-Chief and the Army under him with the equipment which is necessary if success is to be attained. I have said nothing hitherto in this chronicle of these private revelations of the true state of things in South Africa, nor do I wish to attach any undue importance to them now; but it is impossible to close our eyes to the fact that for months past the stories which have been circulated among military men and in the clubs regarding the course of the war have been the reverse of satisfactory. Men have spoken of these things in whispers; most of us have been anxious to regard them as exaggerations. Yet tale after tale of blunders as gross as any recorded in the history of the Crimean war has reached these shores, and, slowly spreading from mouth to mouth, they have produced a widespread feeling of anxiety. It only needed one bold and outspoken voice to give utterance to this feeling in public in order to cause the storm that we have just witnessed.

Side by side with the existence of this growing popular anxiety regarding the fate of our soldiers and the future of the campaign, there has been a singular phenomenon which has painfully affected the public mind. Everybody will admit that the most critical stage of the guerilla warfare has been witnessed during the last six or eight weeks. Yet during the whole of that period there has hardly been a Cabinet Minister in London, and there has certainly been no meeting of the Cabinet Council, or even of that inner Cabinet which forms the Committee of National Defence. The newspapers have told us that Lord Salisbury is reposing at Beaulieu, that Mr. Balfour is playing golf in Scotland, that Mr. Chamberlain is cultivating his orchids at

Birmingham, the Duke of Devonshire shooting grouse in Yorkshire, and so forth, and so forth. There is no reasonable human being who will call in question the right of Cabinet Ministers, like other mortals, to take rest and recreation when they can reasonably do so. But when we remember that the Cabinet is the governing body of the British Empire, and that it has in recent years encroached upon the prerogatives of Parliament, almost superseding the Great Council of the Nation in the control of our affairs, and when we further recall the fact that the past eight weeks have been of momentous and critical significance, so far as the vital interests of our country are concerned, the complete inaction of the Cabinet and the absence of Ministers from London have, not unnaturally, moved the public deeply. It is perfectly true that Cabinets cannot conduct campaigns; we have had fresh proof of this indisputable truth during the past two years. But there is surely something for a Cabinet to do, even in the midst of a war. This Cabinet, moreover, has taken to itself all the credit and responsibility for the struggle in South Africa. It is amazing that its members seem never to have thought of the effect upon public opinion of their prolonged absence from the seat of the Government. Moreover, it cannot be forgotten that we have not only the war, with all the misery and loss attendant upon its prolongation, to think of, but that great work of reconstructing the defensive system of the Empire, the urgency of which has been established only too fully by recent events. Surely Ministers might have found some opportunity of usefulness during the past two months in strengthening the hands of the Secretary for War in his struggle with the great obstructive forces of routine and red-tape. At all events, public opinion seems at present to be oppressed by a conviction that the Ministers of the Crown have sunk into a state of apathy at the very moment when it is most necessary that they should be displaying the largest degree of energy and statesmanlike foresight in conducting those great affairs of State for which they have made themselves responsible. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer wishes to learn the true reason for those equinoctial gales of criticism of which he complained in his speech at Oldham, he will find it in this fact. Rightly or wrongly, the nation is filled with an apprehension that the energy of the Government is exhausted, and that it is now sitting down in listless indifference, leaving the bark of the State to drift whither it may through stormy seas and dangerous currents.

If any of my readers should think that I exaggerate as to the state of public opinion, I can only refer them to the newspapers of the past month, and, above all, to those organs of the Press which commonly support the Ministry. It was Mr. Gibson Bowles who was the first to give open and emphatic utterance to ideas which had long been

simmering in the minds of many different people. The language of Mr. Bowles, in the letter published by the *Times* on the 7th of October, was so plain as to be remarkable. He attacked the Government with the indignant fervour with which the Israelite of old laid hands upon his Amalekite adversary. It is of interest to preserve the words of this independent but convinced Conservative :

With the strongest Government of modern times made still stronger, with a majority voting like sheep, with the Ministry taking their fleece like shepherds, and making shearing rules as they went along ; with blood and money poured out like water ; with no Opposition to control the Minister, and scarce so much as criticism to ruffle him—with a Government, in short, of unlimited means and unchecked power, the country naturally believed that the end for which it had placed at the disposal of the Government the majority, the supplies, the power, the honour, and the glory, would now at length be reached, and that the war would be brought to a speedy and honourable conclusion. Yet now, after the lapse of another year, things are not only no better, they are far worse. Neither the flock nor the fleece has sufficed. Neither the priests of Birmingham nor the Levites of Hatfield, neither the disciples of Blenheim nor the links of North Berwick have availed. Souls, Cecils, sycophants, and Socialists are alike found wanting, and there has arisen the most profound exasperation with the Ministry, which, when so well provided, has done so ill. We are now forced to conclude that, while this Ministry is, as stated, the ablest and strongest of modern times, it is also the most unfortunate. With all its boundless resources it has been unable either to treat or to fight with success. It can neither make peace nor war ; and now, after two years, it continues its feeble and fruitless efforts to make both at once without drawing nearer to either.

One may record the fiery eloquence of Mr. Bowles without adopting or endorsing it ; but the notable fact is that, in spite of his somewhat extravagant vehemence, his onslaught upon Ministers was practically supported in almost every Ministerial organ in the London Press. His letter was the signal for an outburst of indignation which was almost startling even to those of us who were conscious of the under-currents of criticism which had so long been directed against the Government. It is not necessary to pursue the course of the newspaper controversy that followed the appearance of this letter. The broad fact remains that, whilst Ministers were assailed from every side within their own Party, they seemed to have hardly a friend to stand up in their defence. One or two of them who ventured upon public platforms to defend their action or inaction solemnly warned the nation against falling into a panic with regard to the war. As a matter of fact, it was not national panic, but national indignation, with which they had to contend. They insisted upon carrying on the war in their own way, and on their sole responsibility. All the resources of the nation were freely placed in their hands, and their followers fondly imagined that all would go well whilst ' the strongest Ministry of modern times ' remained in office. The discovery that things, so far from going well, are going very badly in South Africa, and that we

are in many ways repeating the blunders of fifty years ago, has produced a revulsion of feeling among the admirers of the Government, the violence of which is in direct proportion to the strength of their former admiration. The revulsion is all the stronger because the British public is being deliberately kept in the dark by the authorities. We hear of the conviction and execution of men like the late Public Prosecutor of the Transvaal, without learning anything of the evidence upon which they have been put to death. We are assured in one breath that the rebels in Cape Colony are few in number and practically powerless; and in the next we are informed that the whole Colony, down to Cape Town itself, has been placed under martial law. What may even now be happening behind the cloud which conceals South Africa from us we cannot so much as guess. Only one or two facts are allowed to emerge from the mists. We read of a military success here, and a defeat there. Day by day the telegraph brings us the news that a few more young lives have been sacrificed and a few more English homes made desolate. Or we are told that another small commando has been scattered, with so many of its members slain or captured. This is all. For months past we have not had, either from official or independent sources, anything in the nature of a full survey of the situation. There has been no attempt to tell us the whole truth, or anything approaching to it, and we are left to grope in the semi-darkness, conscious only of the fact that blood and treasure are still being poured out in that war which was officially declared to be at an end more than twelve months ago. Yet Ministers have the effrontery to complain because people are anxious and impatient for further news. That which is really most wonderful is that the public should have acquiesced so long in a state of things that is unexampled. That the time is come to speak out and demand from the Government an account of its stewardship seems to be felt as strongly by Unionists as by Liberals.

So far as the relations of the Home Government with Lord Kitchener are concerned, it is probable that there is much exaggeration in the charges freely brought against the former in the newspapers. It is inconceivable that the War Office, for example, should have deliberately turned a deaf ear to Lord Kitchener's request for more troops. Mr. Brodrick has met these charges with a reply which has the defect of being far too complete. At the time when we know that the Commander-in-Chief in South Africa is sorely pressed for lack of troops that are in a fit condition to pursue the mobile and elusive foe, the Secretary for War publishes a statement to show that whereas Lord Kitchener asked for 9,000 men in December 1900, he has actually since that date received 61,000. If this really meant all that it seems to signify, it would be clear that there was no ground for any complaint on the part of Lord Kitchener

or his friends. But everybody knows that if the troops sent out to South Africa during the present year have been sufficient in number they have to a large extent been deficient in quality. How many of the new recruits Lord Kitchener has already returned to England as unfit for service in the field, the public has not been allowed to learn; but again and again we have had the mortification of learning through the Press that a fresh cargo of rejected incapable has arrived at Southampton. The sending of such recruits to South Africa was of course worse than useless. In addition to the costliness of this form of 'keeping up the strength of an army' it has caused great delay and much unnecessary mortification and worry to the Commander-in-Chief. Mr. Brodrick, in his letter to Sir Howard Vincent, does not attempt to deny that many of the reinforcements sent out during the present year have been of indifferent quality. He admits it, and declares, in the best official style, that he is 'carefully investigating the responsibility for it.' One can only hope that he realises the gravity of that responsibility, and is prepared to inflict proper punishment upon the guilty persons. Certainly the contractor who wilfully supplies diseased meat for an army's food is not more of a criminal than the officer who knowingly passes recruits who can be of no use to the General clamouring for reinforcements.

But there was one passage in Mr. Brodrick's letter in vindication of the War Office so significant that even the dullest person could not fail to see in it the most sweeping condemnation of the authorities which has yet been pronounced. 'It should be remembered,' wrote the Secretary for War, 'that new levies would have been brought under training earlier but for the universal opinion of our military advisers in South Africa and at home from September to November 1900, that the war had reached a stage when fresh troops would not be required.' I prefer not to discuss the question of the division of responsibility between Ministers and their professional advisers. In former days it was not customary for Secretaries of State to shelter themselves behind these officials. They were supposed to be men of sufficient intelligence and capacity to be able to judge for themselves upon great questions of policy such as the strengthening of an army in the field. The business of the professional adviser was to give advice; it was for the Minister, after hearing that advice, to form his decision on his own responsibility. But here again it is impossible not to be struck by the fact that the baleful influence of the general election has been felt even in the remotest corners of the field of war. From 'September to November 1900' was just the period when the country was given over to the electoral contest, and when consequently Ministers were everywhere proclaiming that military operations were at an end. They could

not weaken the force of that proclamation—in the truth of which they doubtless believed, though upon most insufficient evidence²—by pushing on measures for a large augmentation of the Army. If they had done so, they would have seemed to give the lie to the confident speeches and declarations with which they were rejoicing the heart of the British elector. They allowed the precious months to slip past unimproved. Who can doubt that this three months' inaction in England is directly responsible for the prolongation of the war into its third year? If only the Government had been strong enough to resist the temptation to make the war a party cry, how different might have been the situation to-day! But, setting aside this melancholy aspect of the question, I revert to Mr. Brodrick's statement of the opinion of the military authorities. According to that statement the military advisers of the Government were unanimous twelve months ago in their belief that no fresh troops were needed in South Africa. Since then the despatch of 60,000 more or less efficient soldiers to the front has furnished the most convincing of commentaries upon the soundness of the opinion expressed by these military advisers, and endorsed and adopted by Ministers themselves. Well may Mr. Bowles say that the present Government, if the strongest of modern times, is also the most unfortunate. It may be able to do everything else, but by its own confession it cannot conduct a war. What is most humiliating in the apology of Mr. Brodrick is his acknowledgment that in capacity, intelligence, and knowledge, the members of the Cabinet are on a par with the man in the street. It is easy to forgive the people of London for their belief when the City Volunteers returned that the war was ended and that no further drafts upon the manhood of the nation would be needed. The people of London believed what they were told by the rulers whom they trusted and the generals whom they adored; and if anyone ventured to hint a doubt as to the wisdom of the prevalent optimism, they not unnaturally regarded him as a traitor. But what is to be said of the members of the Cabinet, who, having direct access to all the facts, showed no greater sagacity, no more accurate knowledge of the truth, than did the uninstructed mob in the streets? There is another question that must be put: What can we think of the capacity of the military authorities, who in the advice which they gave to the Government between September and November 1900 showed themselves to be so hopelessly in the wrong?

So much for the question of the management of the war. Enough has been said to show that it is certainly not without reason that the country is at last beginning to ask itself whether it is possible that this Ministry will be able to bring the struggle in South Africa to a satisfactory conclusion. Who can be surprised that when men

contrast the situation in the field with the apparent lethargy of our holiday-making Government they are filled with dismay? If there were any evidence that Ministers had profited by the severe lessons they have received during the last two years one might feel some hope as to the future. But unfortunately, if we are to judge by the Ministerial utterances, this is not the case. Our rulers and governors are apparently as childishly optimistic now as they were two years ago, when they anticipated—on that occasion in defiance of the opinion of their military experts—a ‘walk over’ in Natal, or twelve months ago when they came to the conclusion that the war had ended just in the nick of time for a dissolution of Parliament which was to settle the terms of peace. All is for the best, in their opinion, in the best of possible worlds. They only ask the nation to continue to trust them, and everything will come right some day, in some fashion as yet undefined; and in the meantime any signs of dissatisfaction or anxiety are to be dealt with as the outcome of a ‘panic,’ and repressed accordingly. It will be for the country to say whether it relishes this treatment from men who are insisting upon carrying on the war, and the management of South African affairs, behind closed doors. For the first time within living memory the nation which has given so freely of its blood and treasure is being treated like a child, and kept as much as possible in the dark with regard to what is passing behind that mysterious screen which hides the fatal arena from its eyes. I cannot believe that even the man in the street will submit to such a state of things much longer.

But, apart from the war, the question of the reorganisation of the Army is one that demands the immediate attention of the Government. Twelve months ago even the optimists of Downing Street admitted that this was the case, and those who were anxious to see the Empire set upon a business footing were told that they must hold their hands until at least the new Secretary of State for War had prepared and explained his great scheme of reorganisation. A year has passed, and one would like to know where we stand to-day with regard to this question of Army reorganisation. What, for example, has Mr. Brodrick achieved so far? Every one will give him credit for the best intentions. No one disputes his ability, and he has shown that, at a pinch, he can be sufficiently courageous in dealing with thorny questions of patronage and discipline. But when one looks back upon all that has passed during the present year with regard to Army affairs, outside the region of the war, it is impossible to repress a feeling of disappointment at the failure of the Government to make good its promises. We have only to refer to Mr. Brodrick’s letter to Sir Howard Vincent in order to see how unreal are the improvements that the War Office is supposed to have made. In that letter the Secretary of State dwelt with pride upon

the fact that we have 'over 100,000 men in training at home.' Alas! to how many of these new troops is the word 'man' really applicable? and how long will it be before these soldiers *in posse* are really fit to take the field in such a campaign, for example, as that in which our Army is now engaged? The first and most necessary element of an army is a sufficiency of soldiers. If one applies this test, the failure of the War Office to satisfy the demands of the nation becomes at once apparent. The three Army Corps which were promised us by the Secretary for War have, it is true, advanced so far that their commanders have been appointed; though by a miracle of mismanagement not one of the three commanders has the qualifications expressly laid down by Mr. Brodrick himself when he explained the nature of his scheme. But if the commanders have been appointed, where are the men whom they are to command? It would be unfair to judge any structure from its appearance immediately after its foundations have been laid, and Mr. Brodrick would be fairly entitled to protest against premature criticism of his scheme of reorganisation but for one fact—that is, that the premises on which he has founded it have already been shown to be false. He is no nearer to-day to getting the men for his three Army Corps than he was twelve months ago, and the authorities are now almost unanimous in their conviction that the utmost limit of the supply from voluntary enlistment has now been reached. Here is a problem which a strong Government, knowing its own mind and resolved to carry out the programme that it deemed necessary for the safety of the country, might well have been trying to solve during the past holiday weeks, instead of leaving its members to spend their time on grouse-moor and golf-link. Is it surprising that here also the public sees reason for dissatisfaction and uneasiness with regard to the performances of the Ministry?

What progress has been made in the grave task of reorganising the War Office itself we are not permitted to learn. But many sinister rumours have been current during the past month. Some of these rumours deal with the severity of the struggle that the Secretary of State has to maintain against the mysterious 'power behind the Throne,' the anonymous military hierarchy that seems able to frustrate the schemes of any Minister and to override public opinion, no matter how distinctly it may have expressed itself. One need not stop to inquire what measure of truth there may be in the story that Mr. Brodrick is already worn out with his gallant but vain attempt to reduce the great military establishment in Pall Mall to something like order, and to infuse into it those business principles without which it must continue to be a source of weakness to the nation. What is certain is that, as yet, no substantial progress has been made with the scheme of reform, and that the story of the

blunders and failures of red-tape and routine are as unpleasantly frequent as before. Some strange form of paralysis seems to afflict the vast establishment, and to reduce the Minister to a state of helplessness that is almost pathetic. We hear strange stories of the right thing done at the wrong time, and of the wrong thing done always. What is evident is that there is a serious lack of energy and courage in the way in which the Government is grappling with a problem of the gravest importance. It is distressing to the well-informed to find that at such a moment, when we need so urgently the presence of men of brains and scientific training in Pall Mall, Ministers should have chosen to banish from England one of the few men who are believed to be capable of really leading the work of reform. It is honourable banishment, it is true, to which Sir George Clarke has been sentenced, but it seems a pity that he should have been sent out as Lieutenant-Governor of Victoria at the very time when his services in Pall Mall would be of the greatest value to the Army and the country. Who is it who is responsible for this appointment, which, though undoubtedly flattering to Sir George Clarke, entails so serious a sacrifice of the interests of the nation? Here, again, we are made to feel the presence of the power behind the Throne, and are driven to confess that we can feel no confidence in the ability of the present Administration to grapple with it with the boldness that is essential if success is to be attained.

For the moment the condition of affairs is gloomy, and the future is anything but cheerful. The 'equinoctial storm' which has affrighted Sir Michael Hicks-Beach has been raised by a true instinct in the mind of the public. It is not without good reason that the supporters and organs of the Government have given utterance to the apprehension with which they are filled. They see their country beset on all sides by dangers and difficulties, and they cannot feel any confidence that the Ministers whom they trusted so long and so implicitly are equal to the burden of responsibility that they have to bear. And whilst this is the view of a large proportion of the Ministerial party, what is to be said of the opinions of the other section of the community—that which has all along seen reason to condemn the manner in which the Ministry has administered our affairs? The Opposition shares the dissatisfaction of the Ministerialists, and does more than merely share it. The ridiculous cry that it is unpatriotic to criticise the man at the helm in time of storm becomes of no effect when the criticism is offered alike by the supporters and the opponents of the Government. Ministers, whether they like it or not, must accept the unpleasant fact that they are no longer trusted as they once were by their own followers, and that the distrust of the Opposition, even of that section of it which has supported them most loyally during the war, is now intensified tenfold. One need

not exaggerate or pay too much importance to the jealous foreign critics who exultantly proclaim their belief that the Star of England is waning; but it is impossible to close our ears to the voices of men, not ordinarily to be counted as pessimists, who in all gravity and sincerity declare their conviction that the country of our love is in peril and distress, and that the men who are for the present charged with its destinies seem to be hopelessly unequal to their task.

What is to be done to meet such a situation? Surely the first thing must be to put on one side that spirit of sheer undiluted partisanship which has been our curse during the past two years. Men talk glibly enough about no alternative Ministry being possible, and about not killing Charles to make James King. Everybody knows, and most admit, that if an alternative Government of the ordinary kind were at this moment possible, Lord Salisbury and his colleagues would before now have been compelled to make way for it. But there is clearly no party alternative to the existing Government whilst it commands its immense majority in Parliament, and no wise man, whether Liberal or Conservative, desires just now another appeal to the country. Ministers may amend their ways and satisfy us that they have recovered from the fatigue and depression which after more than six years of office have sapped their strength and impaired their energy so seriously. That, no doubt, would be most satisfactory to their own followers and probably to the majority of their opponents. But we have to ask ourselves whether such a recovery is probable or even possible. We cannot ignore the age of the Prime Minister or his growing infirmities, nor can we shut our eyes to the fact that the ruling committee of which he is the chief—in other words, the Cabinet—seems to be suffering as a whole from the effect of the six years' strain, and to have lost its elasticity and virility. In these circumstances, if we are to see the government of the country placed within a reasonable period in capable and trustworthy hands, it will be necessary to overleap those narrow bounds of party which the present Government has sought to make even narrower and higher than before. Ever since the war began, and the first disastrous miscalculations and blunders of those in authority became apparent, the idea of a Ministry of affairs, not drawn exclusively from one political party but representing the great body of national and patriotic public opinion, has been in the minds of not a few. If in the words of Mr. Bowles, echoed by many another supporter of the Administration, the present Government 'can neither make peace nor war,' it is surely time that we found another Government to which we might look with confidence to make war with success and to conclude peace with honour. In such a Government, some of the elements forming the present Administration would of necessity remain, but the new blood needed to give the life and

strength required to enable it to perform its Herculean task would have to be found, not in a single party, but among the members of that great central body of British citizens who, whether they bear one party name or another, are at one in placing the interests of their country above those of their party, and who for the moment desire nothing more than the restoration of the King's Government to the efficiency and authority which for the moment it has lost.

WEMYSS REID.

THE
NINETEENTH
CENTURY
AND AFTER



No. CCXCVIII—DECEMBER 1901

A MESSAGE FROM AMERICA¹

FATE unexpectedly imposed upon me in the last week of October a brief journey to the United States, from which I did not return until November was drawing to a close. It follows that my survey of political affairs during the month was taken from a new and, in one sense, a remote standpoint. But if I found myself for the time an outsider so far as British politics were concerned, compelled to trust largely to the newspapers, and American newspapers at that, for my knowledge of what was passing in London, I had the advantage of learning something at first hand of the United States' view of the European situation, and of seeing for myself how political events are trending in the great and astounding nation beyond the Atlantic. Fortune and the kindness of friends favoured me signally in one

¹ See pp. 387 and 388.

respect. I was enabled to learn directly from the highest political personages in the United States in what manner opinion is shaping itself over the great problems of the future, and though much that was conveyed to me was necessarily of a confidential nature, I am able as the result of my brief sojourn at Washington to put the American view of affairs before my readers in an authentic shape. Inasmuch as in the United States, as well as in England and some other European countries, people seem to have arrived at the watershed of party divisions and to be facing new problems and possibly new paths, it cannot be uninteresting for once to give this chronicle something of an international character. None of us can be the worse for knowing the opinions which others at a distance from our shores have formed of our position and our prospects.

I was singularly fortunate in the moment at which I landed in New York. I found that great and bewildering city—so like an English town in many respects, so completely unlike to it in others—in the throes of the most important and passionate electoral struggle through which it has passed for many years. It was a battle in which all the forces that made for order, good government, and public morality seemed to have banded themselves together in order to attack that recognised citadel of dishonesty, corruption, and vile oppression known to the world as Tammany Hall. It is not for an Englishman to hold mere partisan views in connection with American politics, but no Englishman can have been in New York during the second week of last month without finding that for the moment party divisions seemed to have been swept away, and that in their place was to be found only the broad impassable gulf which divided Tammany from the rest of the community. Not a few of the New York journals complained that the people of England did not understand the true character of the situation or the gravity of the results that depended upon the election of the Mayor of New York. Nobody could be in New York, however, without appreciating the far-reaching importance of the struggle. The intelligent English reader knows that the municipal government of New York, which has for many years past been virtually monopolised by the Tammany Ring, has been habitually denounced by Americans themselves as being of the vilest possible character. The New York policeman, according to the opponents of Tammany, has long been a terror not to the evil-doer, but to the honest and peaceable citizen. This probably is an exaggeration of the facts, but it is an exaggeration which has a foundation of truth. It has unfortunately been established beyond contradiction that an immense number of houses of ill-fame and other resorts of disorderly characters have been under the direct protection of the police. The friends of social purity in the city have brought even graver charges against the official defenders of the morals and personal rights of the com-

munity. They have alleged that a body of infamous young men, to whom the name of 'cadets' was given, had been formed for the purpose of decoying girls of tender years and young women into the dens of infamy which abound in certain quarters of the town. These odious criminals generally effected their purpose by means of a mock marriage with their chosen victims. No sooner had they got them into their power than they handed them over to the brothels in whose pay they were. When once installed in these places the victims seemed to be hopelessly lost to their friends and families, inasmuch as—according to the allegation of the reformers—the police were on the side not of the unhappy sufferer, but of the wretches who had captured her for the purpose of their vile merchandise. I do not make these statements on my own authority. I do not even vouch for their truth. All that I can answer for is the fact that these things were said to be true by the leaders of municipal reform in New York, and that an immense proportion of the population credited the assertion. There were other scandals, less odious but hardly less irritating, in connection with the methods of government adopted in connection with the Tammany Ring—grave scandals affecting the exploitation of public rights for the enrichment of private persons, or the neglect to discharge the most urgent duties of municipal administration. One had only to visit the streets where the comfort of the inhabitants has been absolutely destroyed by the construction of the hideous elevated railway, in order to see an instance of the former abuse. The instances of the latter are too numerous to be mentioned, though one at least cannot fail to strike every stranger. New York is a city which was originally laid out on a simple and admirable plan. It consists of a number of streets running from West to East across the island, and intersected by certain long avenues which run from North to South. Both streets and avenues are numbered, and so long as the numbers are known no one can be at a loss in finding his way from one part of the city to another. But at present not one street in twenty—and there are more than a hundred of them—shows its number. The numbers used to be affixed to the old street lamps. These have been removed in order to make way for the electric light, and Tammany has not taken the trouble to place the numbers on the new lamps or the street corners. The result is that the stranger finds himself in a labyrinth to which there is no key, and can only advance by addressing numberless enquiries to passers-by.

The battle of last month against Tammany was not waged merely against the alleged police patronage of gross immorality, or the corruption which enabled the governing ring to enrich themselves at the expense of the community, or even against the scandalous neglect of the duties of local administration. It went beyond all

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these things, and struck at the administration of justice by the authorities appointed by Tammany, as being in itself scandalous and corrupt. All these charges have been brought against Tammany, and its great leader or 'boss,' Mr. Richard Croker, for years past. But the contest of last month was distinguished from all its predecessors by one significant fact. Hitherto Tammany has been the favoured child of the Democratic party, and though many good Democrats did not like its methods and were secretly ashamed of its reputation, they felt bound when the pinch came to support it with their vote. This year, however, the Democrats themselves wavered in their support of the Croker oligarchy. Some months ago Mark Twain, in the loneliness of his summer home, dreamed of a scheme and which the friends of good government might combine, without men in to their views upon national politics, in order to give for that vote in favour of the ticket which represented honesty Mr. Croker administration. Whilst he was dreaming certain young men in New York were acting. They formed the Acorn Society, Mark Twain's very purpose contemplated by the famous humourist. Upon Tammany at once gave in his adhesion to this society, whilst for the first time in his long and honourable career the main aim stood forth on public platforms to join in the assault upon Tammany. Many young Democrats joined the Acorn Society, and all the whole force of the Republican party was directed against Tammany's corruption. To an outsider the most remarkable witness in the electoral struggle was the fact that all the churches echoed the newspapers seemed to be on the side of the assailants of Tammany. I do not know that a similar state of things was ever recorded before in a great popular struggle. A hundred pulpits proclaimed with denunciations of the 'boss' and his satellites—denunciations which were as full flavoured as any of the eloquence which flowed in the pages of *Martin Chuzzlewit*. A score of daily newspapers followed suit, and held up Mr. Croker and most of the candidates on the Tammany ticket to the scorn and contempt of honest men. There seemed to be an equal degree of unanimity in society. Everybody appeared to be against Tammany—everybody with the rarest exceptions. Sitting in one of the great smoking-rooms of the Waldorf-Astoria hotel a day or two before the election, I heard two friends greet each other. Their talk instantly turned upon the election, and one of the two boldly declared that he meant to 'vote Tammany.' His friend replied, 'You do? Then never speak to me again, sir. You are going to play the part of a scoundrel!' With all this apparent unanimity of feeling in pulpit, press and popular resorts, it seemed impossible that Tammany should have a chance. Yet, strange to say, the enemies of the great corporation anticipated the result of the fierce contest with fear and trembling; whilst Mr. Croker and his friends approached the end of the struggle

with the boastful defiance of Goliath in the face of David. The tyranny of Tammany had been so severe, and had enjoyed impunity so long, that decent people could not believe that its yoke was at last to be cast off; whilst those who had faith in the star of the 'boss' were confident that he was equal to the feat of winning the election in defiance of the public opinion of New York. On the eve of the election Mr. Croker boldly announced that his returns showed a plurality of votes for the Tammany ticket of 47,000, and there were a great many Republicans who believed him. No concealment was made of the means by which Tammany was to win in the teeth of the opinion of the electors. Briefly stated, those means were fraud and corruption. The papers told the citizens that Tammany had thirty thousand outsiders ready to be poured into the city to personate genuine electors directly the poll opened, and a few hours before the polling began everybody was informed that Mr. Croker was distributing 'dough,' in other words money, to his chosen agents to the amount of 160,000%. The men who came out of the room in which this dough was being distributed had smiling faces, and declared emphatically that Tammany would win once more.

Some special points in the contest deserve to be noticed, because they added much to the fierceness of the struggle. Thus, the Tammany candidate for the Mayoralty was Mr. Edward M. Shepard, a gentleman of high personal character, who had once been conspicuous for his hostility to Tammany rule. His old friends deplored the fact that he should have fallen a victim to the insidious influence of Mr. Croker, but they were none the less bitter at his allowing his name and personal reputation to be enlisted on the side of misrule and corruption, and they were evidently anxious to teach him that political inconsistency so great was a blunder as well as a crime. For the high office of Justice of the Supreme Court, Tammany had nominated Mr. Van Wyck, the retiring Mayor of New York, and a man so notoriously involved in the worst methods of Crokerism that a protest had been issued by the members of the New York Bar, including members of both political parties, declaring his obvious unfitness to hold any judicial office. I do not remember any election in this country in which any candidate had to face such a storm of personal invective as that which was directed against Mr. Van Wyck in this titanic contest. Even his supporters quailed before it, and admitted as the election drew near that Van Wyck would have to go; but when they referred to the man whose character was blackened every morning in half the papers in the city, it was to declare to the passing stranger that he was 'a martyr, sir, a perfect martyr.' For the important post of District Attorney, to which the functions of public prosecutor are attached, the reform candidate was Mr. Jerome, his Tammany opponent being Mr. Unger. The reformers felt that they would only have achieved a maimed

victory if they elected the rest of their ticket and failed to secure the return of Mr. Jerome, for in that case the administration of the law in New York would still have been in the hands of Tammany. Mr. Jerome made more speeches and worked harder than any other candidate on either side, and it was impossible for even an outsider to be blind to the fact that his candidature was the crucial point in the struggle.

It is difficult to give the English reader an idea of the passionate energy with which the contest was waged down to the very hour at which the polling began. The expenditure on the side of Tammany must have been enormous. Every hoarding in the city bore placards—strikingly handsome and artistic in design—setting forth the merits of Mr. Shepard and invoking the name of Mr. Carnegie on his behalf. For three days before the election an address from Mr. Shepard himself to the electors occupied the most prominent place in every newspaper as a ‘displayed’ advertisement; whilst the wonderful electoral organisation which has so long enabled Tammany to defy its enemies was strained to the uttermost in order to secure another success. On the other side was the great tide of popular enthusiasm, which demanded the abolition of a hateful system and the redress of intolerable wrongs. I am bound to say that the reform party did not leave Tammany to enjoy a monopoly of electioneering lies. One of the arguments used against Mr. Croker was that he was virtually an Englishman, and that to defeat him would be to disappoint the hopes and wishes of England. Most of the newspapers referred to him scornfully as ‘the Squire,’ and one at least went so far as to say that King Edward took a keen interest in his cause and had promised him an earldom if he were successful! On the other hand, Croker himself was most anxious to exploit the anti-English feeling in his own favour, and he accordingly put forth the following declaration to reassure those who believed that he had fallen under the social influences of London and Berkshire: ‘The election of the Democratic candidates will not only be a rebuke to the slanderers of our city, but also an endorsement of the party’s attitude against the tyrannical English Government in its cruel and unholy war against one of our sister Republics.’ In short, poisoned weapons were used on both sides in the mighty duel, though Tammany used them with a freedom and lack of scruple not displayed by the reformers. Everybody now knows the result of the election. It took place on Tuesday, the 5th of November, and it ended in the complete and humiliating overthrow of the band which had so long held New York in a shameful and painful thralldom. When the news was made known, and when the people realised that the reign of Boss Croker was at an end, there was an outburst of popular enthusiasm the like of which I have seldom seen. Bonfires blazed in the streets, horns were blown, banners flew from countless windows,

and men went about everywhere with smiling faces congratulating each other upon a victory for public decency and good government, the full effect of which time alone will reveal. To a stranger, not the least significant sign of the effects of that victory was the fact that the police of New York appeared in the streets after the election with their clubs sheathed instead of carried ostentatiously in the hand, and that they deigned to answer the enquiries addressed to them with an unexpected and unusual civility.

I have culled a sentence from one of Mr. Croker's declarations in which he sought to rouse popular feeling against England on account of the South African War. It would not be correct to state that the result of the election showed the non-existence of hostility to this country in connection with our war. The real issue of the conflict was so much nearer to the personal interests and feelings of the electors of New York than any question of foreign politics, that it naturally overrode every minor consideration. What the present feeling of the American people is concerning the war, I cannot pretend to state authoritatively. Their courtesy to the passing stranger within their gates led those of them with whom I conversed on the subject to speak with gentleness and moderation. That the question had ceased, for the moment at least, to interest that great uninstructed mass of Americans who know nothing but what their daily newspapers choose to tell them, was plainly apparent, and was admitted to me by a leading representative of the Boers, whose acquaintance I made in New York. The war has ceased to interest the public in the United States; they are tired of it, and as they are not compelled, like the people of Great Britain, to follow its fortunes with an ever-growing anxiety, they have ceased to think or speak about it at all. I doubt if even the presence of Mr. Kruger in New York would cause another outburst of popular sympathy with the Boers. But it must not be supposed from this that the best-informed men in the United States do not take a grave view of England's position in South Africa, and of the disastrous effect which that position has upon her fortunes in other directions.

I went from New York to Washington, a city I had long been anxious to see. Nothing can be more striking than the contrast which the political and legislative capital of the Republic presents to its chief commercial city. Even at the risk of repeating a familiar tale, I must state some of the outward impressions which Washington made upon my mind. Congress, of course, was not sitting, but the President and all the members of the government were in residence, and the social season of the capital was beginning. The first idea that Washington conveys to the visitor is that of a garden city. Everywhere fine and spacious boulevards, planted with flourishing trees, seem to radiate to different points of the compass. Numerous squares and open spaces add to the impression that the

city is set in a garden. There are still remaining some of the old wooden houses that struck Dickens and other travellers as being so incongruous in such a place. But they are rapidly disappearing, and their place is being taken by long roads of handsome villas, and by some stately houses which convey a sense of wealth and comfort not less marked than that created by the best part of Fifth Avenue itself. The public buildings would be regarded with admiration in any European capital. The glories of the Capitol have been told so often that they need not be retold here; but the Congressional Library, which faces the Capitol, separated from it only by a wide and umbrageous green, is a unique building that can bear comparison with any modern edifice in the world. Inside, one passes from one gleaming white marble hall to another, until the sense of spaciousness becomes almost bewildering. The great rotunda devoted to readers made me sigh as I thought of the like apartment in the British Museum. The corridors and ante-chambers are decorated by an almost endless series of mural paintings, the work of the most famous artists the American Continent has produced. The true American enterprise and ingenuity have been shown in the application of ingenious mechanical devices to the work of the librarian and his staff. By means of an electrical railway which runs in and out, upstairs and down, from the centre of the rotunda to all parts of the vast building, it is possible for a reader to obtain any book he wants within three and a half minutes of his application for it at the librarian's desk. In the storage rooms there is a perfect classification of the books. But what most surprises and delights the English visitor is the feeling that, whilst the great collection of books which is gathered here is most handsomely housed, there is room for the accumulation of three or four times the number of volumes; so that more than one generation must pass away before any department becomes crowded. There are many features of the building which are novel to the European. Thus, one very richly appointed chamber is devoted to members of the Senate, whilst another and a larger one is reserved for the House of Representatives. One room is given up to the readers of newspapers, including the newspapers of the current day. Another enables any citizen who visits the place to study at his comfort the magazines and periodical publications of the world. Many pages might be devoted to a description of this noble national institution, over which the chief librarian, Mr. Putnam, presides with so much grace and so genuine an enthusiasm; but I must sum up everything by saying that if it were only for the sake of the Congressional Library, Washington ought to be visited by every stranger who lands on the soil of the United States.

The Treasury Building, and the great edifice in which are combined the War and Navy Departments and what corresponds to our

own Foreign Office, need not fear comparison with any public buildings in London, the Houses of Parliament excepted. Everywhere of course within these buildings, as in the Library, the 'elevator' is in constant use, transporting visitors from floor to floor with perfect ease and wonderful celerity. But, after all, to my mind the gem of Washington is not any one of these new and vast erections, but the home of the President, the old and time-honoured White House. I had heard so much said in disparagement of the official residence of the chief of the Republic, that I could hardly believe my eyes when the White House was pointed out to me. It is literally white, and it gleamed like burnished silver in the brilliant November sunshine when I first saw it. Its paramount note is a dignified simplicity. Its like may be found set in the woods and lawns of many an English park. But seldom have I seen such a building more effectively situated than the White House at Washington, with its foreground of lawns and trees, its great conservatory, and its flanking supports of the Treasury and the administrative offices. It looks what it is, not a palace, but the home of a gentleman, the simplicity of which is not devoid of a certain measure of stateliness. I learned with pleasure from the lips of President Roosevelt himself, when I had the honour of being presented to him, that he at least recognises the eminent fitness of his official home for the purpose to which it is dedicated, and that he has no sympathy with the demand of a section of the American public for its enlargement or reconstruction. It has a curious effect upon an Englishman, especially after the tragedy at Buffalo, to see that the only guards about the portals of the White House are a couple of policemen, and that men and women of every degree are free to enter it unquestioned. The public receptions in the East Room, when the President was 'At home' to every citizen who chose to call, and when he spent an hour or more in shaking hands with a long file of undistinguished visitors, have been abandoned during the present Presidency, and there is a strong feeling in Washington against their renewal. But the President is still accessible to any visitor properly introduced, or who can satisfy his watchful secretaries that he has a claim to an audience. In my own case I was received by Mr. Roosevelt immediately before a meeting of his Cabinet, and I had the honour of being introduced to the several ministers in the President's own room. It would be impertinent on my part to give anything like a personal description of the holders of the great Administrative offices in the United States; but at least I may record my impression that, man for man, they will compare not unfavourably with the members of any Cabinet in Europe. The lack of any kind of formality in a private reception at the White House is, to an Englishman, its most striking feature. President Roosevelt's bearing is so frank and hearty, and his intelligence so keen, that no one can meet him without feeling that he is in the

presence of the chosen of the people; but he is hedged in by no restrictions of Court etiquette, and he greets his visitor with the cordial simplicity of a gentleman welcoming a friend.

On ascending the great staircase that leads from the hall to the President's room, the eminent man to whom I was indebted for the honour of presentation drew my attention to the group of reporters gathered on the first landing—a striking proof of the position which the Press holds in the unwritten constitution of the United States. When I was descending the staircase after my visit to the President, I was accosted by these eager gentlemen, who knew absolutely nothing of my identity, with an inquiry as to whether I had anything to tell them regarding my interview with Mr. Roosevelt. This apparently was the common custom of the place, and the Washington newspapers every evening told their readers not only the names of those who had been received by the President during the day, but the errands on which they had seen him, and the result of their visits.

Since Mr. Roosevelt's accession to the Presidency, the White House has been brightened by the presence of a family of young children, and it promises to become the centre of the social life of Washington. The President himself seems to be liked and admired by everybody, including those who are not among his political supporters; and despite the fears expressed by a few as to his alleged impulsiveness of disposition, he seems, so far as an outsider can judge, to be entering on the duties of his great office with every prospect of a successful term. I ought to say at this point that it was touching to hear on all sides the tributes that were borne to the high character and personal magnetism of Mr. McKinley. A lady belonging to the Democratic party had tears in her eyes when she talked to me of the late President's indescribable charm of manner. 'Nobody left his presence,' she said, 'without feeling that he was leaving a friend; he won everybody who came in contact with him.' This tribute to a side of Mr. McKinley's character of which those at a distance knew nothing helps to explain the depth of the grief with which he is still mourned in Washington.

It has been pleasant to indulge in this brief digression concerning some of the external features of Washington—all the more pleasant because I have graver subjects to deal with before completing this article. I should have liked to dwell upon the social side of life in the capital, upon the brilliant and inexhaustible hospitality showered upon the stranger, upon the wonderful interest attaching to the Metropolitan Club, where one seems to meet in friendly and informal intercourse the bearers of most of the famous names in current American history—ministers, generals, admirals, politicians, diplomatists, and men of letters. I should like above all to have touched upon the feeling of most visitors, that Washington is a city

where the best side of cultured American life is to be found, and where the 'almighty dollar,' if it is not less almighty than elsewhere, is at least not obtruded upon one's notice; but I must pause and turn to those questions of politics which it is my business to touch upon in these pages—questions which I had the advantage of discussing with some of the most eminent of American statesmen.

'When is the South African war going to end?' This was the first question addressed to me by the newspaper reporter who boarded our ship before it had reached New York, and from that time forward until I left the country it was always sounding in my ears. To the best of my belief it was hardly in a single instance addressed to me in an unfriendly spirit. As I have already said, the movement of popular feeling in favour of the Boers seems to have died down. It may, of course, be revived again, but for the moment it is dormant. But among the educated classes there is almost as keen an anxiety with regard to the prospect before us in Africa as there is in this country. There is no disposition—at all events, in discussing the question with an Englishman—to adopt a tone of querulous criticism. I talked with many of the most famous soldiers and sailors of the Republic, and there was not one who uttered a disparaging word with regard to our army and its achievements in South Africa. Most of them shrugged their shoulders good-humouredly when I made any reference to the Philippines, and admitted frankly that it did not lie with the United States to twit Great Britain because of the unexpected prolongation of the struggle with the Boers. Not a few of them referred to the termination of their own Civil War, and to the surrender of General Lee whilst he still commanded a large and capable army in the field, because he had convinced himself that conquest was inevitable, and saw that to continue to fight would be to involve the South as well as the North in miseries incalculable. 'General Lee might have kept up a guerilla war for years if he had chosen,' said one of the most distinguished members of the Cabinet to me; 'but he was a noble soul, a statesman as well as a patriot, and so he chose the pain of surrendering to the maintenance of a murderous war *à outrance*. But your Boers have chosen differently, and they seem resolved to fight until they are exterminated rather than accept English domination. I don't think that anything like it was ever seen before. I cannot understand it or explain it; but there it is, and it constitutes a fact of the greatest gravity, not only to England but to the rest of the world.'

And then, my friend, whose name, if I were to give it, would add immense weight to his opinion, went on to utter words of warning so serious in tone, so frank and decided, that I had no alternative but to accept them as a solemn message from the representative of all that is best in the United States to the people of my own country.

He began by an assurance, which was not needed by those who

knew him, that throughout his life he had entertained a desire that was passionate in its intensity for the maintenance of union and goodwill between Great Britain and the United States, and an intuition that all that he had to say was consistent with his personal sympathy with us. *'But I do not think that you in England realise the depth of the feeling that exists outside your own country on the subject of the war, or the extreme gravity of the situation which that feeling has brought into existence. I am not speaking now of American feeling, which is largely on your side; but the more friendly we are to England the more anxious we are to see you extricated from the meshes of the net in which you are now caught. It is terrible to think of the pitifulness of the whole thing, and of the loss which has been suffered by universal humanity, owing to the effacement of England during the past two years, and the consequent absence of her influence on the side of justice and progress.'*

My friend went on to tell me of the almost daily appeals that were being made to the United States Government by the representatives of European Powers to take some step for ending the war. *'Of course we can do nothing. We are powerless; everybody is powerless. It is your own country alone that can solve the problem. The European Powers know that, and when their Ministers make representations to us here, they always declare that they are speaking unofficially, though we know quite well that their Governments are backing them. Does England realise all the gravity of the situation, and the extent of the danger in which this state of foreign feeling involves her? Does she not see how others are gaining by her absorption in South Africa? Would Russia have ever dared to act as she has done in China during the last two years, if she had not known how full your hands were elsewhere? And now you have the Near Eastern question being opened up, whilst you are practically powerless to take any part in its solution.'*

In this fashion and at some length my friend talked to me during an interview that impressed itself most deeply on my mind. I have given his words as accurately as I can from notes made immediately after I left him. Their weight was increased by the tone in which they were uttered, and I knew that I was listening to the voice of one of the truest friends Great Britain has outside her own borders. Not only from this statesman, but from others, I heard emphatic language regarding our duty to ourselves as well as to the world at large; and again and again I was asked why we did not come to a frank discussion with the Boers. No one suggested for a moment that we should yield to the Boer demand for independence, but between independence and absolute subjection there was surely room for negotiations that might bring about the solution which all desire. Naturally, the melancholy disaster at Brakenlaagte, reported early in the month, strengthened the arguments of those who thought that

in our own interests we ought to make peace as soon as possible, provided we maintained our own honour and secured the substantial object we had in view. It was clear that the varying fortunes of the war were followed as closely in Washington as in London. Let it be understood that with very few exceptions everybody to whom I spoke desired the victory of England in the interests of civilisation at large, whilst all recognised and admired the dogged perseverance with which the nation, having set its hand to the plough, was following the rough furrow to the end.

Apart from the absorbing question of the war, the topics of international politics which seemed to have the greatest interest for the American public were the Nicaragua Canal and the so-called American invasion of England. The former was the subject to which the politicians seemed to attach most importance; the second occupied the attention of the man in the street. Only one member of the Cabinet, whom I met in an informal way at a dinner-table, preached, in connection with the question of the Canal, the doctrines of pan-Americanism. He asked me what our Government meant to do with regard to the Canal, and I of course replied that I was not in the secrets of His Majesty's Ministers, though I could not conceive that there was any real obstacle to the settlement of a question of such vital interest to the United States. 'The Government of the United States,' he replied, 'has no secrets to keep. Some senator gets to know everything, and he at once takes the whole country into his confidence. I only hope that you are right in your representation of English opinion on the subject,' and he plainly implied that it would be a serious business if this were not the case. I was not unprepared for this opinion, but I confess I was surprised when this gentleman, holding a position of great responsibility in the Administration, after referring to Cuba and its ultimate destiny, calmly remarked that the United States would eventually have to acquire not only Cuba but the whole of the West Indian islands, including our own possessions there! 'They are of no value to you, and they are of immense political importance to us.' I suggested that he was looking so far ahead and taking so much for granted, that I could not with any advantage continue the discussion, and with a grave nod of assent he allowed it to drop.

But the man in the street, represented by the New York merchants, the newspaper reporters, and the chance travelling companions whom I met, was all alive on the subject of the American invasion of England. John Bull, he thought, was thoroughly scared by the inroads of American competition, and he eagerly demanded some corroboration of this belief of his. I had to reply—to his evident astonishment—that I feared we were not scared enough, and that he must not take the articles in sensational newspapers as representative of the real feeling of England. So far as the masses of the

population were concerned, the only incident of the so-called 'invasion' which seemed to excite them was the attack of the American Tobacco Trust upon London. It was an evident disappointment to most of my interlocutors of this class to find that we were not panic-stricken over the inroads of American commerce and manufactures. No Englishman can visit the United States, however, without feeling that, though there may be no cause for panic, there is very real ground for alarm in the comparison between the industrial position of the two countries. America is just now enjoying a veritable flood-tide of prosperity. Its business and its wealth seem to be increasing by leaps and bounds, and so far from resting satisfied with the golden harvest they are now reaping as the reward of years of enterprise and foresight, the American people appear to be daily extending their boundaries, pushing forward into new territory in search of fresh triumphs, and everywhere displaying the keenness, the ingenuity, and the almost limitless fertility of resource which have enabled them during the last thirty years to make so prodigious an advance in commerce and industry. Our best friends on the other side of the Atlantic make no secret of their conviction that Great Britain, compared with the United States, has fallen into a state of lethargy which, unless it be speedily shaken off, must enable the latter country to leave it hopelessly behind in the race for industrial and commercial prosperity. That we in England are not absolutely blind to this truth is proved by the number of deputations from railway companies and great industrial concerns that have recently visited America in order to study the methods, and, if possible, catch the spirit of our great rivals. But much more than has yet been attempted must be done in this direction if we are not to be beaten in the struggle. No lesson is more forcibly impressed upon my mind than this as the result of my voyage across the Atlantic.

The best people in the United States take a much keener interest in the domestic politics of Great Britain than might be supposed, if one were to judge by the extent to which Englishmen are interested in the internal policy of the Republic. Almost everybody whom I met in New York and Washington, after the inevitable talk about the war, turned to the fortunes of political parties in this country, and more particularly to the fortunes of the Opposition. 'What has come over your Liberal party,' said men who recalled with gratitude the names of Bright and Gladstone, 'that it should have allowed itself to sink into its present state of disunion and impotence? Surely the greatest of all English parties has not fallen never to rise again.' Then followed eager questionings as to the prospects of the next General Election, and the possibility of constructing a new Ministry to replace one which has clearly few friends or admirers on American soil. Lord Salisbury was almost invariably spoken of with respect, though it was urged that he had done his

work and ought now to seek relief from a position the burden of which had become too heavy for him. His colleagues, with the exception of Mr. Chamberlain, were seldom discussed. Not one of them, it was clear, had succeeded in gaining the recognition of Americans. As for Mr. Chamberlain, whatever his vogue in the United States may once have been, it is evident that it is now at an end; his part in connection with our disastrous war has hopelessly estranged the American people from him. But one man's name was on every lip. I heard it alike from the Americans I met on board ship, from the busy men of business 'down town,' from the frequenters of the clubs, and from the statesmen and ministers at Washington. 'What does Lord Rosebery mean? Why does he not come forward and take his proper place in public life? It seems to us Americans that he is the only possible man in the present crisis, and that until he takes up his work again you are in a hopeless condition.' Thus spoke to me one of the ministers I met, and then he added with a regretful smile, 'I suppose that like Garrick

'He cast off his friends as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew, when he pleased, he could whistle them back.'

This was the universal sentiment. It failed to take account of facts which relieve Lord Rosebery of a large share of the responsibility thus attributed to him, for those facts are even less known across the Atlantic than at home; but its strength and universality in a land separated from our own by a thousand leagues of stormy ocean astonished me. I found myself living among ardent Roseberyans, whose confidence in the ex-Premier was not, however, unmingled with a certain degree of regret, and even resentment, because of his prolonged abstinence from that public work which seemed to his friendly critics to be imposed upon him as a personal duty. The announcement made in the New York papers just before I left that he was about to return to the political arena excited everywhere unmistakable interest and pleasure.

I talked with more than one famous soldier and sailor on the question of our Army and the deficiencies in our system of military organisation which the war had revealed. They were lenient critics, and they spoke with respect of the great qualities of our common soldiers, fully appreciating the difficulties with which they had been confronted in South Africa; but there was not one of them who did not maintain that the time had come for a complete reorganisation of our defensive forces. 'The needs of your Empire have outgrown the strength of your Army: it is impossible that you can continue as you are.' Usually some form of compulsory service in the Militia was spoken of as inevitable and necessary. But upon one point there was absolute unanimity: that was as to the importance of making our military service a serious profession, and divorcing it absolutely from rank and wealth. 'Your officer must

live upon his pay if he is to do any good, and must look to his career in the Army for his advancement in life,' was what I heard from many different lips. One small incident which happened to me at Washington threw significant light upon the system in the United States. Through the kindness of a leading Army official, I was made on the day of my arrival a member both of the Metropolitan and the Army and Navy Clubs. This gentleman, when he called upon me to intimate the fact, advised me to use the Metropolitan Club in preference to the other, adding that the Army and Navy Club was the resort of the officers, and that, as they all had to live upon their pay, it was necessarily less luxurious in its appointments and service than the great civilian club. I wonder how a member of our own Guards Club would have received this intimation! Washington was deeply interested, whilst I was there, in the progress of the trial of Admiral Schley, with whom there appeared to be wide-spread sympathy. It was not unnatural that those who were watching this *cause célèbre* should have a good deal to say about the case of Sir Redvers Buller, and the sentiment of all classes was distinctly in favour of the reliever of Ladysmith.

One great question uppermost in the minds of most Englishmen when they think of the United States I must leave without any definite answer. Again and again English newspapers have asked if we are really liked by the American people as a whole, and if we can trust them to be our friends in the unknown future which stretches before both countries. I found some symptoms of the existence of a deep-seated antagonism to Great Britain in certain quarters. Whilst I was in New York this feeling found open and almost violent expression in the shape of protests against a speech made at the dinner of the British Schools and Universities Club by General Brooke, of the United States Army, on the occasion of the King's birthday. 'England has never conquered any country but for that country's good,' said General Brooke on the occasion in question, and his statement was loudly and hotly contested by a certain number of American citizens. I had marked their speeches for quotation here, but on full consideration I refrain from giving them, partly because these speakers were men absolutely unknown in England, and presumably of small importance in the United States, and partly because it would be unfair to regard such utterances as typical of American opinion. What I can positively affirm from my own experience, such as it was, is that whilst no one can safely generalise regarding a nation so vast, so strangely mixed and so heterogeneous as that of the United States, the overwhelming majority of the men of light and leading, both in Washington and New York, are not merely passively but actively friendly to Great Britain. The sentiment of Imperialism, which is now so powerful in both political parties in the United States, though it is not absolutely without its dangers, so far as the relations of the two countries are

concerned, has had a distinctly beneficial influence upon American feeling towards England, and has made men realise the fact that both the interests and the perils of the two countries are to a large extent identical. Moreover, the story of the Spanish War has certainly not been forgotten. It was pleasant for an Englishman to hear the most famous of all the officers who took part in that conflict pause in the midst of a glowing narrative of a decisive battle to say, 'It was there that you English came in. You were our friends, and we had no others.' It is impossible to suppose that this sense of gratitude is exceptional or ephemeral; its existence, indeed, was proved by almost all that I heard from the many eminent Americans whom it was my good fortune to meet.

I left Washington, the city of pleasant gardens, wide boulevards, and noble buildings, deeply impressed by the fact that I was quitting the spot where, in days in which the present generation will have no part, the policy of one of the greatest States the world has ever known will be fought out and finally settled for weal or woe; and with a grateful heart I recognised not only the exuberant hospitality but the unfeigned kindness of spirit which all whom I met seemed prepared to show to the visitor from the mother country.

Landing in Liverpool from that wonderful triumph of naval architecture, the *Oceanic*, unquestionably the finest vessel now afloat, I found that the Nicaragua Canal Treaty had just been signed by Mr. Hay and Lord Pauncefoot, and that thus one possible cause of difference between the two countries had been removed. I found also that no marked change had occurred in the political situation during the month. Lord Salisbury's speech at the Guildhall—upon which the American Press had poured ridicule—had certainly not excited the enthusiasm of his followers in this country; nor, on the other hand, was there any sign that the views of Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman and his colleagues had become more acceptable to the bulk of the electors. But since my return I have seen a public confirmation of the warning addressed to me at Washington, as to the gravity of the situation, in the fierce outburst of Anglophobia in Germany caused by Mr. Chamberlain's unfortunate utterances. The 'Near Eastern question' to which the American statesman referred has for the moment become dormant again; but it is only too clear that the perils by which we are surrounded, arising from the ill-will of our Continental neighbours, have certainly not become less serious during the past month. Never has our country stood in greater need of the highest statesmanship, the finest diplomatic tact, the strongest nerve and the clearest foresight on the part of those who have to steer the vessel of the State through waters more stormy and fog-enshrouded than those of the Atlantic itself.

OUR UNDISCIPLINED BRAINS— THE WAR-TEST

WHATEVER the political or moral standpoint from which we regard the war, unhappily not yet concluded, in South Africa, no one will be found to dispute the fact that the struggle has been one of the severest ordeals through which the British nation has ever passed. It has been an ordeal, in the ancient sense of the word, of the chief of those qualities, the presence or absence of which constitute the strength or weakness of nations as well as of individuals. No war has ever been waged which has demanded greater individual patriotism or greater personal courage in those who have taken part in it. No public spirit could well be nobler than that which has prompted tens of thousands of men, leading in many cases pleasant and luxurious lives at home, to take ship to another hemisphere and there expose themselves to the probabilities of life-long disablement or an early death. Amidst streams of obloquy and storms of abuse, the British nation has been called upon to perform a task of which the difficulties were so great that our foes, declaring them to be insuperable, confidently believed that the doom of the British Empire was at hand. On the great qualities which have illumined the dark pages of this struggle it is unnecessary to dwell. They are the credentials of an imperial race, credentials the validity of which even the most calumnious of our foes have at length been compelled to recognise.

And yet, great as our satisfaction may well be at having risen superior to the trials of this war, it would be sheer folly not to recognise that there is another side to the picture, and that our failures have been even greater and more surprising than our successes. The very admiration of the virtues which appeal to us so strongly as a nation and flatter our pride of race may be the source of the greatest public danger, by instilling a false notion of security, and by creating a complete misapprehension of the actual conditions on which alone our national life can continue to exist. All history teaches that no qualities of valour, self-sacrifice, or energy, however resplendent, are in themselves adequate to secure the continued freedom of an individual or a nation, unless there be also the intellectual

capacity sufficient to give these qualities their proper objective and direction. And at no time has the truth of this been more apparent than in the present age.

The modern world belongs in a peculiar degree to the powers of the brain—to the student, the thinker, and the strategist. It is by their capacity for the logical adaptation of means to ends that nations rise or fall. The present war has been a test not only of the physical qualities, but of the intellectual capacity of the British nation. If, morally speaking, while deeply deploring the terrible sufferings entailed, we are conscientiously convinced that the war was inevitable and not of our seeking; if, physically and morally, we can look back with pride on the achievements of our soldiers and sailors, from an intellectual point of view the war is calculated to fill us with a sense of the profoundest dissatisfaction. If we have escaped from grave peril, we owe it, not to the higher powers of the mind, to foresight, calculation or practical wisdom, but, under Providence, to an almost unparalleled outburst of physical energy, to a vast and reckless expenditure, to the generous sympathy of our kinsmen beyond the sea. Politically speaking, the contest has been one between a giant and a pigmy. And yet no life-and-death struggle against one of the first-class Powers of Europe could have cost us more precious blood than that which has been shed in reducing a country of 300,000 inhabitants. The treasure spent on the task has far exceeded that which we found sufficient to deliver Europe from the yoke of a Napoleon. What we looked upon as a mere pebble in our path has all but sufficed to shatter the wheels of our Empire. No political fervour or shouting mobs can serve to cloak this fact.

By universal admission, by the candid criticisms of the most competent witnesses friendly to our cause as well as the malevolent testimony of our enemies, the war in South Africa has brought to light a state of things which, as a whole, is most discreditable to our intellectual status as a nation. At the present moment we still stand where we stood at the beginning of the war, untrained, unorganised, trammelled with the false conceptions and standards of the past; the same in every particular save the consciousness, which has, it is to be hoped, permeated all classes of the population, that we have committed colossal mistakes, that our Empire has escaped destruction by a hair's breadth, and that, unless we reform our methods, we are courting certain disaster in the future. The responsibility for the misfortunes which so lately turned England into a house of mourning was, no doubt, in large measure, a national one. In this war, as in all human events, the *damnosa hereditas* of the past has claimed its tragic sacrifice. A prolonged course of Colonial administration, feeble and vacillating, ignorant of the present and careless of the future, has found its expiation in the loss of thousands of young

and gallant lives. But the sense of a general and collective responsibility for national shortcomings formed but an insignificant part of the load of humiliation and abasement which oppressed the minds of our countrymen when every mail brought fresh tidings of disaster.

As a nation we have never been slow to make the most ample allowances for, and to find some consolation in, the natural inefficiency of our political institutions for the conduct of enterprises in which unity of design and execution are requisite. The real sting of our reverses lay, first and foremost, in the gradual realisation of a fact which it may with truth be said we have never before in the whole of our national history been called upon to face—namely, the sense of personal inferiority to our opponents in all that constitutes mental and intellectual capacity. We were surprised and mortified to find that in a small community, consisting, as we had been led to suppose, of rude and boorish peasants, there were to be found mental capacity and scientific skill equal, if not superior, to anything which the best military schools of England have been capable of producing.

Among the experiences of the war none has been more incontrovertible or painful than the extraordinary want among our junior officers, not only of scientific knowledge, but even of common sense. No adequate explanation of the characteristics displayed with such fatal consistency by a large number of our officers is to be found in mere deficiency of technical training. The absence of such training has proved no obstacle to the display on the part of our adversaries of the very qualities most wanting on our own side. Moreover, caution, shrewdness, and judgment are human qualities of which the military profession has no monopoly. They are the natural fruit of thoughtfulness and habits of observation, and their absence can only spring from some radical defect in the constitution of the mind. A certain recklessness and want of thought has long been considered by foreign observers to be one of the most marked features in the English temperament. In Germany the popular conception of an Englishman has for several generations included some touch of craziness and irresponsibility, and these qualities have even extorted a large degree of respect when found in conjunction with power and success. The rising jealousy of a rival nationality has unfortunately in recent times imparted a darker tinge to such popular conceptions, and has too often turned a feeling hovering between deference and amusement into one of active hostility.

Amongst the learned in Germany there has always existed a rooted disbelief in the scientific attainments of Englishmen and in their capacity for applying themselves to any given subject with that laborious and microscopic intensity which is so characteristic of the Germans themselves. Still less have our neighbours been disposed

to credit us with that profound knowledge of military matters by which they have raised modern warfare to the level of a fine art. The innate rottenness of the British Army, its deficiency in that intellectual light and leading which is at once the most refined and the most awe-inspiring feature of modern warfare, has long been an accepted belief amongst our neighbours. To a great extent, no doubt, the thoughtlessness and *insouciance* of the British officer is to be explained by social causes. By many young Englishmen the military life which they look forward to entering has never been regarded in the light of a serious profession, or indeed as a profession at all. If we compare the English with the German officer, we cannot fail to be struck with the great difference in the degree of moral intensity in their respective conceptions of the duties which they have undertaken. Allowing for notable exceptions which may be said to prove the rule, it is practically the distinction existing between the amateur and the professional, the sportsman and the soldier.

Nor is this great difference of view difficult to account for. In either case the conception of military life is the direct and necessary outcome of the political and social development of the people. To the man ignorant of the history of Germany and unconscious of the tremendous forces to which her military system owes its birth, the grim rigour of German military life remains an enigma, as great an enigma as to the average German appears our own *laissez-aller* system, which leaves the vital interests of the country to be the sport of political expediency and official incompetence. In each country the present condition of things is the natural result of definite causes. The German, who, with an affectation of profundity, gibes at English laxity, and the Englishman, who, secure in his fool's paradise, can find no excuse for German severity, show equal ignorance. Unfortunately for the peace of the world the two conceptions of military duties, though equally intelligible from an historical point of view, are, under the actual condition of things, not equally reasonable or defensible. The present political state of Europe, which has proved our own carelessness to be dangerous and suicidal, has confirmed the wisdom of German thoroughness. The exceptional prosperity and security which we have for so many centuries enjoyed have blinded us to the demands of the age.

The enormous advance of science has practically shifted the centre of civilised life and has changed its very conception. Literature, art, manners, the various refinements of social intercourse, are no longer the only or indeed the chief characteristics which distinguish the civilised from the uncivilised man; nor is it in these, even when combined with natural gallantry and valour in the field, that the actual power of a modern nation can be said chiefly to reside. A

want of science and method in a nation is practically a state of savagery which must necessarily succumb in the long run to the new civilisation of scientific and technical attainment. If we deliberately choose to take our stand on mere physical excellence, on innate intelligence, on the untrained gifts of the natural man, our position is precisely that of the untutored native of the American prairie or African jungle, who with bow and arrow sets himself to resist the advent of a new race. An indifference, or positive aversion to the modern scientific spirit is all the more dangerous when, as in England, such aversion is specially characteristic of the aristocratic and ruling classes of the country. A dislike of detail and accuracy, an impatience of precision in statement as savouring of priggishness and punctiliousness, a careless disbelief in the value of research, a readiness to sink the professional in the amateur, the soldier in the civilian, are all typical of this attitude of mind. To know more than other people, if those people be our daily companions and comrades, comes to be regarded as treason to that spirit of good-fellowship, which, it is felt, ought to prevail among men equally careless and equally ignorant, a treason to be punished by unpopularity and dislike. A silent contempt, or at least disregard, of knowledge and high scientific attainment may be considered as one of the keynotes of the military spirit.

The practical results of such a spirit may be illustrated by an anecdote, which, incredible as it may appear, is quite authentic. Not very long ago an officer, A.D.C. to the general then in command of the British forces in Egypt, had been ordered to engage a train for the conveyance of troops from Cairo to the camp at Abbasieh, which lies about two miles north-east of that city. With this view he went to the Cairo terminus of the railway to Helouan, a station about seventeen miles south of Cairo, and, coming across an English civil official, begged him, as he was himself ignorant of Arabic, to request the local stationmaster to make arrangements for the transport of a certain number of men to Helouan. After complying with the request, it occurred to the official in question to inquire whether manœuvres were going on at Helouan. The A.D.C. looked blank, stared, and at last exclaimed: 'Oh! but I thought *this* was the station for Abbasieh.'

Such stories would be more amusing if they were merely isolated instances of stupidity. Unfortunately they are typical of a not uncommon class of mind, which, confident in itself, and ready to command, is yet absolutely untrained in habits of thought and observation. The mistake in question would have involved the entrainment of troops to a point half a day's march distant from the place where they were required. That the closest connection ought to subsist between the mental intelligence of a country and its military organisation is a conception which has hardly dawned upon us. For an un-

military nation like ourselves it requires, no doubt, an effort to realise that the scientific calculation and technical knowledge necessary for the perfecting of a modern army form part and parcel of the intellectual life of a nation, that military incapacity means mental incapacity, and that there can be no better test of the practical intelligence of a nation than the conduct of a campaign. The course of our political development has inevitably tended to produce a real, though unconscious, antagonism between military ideas and associations on the one hand and the intellectual life of the student and the thinker on the other. We hardly recognise indeed that there can be anything in common between the learned professions and the military life. Proud as we are of military success and of the national power which it represents, there has always been a tendency to regard the army as something apart from the nation itself, if not as a positive evil and a standing menace to civil liberty. Of that development of the military idea which has in all great Continental States made the people and the army almost convertible terms, and which has placed the very highest intellectual power in the country at the service of the combatant forces, we practically know nothing. No inconsistency in the English national character strikes the foreigner more than our bestowal of lavish praises in times of emergency upon a force which in times of peace we regard as almost beyond the pale of intellectual and social sympathy. It is this spirit which lies at the root of our military incapacity and our military disasters. No modern army can hope to be efficient which is not based on the intelligence as well as on the pride of a people. Continental militarism, whatever its evils, at least forms part of the national life and vigour. Its force and intelligence is not that of a caste or section, but of the people at large. It has created a community of interest such as never existed before between the military and the intellectual life of the country. The soldier and the civilian, whatever the external distinctions that may divide them, are animated by one and the same spirit of order, method, and science. Universal schooling on the one hand, and universal conscription on the other, are the two pillars on which the most powerful State of Europe is raised. The most military State in the world is at the same time the most intellectual one. 'It is the Prussian schoolmaster who has defeated us,' remarked a distinguished Austrian general in the war of 1866 to one of the victors. It was from an intellectual point of view, as a masterpiece of scientific calculation and precision, that the Franco-German campaign of 1870 is chiefly entitled to the admiration of the world, and this campaign was practically the work of one man who united within himself all the best attributes of the student and the soldier.

The first step in finding a cure for those defects which the present campaign in South Africa has brought into such sharp relief is

to recognise the fact that the real root of the evil does not lie in the condition of what is called military education, but in a general deficiency in the mental training of the English youth at large. The want of intelligence and intellectual fibre among our young officers, which is evident even to ourselves, and is still more so to the highly-trained officers of the Continent, is not a phenomenon peculiar to the army, nor does it originate there, though it is, no doubt, very largely encouraged and fostered by the prevailing ideas of army life. The whole conception, indeed, of military education as something essentially distinct and separate from general education is a radically false one. The standards of military training in any given country, so far as they require any appreciable degree of mental intelligence, must necessarily depend on the existing standards of public education. They may sink below the general level; they can never rise above it. Much that at the present time goes by the name of military preparation, or military examination, is not in any real sense military at all, it is at best but a futile attempt to graft a modicum of technical knowledge on a neglected general education. For us the vital question is far less what particular things, whether on the classical or modern side, our future young officers are learning at school, than whether they are in any real sense receiving any education at all; whether the subjects which they are professedly studying are taught and learnt in such a way as to tend in any appreciable degree to awaken thought, to develop the powers of observation and reasoning, or to train those habits of industry and concentration which ought to be regarded as an essential condition of any position of command.

Vain and unprofitable are our discussions as to what particular curriculum, or what subjects of examination are most fitted for a military career, if, in the preliminary school course none of the subjects of study ever serve as a whetstone for the unset mind, if they never teach the brain to feel and use its own inherent faculties. In all forms of English education at the present day, in the highest as well as in the lowest, we find the same neglect of the reflective, reasoning, and productive powers of the mind, the same tendency to diffusion and superficial absorption. Even our Universities, by their neglect of original research and of the principle of individual creative work, by which, as in German Universities, every serious student is under obligation to contribute at least some particle to the sum of knowledge, have set a standard by which the powers of the human brain are appraised far less by its original and constructive capabilities than by its faculty of absorption and assimilation. In the popular conception, in which memory stands for mind, repetition for intellect, to know a little about many things and nothing well, to be what is called well-informed, but to have no data for your information, has almost come

to be regarded as the highest aim of all education. Much, too, has been done by our system of examination to produce that class of mind which, while ready and eager to dip into a hundred books on subjects sundered as the poles, is yet constitutionally incapable of stating a fact, of weighing an argument, or drawing an inference.

It is, however, not with our Universities, or with popular conceptions of education, that we are now more immediately concerned, but with those great institutions known by the name of public schools, to whom the education of our ruling classes is committed. It is these which must be held responsible for the initial stages of our military as well as of our general education. How far can the average instruction given at these schools—and it is the average not the abnormal result, the rule not the exception, that we are dealing with—conduce to the awakening of practical intelligence, and herein more especially to the development of logical thought and logical expression? No English observer who has opportunities of studying the youth of foreign lands as well as that of his own country can fail to observe that one of the most striking characteristics of the English as compared with the foreign boy is his peculiar distaste for consecutive thought or speech, his positive aversion on the one hand to any mental process, and on the other to the articulate expression of any such process. We are admittedly a silent nation and averse to reveal the current of our thoughts, and, so far as this reserve arises from an inward conviction of the uselessness of words in themselves, it is, no doubt, an excellent quality, yet youth at least is not the time nor is school the place for fostering by sheer want of mental discipline a characteristic which is due quite as often to mere intellectual sluggishness as to constitutional reserve.

It has often been pointed out that the aim of all education should be not so much to store the mind with any particular kind of knowledge as to train it in the habits and methods essential to the acquisition of knowledge in general. Not that any real distinction can be drawn between these two ends, for they are, in the nature of things, inseparable. Yet if, for the sake of argument, we may call a system one-sided which aims at accomplishing one or other of these objects, what can we say of a system which fails to achieve either? Can we claim that the bulk of our education in public schools either fills the mind with actual information or fashions it into an instrument for the acquisition of future knowledge? We are, as a rule, quite resigned to the fact that the actual attainments of an average youth should, after a long course of schooling, be of so indirect and insignificant a nature as virtually to form no preparation for the practical needs of his future profession. Let us at least strengthen the things that remain and cultivate in him the habits which tend to the acquisition of future knowledge. And among these habits the chief

and foremost is the independent use of the mind, for which no substitute can be found either in quickness of perception or in the imaginative faculty, in critical acumen as applied to words, or in literary taste. All these may exist where the power of induction, of comparison, of judgment and origination are dormant or non-existent. If it be admitted that knowledge is not in any real sense knowledge at all unless it be acquired to some extent at least by a process of independent reasoning, and that there can be no test of knowledge but the faculty of producing such knowledge independently, of independently traversing the successive stages of thought and oral expression by which any particular fact becomes intelligible to the human mind, what are we to say of the educative value of an average school training? Can it be truthfully affirmed that nine-tenths of the work has any but an indirect effect on the development of individual thought, reason, or power of expression?

The truest and weightiest charge against a so-called classical education is not that it is unpractical, as dealing more with the past than the present, but that, as at present understood and conducted, it covers with its great authority a wide-spread system of stagnation. A stimulus and incentive to the bright and intelligent, to whom it is only a stage in the course of their mental development, it ties the careless and indolent with triple bonds of ignorance and indifference. Things that might become, as all things may become, the means of awakening thought and exercising the reason prove a permanent bar to all intellectual progress. Even under the best of conditions, when work is work and not a mere pretence, much of our school-time is spent in acquiring the mere nomenclature, the signs and symbols of knowledge. Beyond this stage thousands of young minds never pass at all. The youth whose horizon we bound by gradus and dictionary, whose view we obscure with the tangled growth of verbs and particles, of accents and quantities, mingled with realistic incidents in the lives of gods and goddesses, reach the end of their school-life without having obtained anything but the haziest conception of the life and works of any one of the poets, statesmen, historians, or philosophers whose works they have for years been professedly studying.

What are the conceptions which an average middle-form boy in one of our schools has of Cæsar? Is Cæsar anything to him but the mere name of a school-book which contains a certain number of uninteresting facts conveyed in more or less unintelligible language, and which he associates principally with construing and parsing, and a general atmosphere of ink? Has one boy in fifty any clear notion at all of Cæsar as a man, a statesman, or a general? Has he ever been called upon to use his own wits and his own research, and by ways which are intelligible to him, independently of his knowledge of Latin, to find out who Cæsar really was, and to

express the results of his research in connected and intelligible English? Such demands may, indeed, have been made upon him; he may have been expected to think, to search, to compare, to express; but, if so, he is the fortunate exception, not the rule. And yet there is no exaggeration in saying that, given discipline, industry, and attention—and that is, no doubt, a very large reservation to make—a class of boys, if thrown upon its own resources and called upon to use the natural faculty of thought, could gain a more definite and permanent conception of Cæsar in one week than under present methods they acquire in many years, if indeed they acquire it at all. How many young minds to whom, in spite of the best and ablest teaching, the verbal difficulties, or the peculiar style, of a Latin or Greek author must for ever remain a mystery, are ever called upon to exercise their native wit in constructing a map of the campaigns of an Alexander or a Germanicus, or have but the vaguest conception of the country over which their campaigns were fought? Yet it is these things which appeal to the understanding and the reason, which compel the mind to think and bring out whatever stores it may contain, or at least to realise how bare and scanty is the furniture within it.

To discuss the various reasons why the very subjects which are most essential to true education are the most neglected would require an investigation into the whole system of public-school education. The main explanation lies, as any schoolmaster who has considered the subject is aware, in the fact that the systems and methods which are most calculated to educate the reasoning powers and the faculty of expression are just those which, under present conditions, are least adapted for school purposes, and which, while recognised as ideally desirable, can only be rendered practicable by the creation of higher standards of earnestness, industry, and discipline. It is only by rising to new conceptions that we can hope to effect a reform in a state of things which is rooted in the traditions of the past. No change is possible where wealth or position is allowed to paralyse the nerve of effort, or where, on the foolish plea that by free will in such matters the 'character' is strengthened, work or play is allowed practically to become a matter of individual choice. The very conception of a public-school education which systematically, and from the very commencement, compels the learner not only to absorb but independently to reproduce, not merely to translate but to originate, is at present so little realised that the aids and helps for rendering such a system practicable are almost wanting.

The principle of independent thought and self-production which we so largely ignore is one of the most cherished principles of German education. We see its recognition in the admirable history lessons of German public schools, in which the schoolboy

is taught to reproduce in his own words, and in the presence of the whole class, the facts and arguments which he has previously heard from the lips of the teacher. The same principle is seen in the work of the Seminar at German Universities which forms the essential complement of every course of lectures, and in which the thorough comprehension and mastery of that which has, in more general terms, been treated in the lecture are assured by exhaustive discussion. We see it further, and in its most complete form, in what may be considered as one of the principal distinctions existing between English and German Universities—namely, in the obligation incumbent on every German student at a good University to write a dissertation on some subject connected with his principal line of study, and thus give, for the first time, a public proof of his powers of thought and expression. It is this principle, lastly, through which alone we can hope for the intellectual regeneration of our public schools, and herein of our military education.

A question which affects the mental training of tens of thousands of the rank and file of the English youth, on which absolutely depends their capacity for doing good service to the Empire, whether in peace or war, cannot be regarded as of mere academical importance. It is, on the contrary, one which, in its very nature, transcends, and is antecedent to, all so-called educational problems of the day, for it deals with those essential laws of the human mind which alone render education possible.

CHARLES COPLAND PERRY.

MARRIAGE AND MODERN CIVILISATION

WHEN I was an undergraduate at Cambridge it was my good fortune to attend the lectures of the late Master of Trinity, Dr. Thompson (then Regius Professor of Greek), on some of the Platonic Dialogues. And I remember well certain remarks of his, in his usual vein of cultured irony, about the great benefit which the world might derive from a return to the Socratic method of search for accurate definition. 'Probably one-half of the most important words employed in the newspapers or in Parliament,' he observed, 'are question-begging; they are words without knowledge, serving merely to darken counsel. If you want to arrive at intelligible issues—not to say conclusions—in any discussion,' he added, 'begin by settling the meaning of the chief terms you are going to use.' I intend to follow this advice upon the present occasion. By civilisation, then, I understand that ordered social state which rests upon the exercise of the faculty proper to man, and which is man's *natural* state. For man is what Aristotle called him two thousand years ago, 'a political animal.' He is found only in civil society. The extra-social man of Rousseau's speculations is fabulous. Such a being—to quote Aristotle again—would be either a wild beast or a god. The phrase 'civilised man' is just as much a pleonasm as the phrase 'free will.' The endowment of will implies some amount of freedom, however limited and conditioned. And man as we know him in the present, and as history reveals him in the past, is found only in civil society, which implies some degree—a very low degree, it may be—of civilisation. Man is a gregarious animal. In living in community we merely obey a law of our being, just as bees and ants do. Human society is marked off from the societies of bees and ants by this—that it always is, and must be, civilised, and that they never are or can be.

That is the impassable gulf between aggregations of human and of other animals. What is the cause of it? The cause resides in the essential difference between man and other animals. Which difference I hold to be that while other animals possess, in common with us, sensuous experience, and a power of associating that experience by an exercise of memory and of expectant imagination, they do not attain to intellection, and are still further removed from the appre-

hension of general concepts, abstract ideas, universals, which is the special characteristic of reason and the distinctive attribute of man. Man, and man alone, is *animal rationale*. Here, risking the reproach of dogmatism, I must confine myself to stating what I hold on this subject. But I may be permitted to refer any of my readers desiring to know the grounds upon which I hold it, to the second chapter of my *First Principles in Politics*. My point is that, as a matter of fact, the lower animals live under the law of instinct only, and exhibit no capacity for a higher law; while men live not only under the law of instinct, but also under the law of reason, which means civilisation. It is on rational thought, represented by verbal language, that civilisation rests.

And therefore, as it appears to me, there are no human communities, however simple their polity, however rude their industrial arts, however inchoate their ethics, which can properly be described as uncivilised. When someone spoke of the Zulus—it was just after Dr. Colenso had published his Pentateuchal speculations—as uncivilised, Lord Beaconsfield protested, ‘No, no, don’t call them uncivilised; they defeat our generals, they outwit our diplomatists, and they convert our bishops.’ The endowments by virtue of which the Zulus performed those feats are possessed, in greater or less degree, by every nation, tribe and people; and they are the outcome of that faculty of reason wherein man consists.

So much as to the word ‘civilisation.’ But the word ‘modern’ also requires a little consideration. The late Pope Pius IX., in his once famous *Syllabus*, a document foolishly vaunted by his adulators as immortal, and, with equal unreason, vilified by his adversaries as immoral, noted as an error the proposition that the Roman Pontiff should come to terms with ‘modern civilisation’ (*recens civilitas*). What Pius IX. meant by ‘modern’ in that Index Raisoné to his condemnations, I do not know, as I have not read the Allocution from which it is taken. But I am quite sure that he did not attach to the word the sense which it here bears. I mean by ‘modern’ conterminous with the Christian era, and by ‘modern civilisation’ that ordering of society in the Western world which arose under the influence of Christianity, and into which we have been born. This civilisation differs in very important respects from the other civilisations which the world has known, because its root idea is different. Of course it is not identical with Christianity, and never has been. But, unquestionably, it was largely made and moulded by Christianity. The Christian ethos was, to borrow an Evangelical similitude, the leaven which, more than anything else, wrought a great transforma-

¹ ‘Ia.’ Whether our race has always exercised the faculty of reason is a large question, which I do not here discuss. Kant thought not. He was of opinion that ‘man was not always *animal rationale*, but was once merely *animal rationabile*, possessing the germ whence reason developed.’

tion—we might say a moral revolution—in that old Roman world into which it was cast, and produced the most distinctive endowments of the new society. But every moral revolution which has taken place in the world, and which has changed it, for better or for worse, is the manifestation of an idea. What is the idea peculiar to modern civilisation ?

Hegel replies that it is the idea of human personality. 'Entire quarters of the globe,' he tells us, 'Africa and the East, have never had, and do not now possess, this idea. The Greeks and Romans, Plato, and Aristotle, and the Stoics had it not. It came into the world through Christ.' Whether or no we may go so far as this, certain it is that in modern civilisation personality bears a new significance, which is derived from Christianity. 'A person is a man endowed with a civil status' (*civili statu præditus*) was the definition of Latin jurisprudence. And this was the conception of personality which Christianity found in the Roman Empire, and transformed. Far other was its teaching as to personality. Christianity revealed human nature to itself, exhibiting man as self-conscious, self-determined, morally responsible; as by his very nature invested with rights inalienable and imprescriptible, and encompassed with correlative duties; as lord of himself in the sacred domain of conscience, and accountable there only to Him whose perpetual witness conscience is. This was, in fact, a new principle of individuality. The individual of the later Roman jurisprudence was the citizen, just as the individual among the Germanic invaders of the decadent Empire was the member of the tribe. Slaves were regarded as mere things. Christianity vindicated the moral and spiritual freedom of men as men, proclaimed their universal brotherhood, and insisted that before their Creator and Judge, rich and poor, bond and free, meet together in the essential equivalence of human personality. Victor Hugo's picturesque saying is literally true—truer even than he realised: 'The first Tree of Liberty was that Cross on which Jesus Christ offered Himself in sacrifice for the liberty, equality and fraternity of mankind.'

So much as to the root idea of modern civilisation: the idea of differentiating it from all other civilisations: the idea of human personality. 'Tu homo, tantum nomen si te scias' ('How great, O man, is the name thou bearest, if thou only knewest!') said St. Augustine. But by this revelation of the dignity of human nature—I might say the sanctity, *homo res sacra homini*—the weaker half of humanity benefited far more than the stronger half. The proclamation of the spiritual equality of woman with man in the new order—'In Jesus Christ there is neither male nor female'—notwithstanding her natural subjection to him economically, brought about what may well appear the most wonderful part of the great change due to the influence of Christianity. The estate of woman in the Roman

Empire has been pithily expressed by one of the most recent, and not the least authoritative, of its historians. 'She was degraded in her social condition,' writes Merivale, 'because she was deemed unworthy of moral consideration; and her moral consideration, again, sank lower and lower precisely because her social condition was so degraded.' Among the Jews—and we must never forget that Christianity first came before the world as a Jewish sect—her place was no higher; indeed it was lower. Divorce was practised by the Hebrews to an extent unknown even in the lowest decadence of imperial Rome. The text in Deuteronomy authorising a man to put away his wife if he found in her some blemish (*aliquam foeditatem*, as the Vulgate has it) was interpreted most liberally by the Rabbis. Any cause of offence was sufficient, according to Hillel: for example, if a woman let the broth burn; and Akiva lays it down that a man might give his wife a bill of divorcement if he could find a better-looking spouse. Polygamy, too, was at the least tolerated, if it was not largely practised; indeed, it still survives among the Jews of the East, and did not disappear among those dwelling in the West until the prohibitory law of Rabbi Gershom ben Jehudah was passed in the Synod of Worms (A.D. 1020).

But Christianity did more than merely vindicate the personality of woman. It protected her personality by what a learned writer has well called 'the new creation of marriage.' There are few things in history more astonishing—we may say, in the strictest sense, miraculous—than the fact, for fact it is, that a few words spoken in Syria two thousand years ago by a Jewish peasant, 'despised and rejected of men,' brought about this vast change, which has wrought so much to purify and ennoble modern civilisation; surely an emphatic testimony to the truth of the Evangelist's assertion: 'He knew what was in man.' De Wette remarks, with his usual judiciousness: 'Christ grounds wedlock on the original interdependence (*Zusammengehörigkeit*) of the two sexes, established by God, and lays it down that as one cannot exist without the other, the inseparability of their union should follow. This union is, indeed, the work of man; but it takes place, and ever should take place, through an inner tendency (*Drang*), proceeding from the original interdependence of the sexes, through love. The separation, on the other hand, . . . [of those who thus come together] takes place through human arbitrariness (*Willkür*), or through lusts and passions, which unfairly or inconsistently annul what was ordained in conformity with the original law of Nature' ('was dem ursprünglichen Naturgesetze gemäss gestiftet war').

This is the Magna Charta of woman in modern civilisation: this lifelong union of two equal personalities; this gift of one woman to one man as *adjutorium simile sibi*, a help like unto him—not like to like but like to difference; a union, a gift, consecrated by religion and made holy matrimony. But, I may observe in passing,

Christianity did even more than this to secure the position of feminine humanity in that new order of society which it was to mould. Soon—how soon the Catacombs bear witness—the type of womanhood idealised in the Virgin Mother assumed a prominent place in the devotions of the faithful; and as this idea germinated in the Christian consciousness, Mary received a worship inferior only to that offered to her Son. The conception presented by the Madonna would have been foolishness to the antique Greeks, and Romans too. It was a stumbling-block to the Jews, contemptuous of the daughters of her who figures so poorly in the account received by them 'of man's first disobedience and the fruit of that forbidden tree.' The Christian Church, from the earliest times, delighted to think of Mary as the second Eve, who had undone the work of the first, and had brought life instead of death into the world, *mutans Evæ nomen*; changing the name of the temptress into the 'Ave' of the angelic salutation. And when a thousand years had passed away, and chivalry arose, the 'all but adoring love' of Christians for her powerfully stimulated the quasi-religious veneration paid in the Middle Ages to the graces of feminine nature, a veneration which, striking a note before unheard in the world, has inspired the highest poetry of modern civilisation. Such was the influence exercised on the place of her sex in the new order of society by 'the Mother of fair love, and fear, and knowledge, and holy hope.' 'Born of a woman' is the true account of the modern home, with its refined and elevating influences. That is the characteristic specially marking off the Christian family from the other families of the earth. It is founded on woman, not on man.

We must, however, remember that the conception of matrimony, which was so powerfully to affect modern civilisation—for that is my immediate theme—was not fully and firmly established for centuries. Lotze excellently observes: 'The relation of Christianity towards the external condition of mankind was not that of a disturbing and subversive force. But it deprived evil of all justification for permanent continuance . . . when the spirit of Christian faith made itself felt in the relations of life.' The Church at the beginning accepted, generally, the marriage customs prevailing in the Roman Empire. The Christian bride, like her pagan sisters, wore the long white robe with the purple fringe, the yellow veil, the girdle which the bridegroom was to unloose. The ring, the coronation—still retained in the Eastern Church—the joining of hands, continued to beautify the nuptial rite for the votaries of the new faith. But for them it was hallowed by a prayer of benediction, offered by a bishop or priest; and, sometimes, by the Eucharistic Sacrifice. Again, the Church, like the Roman legists, recognises the essence of marriage as residing in the free consent of the man and woman contracting it. But from the first she regarded it as something more than a

contract—as a state of life divinely ordained for ends of the natural order, but hallowed by a supernatural significance into an august mystery of religion. And therefore she utterly rejected the view which she found prevalent in the Roman Empire, that, as it had been contracted by mutual consent, so by mutual consent it might be dissolved. From the first she insisted upon its permanency as well as upon its unity.² So much is absolutely certain. But was it possible for this sacrosanct bond to be dissolved in its essential character? It is quite clear that the early Church never held as lawful the remarriage of either husband or wife during the lifetime of either, if separated for any other cause than adultery. It is equally clear that on the question whether, if adultery did invalidate the bond, both the innocent and the guilty party, or either of them, might remarry, the Church gave no certain sound for long centuries. The balance of authority among her weightiest teachers is against all such remarriage. But they are divided in opinion; nay, some of the greatest of them waver in their judgment, inclining now to one side, now to the other. Gradually the loftier and sterner view of the Christian concept was apprehended in the West, and maintained by the Roman Pontiffs,³ though not till the opening Middle Ages was the absolute indissolubility of marriage, when once rightly contracted, save by the death of one of the contracting parties, firmly established in the canon law. It is the doctrine set forth by Gratian, whose *Decretum* (A.D. 1140), a work of supreme authority, is the basis of the *Corpus Juris Canonici*; and from his time to our own it has been universally accepted throughout the Catholic Church. In the Greek Church it has never been accepted at all. Consensual divorce, indeed, the Eastern patriarchs and bishops always opposed. And their opposition resulted in its prohibition from the beginning of the tenth century. But with this exception marriage among the Greek Christians, from the time of Justinian, has always been almost as easily dissoluble as among the pagans of decadent Rome. And so it is still. A wife may be divorced not only for adultery, but ‘for sharing the repasts of strange men, or visiting the baths in their

² And a second marriage, after the death of either, was regarded with much disfavour, as it still is in the Greek Church. Athenagoras calls it ‘a decent adultery’; Clement of Alexandria, ‘fornication.’ St. Gregory Nazianzen, while conceding to the digamist ‘pardon and indulgence,’ terms a third marriage ‘iniquity,’ and pronounces that he who exceeds that number is ‘manifestly bestial.’ St. Jerome allows that those who contract more than one marriage may remain in the Church, but on sufferance only, and likens them to the unclean beasts in Noah’s ark.

³ Even so late as A.D. 726 Pope Gregory the Second, in a letter to St. Boniface, while recommending that a man whose wife’s health forbade conjugal intercourse should not marry again, left him free to do so, provided he maintained her. Gratian remarks that this concession ‘is altogether opposed to the sacred canons; nay, even to the Evangelical and Apostolic doctrine.’ It is certainly opposed to the view taken by all Gregory’s successors in the Roman See, and, so far as we know, by all his predecessors.

company'; 'for attending the circus or the theatre without her husband's knowledge or against his command'; 'for spending a night away from the conjugal dwelling, save in her parents' house, without his permission.' Her facilities for divorcing her husband are much less ample. It is notable that in the Greek Church a married man's intercourse with an unmarried woman is not accounted adultery, a view which admits, indeed, of plausible defence. Another peculiarity of that Church, more notable still, is its regarding sponsorship as a dissolvent of matrimony. A husband or wife desiring divorce, has only to stand as godparent to one of their children. This mode of cancelling the nuptial bond is much in favour.

Nothing has been more strongly marked during the last fourteen centuries of the Christian era than the difference of ethos between the Christians of the Roman and of the Eastern Patriarchates. In the Greek Empire civilisation was from the first stationary or decadent. There was no advance in æsthetics, in literature, in industrial inventions, in social conditions; there was rather retrogression. Meanness and mediocrity are stamped on public and private life. Hardly a trace can be found of the robuster virtues, or even of the robuster vices. The women least open to reproach have the minds of courtesans; the men at their best have the merits of *castrati*. The triumph of the Ottoman invaders was due as much to internal decay as to external defencelessness. Far otherwise was it in that Christendom which the Roman Pontiffs created and nurtured, and which the teaching of the Latin Church informed. There we find a progressive energy, a vital and spermatic force, whence resulted the masterpieces of poetry and art, the progress in the physical sciences, and the amelioration of political institutions, which are the special glory of modern Europe. The great note of Western society in the Middle Ages is precisely that which is wanting in Byzantine—it is virility. Montalembert is well warranted when he writes: 'In public life, as in private, what is manifested above all things is vigour, is magnanimity; great characters, great individualities abound. This—we shall do well to note it—is the true, the incontestable excellence of the Middle Ages, that it was an epoch fruitful in men: *magna parens virum*.' Such was the manifest superiority of Western civilisation over Eastern. And who can doubt that one main cause of this—I do not say the sole cause—was the higher position which woman occupied in the West, a position unquestionably resting on the indissolubility of marriage? It is a true saying that a man is formed at the knees of his mother. The kind of men found in a civilisation depends upon the kind of women found in it. The ethos of society—what Burke called 'the moral basis'—is determined by women. And their goodness or badness, as our very language bears witness, depends upon their purity.

That is the root of all feminine virtues, and the source of a people's genuine greatness. Renan's saying is so true as to be almost a truism: 'La force d'une nation c'est la pudeur de ses femmes.' And the great bulwark of woman's chastity is the absolute character of matrimony.

We owe, then, to the severe teaching of the Catholic Church that institution of indissoluble monogamy which, more than anything else, marks off our modern civilisation from all other civilisations. It is matter of history, over which we need not linger, how unflinchingly the Catholic Church⁴ has upheld the integrity of that institution throughout the ages. Nor need we examine the arguments adduced by her divines in support of it. I may, however, make an observation on the criticism to which one of those arguments is manifestly open. Theological writers, when maintaining that indissoluble monogamy is divinely instituted—and surely with reason, for it issues from the divinely ordained nature of things in their ethical relations—have been confronted with the obvious difficulty presented by the practice of Hebrew patriarchs and kings, of acknowledged sanctity, with whom they claimed solidarity. Their favourite expedient for meeting this difficulty is the hypothesis that a Divine dispensation for polygamy was granted to the human race from the time of the flood associated with that familiar figure of our childhood, the Noachian ark, and was revoked by Christ. It is objected that they do not disclose the manner in which this stupendous indulgence was proclaimed to mankind, or explain why knowledge of its summary cancellation was withheld from the countless millions affected thereby. The objectors do not understand that theological fictions, like legal, have their proper office in certain stages of social evolution, as necessary stepping-stones on which our race rises to higher things.

But, as a matter of fact, the institution of marriage in our modern civilisation rests not on argument but on authority. The nations to which the Catholic Church taught the doctrine of Christ did not heckle their teacher; they received her as the prophet of God, and believed her on her bare word. The great religious revolu-

⁴ It cannot be too emphatically stated that in the Catholic Church divorce, in the modern sense of the word—the dissolution of the marriage bond—is never granted, and is never recognised. The common phrase, 'the divorce of Henry the Eighth,' has given rise to much popular misapprehension. It was not a divorce, as the term is now understood, but a declaration of nullity, which Henry the Eighth sought, and the Holy See refused. Among the many mistakes disfiguring the recent *Report on Divorce* of the Convocation of York, one of the least venial is the statement, 'A few years ago Lady Mary Hamilton was divorced by the Cardinals of Rome from the Prince of Monaco.' What Lady Mary Hamilton obtained, not from 'the Cardinals of Rome,' but from Leo the Thirteenth, after full judicial investigation, was a sentence of the nullity of her marriage with the Prince of Monaco, on the ground that it had not been freely contracted by her. *Metus*—even the reverential fear of a child for a parent—invalidates the nuptial contract, the essence of which is the perfectly free consent of the contracting parties.

tion of the sixteenth century is congruently termed Protestantism. Its initiators differed widely upon a great many matters. But Henry the Eighth and Luther, Calvin and Zwingli, Knox and Münzer, however varying their private judgments in things theological, were all agreed in protesting against the authority of the Pope, and in substituting for it their own. And when the authority of the Apostolic See was cast off, much of the doctrine and discipline which it upheld was mutilated. The doctrine and discipline of marriage did not escape this fate. In England, indeed, though the schism arose from the refusal of the Sovereign Pontiff to prostitute Christian matrimony to the lust of a tyrant, the institution itself was left intact.⁵ This, it may be observed in passing, was by no means due to Cranmer. His own history, perhaps, sufficiently explains his aversion from the Catholic doctrine of marriage. At all events, it is abundantly clear that he was as willing to relax the nuptial bond for the world in general as to cancel it for his master. The legislation on divorce which he proposed to substitute, in the *Reformatio Legum Ecclesiasticarum*, for the Catholic law might have satisfied even Luther, one of the chief notes of whose teaching was the rejection of the old canons of sexual morality, or, as Heine concisely puts it, 'the emancipation of the flesh.' 'A peasant and the son of a peasant'—a German peasant—Luther's mind was unattuned to the noble and lofty ideas of the Catholic religion concerning the virtue of chastity, virginal and marital. His own teaching on that virtue may be found, by those who care to see it, clearly set forth in his famous sermon, *De Matrimonio*—a teaching of which Döllinger justly says that 'the natural conscience of a mere pagan would have rejected it with horror.' His practice is sufficiently indicated by his 'ignominious marriage,' as Mozley calls it, by the lubricity of his reported conversation, and by the dispensation for polygamy given by him to the Landgrave Philip of Hesse.

The earlier generations of the Lutheran sect appear to have followed its founder's views concerning the relations of the sexes *hard passibus æquis*. From the first, indeed, it allowed divorce for adultery and malicious desertion, as did also the sect founded by Calvin. But it was not until the eighteenth century that the dissolution of the matrimonial tie was accorded by Protestant consistories for such reasons as 'uncongeniality,' 'irreconcilable enmity,' and the like. In fact, as Protestantism developed, the pronouncements of its pundits concerning the bond of marriage became ever laxer. Nor was this laxity confined to its more rationalistic forms. Even the greatest of the Puritans, John Milton, in that masterpiece of

⁵ In theory, but not in practice. Between the Reformation and the establishment of the Divorce Court (A.D. 1857) many marriages were dissolved by Act of Parliament, the Anglican bishops not protesting and in some cases expressly consenting.

eloquence, erudition and invective, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*, 'pushes the Protestant licence,' to borrow the phrase of his editor, very far. The position which he sets himself to establish is 'that indisposition, unfitness, and contrariety of mind, arising from a cause in nature unchangeable, hindering and ever likely to hinder the main benefits of conjugal society, which are solace and peace, is a greater reason of divorce than natural frigidity, especially if there be no children, and that there be mutual consent.'

This was, substantially, the position taken by the publicists of the French Revolution—the second Act in that great European drama which opened with the Protestant Reformation. Of course the foulness which they preached in their crusade against Christianity, would have been rejected with horror by Milton's God-fearing soul. Purity they regarded as 'a new disease brought into the world by Christ'; modesty as 'a virtue fastened on with pins'; holy matrimony as 'a superstitious servitude.' And their legislation, when they obtained the power to legislate, was the faithful expression of these opinions. Their great 'reform' was to reduce marriage to a civil contract, terminable by the consent of the contracting parties. Other grounds of divorce enumerated by their law of 1792 were insanity, desertion, absence, emigration, and incompatibility of temper on the allegation of either husband or wife. The measure seems to have been successful even beyond the expectation of its authors. During the twenty-seven months following its enactment six thousand marriages were dissolved in Paris alone, and in the year 1797 the divorces actually outnumbered the marriages. Duval, in his *Souveurs Thermidoriens*, tells us:

People divorced one another with the least provocation; nay, they divorced without any provocation, and with no more ado than they would have made for an expedition to gather lilacs in the meadows of Saint Gervais, or to eat cherries at Montmorency. The husband had a mistress, and was tired of his wife; the wife had a lover, and desired nothing better than to be rid of her husband. They informed one another of the state of the case, set out together for the city hall, acquainted the mayor that they could no longer bear each other, and on the same day, or the next, the divorce was granted for incompatibility of temper. And the children—what became of them? What did it matter? The spouses were free from one another; the most important thing was achieved. Moreover, it was not rare, on account of the ease with which marriages could be dissolved, to find couples who had been divorced five or six times in as many months. Occasionally very ludicrous things happened. Once two couples acted after the manner of *La Fontaine's Troqueurs*, that is to say, they arranged an exchange of husband and wife among themselves: and the two couples were on such good terms that the double wedding breakfast was held at their joint expense.

' The Napoleonic Code somewhat curbed this bestiality, and at the Restoration the old Catholic marriage legislation was reinstated in France. But the Third Republic has re-enacted divorce by the law of the 27th of July, 1884, carried by the persistent endeavours of

M. Naquet, a measure which, though going beyond the corresponding legislation in England, is less licentious than the law of the First Republic.

The French Revolution is the immediate source of a number of sophisms concerning man and society which have worked their way into popular favour throughout Europe during the last century, and now tyrannise as shibboleths. They are, one and all, underlain by that spurious individualism which is of the essence of Rousseau's teaching, and which the Revolution, happily described by Burke as 'an armed doctrine,' endeavoured to translate into fact. The atomism, real or imaginary, of certain unstable tribes in the lowest stages of civilisation, was for Rousseau the true ideal of the family. It is a false ideal; but it is the ideal which so-called Liberalism has persistently endeavoured to realise. There can be no doubt that the attack on the permanency of marriage throughout Europe, which has already been crowned with so much success, is an outcome of this ideal—an ideal essentially anarchic. When the Divorce Court was established in England, that sagacious publicist, Le Play—whose writings, I fear, are hardly known in this country—saw in it 'a symptom of the decline of public morality; 'elle affaiblit,' he observed, 'dans l'esprit de la nation le principe de l'ordre supérieur.' But, of course, what has been accomplished here by the opponents of indissoluble marriage, falls far short of their achievements elsewhere. In Germany, 'insuperable aversion' is recognised as a ground for divorce; so is 'hopeless insanity,' or 'malignant inconsistency,' or 'quarrelsomeness,' or 'a disorderly mode of life,' or 'drunkenness,' or 'extravagance.' In Sweden, 'hatred, ill-will, prodigality, drunkenness, or a violent temper,' suffices. The Protestants of Austria may divorce one another for 'violent dislike.' In Switzerland, 'marriage relations greatly strained' are recognised as a valid reason for dissolving the marriage. But in the last-mentioned country a still further 'reform' is desired by the party of 'progress,' and an appeal, by way of referendum, to the 'yea and no of general ignorance' is contemplated, with a view of legalising divorce whenever 'a profound disorganisation' of such relations occurs.

These are the fruits of the campaign against indissoluble marriage carried on in Europe by those who are called *libres penseurs*. Why they are so called I do not know; for, as a French friend once remarked to me, 'ils ne pensent que peu, et point librement.' But it is to the United States of America that we must go if we would see divorce fully rampant. The causes for which it is granted vary in the different States, but are summed up in the *Report of the Convocation of York* as follows:

Adultery is a cause in forty-six States; desertion in forty-four States; disappearance in forty-two; cruelty or fear of violence in forty; imprisonment in thirty-eight; drunkenness, intemperance, or habitual intoxication in thirty-seven;

impotency in thirty-six; failure to provide in twenty-one; sin before marriage in thirteen; indignities in seven; insanity in five; joining the sect of Mother Lee in three; when divorce has been obtained in another State in three; living apart in two; gross neglect of duty in two; guilty of being a vagrant in two; refusal of wife to move into a State in one; turning wife out of doors in one; habitual violent temper in one; public defamation in one; any other cause deemed sufficient by the courts in one.

The American courts take a very liberal view of cruelty. It appears that they have granted divorce to a petitioning wife on this ground when her husband 'did not wash himself, thereby inflicting great mental anguish on her'; when 'he accused her sister of stealing, thereby sorely wounding her feelings'; when, 'after twenty-seven years of marriage, he said: "You are old and worn out; I do not want you any longer"'; when 'he would not cut his toe-nails, and she was scratched severely every night'; when 'he persisted in the use of tobacco, thereby aggravating sick headaches, to which she was subject.' A petitioning husband, on the other hand, has obtained from them the dissolution of his marriage for such instances of cruelty as the following: when 'his wife pulled him out of bed by the whiskers'; when 'she upbraided him, and said: "You are no man at all," thereby causing him mental suffering and anguish'; when 'she refused to keep his clothes in repair, and even to cook, and never sewed on his buttons'; when 'she struck him a violent blow with her bustle.'

Before I pass away from the subject of divorce in the United States, I should observe that the degradation of marriage in that country—the most ignoble feature of its somewhat shoddy civilisation—is due to the prevalence there of 'the dissidence of dissent, and the Protestantism of the Protestant religion,' rather than to the direct influence of the French Revolution. President Woolsey—an unsuspected witness—in his work, *Divorce and Divorce Legislation*, testifies: 'One thing stands out prominently, and that is that the commonwealths founded by the Puritans, and the parts of the other States settled by their descendants, seem to be the chief abode of divorces.' This is what might have been expected. The Nonconformist conscience, while scandalised by what it foolishly labels 'State regulation of vice'—that is, the action of public authority to moderate and mitigate prostitution, and to guard the public health against the maladies propagated thereby—has ever tolerated loose views of the nuptial bond, and has not been shocked by the legislative sanction given to them in the United States. It may be noted in passing, that eighty per cent. of the divorce suits in that country are brought by women, who, I suppose, are constitutionally inclined to excesses of individualism and the craving for novelty.

This is the condition into which the institution of marriage has already come in modern civilisation. And the causes to which this is due are yet working, and with ever-increasing activity. Material-

ism, disguised and undisguised, is the fashionable philosophy of the day.⁶ It is fatal to the idea of human personality, and, consequently, to the spiritual prerogatives of woman. It means for her, as Dean Merivale has well observed in his striking *Lectures on the Conversion of the Northern Nations*, from which I quoted in an earlier portion of this paper, 'a fall from the consideration she now holds among us.' It means that she must 'descend again to be the mere plaything of man, the transient companion of his leisure hours, to be held loosely, as the chance gift of a capricious fortune.'

Such transient companionship, such loose holding, appear to many careful observers the substitute for Christian marriage which will be found in the world as Christianity becomes generally discredited; a consummation which they deem imminent. To quote at length even the more considerable of contemporary publicists who have expressed this view, would take me far beyond my present limits. I can here cite only a very few words from three of them. Mr. Karl Pearson, in his learned and able work, *The Ethic of Free Thought*, writes: 'Legalised life monogamy is, in human history, a thing but of yesterday; and no unprejudiced person can suppose it a final form. A new sex relationship will replace the old. Both as to matter and form it ought to be a pure question of taste, a simple matter of agreement between the man and woman.' Mr. Pearson, in his most suggestive volume, *National Life and Character*, holds that as 'the religion of the State' replaces Christianity, which he thinks it is swiftly and surely doing, it will be 'impossible to maintain indissoluble marriage,' and 'the tie between husband and wife' will 'come to be easily variable, instead of permanent.' Similarly, Mr. H. G. Wells, in the singularly interesting *Anticipations*, with which he has just favoured the world, deems it 'impossible to ignore the forces making for a considerable relaxation of the institution of permanent monogamous marriage in the coming years'; and holds it 'foolish not to anticipate and prepare for a state of things when not only will moral standards be shifting and uncertain, admitting of physiologically sound *ménages* of very variable status, but also when vice and depravity, in every form that is not absolutely penal, will be practised in every grade of magnificence, and condoned.'

I own I think this prognostication of the return of modern civilisation to 'the morals of the poultry yard' well warranted by the signs of the times. It rests, indeed, upon the assumption that the revolution in the relations of the sexes, steadily progressing since the destruction of the religious unity of Europe, will continue unchecked. Whether that assumption is correct 'only the event will teach us, in its hour.' Of course we must not forget that human affairs

⁶ For the proof of this statement I must refer the reader to Chapter I. and to the Appendix in my work *On Right and Wrong*.

seldom advance for very long in a straight line. 'Inest in rebus humanis quidam circulus.' The future rarely corresponds with the forecasts of even the wisest. Still, as we look round the world, it is impossible not to recognise the strength of the forces which militate against marriage. I know well that we cannot count reason among them. The human reason, properly disciplined and correctly exercised, is capable of ascertaining the ethical principles necessary to enable man to arrive at his natural ideal—the harmonious development of all his powers in a complete and consistent whole. And from those principles is derived the true norm of matrimony so well expressed by the great jurisconsult of ancient Rome: 'Conjunctio maris et feminae et consortium omnis vitae'; divini et humani juris communicatio.' A state of life involving the fusion of two personalities, and fraught with consequences most momentous to both, and to society, its unity and indissolubility issue from the nature of things in their ethical relations, as I noted in a former page. Such is the conclusion of reason. But instinct points another way. It points to polygamy, it points to concubinage, it points to promiscuity, for the gratification of the capricious sexual appetite. And the fashionable philosophy of the day denies the very existence of reason, in the only proper sense of the word, accounting it entirely a matter of nerves and cells, and enthrones instinct in its place. But apart from that, how many men are capable of following reason as the guide of life? Of using it to bring into subjection what Plato called 'the wild beast within us'? For the vast multitude the only effective curb of instinct is religion.

And what are the religions of the world doing—what is Christianity, even, doing, in all its types and travesties—to meet the passionate attacks upon indissoluble monogamy? Attacks made everywhere and in every form, from the scientific treatise to the silly tale, from the philosophical prelection to the problem play. We have seen, in the foregoing pages, the heavy indictment in this matter which lies against the Eastern Church and against Protestantism generally. In the Anglican Communion, no doubt, there are many men of good will who view with dismay the contemporary assault upon Christian wedlock, the growing derogation from its strictness, the increasing decline in the moral tone of women, and consequently of society. But what can they effect in a Church divided against itself, where bishop differs from bishop, and provincial synod contradicts provincial synod, upon this grave subject? A Church which is a mere multitude of individuals, for every one of whom his own private judgment, or inclination, is the ultimate arbiter of faith and morals? A Church 'set up,' as Cardinal Newman said, 'in an Act of Parliament,' and the puppet of a Parliamentary majority, whose ministers are bound to adapt themselves to the law of the land, and the decisions of its tribunals,

concerning marriage, as concerning all matters of doctrine, and discipline? The only real witness in the world for the absolute character of holy matrimony is the Catholic Church. And whether men will hear, or whether—as seems more likely—they will forbear, she warns them that to degrade indissoluble marriage to a mere dissoluble contract, to a mere regulation of social police, to a mere material fact governed by the animal, not the rational nature, will be to throw back modern civilisation to that wallowing in the mire from which she rescued it.

W. S. LILLY.

A NEW LIGHT
ON THE BACON-SHAKESPEARE CYPHER

OF all the critical paradoxes that have ever been seriously advocated, few have been received with such general and derisive indifference as that which declares Bacon to have been the author of the dramas ascribed to Shakespeare, and which couples this declaration with another—more startling still—that these dramas are not dramas only, but are besides a series of writings in cypher, whose inner meaning bears no relation whatever to their ostensible meaning as dramas, but which consist of memoranda or memoirs concerning Bacon himself, and secrets of Queen Elizabeth. The mere theory that Bacon was the real author of the plays, though the mass of Shakespeare's readers still set it down as an illusion, does not, indeed, contain anything essentially shocking to common sense. On the contrary, it is generally recognised that on purely *a priori* grounds there is less to shock common sense in the idea that those wonderful compositions were the work of a scholar, a philosopher, a statesman, and a profound man of the world, than there is in the idea that they were the work of a notoriously ill-educated actor, who seems to have found some difficulty in signing his own name. This latter idea, which is still generally accepted, has little evidence to support it beyond tradition, which is strong, and strong only, in the absence of evidence to the contrary; and were such evidence forthcoming, it would be impossible for the candid mind to reject it on the grounds that it pointed to any improbable conclusion.

But with regard to the theory of the cypher the case is different. This is generally rejected or neglected both by scholars and the reading public, not on the ground that the evidence for it is insufficient, but on the ground that it is in itself so unlikely, so fantastic, so impossible that it is not worth a sane man's while to consider the misguided ingenuities by which a few literary monomaniacs have endeavoured to make it plausible. How is it possible, the ordinary man asks, to believe that the finest and profoundest poetry in the world—that the verses which give us in music the love of Romeo and Juliet, the torture of Hamlet's philosophy, the

majestic calm of Prospero's—was composed, or rather constructed, as an elaborate verbal puzzle, the object of which was to preserve for some future decipherer a collection of political and mainly personal information, which the author was too timid to confide himself to his contemporaries? We might just as well believe that *Paradise Lost* is in reality a kind of *Pepys' Diary*, in which the poet has recorded for posterity the curtain-lectures of Mrs. Milton. Such is the argument which the ordinary man uses; and if he consents to consider the matter a little farther, and finds, as he will find, that the advocates of the cypher theory maintain that Bacon, in the Shakespearian plays, has hidden away not one cypher but six, his dismissal of their theory will be yet more curt and contemptuous. Of this attitude of mind I am able to speak with sympathy, for the excellent reason that it was till lately my own. A remarkable volume, however, known at present to surprisingly few readers, has been recently published, dealing with the subject before us—a volume which at first I glanced at with apathetic distrust, but which has caused me, when I read it carefully, to reconsider the question. The contents of this volume I shall here briefly summarise, leaving the reader to escape from its conclusions if he can. The volume is called *The Biliteral Cypher of Francis Bacon*. It was first, I believe, printed privately, less than two years ago; and a small second edition was issued last year to the public. I will begin with describing its exact scope, which is limited. Of the six Baconian cyphers alleged to exist in *Shakespeare*, this volume deals only with one; and it is with this one only that I shall ask the reader to concern himself.

The biliteral cypher possesses two remarkable characteristics, which it is desirable to mention at starting, because they at once dispose of all those *à priori* objections which suggest themselves, as we have just seen, against the cypher theory generally. In the first place this cypher, whether it exists in the Shakespearian plays or not, is demonstrably not the invention of any modern literary lunatic. It was invented by Bacon himself; and an elaborate account of it, together with examples of its use, is to be found, as will be shown presently, in one of his most celebrated works. In the second place—and this is a point which it is still more important to urge on the *à priori* sceptic—the biliteral cypher has nothing whatever to do with the composition or the wording of the works into which it is introduced. There might be a biliteral cypher in *Hamlet* from end to end, without any thought of a cypher having been present to the author when he was writing it. It is, in other words, altogether a matter of typography. It depends not on what the author writes, but on the manner in which he is printed. Accordingly, when what we may call the Baconian party informs the world that they have discovered a biliteral cypher, of which the

author is Bacon, running through the plays of Shakespeare, they are really indulging in a gross inaccuracy of language, which does much to prevent a fair hearing being accorded to them. What they really mean is that this bilateral cypher runs not through the plays themselves, but through one particular edition of them—that is to say, the celebrated first folio. This edition, as every student knows, is remarkable for many extraordinary anomalies in its typography. Of these anomalies an explanation is now for the first time offered to us. They are presented to us—and it is claimed that they are thus explained completely—as part and parcel of the newly discovered typographical cypher. If we take these devices away the cypher disappears with them. If we resort, with the aid of the printer, to devices of the same kind, we could embody the cypher anew, and every sentence that Bacon committed to it, in any book we might choose to reprint, so far as its length permitted—in *Pickwick*, in *Vanity Fair*, in Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*, in the *Apocalypse of St. John*, or in the advertisement-sheet of the *Times*.

I will now proceed to describe what the nature of the cypher is; and it shall first be introduced to the reader in the words of Bacon himself. In the *De Augmentis Scientiarum* Bacon writes thus: ¹

Let us come to Cyphars. Their kinds are many; as Cyphars simple, Cyphars intermixt with Nulloses, or Non-significant characters; Cyphars of double letters under one character; Wheele-cyphars, Kay-cyphers, Cyphars of Words, Others. . . . But that jealousies may be taken away, we will annexe one other invention, which, in truth, we devised in our own youth, when we were at Paris: and it is a thing which yet seemeth to us not worthy to be lost. It containeth the *highest degree of Cypher*, which is to signify *omnia per omnia*, yet so as the writing *infolding* may bear a quintuple relation to the writing *infolded*. No other condition or restriction whatsoever is required. It shall be performed thus. First, let all the letters of the alphabet, by transposition, be resolved into two letters onely; for the transposition of two letters by five placings will be sufficient for thirty-two differences, much more for twenty-four, which is the number of the alphabet. The example of such an alphabet is in this wise:

A	aaaaa	I	abaaa	R	baaaa
B	aaaab	K	abaab	S	baaab
C	aaaba	L	ababa	T	baaba
D	aaabb	M	ababb	V	baabb
E	aabaa	N	abbaa	W	babaa
F	aabab	O	abbab	X	babab
G	aabba	P	abbba	Y	babba
H	aabbb	Q	abbbb	Z	babbb

. . . When you addresse yourself to write, resolve your inward infolded letter into this Bi-literarie Alphabet. Say the interior letter be 'Fuge.'

Example of Solution

F	U	G	E
aabab	baabb	aabba	aabaa

¹ The passage quoted is from the translation by Gilbert Wats, 1640, as reproduced in *The Bi-literal Cypher of Francis Bacon*, at the end of Part I.

Together with this you must have ready at hand a bi-formed Alphabet, which may represent all the letters of the *Common Alphabet*, as well Capitall Letters as the Smaller Characters, in a *double forme*, as may fit every man's occasion.

{ a b a a	a b a b	a b a b	a b a b	a b a b	a b a b
{ A A a a	B B b b	C C c c	D D d d	E E e e	F F f f
{ a b a b	a b a b	a b a b	a b a b	a b a b	a b a b
{ G G g g	H H h h	I I i i	K K k k	L L l l	M M m m
{ a b a b	a b a b	a b a b	a b a b	a b a b	a b a b
{ N N n n	O O o o	P P p p	Q Q q q	R R r r	S S s s
{ a b a b	a b a b a b	a b a b	a b a b	a b a b	a b a b
{ T T t t	V V v v u u	W W w w	X X x x	Y Y y y	Z Z z z

Now to the interior letter which is bi-literate, you shall fit a bi-formed exterior letter, which shall answer the other, letter for letter, and afterwards set it downe. Let the *exterior* example be, *Manere te volo, donec Venero.*

An Example of Accomodation

F	U	G	E
a a b a b	b a a b b	a b b a a	a a b a a
<i>Maner</i>	<i>etevo</i>	<i>lodon</i>	<i>ecven</i> [ero]

From this short example Bacon then proceeds to a longer one. He takes an entire page from one of Cicero's letters, and so prints it in italics from two founts, similar to those in the alphabet just given, that it infolds an interior letter from a Spartan general, 'Sent once in a *scytale*, or round cypher'd staffe.' The quotation from Cicero it is unnecessary to give here. It is sufficient to say that, as printed by Bacon, the ordinary reader would detect nothing out of the common in it; but when once his eye is made alert by the knowledge that its characters are drawn from two different founts of type, he can, by the aid of the alphabets supplied by Bacon, easily decipher for himself the Spartan message infolded in it.

It is the above passage, occurring in Bacon's own work, which has led to the alleged discovery set forth in the volume with which we are now dealing; and the history of the discovery, as we there find it, is curious. For a considerable time an American student, Dr. Owen, had been working at the elucidation of another cypher altogether, also alleged to be Bacon's, and to exist in the Shakespearean plays. This is the Word-Cypher. With its details we need not here concern ourselves. It is enough to say that, in order to assist him in his work, an American lady, Mrs. Gallup, came over to England, her sole object being to examine certain rare old books, by which it was thought that the elucidation of the word-cypher might be facilitated. Whilst engaged in this work, the above passage from Bacon arrested her attention, and by a sudden intellectual accident, the idea was flashed upon her that the biliteral cypher had been described by its inventor with some special ulterior purpose, and might possibly be found co-existing in Shakespearean

letter a dash; and let us arrange the code symbols of our five words in a line, thus:

.....
.....
.....

We have here a series of ninety dots and dashes, and all we need now do is to take any sentence we please—any chance fragment, whether of prose or poetry—which contains not less than ninety letters, and ignoring the ordinary use of small letters and capitals, write it in such a way as to put a capital for every dot and a small letter for every dash. Let us take, for example, the first verses of Gray's 'Elegy,' and write it in this manner. What we shall get is as follows:

THECU RfEwT OLIS T HEKNE LIOfP ArTIN GDAYt
 HELOW InGhE RdWiN DSSLo WLyOE RthEL EaThE
 PLOUG HMANh OMeWA RdPIO &c.

All the five words with which we started are here contained in our cypher; and the decipherer has only to perform the childishly simple task of putting a dot under each capital and a dash under each small letter, and he has them back again in the form given above. To illustrate the complete independence of what Bacon calls the 'infoling' document from the 'infolded,' let us set, one under the other, one of Gray's lines, and some different sets of words altogether.

THECU RfEwT OLIS T HEKNE LIOfP ArTIN GDAY
 OFMAN Sfi rS TDiSO BED IENcEaN DthEf RUIT
 SINGA SoNgO FSIXP ENCEABaGfU LIOfR YE FO (ur) &c.

Every one of these lines, when resolved into dots and dashes, will be the same, and will read thus:

.....
a	l	e	a		

(..... &c.)
 (b) &c.)

Bacon's system differs from this merely in the fact that, instead of using the capitals and the small letters of one ordinary alphabet as the equivalents respectively of his 'a's and 'b's—that is to say, of his dots and dashes—he uses two italic alphabets, of capitals and small letters, complete; both the capitals and small letters of one meaning dots or 'a's, and the capitals and small letters of the other meaning dashes or 'b's. Let us now proceed to adopt his system a little more nearly ourselves, diverging from it only in the fact that our two complete alphabets, instead of being two slightly different varieties of italics, shall consist, the one of italics and the

other of ordinary type, the italics representing the 'a's or dots, the ordinary letters the 'b's or dashes; and we will, as preliminary examples, imagine two cases, parallel to that which is alleged to be Bacon's own. The following lines are Byron's, which I quote from memory; and they are printed in accordance with the principles just laid down:

*Saint Peter sat at the celestial gate;
The keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
So little trouble had been given of late.
Not that the place by any means was full,
But since the Gallic era Eighty-eight
The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
And a pull all together, as they say
At sea, which drew most souls the other way.*

*The angels all were singing out of tune,
And hoarse with having little else to do,
Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
And curb a runaway young sta[r or two, &c.]*

To this passage, before examining it, let us add some others from Milton, printed in the same manner; and let us imagine, for reasons which will appear presently, that we have an edition of Milton in which certain passages, and certain passages only—those which we shall quote being among them—are printed in these two characters, and are consequently at once distinguishable from the rest of the text.

*Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restore us, and regain those blissful seats,
Sing Heavenly Muse.*

*A little onward lend thy guiding hand
To these dark steps—a little farther on,
For yonder bank has choice of sun and shade.*

*The sun to me is dark
And silent as the moon
When she deserts the night,
Hid in her vacant interlunar cave.*

*Yet once more, oh ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, and ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves, &c. &c.*

Now in the above passages, if we except only the fact that the dots and dashes of the cypher are represented in these by italics and ordinary letters, whereas Bacon employs two slightly different forms

of italics, we have the biliteral cypher exemplified completely, though with extreme simplicity. But we have not this only. As the reader will see presently, we have exemplified in them also another of the claims now made for Bacon in relation to works published under another name. It may amuse some readers to extract the cypher in these passages for themselves. They will begin thus, putting dots under the italics and dashes under the ordinary letters. *Saint Peter sat at.* They will then divide these dots and dashes into groups of five, thus:, - - - - -,; and on turning to Bacon's code, already given, they will find that these three groups mean I, W, I. Pursuing this method, they will find that in the passage from Byron the following meaning is 'infolded':

'I, William Wordsworth, am the author of the Byron poems. Don Juan contains my private prayers.'

In the passages from Milton, the 'infolded' meaning is this:

'I, S. Pepys, in this and oth'r poems [Now to my Sams'n] hide my secret frailties [Now to Lycidas] lest my wife, poor fool, should know.'

The reader will see from these examples how easily, if it were not for the existence of copyright, any author might republish the works of any other, introducing a cypher into them, in which he claimed them as his own composition, and deposited in them any secrets which he wished both to record and hide. The passages taken from Milton illustrate certain farther points. The biliteral cypher of Bacon exists, it is alleged, in the first folio of Shakespeare, in those parts only which are printed in italics, the end of one fragment of the secret writing often breaking off in the middle of a letter, which is completed at the beginning of another italic passage farther on, and sometimes in another play; and parentheses occur like those in our imagined cypher by Pepys, directing the decipherer where to look for the continuations.

The general character, then, of this biliteral cypher, and the manner in which it is alleged to have been inserted in one edition of the Shakespearian plays, must now be perfectly clear to even the most careless reader; and we may therefore pass on to another portion of our subject; for the claim of the Baconian theorists does not by any means end with what they declare they have proved with regard to the first folio of Shakespeare. They claim that the same cypher has been introduced by Bacon into early or first editions of a number of other works, some bearing his own name, and admittedly written by himself, others bearing the name of well-known persons, his contemporaries. These include his own *Advancement of Learning*, 1605, his *Novum Organum*, 1620, and his *History of Henry VII.*, 1622; the *Complaints*, 1591, and the

Colin Clout, 1595, published under the name of Spenser, and the edition of the *Faerie Queen*, 1596; certain editions of certain plays ascribed to the four dramatists, Peele, Greene, Marlowe, and Ben Jonson; and the edition published in 1628 of *The Anatomy of Melancholy*. Some of these works, in spite of the presence of the cypher in them, it is not even claimed that Bacon wrote himself. For example, so we are told, he expressly says in his cypher that he used certain plays of Ben Jonson, with Ben Jonson's own permission, as a vehicle for his secret writing, having had, with the exception of a few short masques, no part in the composition of any of them. Bacon does claim, however, unless his cypher is altogether an illusion, that of many of the works into which the cypher was printed, he was himself the actual author—notably *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, and the whole of the plays called Shakespeare's. On this latter point he insists over and over again, declaring that he borrowed Shakespeare's name as a pseudonym, and describing him as being nothing more than the most accomplished actor of his time.

I say this, let me repeat, on the supposition that the cypher is not altogether an illusion. Before considering whether this supposition is correct, let us accept it for the moment as being so, and see what are the conclusions which it forces on us. Of the four hundred and fifty pages of which Mrs. Gallup's volume, *The Bi-Literal Cypher of Francis Bacon*, consists, about three hundred and fifty are occupied with what purport to be secret writings of Bacon's, deciphered letter by letter, from the passages printed in italics, in certain specified editions of certain works, some published under other names, some admittedly his own. Of these three hundred and fifty pages of secret writings, about fifteen have been extracted from Spenser, Greene, Peele and Marlowe, and twenty-three from Ben Jonson; about a hundred and twenty-five from writings admittedly his own, such as the *Novum Organum* and *The New Atlantis*, more than ninety from Burton, and more than fifty from the first folio of Shakespeare. Much more, however, it is averred, remains to be deciphered still.

And now let us ask what, continuing to suppose them genuine, these secret writings contain, and why the author wrote them in such a way. Described generally, they are a species of diary, comparable to that of Pepys, also written in cypher—a diary to which the author confides thoughts and hopes and feelings too intimate to be revealed to contemporaries, and secrets the mere hinting of which would have placed his life in danger. Of these it is enough for our present purpose to mention a few.

Bacon declares in his cypher over and over again that he was not what he appeared to be. He was not, as the world supposed, the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, but the son of the Queen of England by a private marriage with Leicester—her eldest son and rightful heir to the throne. He was ignorant of the fact till he reached his

sixteenth year, when he heard the story hinted by one of the ladies of the Court. The Queen, in a fit of anger, admitted to him that it was true, the marriage having taken place secretly in the Tower of London, when the Queen, before her accession, and Leicester were both confined there. For political reasons it was necessary to keep this a profound secret, and the child was confided to Anne and Nicholas Bacon, to be brought up as their own and educated as a private person, the Queen being determined never, under any circumstances, to acknowledge him. To reveal the truth himself would, he believed, be to forfeit his life; and hence, smarting under an obstinate sense of wrong, he confided his history to the keeping of elaborate cyphers, trusting that future students would unravel them for a future age. The moment the Queen found that the boy had discovered his parentage he was sent to France under the care of Sir Amyas Paulet, and did not come back to England till the death of his foster-father. When in France he conceived an absorbing and romantic passion for Marguerite, wife of Henry of Navarre, who returned or pretended to return it. Expectations were rife at the time that she and her husband were to be divorced; and Sir Amyas Paulet attempted to arrange with Queen Elizabeth that, should the divorce take place, Marguerite and Bacon should be married. The divorce, however, was not obtained, nor would Queen Elizabeth listen to the proposal. This early romance made a profound impression on Bacon, and he wrote, long afterwards, *Romeo and Juliet* in commemoration of it.

Another part of the story which he tells is this. He was not, he says, the Queen's only child by Leicester. He had a brother, and this brother was Essex; and of all the incidents of his life with regard to which he is most anxious to set forth the truth, and with regard to which he fears that his memory is most likely to be wronged, those connected with his conduct towards his unfortunate brother stand foremost.

That he does not venture openly to give even a hint of the truth with regard to this matter, or his parentage and rightful position, he declares with an almost wearisome and not very dignified persistence; and he is, he says, driven to hide himself in tortuous cyphers, which will keep him safe as a coney hiding in a valley of rocks.

On the contents of the biliteral cypher, considered under their more general aspect, we need not dwell longer. Enough has been said to show that, if it be a genuine document, the author had intelligible reasons for embodying it in this singular form. What mainly concerns us here is its purely literary significance, especially as regards the authorship of the so-called plays of Shakespeare. The mere fact that this biliteral Baconian cypher is incorporated in the first collected edition of these plays does not in itself prove, as

we have seen already, that Bacon was the author of *King John* and *Romeo and Juliet*, any more than it proves that he was the author of *The Fox*, which, though the same cypher occurs in it, is admitted to be Ben Jonson's. The only evidence as to this point with which the biliteral cypher supplies us consists not in its existence in an edition of Shakespeare's plays, but solely in the assertions which it contains that Bacon did actually write them, coupled with further statements relating to other cyphers—the word-cypher more particularly, also alleged to be contained in them. So far as concerns the biliteral cypher itself, the mere assertions as to authorship which Bacon makes by means of it have as much or as little value as they would have had had he made them openly. Their value depends on the value we are inclined to attach to his word, coupled with the probabilities of the case as estimated by the critic and the historian. The word-cypher, however, stands on a different footing. It depends on the text itself, not on the manner in which the text is printed; and the author of this cypher must necessarily have been the author of the plays. Now the biliteral cypher contains, if it really be a genuine document, elaborate instructions as to the word-cypher, and directions as to the method of unravelling it. That such instructions should be given if the word-cypher is a mere illusion, we need hardly say is incredible. Hence, according to all rules of common sense, our belief in the former carries with it a belief in the latter; and a belief in the latter—the word-cypher—also carries with it the further belief that Bacon actually was the author of the Shakespearean plays.

Whether such be the case or no, it is not my purpose to inquire. All that at this moment I am anxious to impress upon the reader is the fact that, in taking their stand on this new alleged discovery—this discovery of a cypher heretofore not dreamed of—a typographical cypher depending on the use of two printer's alphabets, nearly alike but yet ascertainably different, the Baconians have shifted this controversy to wholly novel ground. The word-cypher is a cypher which, even those who believe in it admit, requires for its interpretation a certain amount of conjecture; but the biliteral cypher, if it exists at all, can be proved to exist, or, in the opposite case, it can be proved to be a mere hallucination, by the aid of a magnifying-glass applied to certain printed pages. There is no occasion here for any abstruse literary reasoning. There is no occasion for any literary reasoning at all. Either certain editions of the various books in question—the first folio of Shakespeare being the most important and the most famous of them—are, in so far as the italicised portions of them are concerned, systematically printed in letters from two different founts of type, or they are not. If, as is absolutely indisputable, two different founts are used, the letters from these founts are used in such a manner that, when separated

into groups of five, and expressed as dots and dashes, each of these groups will denote a single letter, in accordance with the code set forth by Bacon himself; or else they will not do this, or will do so only by accident, most of the groups having no meaning whatsoever. And lastly, if these groups do assume a consecutive meaning, and actually give us a series of single letters, the letters will form words and intelligible sentences, or they will not. The whole case is one for simple ocular demonstration.

To make this demonstration conclusive in the eyes of the world generally would, no doubt, demand some time and labour. The question is, are there sufficient *prima facie* grounds for supposing that possibly the Baconian theory is true, to make it worth while for sceptics to undertake the inquiry? For my own part, unhesitatingly I venture to say that there are. In the first place, this cypher, as no one can deny, was familiar to Bacon, who claims to have himself invented it. He has himself admittedly supplied us with our specimen page of it, a passage from Cicero, reproduced by Mrs. Gallup in photographic facsimile, together with a companion page, in which Bacon has placed side by side the two alphabets employed, so that the differences between their respective letters may be more easily realised. Thus the bilateral cypher exists in one page of Bacon's works at all events. There is nothing, therefore, fantastic in the idea that it may exist elsewhere. The only possibility of any doubt with regard to the question is due altogether to a purely physical circumstance. The types employed in printing the specimen passage from Cicero were designedly made of such a size, and the differences between the two alphabets were accentuated in such a manner, that the ordinary eye could readily learn to distinguish the letters that stand for dashes from those that stand for dots. Even here, however, the differences are for the most part so small and delicate that, in order to perceive them, we must scrutinise the page attentively; and an hour of such attention may elapse before we cease to be puzzled. But in the first folio of Shakespeare, as in most of the other volumes in which it is contended that the same type occurs, the type is much smaller. Although even the naked eye can be soon trained to perceive that in many cases the letters belong to different founts, yet these differences are of so minute a kind that in other cases they elude the eye without the aid of a magnifying-glass; and even with the aid of a magnifying-glass—I say this from experience—the eye of the amateur, at all events, remains doubtful, and unable to assign the letters to this alphabet or to that. The majority of educated persons, therefore, in the present state of the controversy, if they give to the italicised passages of the first Shakespearian folio and the other books in question only so much time and attention as may be expected from interested amateurs, may reasonably, if not rightly, entertain the

opinion that the larger part of the differences alleged to exist between the italic letters employed are entirely imaginary, since their eyes are unable to detect them; that the supposed cypher is altogether a delusion, and has been read into the texts, not out of them, by Mrs. Gallup and her coadjutors.

On the other hand, the fact that the amateur finds himself, after weeks of study, still completely bewildered in his attempt to allocate the various letters to two different founts of type, in such a way as to elicit a sentence or even a word in groups of dots and dashes, according to the Baconian code, must not be taken too hastily as a proof that the alleged cypher is imaginary. Mrs. Gallup has done much, though not so much as she might have done, to enable her readers to settle this point for themselves. She has reproduced in facsimile from the original editions Bacon's preface to the *Novum Organum*, 1620; and the Epistle Dedicatory of the so-called Spenser's *Complaints*, 1591, in both of which it is contended that the Baconian cypher occurs. She gives similar facsimiles also of the Epistle Dedicatory, and the Commendatory Verses prefixed to the first folio of Shakespeare. She gives also an enlarged diagram of the different forms of italics used by Bacon in the printing of the *Novum Organum*; and of his preface to that work, and of the Epistle Dedicatory of Spenser's *Complaints*, she gives the cypher meaning extracted letter by letter, each italic being thus allocated to its own alleged fount. Is this allocation merely fanciful or not?

I have studied for some weeks Mrs. Gallup's facsimiles myself, and I give my experience, purely as that of an amateur, for what it is worth. When I examined the facsimiles first I could make nothing out of them; and of those from the first folio I can make very little still. All the letters seemed too much alike to allow of my separating them systematically into two founts of type. Differences which I thought I had discovered at one moment altogether vanished the next, and gave place to others, which soon, in their turn, escaped me. But with regard to the facsimiles from the *Novum Organum* and Spenser's *Complaints* the case was otherwise, and for a very simple reason. In the facsimiles from the folio the type is extremely small, the original page having been reduced so as to accommodate it to an octavo volume. But in the Bacon and Spenser facsimiles the type is of the size of the original. It is comparatively large, and a study of it is proportionately easier. In these pages I was very soon able to distinguish the different founts to which several of the letters belong. I could presently do the same with regard to several letters more; and at last I was more or less master of two-thirds of the alphabet in such a way that I was able, with some confidence, to translate them, when in one form into a dot, and when in another form into a dash. I have tried this experiment with a large number of

passages, and, comparing my interpretations with that of Mrs. Gallup herself, I have found that it coincides with hers, sometimes in four cases out of seven, and not infrequently in five. Many of the letters still continued to baffle me; but with regard to some I found myself always right; and the dots or dashes into which I had resolved these have invariably coincided with the requirements of the cypher, as Mrs. Gallup interprets it. It appears to me to be almost inconceivable that multiplied coincidences such as these can be the work of chance, or that they can originate otherwise than in the fact that in these pages at all events—the preface to the *Novum Organum*, printed in 1620, and in the Dedication of Spenser's *Complaints*, printed in 1691—a biliteral cypher exists, in both cases the work of Bacon; and if such a cypher really exists here, the probabilities are overwhelming that Mrs. Gallup is right, and that we shall find it existing in the first folio of Shakespeare also.

It is unfortunate that Mrs. Gallup, whilst giving us the fac-similes already mentioned, has not given us any from the Shakespearean plays themselves, together with specimens of the cypher in them, interpreted letter by letter. I doubt, however, if such fac-similes would be conclusive if the page of the original folio were reduced to the size of an octavo. The process which ought to be adopted is one entirely the reverse of this. Passages from the first folio should be given not in a reduced but in an enlarged facsimile, so that the letters should, if possible, be something like half an inch high. Copies, moreover, of the letters, in all the forms in which they occur, should be arranged side by side in alphabets, according to the founts to which they belong; and a very few passages, if enlarged and illustrated thus, would be sufficient to show whether the admitted peculiarities of the type are merely accidental, as has vaguely been assumed hitherto, or are really the vehicle of an elaborately arranged cypher.

In order to show the reader that Bacon's biliteral cypher can easily be printed in such a way that the inexperienced eye would wholly fail to detect it, and the uninstructed critic would reject its existence as a myth, I subjoin a passage taken from Bacon's own chapter on cyphers:

Neither is it a small thing these cypher characters have, and may performe. For by this Art a way is opened whereby a man may expresse and signifie the intentions of his minde at any distance of place, by objects which may be presented to his eye ande accommodated to the eare, provided those objects be capable of a twofold difference only, as by bells, by trumpets, by lights, by torches, by the report of muskets, and by any instruments of like nature. But to pursue our enterprise wh

Into this passage I have printed the following lines in cypher:

The star of Shakespeare pales; but, brighter far,
Burns, through the dusk he leaves, an ampler star.

Founts of italic type might be found the differences between which would be much more minute than those existing between the two used here, but which would yet be visible to the trained eye of a printer's reader, and by means of which a cypher might be printed quite legible to the expert, but undistinguishable for all the world besides. If, therefore, a biliteral Bacon's cypher does really exist in the first folio of Shakespeare, we must be prepared to find that the unravelling of it is a matter of considerable difficulty, and that the ocular evidences of its existence are a long time in becoming plain to us.

I must now draw attention to another aspect of the question. If the cypher does not really exist, the entire matter, amounting to between three and four hundred pages, which Mrs. Gallup professes to have deciphered, is an elaborate literary forgery. I recommend the reader to study these pages, and ask if their character is such as to suggest this conclusion. I can here quote one passage only, which is alleged to have been printed, not into the Shakespearian folio, but into the *New Atlantis*. It refers to the writer's supposed early love affair. If it be a forgery, it is one of extraordinary ingenuity; so full does it seem to me of pathetic and dignified beauty, and so strongly does it bear the marks of genuine and acute sincerity.

Th' fame of th' gay French Court had come to me ever thus, and it was flattering to th' youthfull and most naturall love o' th' affaires taking us from my native land, inasmuch as th' secret commission had been entrusted to me, which required most true wisdom for safer, speedier conduct then 'twould have if left to th' common course of businesse. Soe with mine interested, though sometimes apprehensive minde, I made myself ready to accompany Sir Amyas to that sunny land o' th' South I learned so supremely to love, that afterwards I would have left England and every hope of advancement, to remain my whole life there. Nor yet could this be due to th' delight of th' country by itselfe; for love o' sweete Marguerite, th' beautifull young sister o' th' king (married to gallant Henry th' King o' Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart; and even when I learned her perfidie, love did keepe her like th' angels in my thoughts half o' th' time—as to th' other half she was devilish, and I myselve was plung'd into hell. This lasted duri'g many yeares, and, not until four decades or eight lustres o' my life were outliv'd, did I take any other to my sore heart. Then I married th' woman who hath put Marguerite from my memorie—rather I should say hath banished her portrait to th' walles of memorie only, where it doth hang in th' pure undimmed beauty of those early dayes.

Finally, let me point out that this Baconian cypher deserves attention for other reasons than those connected with the history of its inventor. The interesting persons whose attachments, not more fortunate than Bacon's, compel them to correspond through the medium of those cryptic advertisements which impart a flavour of romance to the columns of the *Morning Post*, might profitably beguile the hours of enforced separation, by committing their vows of constancy, or their plans for secret meetings in Kensington Gardens,

or in the waiting-room at Victoria Station, to the safe keeping of the bilateral cypher of Bacon. To do this would involve so much study and practice of literature that, however flat or unfortunate their relationship might prove in the end, they would at least be able to say that to have known each other was a liberal education.

W. H. MALLOCK.

THE FIELD OF THE PRINT COLLECTOR

THE frequenter of picture Exhibitions, the lover or the casual observer of painted canvases, has, as a rule, no idea how much of the finest Art it is not necessary to go to any Exhibition to see. He ignores the fact that amongst the men of most original mind, to whom great pictorial conceptions have been vouchsafed, no small proportion have expressed themselves by the craft of engraver or etcher, at least as adequately as with the brush and the palette. He ignores his own privileges as a possible collector of admirable prints.

I am met by the exclamation, 'But a print has no colour'! Well, I am ready with my answer. In a strict sense, it has no colour, unless it be one of the inferior, trivial things that a mere drawing-room public runs after, in its flippant hours, for a superficial sense can alone be satisfied with the compromises, the approximations, which are all that is possible to the coloured print: the spoilt Morland, the enfeebled Wheatley, the sugary Bartolozzi meretricious and elegant. The coloured print is well described as 'neither fish, fowl, nor good red herring.' Do not let us imagine that the real lover of colour loves the coloured print. As well believe that the musician, versed in the strains of Palestrina, can take serious pleasure in waiting on the uneventful progress of Claribel's airs. The lover of colour goes, of course, to Titian and to Turner, to Rubens and to Watteau, to Chardin and to Etty, and not to the coloured print.

I said, the print—the real Fine Print, I mean—has in 'the strict sense' no colour. I do not know that we need claim colour for it in any sense; but what I meant by the 'strict' one was that the engraver has a way of seeing colour and talking about colour, and, there is no doubt, of believing that colour is suggested pretty fully by those gradations of black and white in which for my own part, I, a lover of colour—of the rose, of sunrise, of green meadows, of the hues of cheek and hair—am content to see only 'tone,' gradations of black and white, from brilliant illumination to obscure shadow. In the fine print, Colour I give up frankly. The print has not that, but it has, or may have, everything else, and everything else in very high degree.

Of the functions of pictorial art, it fulfils all except that one. It can give you atmosphere; it can give you form; it can tell you a story; it can arouse an emotion; it can diagnose a character; it can show in the artist who wrought it the penetration that belongs to Imagination alone, and it can stir imagination within yourself as you realise the range of its appeal.

And yet the absolutely ordinary person, with a full purse—and many a person who would feel himself grievously wronged if you considered him 'ordinary' at all—goes on confining his inquiry into pictorial Art to a few visits to galleries where are many painted canvasses, and confining his purchases to what are cumbersome and large-framed articles of furniture for the wall!

Yet, of course, Print Collecting has existed since the days of the invention of Engraving—since the days, at all events, when the *nielli* of the goldsmith yielded to the plate of copper employed by Dürer, Schöngauer, Mantegna, Lucas of Leyden—and Print Collecting exists to-day. Only an enthusiast about the matter, a student who has thought this great, long-practised branch of Art worth pausing over, and worth profiting by, must, perforce, feel that it is a pity so many otherwise intelligent people have not acquired the eye that enables them to take keen pleasure in something that, if they be poor, even, may yet be at their very doors. And that—irrespective of opinions passed and hints dropped by the way—is the point I should be glad to insist on in this writing. The range of the Print Collector: the width of the field open to him: the opportunity for the rich man, the opportunity for the poor—the art, the fine art, in the sixpenny line engraving, to be fished, now and again, out of a dusty portfolio, on the Quai des Augustins, or in a street off the Strand, or in a second-rate bookshop in Westminster: the art, the fine art, in the almost unique Rembrandt that Rothschilds or Vanderbilts struggle for, at Christie's, at Sotheby's or in the Rue Drouot.

There is a moment, in the collecting of old books, for printing's sake, when Bodonis are in the ascendant, or Elzevirs. There is a moment, in the collecting of Bindings, when Roger Payne is sought for; and there is a moment for Derôme, and a moment for Trautz-Bauzonnet. There is a moment when the buyer of First Editions is wanting Scotts and Richardsons, and a moment when he is wanting Wordsworths and Shelleys. And so in Print Collecting. Fashion, of course, counts. The adoption of a particular order of furniture—the recognition, say, as the right thing, of Sheraton or Hepplewhite—may bring about a demand for such prints as go with their sofas or their cabinets, or, such at least, as were wont, a hundred years ago, to stand over and stand against their furniture, when their furniture was new. The fashions of the last decade or so, as to *mobiliier*, have enhanced the prices—would that they could also have enhanced the quality!—of the Eighteenth Century coloured print, and of the

delicate and feminine performance in stipple. Within the same period, other influences have made people buy, first, etchings, and then—good etchings, etchings of Rembrandt, Méryon, Whistler, for instance, holding their own, all the while, as they have every possible right to do—then, within the same period, other influences again have made people buy mezzotints. These costliest things—in the fine impressions without which they are nothing worth—are, of course, for the well-to-do. But there are many classes of fine prints altogether outside the sort of things that I have mentioned: and to the collector of modest purse, or unremitting prudence, these offer their opportunity. But such collector need not even go outside at all. The coloured print—the first of fashionable matters that I mentioned—shall not be further discussed. Whether it is one that is in vogue, or one that is not in vogue, I will not be privy to any reader, beginner or student, buying it at all. Let it return to its obscurity: a prettyish, momentarily engaging, easily-tired-of thing, with not half—nay, not one tenth—the character and art in it of a poster by Steinlen, a poster by Toulouse-Lautrec, or by that true master of severe design and worthy composition, Eugène Grasset. But etchings, mezzotints, and line engravings—ah! these, whether the ones in evidence, or the ones less sought for just now, can be discussed earnestly, can be seriously weighed.

Shall I begin with the Etchings?

The art of Etching has been used, not inconsiderably and not unworthily—as Line Engraving has been used very much, and Mezzotint almost entirely—for the rendering and diffusion of famous painted work. But it has been used, I was going to say more largely, but it is better, perhaps, to say more conspicuously and notably, in that wherein consists no doubt its highest service and most authentic mission—in the performance of original labour, the embodiment of original conceptions. The great masters of Etching—those in the first line, after all—are not Flameng, Rajon, Unger, Waltner, Macbeth—important and charming as are the interpretations it has been their business to give—they are, rather, Rembrandt, Claude, Vandyke, Méryon, Whistler; and (I shall add) Jules Jacquemart and Alphonse Legros. These men, and others—two or three, perhaps—whom I have not named, are the greatest masters of Etching. An extraordinarily rare print, in rarest state, by one of these artists, Rembrandt, sells for 2,000*l.* A print, by Jacquemart, that is unquestionably great and beautiful, you need pay but a pound for, at Sotheby's. Clearly then, the auction-room, and clearly too the shop of the print-dealer—Colnaghi's, Obach's, Gutekunst's—is not only for the Astor, the Vanderbilt, the Rothschild—it is also for the intelligent poor man.

But about Rembrandt. Let us go a little more closely into the question of his famous prints, in the admiration of which, to-day, I

recognise no temporary fashion, but only the fitting acknowledgment of a position that lasts.

More, even, than by his painted work, the mind of Rembrandt—his extraordinary perception, his extended sweep, his penetrating gaze, his philosophic view—is expressed in his etchings; and, as to money matters (since these bear upon the possibility of owning the things) is it not a welcome thought, a grateful, satisfactory reflection, that if there be certain prints of his—in given States at all events—which cost, each of them, the price of a small house, or the price of a farm in Wiltshire, there be also certain prints of his, good and desirable, which cost, each of them, only the price of a second-rate bicycle, of a hired brougham to go to three parties, or of one or two private boxes at the theatre? The matter of price depends, in the first place, upon rarity, and, in the second, upon the department of Rembrandt's work to which the print belongs. The Sacred Pieces, save one or two of the most sought-for ones; the minor Portraits; the sheets of Studies (often themselves a delightful little collection of minor portraits) are among the things least expensive. The more celebrated Portraits—the capital examples of the master's art in this kind—and the Landscapes, which are rare, nearly all of them, and which evince, peculiarly, the charm of his reticence, the economy of his means, the inalienable fascination of his style, are the things which (leaving out the absolutely exceptional examples) now a fifty pound note, and now a note for three hundred, will be required to ransom.

How is it that Rembrandt expressed yet more conclusively in his etchings than in his painted canvasses, the depth of his mind, the all-embracing range of his interest, and his faultless control and mastery over the instruments of his art? Had he been primarily a colourist, he could not of course have done all that. Titian and Watteau, addressing themselves to the copper, would have worked long, and then but insufficiently, inadequately, and fragmentarily expressed the particular vision which it was theirs to receive. But Rembrandt—a colourist too when he wants to be—needs not to be seen as a colourist. Give him the opportunity for tone, for radiant light, for sombre shadow, for great distance, for passing expressions—give him, as the model that shall inspire him, the landscape of quietude and the woman of character—and the brush and the palette are no indispensable aids to him. With burin and etching needle *il se tirera d'affaire*.

Lack of opportunity, if not lack of money, will prevent the collector from assembling, in any time less than a generation, so splendid a series of the prints of Rembrandt as was possessed years ago, by Sir Abraham Hume, and Mr. Holford, and M. Dutuit of Rouen—nay, it must be admitted, alas! that it has become impossible for any collector, however richly endowed, to rival now, or hereafter, the possessors of these treasures. But patience and ample fortune

will still permit the accumulation of noble cabinets, and the intelligent poor man may possess himself of a few rare and exquisite things. He may get, for instance—if any luck be his—for twenty pounds, his *Mère de Rembrandt au voile noir*; for twenty-five or thirty, his picked impression of the wonderful *Lutma*—the Second State, 'with the window and the bottle,' which the collector of mere rarities is foolish enough to despise—for thirty or for forty, a First State of the subtle portrait of *Clement de Jonge*; for thirty, a *View of Amsterdam* or *The Landscape with an Obelisk*.

Vandyke's and Claude's etchings are, in number, infinitely more limited than Rembrandt's. The variety in their condition is, from different causes, hardly less great—they too have got to be bought warily—but if the price of any one of them runs into 'three figures,' that is, at all events, an unusual event. Common they are not—in any condition in which they are desirable—but, when the chance occurs, a five-pound note may ransom a Claude worth having: as it will, probably, a Vandyke portrait in the completed State, and in an impression in which the original labour of the master is not deprived of its effect. The Vandyke etchings are nearly all of them portraits of Vandyke's artistic contemporaries. His touch, with little of Rembrandt's subtlety, is yet decisive, immediate, cunning, and, so far, excellent. But his work upon the plate stopped at an early stage—in most cases the plate was handed over, then, to a skilled professional engraver, who finished, sometimes with incongruous deliberation, what Vandyke had impulsively begun. But it is a mistake to suppose that the thing ceases to have value and artistic interest the moment the copper has anything upon it, excepting the etched head: the vast difference in price between the pure etchings and the prints with the figure added, is disproportionate and exaggerated. Study of the individual pieces will reveal many differences in true worth and charm; and even the average rich man, who buys by rule and rote, need not be above knowing that a very few of the portraits—the masterly *De Wael*, conspicuously—Vandyke himself worked, no one else helping him from end to end; so that in such a case as that (provided the impression be a good and intact one) sensible people have but to see that their print, with the initials 'G. H.' (Hendrix, the publisher), is on the old paper—is not later than the true Second State. For here, as elsewhere, of course, there are later issues—and a really late issue of a Vandyke is to be shunned as a late impression of a Claude or a late Rembrandt.

Claude, with a touch free and flexible—less obviously masculine than that of the great Fleming—wrought to the point of pictorial completeness most of the score or so of plates which we owe to him. Unlike his noble drawings in bistre with the pen, his etchings boast no swift and summary method. *Le Bouvier*, the sweetest of them, shows the copper coaxed and petted—won over to his purposes

by what amount of seductive and slow appeal! It is not always quite like that, of course. Simpler, more direct, though far from actually rapid, is the process in the *Wooden Bridge*, with the tufted trees and the landscape's placid sunshine, and in the *Cattle going Home in Stormy Weather*—or in threatening weather, rather; for there is but a suggestion of travelling rain-cloud over the hill. And—not to speak of two or three admitted failures, due generally to technical mischance—in at least one delightful performance, *Le Chevrier*, complete tonality has not for a moment been sought for. Pale and grey and fairly uniform over the whole surface of the etched plate and in the different planes of the landscape, *Le Chevrier* relies for its delightfulness upon its exquisite tree-drawing, and upon the suave disposal of every incident and object of the scene.

Forty years or so ago, Dutch etchings by other men than Rembrandt, were habitually the objects of the collector's desire. Some of them have been discarded rightly. Others have lapsed from favour by mere accident or caprice. Now is the time to search for them. I do not expect that they will ever again be in the front rank, absolutely; nor do I profess that the best of them are anywhere deemed valueless now. But as, in a Past not very remote, they were esteemed too highly, so are they, as a whole, esteemed too lightly in our day. In the Future there will be some reaction. And when that comes, Berghem, with his serene and ordered grace, and Bega, with his brilliant spontaneous transcripts from the life of the hour, will be placed, with little hesitation, I should suppose, by the side of Ostade—at present the only Dutch etcher, save Rembrandt himself, the occurrence of whose prints in the sale-room provokes even a semblance of curiosity or excitement. Berghem has often been recognised; so have Adrian Van de Velde and Paul Potter; but I do not know that Criticism has to this day sounded at all adequately the praise of Bega—most like Ostade, but yet differing from Ostade. Both men, even in their slightest performances, are masters of Composition. *La Famille*, of Ostade, beats anything of Bega's in triumphant intricacy of chiaroscuro; but effects of chiaroscuro, astonishingly broad and right and telling, are within Bega's command, and an extraordinary accuracy of dramatic action in the slightest affair. Had I to single out one particularly fortunate example of Bega's treatment of humble life, from the points of view I have been indicating, it would be, I think, the happily 'unfinished' plate, *La Mère au Cabaret*. I say 'happily unfinished'—it was stopped by Bega at precisely the point in which, with the copper but half covered, the balance of shadow and light was perfectly obtained, and the little story, such as it is, perfectly told.

Quite a small outlay puts a man in possession of charming things by Hollar, a Bohemian of Prague, who, coming into England towards the middle of the Seventeenth Century, found at least some

patronage at the hands of that earliest of great English collectors, Charles the First's Lord Arundel. Hollar could do original work, and copyists' work. For dear life, as much as for the love of his calling, he laboured assiduously. Late and long he toiled, and scanty, sometimes beyond belief, was his reward. He was the witness, or might have been the witness, of England rent in twain by the struggle between Royalist and Parliamentary. Wenceslaus Hollar withdrew himself from the scene of it, retired to Antwerp, and there, of the plague, died miserably. The best English collections of his works have been those formed within the last forty years, and dispersed within the last twenty, by a most brilliant etcher, Seymour Haden, and by one of the last, best type of patient connoisseurs, the Reverend J. J. Heywood, who—though the literary piece in question is unsigned—surely wrote the admirable Preface to the Burlington Club's catalogue of its Hollar Exhibition.

Between the Seventeenth Century and the middle of the Nineteenth, there was an immense blank in the history—a curious ceasing, rather, in the production—of good Etching. Early in the Nineteenth Century, David Wilkie and, yet more particularly, Andrew Geddes, wrought a few fine plates, but they form only a stone or two in the unbuilt bridge between Rembrandt and Méryon. The time was a time of Line Engraving; not of that original Line Engraving, of which, ere I have done, I shall have a word to say, but of a not ignoble interpretative Line Engraving, in which the translators of Rubens—Vosterman and the two Bolswerts and others—and certain great Frenchmen, led the way. And it was a time of mezzotint. The interpreters of Lely and Kneller were followed by those of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Morland, Hogarth—Earlom's mezzotints of *Marriage à la Mode* are even more pictorial and acceptable than the prints of the line engravers who were Hogarth's contemporaries. Then came the interpreters—in mezzotint now, and now in line engraving—of Turner, and the one interpreter in mezzotint of Constable. That was David Lucas. Turner was served, in both the mediums, by admirable artists most of whom he more or less trained. In Line Engraving employed upon the 'Southern Cross' and 'England and Wales,' there were, very conspicuously, the Brothers Cooke, John Pye, and William Miller. In Mezzotint, employed upon the 'Liber Studiorum,' upon the 'Ports of England,' 'Rivers of England,' there were Dunkarton, Lupton, Charles Turner. For nearly all the first half of the Nineteenth Century, one or other of their works was proceeding on its way. The prints are held, naturally, in various degrees of critical or popular esteem. A fine First State of a print from the 'Liber Studiorum' may be worth, perhaps, on an average, twelve or twenty guineas. Half a sovereign will buy a very pleasant impression of a subject in the 'Ports of England.' But, the history of the blank period in Etching

—when Engraving reigned in its place—having thus been lightly sketched, we will return to Etching in its second productive period, and we are with the master, Méryon.

As it was in this very Review, that, twenty years ago, I was permitted to first print an Essay, that has since been republished in many forms and places, on Méryon's tragic story and the characteristics of his work, I will now say little about him. The work has, obviously, not changed in the long interval: nothing has changed but popular opinion and the money value. An impression of the First State of the *Abside de Notre-Dame*, poor Méryon—lonely, unrecognised, already half distraught, it may be—thought himself well paid for, when he received for it, forty years since, from M. Wasset, of the French War Office, a franc and a half. A fine impression of the Second State, bought twenty years ago in Paris, for an Englishman, by M. Thibaudeau—whom I lament—cost four pounds ten; and, only this summer, an American print-seller amiably sought and failed to tear that print from its possessor—*moyennant*, not four pounds ten, but sixty pounds. This little circumstance, so comforting to the practitioners of all the Arts, would seem to show that not much more than one complete generation need elapse between the death of a genius, tired, neglected, solitary, and the recognition of him, in golden coin, a little of which he might have found useful. And, meantime—in Art, in Literature, in Musical Composition—the performance that has been on the level of its own day's public, has received that public's reward.

We were not, all of us, altogether appreciative—a quarter of a century ago—of the artistic message of Mr. Whistler. Sometimes Mr. Whistler exhibited his things in a condition in which, though they had reached cleverness (they did that from the very beginning) they had not reached perfection. That was the case with the first display of the Venetian etchings. And it was a little trying. But Mr. Whistler—blithe, I trust, and flourishing, even in moments when the world had not fully acknowledged the magic that belongs to him at his best—is still with us, to enjoy a eulogy pronounced without reserve.

Scarcely a score of splendid coppers, built up with supreme force—with a deliberation rare in an etcher, and more habitually a property of such a master of the burin as was Albert Dürer—constitute, in a true sense, the *œuvre* of Méryon: on these is founded an enduring fame. Whistler's fame, too, will last; but, putting pictures, lithographs, drawings, out of our purview, the sources of Mr. Whistler's fame, the qualities that justify it, are to be found distributed over two or three hundred etchings, of which the first were wrought in 1857 and 1858, and the last but a few years ago. To make complete collections of an artist's work—even to endeavour to make them—has gone very much out of fashion. Would that the habit—the old collector's

habit—might come into fashion again, in cases where it is possible; because it is that patient, exhaustive, concentrated collecting that has given us the true connoisseur, that has educated the expert. And our way now—the ordinary cultivated person's way, I mean—is one that is too far removed from that. It consists in knowing a few masterpieces, or a few favourite plates, and leaving quite outside appreciation the bulk of a great man's labour. But in the case of Mr. Whistler, as in the case of Rembrandt, such complete collecting is impossible. Neither Mr. Avery, nor Mr. Howard Mansfield in New York, nor Sir John Day, nor Mr. Theobald in London—admirable amateurs, one and all, whose rich possessions are to be envied earnestly—has, I feel sure, an absolutely complete assemblage of all that Whistler ever wrought. A few plates, a very few plates at least, must be lacking to each of them—unless indeed (if I am to relent for a moment, it be Mr. Avery, who began so long ago. But collections are still to be formed: important groups, of twenty, thirty, fifty etchings, are still—with a will, with patience, and not without some money—to be got together. Those groups should be representative. Starting with one or two pieces taken from the early 'French Set,' such as the *Vieille aux Loques* or the *Marchande de Montarde*, they should go on with two or three examples from the 'Thames Set,' such as the *Black Lion Wharf* or the *Thames Police*; they should include one or two rare dry-points of the 'Leyland period'—for so collectors speak of it—one or two sweeping visions of the Thames, after the time of the 'Thames Set,' such as *Price's Candle Works*, in the First State at all costs, and the *Large Pool*; and then they should not close without the *Little Venice*—that faultless and refined dream—a piece or two from the later Dutch series, from the Brussels etchings, from the Loire etchings, and happy will be the collector if he can add to these, *Busy Chelsea*, or *Battersea Bridge*.

Seymour Haden, founder of the Royal Society of Painter-etchers, was, until the somewhat recent appearance of Mr. D. Y. Cameron, the only English artist whose work competes at all, in reasonable acceptability, with Whistler's: the vigour of Seymour Haden's labour is more quickly evident; its exquisiteness—but Whistler's exquisiteness is altogether his own. Seymour Haden—beginning serious work in 1864 or 1865—has produced about three hundred plates. And they have largely circulated; for they are not only sound, strong, skilful etchings, but delightful presentations, most of them, of the landscape they record: produced in happy moments, under an impulse not to be gainsaid. And those of them that, through any circumstances, have become rare, have, as years have passed, increased in price, greatly. Seymour Haden's vogue, which shows no signs of ceasing, has been already a long one. Popularity belongs to the spirited prints etched in the 'Sixties—of which

the *Agamemnon* is chief—and to the broader, richer dry-points of a later time.

Two or three French etchers, of the mid-Nineteenth Century, one knows and has to mention, as the equals, more or less, of the greatest. How many people have heard of Ribot, a sort of Chardin of the etching needle, who, in six lines, sometimes, gives character to cooks and scullions? How many of Veyrassat?—whose white horse and whose black horse are placed together in the ferry boat, or plod together through the ploughed field, under a wide sky. How many of a man who was not French by birth, and who has etched best of all the slow canals of his own lowlands—Jongkind? But it was not of these that I was thinking; nor even of Millet. I was thinking of Bracquemond; though he has wrought, it may be, not always wisely, and too much—the note of singular originality and genius struck in *Le Haut d'un Battant de Porte*, not having been sustained. But, were it by *Le Haut d'un Battant de Porte* alone, Bracquemond is destined to live. I was thinking of Jacquemart, who entered into the very soul of beautiful things—one of whose exquisite reproductions of arms, or armour, or porcelain, a pound or so, and sometimes less than that, will to this day buy. And I was thinking most of all of Legros.

Legros is a belated Old Master, and the belated Old Master does not find the readiest acceptance from the busy modern world. Legros's time has come, however. He has possessed his soul in patience, and as years have followed years, he has enlarged the range and enhanced, I think, even the quality of his art. Legros's figure-subjects, such as *La Mort et le Bûcheron* and the marvellous *Chantres Espagnols*, have ever been pathetic and weird—a meditative reticent poetry is of the very warp and woof of his mind. And he is a master of technique—of simple ways, deliberately adopted, after knowing all ways. Writing fifteen years, or even five years, since, about his Landscape, one would have had less to say about that than one must say to-day. For quite lately there has been granted to his landscapes of France, such as *Les Tourbières* and *Le Mur du Presbytère* and *Le Pré ensoleillé*, a refinement of vision, a perfection of performance, such as comes to two or three men only, in the course of all the history of an Art.

But it is time that original Line Engraving passed, briefly and rapidly, under view. Briefly, not only because of necessity, but because of desirability—there is less that is in any way new to say about it, than about that other art from which we now turn. The collector of modern mind will not be likely to throw himself very enthusiastically into the pursuit of prints, many of which appeal to antiquary rather than to lover of pure Art—so much Italian work betrays the archaic, bears the stamp of the Primitive.

Of the best Renaissance line engravings wrought in Italy, some

—like most of our English mezzotints—are translations of other artists' designs. Such are Marc Antonio's, which were the objects of curious research and interested comparisons, between collectors, forty years ago. Such even is one piece of Zoan Andrea's which I cherish—the *Dance of Damsels*, after Andrea Mantegna: a rearrangement, more or less, of a group in Mantegna's 'Parnassus.' The fine and wholly original things in Italian Line Engraving are not so very numerous, and it is seldom they are found in the condition the collector wants. The austere spirit of Mantegna, relaxing for a while in that *Dance of Damsels*, is expressed, perfectly and characteristically, in prints it is so difficult to light upon. Dürer, who, in the Low Countries, appreciated and exchanged prints with Master Lucas of Leyden, had hoped, in travelling to Italy, to behold Mantegna. But when Dürer reached the South, the mortal part of the great master whom one associates with Padua and with Mantua most of all—though Vicenza was the place of his birth—the mortal part of the noble and always masculine Mantegna was no more there.

Lucas van Leyden was not, on the copper, such a draughtsman as Dürer; but he was strong and quaint, dramatic, interesting. And, over and above those many pieces which are concerned with human fortunes, Lucas van Leyden's design in Ornament, both for line and for light and shade, was of the most ingenious, the most subtly symmetrical, the most accomplished.

But for sheer dexterity of execution, for pure brilliance of technical effect, and for excellent design to boot, one of the seven German 'Little Masters'—Heinrich Aldegrever—bears the palm. I speak of him as a master of Ornament. Barthel Beham, another of the 'Little Masters,' would concern us more closely if he had been more productive. Scanty, at best, is his admirable *œuvre*, and scarce are the examples of it. But there is Sebald, his brother. On the small scale which, fortunately, in these German works, is never dissociated from greatness of style and scheme, Hans Sebald Beham—whom, years ago, Mr. Loftie rightly eulogised—produced plate after plate which dealt, now with Ornament, now with popular and peasant life, now with grim and impressive Allegory. The English print collector—alive to the naïve prettiness of Martin Schöngauer—has been strangely slow to appreciate the value and the fascination of Sebald Beham's work. A poor impression of a plate of his is scarcely worth buying; but four or five guineas, and a little patience, will even now secure a very fine one. Has the English collector an excuse for his neglect? I doubt it. The best that he could urge would be devotion to Dürer—a continuous occupation with the efforts of that master-mind, that well-controlled burin.

Alas! the true collector is himself so rare a person. In

Germany—where the cost of Dürer line engravings increases every year, and where even the woodcuts, not actually of his own execution, are welcomed—any good Dürer would be the subject of interest, and the motive for rivalry. There is no fear there, at all events, that the less conspicuous of Dürer's pieces, wrought upon copper, will be neglected. But with us it is too much the tendency to ask for the *Melancholia*, the beautiful *Nativity*, the *Knight of Death*, if we can afford to have it; and to forget the quaintness of the charm, the happy *naïveté* of conception, the exquisiteness of the workmanship, of his various presentations of the Virgin and Child—of which the *Virgin with the Pear* and the *Virgin by the City Wall* (never, indeed, obtainable, in good condition, unless well paid for) are two of the most admirable. 'The great Albert!'—as the most affectionate and reverent of his devotees delight to call him—of his work the sane and masculine admirer of art finds it impossible to tire. Would we discover him at his most solid, and his most superb, the *Great White Horse* and the *Small White Horse* may be resorted to. Would we seek, in a single little print, his finest grace of line, his most genial mood, the spirit of the Renaissance at its best, there is the plate of the *Three Genii*, whose limited inches give radiance and dignity to any place in which they are.

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

HOW TO PUT AN END TO PROFESSIONAL CRIME

THOSE who have escaped from the influence of popular traditions are apt to forget the course by which they gained their liberty, and to be impatient with others who fail to understand them. I confess to having erred in this way in regard to my article on crime which appeared in these pages last February. It was unfortunate, moreover, that its title was so worded as to admit of a double meaning. Were I to write of our absurd system of eating, no one would understand me to advocate giving up food, but merely some drastic dietary reform; and 'our absurd system of punishing crime' was construed on similar lines. While, therefore, its reception by the few surpassed my expectations, it was misread by many as though it were intended as a veiled attack upon our criminal courts and the prison department. My July article was accordingly designed to remove these misapprehensions; and as some months have elapsed, since it appeared, I suppose I may assume that my critics are satisfied and my opponents silenced.

The crime of the country is generally regarded, not only without distress and shame, but with ignorant and stupid complacency, because, forsooth, it is diminishing. Such complacency springs from contrasting what is with what has been, instead of comparing it with what might be. When the Prison Act, 1877, came into force, one of the first acts of the new Prison Board was to close half the prisons of England. But people forget that those prisons were provided at a time when the masses of the population were steeped in utter ignorance and sunk in abject poverty such as this generation has happily no conception of. The effect of the removal or modification of these fruitful causes of crime should be accepted as proof that crime is preventable; and, further, that in the altered circumstances of the population the crime of to-day is more disgraceful to the community than was the much greater volume of crime in the dark days now past.

A few years ago any one who proposed to prevent an outbreak of cholera or the plague would have been scouted as a dreamer, or

possibly denounced as an Atheist. And yet our present immunity from these scourges is regarded so much as a matter of course that no thought is given to the patient labour and unsleeping vigilance of those by whom these results are attained; and if the reforms which have availed to check the spread of infectious diseases had not taken the public by storm they would have been opposed far more vigorously than the changes are resisted which I advocate in regard to crime. It would have been urged, first, that to require the authorities to take notice of every case of infectious disease would be utterly impracticable; and secondly, that the measures necessary to enforce this, and to give effect to it, would be a flagrant outrage upon the liberty of the subject and a violation of the British Constitution. But as we mark the success of these measures we wonder at the apathy and ignorance which prevailed until a few years ago in dealing with disease, and the next generation may possibly wonder at the blindness and stupidity which characterise our own day in dealing with crime. But while the former apathy respecting disease was due entirely to ignorance, our attitude towards crime is largely due to the controlling influence of a false principle.

With most men the obligation to punish crime still ranks with the eternal verities, and in days not long passed away it was universally unquestioned. The fate of a convicted felon was never in doubt. The commission of the crime was not infrequently followed by an arrest, and the arrest by a conviction. The person convicted, who it may be hoped was generally the actual criminal, went to the gallows as a matter of course. He might be a useful member of the community, or he might be a dangerous outlaw, but considerations of this kind had no bearing on the issue. Crime had to be punished, and the legal punishment for felony was death. But as civilisation advanced, and varying terms of transportation, or of penal servitude, or imprisonment took the place of hanging, it became necessary to apportion the sentence to the crime. In some cases the infliction of any punishment at all was a loss to the community; in other cases the legal limit of the sentence precluded a court from giving adequate protection to the public. But the question was what punishment was fitted to the *crime*, and not to the *criminal*. An immense advance was made when the legislature enacted that in sentencing a convicted prisoner the Court might take cognisance of previous crimes recorded against him, and impose a heavier sentence on account of them. This was the first departure from the cast-iron operation of the 'punishment-of-crime' system. But the law by implication required that some measure of punishment should be imposed in every case. This requirement, however, the judges not infrequently ignored, unless where a statute denied them a discretion by fixing a minimum sentence. These minimum-sentence enactments have now been repealed, and the last step we have

reached is the legalising the discharge of first offenders without any sentence at all.

But in spite of all these changes the *punishment of crime* still remains the governing principle of our penology, and my aim is to show that that principle is theoretically unsound and practically mischievous. Nor is this discussion one of merely academic interest. I contend that if our criminal courts dealt with the criminal instead of with the crime, all crimes against property would be sensibly reduced, and professional crime might be altogether suppressed. Some judges endeavour to do this very thing. Not content with a prisoner's official *dossier*, they seek to investigate his character and antecedents in a larger sense, and they apportion his sentence according to the result of that inquiry. But, as I have pointed out in previous articles, the law gives no sanction to this; and, of course, it makes no provision for holding such an inquiry openly, and with fairness to the accused.

And this system of informal inquiries is responsible for some share of the popular outcry against inequality of sentences. In too many instances that outcry is abundantly justified. Indeed, it may be doubted whether any decided improvement has taken place in this respect since Lord Herschell called attention to the subject in Parliament eleven years ago. He cited a case where two prisoners, convicted of similar crimes, and equally guilty, were sentenced, the one to a long term of penal servitude, and the other to two months' imprisonment. Many cases of this kind occur which admit of no satisfactory explanation. But equality of sentences is not infrequently advocated on grounds which are wholly ignorant and wrong. Some crimes which in the cold light of the legal evidence appear in all respects equal differ so widely that the one may deserve the severest punishment, and the other no punishment at all. Let me illustrate this. A. B. is convicted of stealing 5s., and is sentenced to a long term of penal servitude; C. D. is convicted on a precisely similar charge, and he is released from the dock. But the explanation is simple. The one crime is regarded as a last and crowning proof that the offender is a hopeless criminal, an irreclaimable outlaw; whereas the circumstances in which the other crime was committed excite compassion for the offender.

It must be acknowledged, however, that on the punishment-of-crime principle both these decisions are unjust, and any one who takes that view may plead that he has the law on his side. He may fairly argue thus: 'In former times both men would have been sent to the gallows. No considerations relative to the character or circumstances of the felons would have affected their fate. Nowadays, it is true, the punishment is different, but the principle of law on which the punishment is ordained remains unchanged. The Court ought to consider the crime, and not the criminal. Therefore

to send a man to penal servitude for stealing a few shillings is monstrous; and to let a thief go entirely unpunished is a miscarriage of justice. "Justice is blind," and these new-fangled methods and ways are an outrage upon justice.'

Now I admit the fairness of the argument. I recognise that the punishment-of-crime principle underlies our criminal law, and that upon that principle both decisions in the case I have supposed are indefensible. But my object is to arraign the law itself, and to challenge the whole position on which this argument is based. 'Justice is blind!' It was blind justice that in other days filled our gaols to overflowing and provided the gallows with victims by the score. But, happily, justice is no longer blind in England.

But, it may be urged, all this is matter of opinion, and opinions differ. I come back, therefore, to deal with a definite practical question in a practical way. In previous articles I have shown that if statistics can prove anything they prove unmistakably that ordinary crimes against property are diminishing, but that crimes of the kind which the police know to be the work of professional criminals are increasing. I have also shown that those who challenge this statement have misread both the facts and the statistics; and, further, that these conclusions are really based, not on the study of statistics at all—for statistics may err and mislead—but on the facts as known to those who have to deal with criminals in a practical way.

As day by day, and year by year, I used to study the 'Morning reports' of crime at Scotland Yard—and every crime of Greater London, with its 6,000,000 inhabitants, was reported to me—I found abundant proof, first, that the great mass of the people are honest and law-abiding, and secondly, that professional crime is a clearly defined element in the general crime of the metropolis, and that if it were eliminated property would be as safe in the suburbs of London as it is in rural England. Sometimes I had *nil* returns from the whole of the West End. Occasionally I had *nil* returns from upwards of half of the metropolitan police district, and I may add that days on which there were not *nil* returns from some at least of the principal divisions of the metropolis were exceedingly rare. Every one knows that in rural England there are numberless districts, and populous districts too, where crimes against property are almost unknown; but most people will hear with surprise that this is also true of many places within fifteen miles of Charing Cross.

If crimes against property were to be accounted for, as the philosophers suppose, by 'the criminal impulse' or the pressure of poverty, a foggy night would bring a crop of them, and a prolonged frost would be a time of public danger. But as a matter of fact a fog causes no anxiety to the Criminal Investigation Department; and a burglary epidemic, like a fever epidemic, flourishes in mild weather, and a drop of twenty degrees Fahrenheit will check it.

And the reason is plain: professional crime is organised crime, and 'all organising involves time; and professional men, burglars included, do not care to be abroad at night when the thermometer is getting down to zero.

And this brings into prominence the difference between the way in which the public regard an outbreak of crime and the way in which it is treated by an intelligent police force. With the public it is a question of statistics—and in proof of this I need only appeal to the criticisms upon my first article—but with the police it is a question of *persons*. Let me once again explain that I am here dealing only with crimes against property. No one is a murderer in the sense in which many men are burglars. At least 'the White-chapel murderer' of 1888 is the only exception to this in recent years. And that *offse*, by the way, will serve to indicate the difference I wish to enforce. In my first article I alluded to the fact of that fiend's detention in an asylum. Now the inquiry which leads to the discovery of a criminal of that type is different from the inquiry, for example, by which a burglar may often be detected. If a ground-floor dining-room window is left open at night, and the spoons and forks are missed next morning, there is no mystery about the crime, and no use in 'searching albums' to find the criminal. But if a house which is properly secured is broken and entered, the case claims careful investigation. I mention burglaries only because the public 'catch on' about crimes of this character. My remarks apply still more forcibly to other branches of professional crime. A man who commits a burglary is a burglar in the same sense in which a man who commits a murder is a murderer. But burglaries are usually committed by men who are burglars in the sense in which other men are doctors, lawyers, architects, &c. The only difference, indeed, is that in the burglar's trade success gives proof of greater proficiency than seems necessary in other lines.

I never realised what an amount of determination and nerve it needs to break into a dwelling-house at night until I discovered my own deficiencies in these respects. I learned the lesson while living with Charles Reade long ago in the house at Albert Gate which he afterwards christened 'Naboth's Vineyard'—the house, by the way, in which Mr. Rolfe received his visitors in *A Terrible Temptation*. On arriving at home one night after midnight I found I had forgotten my latchkey, and being unable to rouse the inmates I decided to enter burglariously. My experience of criminal courts had given me a theoretical knowledge of the business, and it was with a light heart that I dropped into the area and attacked the kitchen window. Of course I had no fear of the police. Neither had I any cause to dread a pistol shot in entering the house. And yet such was the effect on my nerves of spending twenty minutes in that area that the sound of a constable's tread in the garden made me retreat

into the coal-cellar. I felt then that my case was desperate. As there were no steps to the area, escape was impracticable, and a new bolt on the window baffled me. So at last I was driven to break the glass. It is extraordinary what a noise it makes to smash a pane of glass when one does it deliberately; and the passers-by were attracted by the sound. But they of course had no bull's-eye lantern to flash into the area, and as I had again taken refuge in the cellar they could see nothing to account for the noise. As soon as they were gone, it was an easy task to shoot the bolt, open the window, and scramble into the house.

As I have digressed to narrate this story I may as well finish it. The police were sent for next morning and detectives investigated the crime. The broken glass and the marks both inside and outside gave proof of a felonious entry; but, *mirabile dictu*, nothing was disturbed, nothing was stolen. The case was most mysterious, and it passed into the statistics as an undetected burglary. And those who knew Charles Reade will believe me when I add that when I afterwards told him the facts his delight was unbounded.

And now for the moral of my story. I want to break down the popular idea that serious crimes against property are, like many serious crimes of violence, the result of accidental circumstances or sudden passion. Such crimes are deliberately planned and executed by expert criminals. Any bricklayer's labourer can build a 'lean-to' shed, but it needs an architect to build a dwelling-house. And any tramp can enter a house through a window or door left unfastened, but it needs a trained burglar to get through doors or windows that are securely bolted and barred. And when it comes to such special feats as safe-breaking, for example, the men competent for the task are so few that some police officers could possibly write down the names of them all from memory. As definitely limited in numbers, and as well known, are the criminals who have committed all the 'ladder larcenies,' as they are called. In this crime a country house standing in its own grounds is entered by ladders placed against the bedroom windows while the family are at dinner downstairs, all outer doors being fastened by screws and wire, and the grounds being roped to trip up pursuers. When a crime of this sort occurs a 'Sherlock Holmes' inquiry is as unnecessary as it would be futile. The practical problem is to discover what members of certain definitely known gangs of thieves were engaged in it.

It is to this habit of dealing with criminals instead of with crimes that the phenomenal success of the Criminal Investigation Department is largely due. I have no reserve in praising a department of which I was, until so recently, the chief, and for the excellent reason that no one knows so well as I to whom the praise for that success is due. With a chief who did not enjoy the fullest confidence and respect of his subordinates success would be impossible; but

the best of chiefs can do little more than stand behind the working staff—a body of officers that, *as a body*, when judged by the double test of efficiency and character, are unequalled in the world. Character I include with emphasis because it is often overlooked when judging of the relative merits of different forces. And when I speak of efficiency some people will exclaim, ‘But what about all the undetected crimes?’ I will use my new liberty to say here that in London the undetected crimes are few. But English law does not permit of an arrest save on legal evidence of guilt, and legal evidence is often wholly impossible even where moral proof is convincing and complete. Were I to unfold the secrets of Scotland Yard about crimes respecting which the police have been disparaged and abused in recent years, the result would be a revelation to the public. But this is not my subject here.

I may mention one case to illustrate the importance of dealing with criminals instead of with their crimes. Soon after I went to Scotland Yard a parcel containing 10,000*l.* worth of bonds was stolen in transit between London and Paris. It was one of a series of similar larcenies which for years had been a serious trouble to the London, Chatham and Dover and the South Eastern Railway Companies. Strictly speaking, these railway companies are private undertakings, and a theft on their lines or on their boats is a matter beyond the scope of metropolitan police duties. But I have always felt strongly that this is an attitude unworthy of what is really the National Police Force. Scotland Yard set itself, therefore, not to detect the crimes, but to discover the criminals. Detective stories seem to have a fascination for most people, and the public would greatly like to know the means and methods used by the police in work of this kind. But there is a cogent reason against gratifying that desire, namely, that ‘the public’ includes a section that is better kept in ignorance. I mean the criminals themselves. Suffice it to say I succeeded, not only in recovering the bulk of the stolen 10,000*l.*, but in breaking up the gang; and for ten years past there has not been another crime of the kind. Similar methods have availed also to put an end to the pickpocket’s trade on the Channel boats, a trade by which a number of men had lived in comfort for many a year.

But, it may be said, I am thus supplying an answer to all I have already written on this subject. If crime can be so easily prevented what excuse can there be for arraiguing our present methods of dealing with it? The answer is simple. These special crimes were the work of a few high-class thieves; and when the gang was exposed the hope of their gains was gone. It is easy, moreover, by police action to make property secure in any particular place. And this might be done for the entire metropolis by increasing the police force tenfold. That is an alternative proposal to mine. But is

it a practical one? And even if the cost did not veto it, would it be a rational one? The problem here relates to professional criminals, that is to those (as Mr. Justice Wills expressed it in his *Times* letter) 'who follow crime as the business of their lives, who take it as a profession, who calculate and accept its risks, who have entirely ceased to work, if they ever did work, and who never mean to do so.' Now there are two alternative ways of dealing with this problem. The one is the present punishment-of-crime system, under which each of these professional criminals, when he happens to be caught, is put away for a term that is deemed an adequate punishment for the particular crime proved against him (consideration being given, of course, to previous convictions legally proved), after which he is set free again to resume the practice of his profession. The other system, which I advocate, is that when a criminal gives proof that he has deliberately chosen a life of crime the community should be protected by depriving him of the liberty he thus abuses. As he has by his own choice and conduct outlawed himself, let him be treated as an outlaw.

I do not advocate a death sentence in such cases, and for the simple reason that no such drastic measure is needed. I am not theorising about statistics. I have in view the men who constitute the class I refer to—men who are thoroughly well known to the officers of the Criminal Investigation Department, and upon whom the entire organisation of crime against property in England depends—and I say deliberately and with confidence that if the system I have described were announced to take effect on the 1st of January, 1902, the immediate change with respect to crime would be equal to the results achieved in the sphere of sanitation in recent years. I go further and maintain that the practical difficulties in checking an epidemic of typhoid, or in preventing an epidemic of cholera—difficulties which have been successfully overcome—are enormously greater than would be the difficulty of putting an end to crime of the kind here in question. The system which has availed to check or prevent disease is a triumph of which we may well be proud; the system which accounts for the prevalence of professional crime is a disgrace to the country and the age. Some people were surprised at the vigour of my language in denouncing that system. But if I were writing only for those who know me, and know that I am in the habit of weighing my words, I would use far stronger language to describe our present methods. The public, however, might attribute this to hysterics—a complaint I do not suffer from.

Here is an extract from one of the morning papers of the day I am writing these lines :

Hewson Patchett, forty-eight, was yesterday sentenced to two years' hard labour for obtaining 7*l.* and a gold watch by false pretences.

He urged it was his first offence, but a London detective informed the Court there were about two hundred cases against him for house-breaking.

Could Bedlam or Earlswood Asylum suggest anything to equal the imbecility of the system of which this case is fairly typical? I quote the case at random. I have no knowledge of it beyond what I have obtained from the newspapers. But while under our present law and practice the sentence was a reasonable one, I maintain that if Patchett is a cool-headed, deliberate criminal, the whole proceeding is a farce; and if he be one of those miserable, weak creatures who cannot abstain from crime, the sentence is barbarous. Possibly the house-breakings are in a venue beyond the jurisdiction of the Court which tried the misdemeanour—another element of stupidity in our present law—and the man may be brought up elsewhere for the felonies; therefore I will not further discuss the case. But I use it to illustrate the system which I condemn. My appreciation of the fairness and truthfulness of 'London detectives' does not blind me to the injustice of springing upon a prisoner called up for sentence an accusation that he has committed 200 other crimes. I maintain that in such circumstances the prisoner's full *dossier* (and not merely, as at present, his record under the Prevention of Crimes Act) should be officially submitted to the Court, and a copy of it communicated to the prisoner, and the result of the inquiry on that *dossier* should decide his fate.

Here I may mention the extraordinary fact that if Patchett had been tried abroad the very course I suggest would probably have been followed. A criminal court in France, for example, would not sentence a man known to be English without first obtaining officially and formally from Scotland Yard all the particulars procurable of his antecedents; and if a prisoner challenged any statement so made to his prejudice, and the Court saw reason to doubt its correctness, sentence would be deferred pending a further application to London for fuller inquiry.

An interesting instance of this practice occurs to me at this moment. Some years ago the Belgian authorities sent me the photograph and description of a man who was then lying under a criminal charge. He was promptly recognised as a member of the aristocracy of crime; and I sent his record, which included a life sentence in America, from which he had escaped, and a larceny of nearly 100,000*l.* worth of property in one of our colonies, on the proceeds of which he had lived sumptuously for years. But in contrast with this an English criminal court knows nothing of Scotland Yard, or even of the Home Office, but deals with a prisoner and his offence on the punishment-of-crime system. And if a 'London detective' should be present, he appears merely as a witness in the case, or possibly as an informal adviser of the judge.

My proposal, then, is definite and simple, and my apology for thus repeating myself again and again must be that it is only by

constant repetition that venerable traditions can be overcome, and stupid satisfaction with the present can be disturbed. I urge, that when an accused person has been tried and found guilty of a crime the Court, instead of *punishing the crime*, should proceed to inquire who and what is the criminal, what are his character, and antecedents, and circumstances, and that upon the result of that inquiry he should be dealt with in whatever way the interests of the public might require. The effect would be that some who now go to prison would be restored at once to the ranks of labour; and that others, who under the present system are sentenced to detention for limited terms, would be deprived permanently of a liberty which they use only to prey upon their neighbours.

Exception has been taken to this scheme on three different grounds. By some it is said to be unwarranted by the actual state of crime; others hold that it would be unjust; and a third class of objectors consider it would be impracticable and ineffectual. Upon the first point I appeal to my July article, in which I have shown that the flank attack upon my argument from the metropolitan police statistics is based upon a misapprehension, and also that my case does not rest upon mere statistics at all; with the other points it may be desirable to deal, though at the cost of still further repetition.

I will say no more at present in answer to that minority who, regarding the punishment of crime as a duty, cannot tolerate the idea of mercy for offenders. Neither will I discuss the matter any further here with that other minority, the agitators whose morbid sympathies are always and only with the 'Pachetts,' and who never have a thought either for their 200 victims or for the wider public outraged by their crimes. They are the 'Pro-Boers' of the crimes controversy. But there are very many people whose judgment is influenced by a vague belief that to sentence a thief to detention for life would involve injustice as definite, though not as gross, as was formerly involved in hanging him. Such a belief, however, is merely the outcome of the false punishment-of-crime delusion of modern penology. If 'life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness' be indeed 'inalienable rights' with which 'all men are endowed by their Creator,' then a prison is an outrage both on mankind and on the Deity. But, *pace* the American 'Declaration of Independence,' this is sheer anarchy; and, it may be added, there is no country where the policeman's 'club' makes shorter work of these 'inalienable rights' than in the United States. The only 'inalienable right' in the matter is that of the community to deprive any man of his liberty, and, if expedient, even of his life, if he deliberately pursues a course of conduct which is incompatible with the 'life, liberty, or pursuit of happiness' of others.

Take the case of the Anarchist, for example. The Anarchist

claim the 'inalienable right' to kill any man whom he chooses to regard as a public enemy. Is it not obvious, then, that no one who holds that creed could sustain a charge of injustice against the community if the community saw fit to act upon the same creed, and, holding the Anarchist to be a public enemy, put every Anarchist to death? And the same principle applies in the case of the thief. If the presence of a thief in the community is inconsistent with the public good, it is the 'inalienable right' of the community to get rid of him.

But, some one will object, the thief may be the victim of the neglect of the community to discharge its duties toward the weak and the unfortunate; and if the full facts and circumstances of his crime were known, it would appear that he deserves pity rather than punishment. In other words, considerations respecting the criminal would often control our action relative to the crime. Precisely so; and this is one ground of my attack upon our present system and methods. But I am now assuming that the whole case has been fully and fairly investigated, and that the result gives proof that liberty for the thief is incompatible with the safety of the public. In these circumstances, to shut him up for a few months or years, and then turn him out to resume his deliberately chosen career of crime, not only savours of lunacy, but is often a wrong to the thief himself, as it is generally a wrong to his relatives and friends, and always a scandalous injustice to the community.

This question is often embarrassed by a generous feeling of sympathy for discharged criminals on account of the supposed difficulty of their obtaining employment; and in the case of men of education or social position such sympathy may often be well deserved. But in London, at least, no member of the working classes who on discharge from prison really desires to return to honest labour need fail of his good intention through want of a helping hand. Of course every rule has exceptions; but, speaking generally, it may always be assumed that any discharged convict who whines about police persecution and his inability to find employment merits the persecution and not the employment. The Convict Supervision Office is always as ready to befriend the deserving as to 'persecute' the evil-doer, and nothing at Scotland Yard used to give me more satisfaction than the administration and development of the system established by my friend Sir Howard Vincent for this purpose; and to many an appeal made to me to help some poor fellow on his discharge from hospital or the workhouse I had to make answer, 'If he had been discharged from gaol I could help him, but I cannot help a man merely because he is poor and unfortunate.'

This last paragraph might supply matter for a separate article; and upon the general question of the alleged 'injustice' of dealing

with law-breakers in whatever way the interests of society may require the discussion might be prolonged indefinitely. But I am probably right in assuming that with the great majority of people the only questions upon which they will claim to be satisfied are whether the system I propose is practicable, and whether, if adopted, it would avail to stamp out organised crimes against property. To these questions, then, I turn in conclusion.

First, it may be objected that an inquiry into a prisoner's career and character would be impracticable. That if such an inquiry were controlled by the laws of evidence it might become interminable, and otherwise it would be unfair. I may answer at once that after conviction there should be no restriction whatever upon the proposed inquiry; and, further, that in such circumstances the rules of evidence would prejudice a prisoner quite as often as they would help him. There exists in London a Court of Appeal in criminal cases, of which the public knows nothing, by which the decision of judge and jury is sometimes reviewed in the interests of a convicted prisoner. The procedure I refer to is the occasional re-trial of cases by the Criminal Investigation Department, and I cannot recall any case in which an inquiry of this sort has resulted in the discharge of the accused that he has not owed his release to evidence of a kind that would not have been admissible at the trial. Of course the result may equally tell against the accused. The first criminal case I had to do with at Whitehall recurs to me in this connection. I mean the 'Clerkenwell explosion' of 1867. The whole story will bear telling some day perhaps, but now I touch only on a single incident. Owing to sheer bungling a strong case very nearly broke down. All the guilty men escaped except Barrett, who was hanged for the crime; and his hanging, by the way, will always have an historical interest, as it was the last public execution in England. But even in Barrett's case Lord Chief Justice Cockburn began to entertain misgivings about the verdict, and came to the Home Office to suggest a respite. On that occasion, however, the production of a single document which could not have been used at the trial completely satisfied both the judge and the Secretary of State, and Barrett was left to his fate. The laws of evidence may be admirable in their proper place, but they are wholly unsuited to an after-verdict inquiry about a man's career and character.

Some, again, might possibly suppose that the scheme would be unworkable on account of the number of thieves requiring to be dealt with. The widely circulated advertisement of one of the burglary insurance companies contains the startling statement that there are 70,000 thieves known to the police. As a matter of fact there are not 70,000 names on the registers at Scotland Yard; and yet these include criminals of every class, a large proportion of whom are dead and gone or in other ways withdrawn

from the army of crime. I am not turning phrases about this matter, or dealing in rhetorical fireworks. I am speaking seriously and deliberately, and I appeal to all who have any confidence in my judgment and knowledge of the subject to accept my assurance that if, not 70,000, but *seventy* known criminals were put out of the way, the whole organisation of crime against property in England would be dislocated, and we should, not ten years hence, but immediately enjoy an amount of immunity from crimes of this kind that it might to-day seem Utopian to expect. The criminal statistics cult blinds its votaries. It is the crimes committed by professional criminals that keep the community in a state of siege; and the professional criminals are few, and I may add they are well known to the police. The theory that these men commit crime under the overpowering pressure of habit or of impulse is altogether mistaken. They pursue a career of crime, because, as Sir Alfred Wills expresses it, they 'calculate and accept its risks.' And just in proportion as you increase the risks, you will diminish the number of those who will face them. True it is that the army of crime includes a certain number of wretched creatures who have not sufficient moral stamina to resist the criminal impulse. I believe there are fewer of this class in England than abroad. But I know that these are not the sort of criminals whose crimes perplex the police. The high-class criminal is a different type of person altogether.

Some years ago I was appointed administrator of a convict who was known to be wealthy: he is one of the aristocrats of the profession. After taking possession of several thousand pounds' worth of bonds and securities for money, I made the discovery that he was the owner of a good deal of house property in London. This I refused to deal with, and allowed him to nominate someone else to look after it. He named a brother professional, a man of the same kidney as himself. After an interval, however, I began again to receive substantial cheques for rent from his tenants, as the person appointed to receive their rent could not be found. I knew what that meant, and at once instituted inquiries to find him, first in the metropolis and then throughout the provinces. But the inquiries were fruitless. I learned, however, that when last at Scotland Yard one of the officers who knew him had remonstrated with him for persisting in crime now that he had made his pile, and had enough laid by to live upon, and had warned him that if caught again no mercy would be shown him, and that the man had assured him in reply that he would never do anything again *in England*, laying emphasis on the 'England.' I then went further afield in my inquiries, and I discovered that he was under sentence for a crime committed in France. His cleverness and his dread of Scotland Yard had availed to make him conceal his nationality, and so his identity had remained undiscovered.

Need I say anything to point the moral of cases like these? Theorists and faddists delude the public by airing their maudlin sympathy with Lombrosoist 'types' and the weak neurotic creatures who sink helplessly into a life of crime. My own sympathy with such is not maudlin but practical, and I deplore the unreasoning severity with which they are treated under the system I am denouncing. Their greatest enemies are the humanity-mongers who oppose reforms that would discriminate between the weak and the wicked, and apportion punishment to suit, not the offence, but the offender. When a poor wretch who is incapable of following a settled life of honest labour, or of appreciating the deterrent influence of punishment, drifts into a life of crime, his fate under our present 'humane' methods is to suffer, with intervals of misused liberty, a series of terms of hard labour and penal servitude, until at last he sinks into the grave. My proposition is that, instead of being treated with this senseless barbarity, such a person should be placed permanently in confinement in a state of social tutelage, for his own good as well as for the welfare of the community.

But these are not the sort of professional criminals upon whom the organisation of crime depends. They are incapable of organising anything. The high-class professional is neither weak nor silly. A fool may succeed as a trader, or a lawyer, or a parson, but never as a criminal. The man who plans and executes great crimes, and then banks the proceeds, is clever enough for most callings in life; and if he chooses a criminal career, and persists in it, it is because he has calculated its chances, and thinks the advantages balance the risks. Such are both the men to whom I have referred above. The members of this class are few, but they are powerful for mischief. They would not number, all told, the seventy criminals I mentioned as suitable subjects for the treatment I am advocating. The reader, perhaps, will exclaim with amazement, 'Does he mean that shutting up a few dozen thieves would make any sensible difference in the crime of the country?' This is precisely what I mean; and seeing that I acted as administrator of almost every convict of this class who was convicted during my time at Scotland Yard, I deserve no credit for understanding what I am writing about. I am not juggling with statistics. My opinion is based on definite facts and a knowledge of the *personnel* of the criminal fraternity. And I say with confidence that new methods of dealing with these men—methods such as would command the approval of five-sixths of the community—would avail to put an end to organised crimes against property in England.

My proposals to this end are definite and simple. I will not now touch upon various anachronisms of the criminal law and administration, such as the distinction between felony and misdemeanour, and the manner in which evidence is taken in magisterial courts; and

my only reference to another subject of great and urgent importance will be confined to a single sentence. If England is the home of the oppressed of every land, London is becoming the home of the paupers and criminals of Christendom. Space vetoes my entering on such subjects here, and I conclude by indicating yet once more the salient points of the reform I advocate.

I propose, then, that when an habitual criminal is convicted of an offence against property a full and open inquiry shall follow upon the basis of his record as known to the police, and that if it is proved that he resorts to crime deliberately and systematically the Court shall be empowered to pass a sentence which shall include detention for life in an asylum prison.

I again defer a detailed discussion of the prison reforms which this would entail. But certain points may be noticed in passing. In ordinary cases the criminal would suffer a term of penal discipline, as at present, before passing to the asylum prison; and in all cases he would revert to penal discipline in the event of misconduct, including refusal to work; for an asylum for criminals should differ from an asylum for lunatics in this respect, that the labour of the inmates should make it entirely self-supporting. It is the short-sentence system that makes our prisons an expense to the State. And assuming industry and good conduct, every reasonable mitigation of their lot should be permitted. Moreover the Home Office would always be to the prisoner what the Lunacy Commissioners are to the lunatic; and if at any time proof were forthcoming that an habitual criminal had recovered what I may call his moral sanity, he might be tentatively restored to liberty.

As the practical question for consideration in sentencing a criminal ought to be, not what he had done, but what in the light of his antecedents he might be expected to do if again set at large, the element of restitution should always receive prominent attention. For, speaking generally, if a prisoner refuses to disclose what he has done with property wrongfully obtained, it is because he is determined not to break with the past, and thus prejudice his future career as a criminal. An impenitent thief deserves no mercy; and no plea of penitence should be listened to without this obvious proof of sincerity.

It is only those who are behind the scenes in police work who can fully realise the effects of such a system, working regularly and automatically, but anyone can appreciate its results in a general way. The market for stolen property would be constantly disturbed by the exposure of receivers, and by the working of the leaven of distrust among the criminals, and meanwhile the ranks of the profession would be gradually thinned, as one after another of the leaders 'disappeared from practice.' For, remember, the crime problem is akin to that which confronts the statesman and the

soldier in South Africa. Crime in general is like the prevailing disloyalty which will yield only to the healing influence of good government; but systematic crime has its counterpart in the armed commandos in the field, and must be dealt with by definite measures of repression. Scotland Yard can indicate the Bothas, and De Wets, and Delareys of crime; and if right methods are adopted, their extinction is only a question of time.

Were I to throw down my cards, and make a full disclosure of the grounds on which I base this statement, the public would refuse any longer to tolerate 'our absurd system of punishing crime.' But though no longer subject to official restraint in matters of this kind, my sense of responsibility is unchanged; and such a disclosure would embarrass those who have to maintain the at present unequal struggle with crime.

At the same time I disclaim all idea of speaking *ex cathedra* on this subject. I do indeed claim a special knowledge of the evils to be remedied; but as regards the suggested remedies, I appeal to the judgment of an intelligent public. And my appeal is that instead of listening to the lucubrations of philosophers and faddists they will consider the matter in the light of common sense and a knowledge of human nature. For no one need be either a Solon or a Fouché to understand that if the fear of consequences will avail to deter from crime, the consequences should be made adequate to that end, and if there are those whom no fear of punishment will restrain, they should be treated as lunatics and caged in a suitable asylum.

ROBERT ANDERSON.

A PLEA FOR THE CIRCUIT SYSTEM

My old friend Sir Henry Fowler, ex-Cabinet Minister, President of the Incorporated Law Society, Member for Wolverhampton, &c., &c., &c., has, I am sorry to see, by his recent presidential address to the Incorporated Law Society, now joined the ranks of the uneducated and ignorant classes—I mean those other friends of mine, presidents of the Incorporated Law Society and leading members of that distinguished body of London solicitors—who are always speaking very contemptuously of the circuit system and of the work of the judges upon circuit, but who show by their utterances that they are uneducated on the subject and ignorant of the work done by judges during their assizes.

Under these circumstances I really hope to be forgiven for having as a judge ventured to put pen to paper to give him a little elementary education on the subject of that worn-out and antiquated system of nearly eight centuries growth, and of the duties and labours of those successors of the justices in Eyre appointed by Henry the Second, and who, under the more modern name of Judges of Assize, sometimes considerably astonish those who think the word is spelt 'a size,' when they see one judge of 6 feet 2 accompanied by his big brother of 5 feet 1.

I know that I shall horrify some people who think that a barrister should almost give up his rights of citizenship when he is made a judge and devote himself exclusively to passing sentences or giving judgments, becoming as inanimate upon everything but law as the yellow parchment on the face of which so much legal knowledge was once expended. I humbly differ from such and, although believing that a judge should not take part in political controversy or legal dispute affecting the current work of his life, yet that on public questions which, though mixed up with law, affect still more the constitution of the country, he is not only at liberty to speak and write, but, if he can throw any light on the subject under discussion, it is his duty to take part in that discussion and assist the public or our legislators in coming to a right conclusion. In that spirit, therefore, not as a judge, but as a citizen possessing the information of a judge, I venture to pen these pages on a subject in which I cannot but take

a deep interest, believing as I do that as a constitutional question the circuits are just as valuable to-day as they were and have been any time these last 800 years, and the people inhabiting all the counties of England and Wales have as much right to them now as they ever had.

As far as I am aware only those interested in legal work in London have ever suggested that the inhabitants of the counties of England and Wales ought to be deprived of these rights, rights which they undoubtedly cherish.

If any other excuse is wanted, I may add that, after a previous address by an eminent London solicitor occupying the same presidential chair as Sir Henry, and from which he spoke in the same strain, I communicated to him privately some of the facts I propose to lay before my readers, and he at once admitted that he had been quite ignorant of our work and the way in which our time had been occupied, and promised to communicate the facts brought to his notice to his brother solicitors. He has evidently had no opportunity of enlightening Sir Henry, but the latter being an ex-Cabinet minister, he may some day, as a minister, lead his cabinet to destruction over the fatal precipice of ignorance unless he is enlightened on the subject. Now let us see what his charges are.

(1) He speaks with supreme contempt of 'those useless commission days, wasting,' as he says, 'on an average 135 days a year, because no business was transacted on at least 135 days out of the whole number of commission days.'

(2) He speaks of the absolute failure of the assize system and the hopelessness of any reform, and;

(3) Of the lamentable waste of time and waste of money it involves.

I join issue with him on every one of those statements and hope to disprove them all.

And when he says, later on, 'I see great advantages to the suitors and to the public in requiring that in the principal centres of population and in suitable localities throughout the length and breadth of the land, both civil and criminal justice should be periodically administered by judges of the highest standing, and holding that opinion, I am not for sweeping away the circuit system,' I claim him as a strong supporter of my views and a strong opponent of his own previous statements, for you cannot possibly try local causes in the localities where the parties live and the dispute arises if you group counties or, as he says, make selection of suitable places where assizes should be periodically held. It has been tried and proved a most lamentable failure, putting parties to double and quadruple the expense, and jurymen to even greater inconvenience and expense.

Westmoreland and Rutland may, I admit, be taken as exceptions, for these two counties do a great deal of work together with one of their adjoining counties, but as they claim the right to which I think they are entitled, it is hardly worth while to deprive them of their old and customary rights.

But to take his propositions in turn :

First, what are the facts as to these 136 wasted days on which 'no business was transacted' but which were wasted as 'commission days'? I had no idea Sir Henry was so 'uneducated' in legal lore as not to know that the words 'commission day' is a mere phrase which has no more to do with the occupation of the day than have the words 'Nisi prius' (unless before) to do with the description of civil actions which are now always spoken of as 'Nisi prius' actions.

This day so-called is a day on which no work can as a rule be done, and on which no work ought to be done, and I have no doubt if that idle body of circuit judges who waste their time and their country's time on circuit had not been recently so foolish as to put themselves to very great inconvenience by not infrequently sitting on commission day and travelling by night instead of by day, to enable them to give more days to London work and to give more time to Sir Henry and his brother presidents' business in the London Courts, Sir Henry would never have fallen into the error he has done; but as he finds by the judicial statistics that there are commission days on which the judges do sit and do work, therefore he thinks the other commission days must be wasted on this obsolete custom. Much thanks the judges have got therefore for their trouble and extra labour.

But to understand what the commission day is and how it is that the name has got attached to one of the most useful days on circuit, though no business was intended to be done on it, it is desirable to give a little information as to the position of a judge on circuit, and the constitution of the Court over which he presides, as it is possible some of my readers may desire enlightenment on the subject on which our critics have proved themselves so unenlightened. A judge has no power as such to go on circuit and hold his Court as if he was sitting in London. He goes there as the King's commissioner. It may be very odd and very old this sending judges into the country as King's commissioners, but it is one of the most valuable parts of our constitution, dating as it does from before even the time of Magna Charta. It is in fulfilment of the King's oath, who has for all these centuries sworn to have justice administered amongst all his subjects, that the judge is sent to every assize town, and in my judgment it has been one of the most valuable parts of our constitution, and one which has made the people of England above all others a law-abiding people, has saved them in the past from oppression from local magnates or unscrupulous opponents, and

taught them in the past, as it teaches them now, that, however poor they may be, however damaged their reputation may be, so that their chances of getting justice from local sources would be slight, however black their case may look from accidental circumstances, however wealthy and unscrupulous may be their opponents, they know for certain they will get even-handed justice from the King's judges (the Red Judge, as in criminal cases they like to call him), judges who come twice or thrice a year to administer law and justice amongst them. They will accept defeat before him when they would denounce a similar judgment from a local tribune as rank injustice. They scarcely ever know the judge's name, they don't want to know it; he is to them an impersonal being, who represents what they believe to be that justice which they have by tradition learned to expect, and which our constitution secures them.

If it costs the country thousands a year more than any other system would (which it does not, as I hope to show by-and-by), the money would be well spent.

Now by this commission the judge is directed to fix the dates for his assize, to order the Sheriff to summon the requisite number of jurymen, &c., and generally to prepare for trial, fixing the dates on which the jurymen and suitors and witnesses are to attend. Without this notice no one would know when jurymen and suitors, and their witnesses, were to attend. This authority, which is called the commission, is issued some weeks before the assizes are to be held, but has very properly to be made public in the county before an assize can begin, and for convenience this commission was in the past always 'opened,' as it was called, the day before that fixed for the beginning of work, and attendance of jurymen and suitors. But was a day ever wasted for this? No! not an hour. Was a day ever given up for it? Never! But, then, what was done with this day? you may ask.

My learned friend Sir Henry has quite forgotten that a judge is a corporeal being and cannot travel by telegraph, and has to travel even yet, like other human beings, by railways from town to town, and that is what this commission day is. It is really the travelling day. And to avoid waste of time these idle lazy judges, after often long railway journeys from one town to another, always opened the commissions after they had arrived at their destination from the last assize town. Over and over again this was done at eight and nine at night, and on one occasion I remember it being done at Hertford a few minutes before 12 P.M., as the judges could not arrive before.

But this is not all. The learned Presidents of the Law Institution have forgotten that the judge on arriving at every fresh assize town finds awaiting him the depositions in the criminal cases on which he has to charge the Grand Jury, and in some of which difficult ques-

tions of law arise, and which the Clerk of Assize has to consult him about the next day. He finds also awaiting him the pleadings or records of all the causes he has to try, and as each solicitor tries to outwit his opponent by his pleadings, it is somewhat difficult for a judge to know what is the meaning of some of these abstruse documents, and he has to be careful not to be caught napping by them, though I admit that, after a long journey and some hours' work over these interesting documents, it is not very difficult to be caught napping over them.

Wasted days, indeed! All night sittings in the House of Commons were better than some of my nights on these commission days. I remember on one occasion (may I be excused for giving personal experiences?) having been obliged, owing to press of work, to sit at the last town—York this was—till eight o'clock on the commission day for Leeds. I arrived at the judge's lodgings at Leeds at ten o'clock at night, having had no dinner, and found seventy to eighty sets of depositions to read before charging the Grand Jury the next morning, and to show that this is no idle work, in one murder case the case was so badly got up that the man would certainly have got off, but feeling certain he was the murderer (it was a bad Jack the Ripper case) I had to work out an entirely different way of bringing the man to justice, and to prepare for other bills to be sent up to the Grand Jury the next morning than those which the Clerk of Assize had been obliged to prepare on the committal orders of the magistrates.

In the House of Commons one could go to sleep in our late sittings during dull speeches and dilatory proceedings. In fact, I have myself with Sir Henry or some of his colleagues gone through a sort of Box and Cox arrangement so as to keep a united party of Liberals and Conservatives together on the subject in dispute (though not in other respects a party of Unionists); but when work like this has to be done before the Court sits in the morning, it is not much sleep in such cases that these idle judges get. This is, of course, an exceptional case, but it fairly represents the class of work which we have to do on the so-called commission day.

But let us see to what other purposes this day nominally called the commission day is put. The barristers are engaged often up to the last moment at the last assize town. The solicitors rarely send their briefs to them till they arrive at the town at which their cases are to be tried, and constantly leave the delivery of their briefs to the last moment before the trial. How are they to get up their cases and conduct them unless they have time to read their briefs? When are they to hold their consultations in cases coming on the first day of the assize? Why on this day, which in some respects is the busiest day of the assizes, and which, to give it a name and for no other reason, is called the commission day? If it was called the

travelling day, no one would have thought anything about it; but whoever dreamt that leading solicitors would be so misled?

As the assizes must have a beginning, another advantage was taken of this name, and the day of the opening of the commissions was taken as the commencement of the assizes, even if only opened just before the clock struck twelve at midnight; and long before the passing of the recent Act, called the First Offenders Act, by which men convicted of small offences or for the first time can be let out of the dock without the indignity of sending them to prison, the judges had made use of this fiction as to the commencement of the assizes on the commission day to let such offenders out by giving them one day's imprisonment. They had not had a day, of course, but as the assize dated from the opening of the commission, this day was called the commission day and so one day was gone, and the gaoler had no warrant for keeping them longer, and the men to their great astonishment and greater delight, and also to that of their friends, were handed out of the dock—free men. But besides the work of the judges and the Bar on the commission day, how is the Clerk of Assize to prepare for the work of the Courts unless he gets more or less of a free day between each assize town? He is responsible for the drawing of the indictments in every criminal case and for the due performance of the criminal work at every assize town, and unless he gets a clear day between each assize town to complete the work that has to be performed during the ensuing assize, the work must be scamped.

Now as to the necessity of this day for travelling: take the north-eastern circuit as an example: the judge is due at Newcastle-on-Tyne on the 13th of November for his 'commission day,' as it is called there. It will take him all day to get there, yet, according to my dear Sir Henry, the day is wasted and ought to be abolished. How is he to travel there and work at the same time? Some towns of course are nearer together, but a judge has constantly judicial work to perform outside his Court, and he is only too thankful to have a morning or an afternoon to himself to enable him to attend to it, if his journey to the next town is only a morning or afternoon's journey. From my personal experience, I am sorry to say, exigencies of work on circuit are constantly putting judges to the greatest possible inconvenience by their not being able to get the whole of this day to travel and do extra work in. Again, a judge has to take a certain number of books and a certain amount of clothes with him besides his robes when he is out on a four or five weeks' circuit, and they take a certain time to pack and unpack at the different towns the judge has to visit. He cannot do what Sir Henry can do when he runs up from his office in Wolverhampton to his office in London, viz. take a little black bag with him with a tooth brush and pocket comb in case he is kept late in town and can't get back to Wolverhampton.

Owing to the pressure of work and inconvenience that officials were often put to by opening the commission late at night, as they often had to be, the judges as a rule now do it in the morning before commencing work, and it occupies a few minutes only, but the travelling day still goes by the name of the commission day.

So much for the 135 wasted commission days.

(2) Next as to the absolute failure of the assize system and the hopelessness of reform. He has given no proof of failure, and may we be saved from such legal reforms as we have too often had, which being the outcome of agitation got up by people either ignorant of the practical working of the system they wished to reform or having their own interests to serve, have magnified the evils from which we previously suffered. It is not the failure of the assize system that London solicitors want to remedy. It is to get the judges from the country, and to make them sit in town, that they are driving at. Like men in business, they want to run their machinery for as many hours and as many days in the year as they can. Small blame to them, and every day that a judge is on circuit is a day lost to them, they think. That is the whole secret of their outcry. I wish I could put my hand on the report of a Select Committee of the Incorporated Law Society appointed about three years ago to report on the circuit system. The strength of the language used in the report was only equalled by the ignorance of the members of the Committee on the subject. It was really most amusing, and I had a good laugh with one of them over it. I knew them all well, and good fellows they all were, but the very fact that they were selected as partners in the most leading London firms disqualified them for their post, as they were personally unaccustomed to the work of circuit. They were appointed to condemn the circuit system in the interest of London solicitors, and they did it well.

If there are not enough judges to do their work in town, give them more, but do not raise a false cry and try to rob the country for the benefit of the town. They are suffering, and the country is suffering, great inconvenience now, from the circuits being made to go on all the year round, instead of being all at one time, as they used to be. The alteration was made to suit their convenience entirely; and to stop the outcry against shutting up the London Courts, circuits were entirely rearranged, so as to have continuous sittings in London, and much good it has done them.

If they had been content to let the judges go circuit as they used to, and close the Courts in London while they were away, there would have been a greater number of days given to London in the course of the year than you get now; for, as there are only so many days on which a judge can sit, you cannot get a greater number of days out of him by altering the dates on which he goes out of town, but by breaking the circuit system up into fragments, there is always

a greater waste and risk of overlapping or losing a day than where the whole work of circuit is going on simultaneously, and it has made it almost impossible to get a continuity of the same judges sitting for a considerable period doing the same work either *nisi prius* or Banc work. It is the old proverbial maxim 'You cannot get more than a pint out of a pint pot.'

I suppose Sir Henry relies on his statistics showing how few causes are tried on circuit compared with those in town, and how small is the total amount recovered by verdicts, to prove the failure of the assize system. How fallacious! It is not the number of the causes nor the value of the amount at stake that proves their importance, but the character of the litigation. You may have actions for libel and slander in which gigantic frauds are exposed and which take days to try, but the actual amount of the verdict may be small, while the next day you may try in half an hour a case in which 100,000*l.* is involved, or you may have test actions in which a verdict for defendant may be given, and numbers of others depend upon it.

On circuit, and particularly in country assize towns where there is not much work, the cases tried are often of the greatest importance: rights of way where you have thirty or forty witnesses, rights as to ownership of property, trespass to property, all cases where the expenses of trying cases out of the county in which the dispute arises, whether you take it to London or to a county selected as the centre of a group of counties, are enormously increased, and the time occupied in trying them if in London doubled, and quadrupled, in fact indefinitely increased. Occasionally you have a maiden assize both as to criminal and civil work, but it is generally because after a cause is entered for trial, and when the briefs get into the hands of counsel, you find just before the Court sits that counsel have settled; but even here the advantages of trial in the county of origin have been obtained, for the witnesses have been summoned to their own county town instead of being dragged out of it at much greater expense. These towns figure in Sir Henry's list as circuit towns in which no business was done.

I remember a learned brother, a Chancery judge, horrifying me, a poor common law drudge, by telling me at luncheon one day that he had been sitting for nine days trying a right of way, from Northumberland I think it was, not consecutively of course—that would be too much then for the Chancery system to stand—but about three days a week; on the other three he had a variety of work for a change. I said, 'And what was your judgment after this lengthy ordeal?' 'Oh,' said he, indignantly, 'why we have only just finished the plaintiff's case; the defendant's will take as long, and then I shall have to take time to consider my judgment.' When I suggested that on circuit in the county where the dispute arose we should have taken a day or at

most two, and that the parties would have got their verdict or judgment at once, he said, 'Well, but they have been brought to London, and it's a pity not to let them give their evidence, and I must be sitting somewhere, so why should not I let them be called?'

In Wales, where it is supposed there is the greatest waste of judicial time, and on the small circuits, or rather circuits of small towns, small compared with London or Liverpool, the causes tried are most important, though not many cases numerically; but as a rule the time of the judges has been fully occupied, and on many occasions I have personally had the greatest possible difficulty in getting the work done in one circuit town to enable me to reach the next in time. To show how misleading is the use of statistics, let me give as an example what happened on and after one occasion of these smaller circuits: it was in Wales. At one town I had to try a local Tichborne case where we had to trace not only the claimant's history, but the father of the claimant all through the War of Secession in America, and ultimately to a public-house in Iowa, where he was subsequently murdered, and then his father's pedigree and travels also had to be traced out. The family, as in the Tichborne case, also took different sides as to the identity of the claimant; so that, in fact, the greatest difference between the two cases was that the one lasted two or three days and the other, as will be remembered, two or three years.

Then at another town had to be determined whether or not a child died of diphtheria, a leading solicitor being the plaintiff in an action for negligence and the defendant was the leading doctor of the county. The whole county was divided into two hostile camps. By sitting till six or seven two nights and till seven or eight the last I succeeded in finishing it in three days, and so on during the circuit, so that, although the judge had been sitting late all through the assize, he had only tried a very few cases.

On my return to London the officials requested me to take non-jury causes, as they had not been able to make any headway with them. Fortunately no 'stickers' came into the list, but the result was that in twelve or fourteen days I had tried 150 causes, yet in town I had never sat later than four, though on circuit I rarely rose before six and often sat till seven and eight.

Sir Henry would say, because the judge tried 150 cases in about twelve or fourteen days in town, therefore he must have wasted his time on circuit in trying only twelve or fourteen cases in twenty-five days. But, as a fact, the work on circuit had been far harder, as it generally is, than in town. Had the town causes been jury cases they would of course have taken much longer, but they were all proper High Court actions and not of the County Court class that Sir Henry is so fond of talking about.

Next as to his (third) objection. 'The lamentable waste of time and waste of money it involves.'

I am ready to admit that occasionally in Wales you have no causes to try, but as the judge has to do criminal work as well, a day at least must be devoted to each circuit town, and in the smallest counties the judge finds either a certain amount of crime to do or a civil cause or two to try, so that you often occupy no extra time at all in trying the civil work, as you do it in the residue of time necessarily allowed for crime. There is a wonderful average in these things. As a rule, if there is not much crime, civil actions take much longer, and *vice versa*; then, as to this waste of time, when it does happen, as it occasionally does of a judge finding no work at a circuit town, why it is nothing like the waste that goes on in London. Many a half day, and sometimes a whole day, is lost, because the causes thought sufficient for the day break down at once and the judge is free. There is, in fact, far less waste of judicial time on circuit than in town.

Then as to expense. Instead of there being any waste of money, the saving of time and money to the suitors is enormous in trying their cases at home instead of in London or in an adjoining county; as it is everybody's interest from the judge to the jurymen to get through the work without delay, the work is done much more rapidly than in town.

A county or assize town is generally the town of the county round which the life and business of the county centres, and where most people want to go occasionally, and where they know someone. The jurymen can get there as a rule without much inconvenience, and if not wanted on the jury can do a certain amount of business. The same with all the suitors and witnesses; but the moment you take these people even into an adjoining county, they are lost, they have no interest in it, it is all waste of time and extra expense; and instead of the judge and his staff having to spend an extra railway journey by going to every county, you will have scores of jurymen and scores of witnesses put collectively to twenty times the expense in money if sent to another county, and as the number of causes will be increased that are collected in the centres of the groups of counties, you will have greater delay, greater waiting about before trial, and greater expense in that way than by the present system. Then, again, the friends as well as the public of the particular county like to hear the disputes that arise in their counties thrashed out, which they cannot do if they are removed either to London or to the centre of one of your group, however specially selected it may be. If Sir Henry, true Liberal and true friend of the people as he is, could only hear the touching way in which some of the poor in these far-off agricultural counties have asked pardon to address the judge, and then told him how grateful they were to him for having tried their causes so that they and their friends could hear and understand what it all meant—if he could hear what has been said to me and

what has been reported to me, I am sure he would not begrudge them this pleasure and this right.

Grouping of towns sounds well in theory, but in practice it is impracticable, except at far greater expense and inconvenience, and hardly any saving of time can be obtained by it.

I do not wish to add to the length of my paper by commenting on the observations of Sir Henry on the increase of the County Court jurisdiction or the necessity for more judges. All I will say is that if he studies both subjects more, he will find that in some County Court districts litigants are practically deprived of any chance of having what they think justice administered to them, and if the County Courts got clogged with bigger and longer actions, how could they try the smaller cases for which they were created? while, as to the want of new judges, let me remind him that after the new Chancery judge was appointed, to meet the general outcry for a new judge, in consequence of the shocking arrears which we all heard of, the new judge was obliged to take holiday day after day at the end of a few months, for there was nothing for him to do, and that, as far as common law judges are concerned, there are practically no arrears every August when the Long Vacation begins. Nominally the list may sound like arrears, but very few causes are really ripe for trial that are then left untried, while at times during May one common law judge is always obliged to take holiday, as there are not enough courts for the number of judges free from circuit and assembled in London at work.

I append below details of the hours of my work in court on two of the smaller circuits the last time I was on them, and where it is suggested there is not enough work at the various assize towns to justify the retention of their assizes. Some of the judges could, I am sure, show even longer hours of sitting, and I am certain that the work done in these circuits would have taken more than double the time in town. Yet this is what Sir Henry calls wasting time and money on circuit. Will anyone venture to say after their perusal that time is wasted on circuits, or that it would save expense to drag the hundreds of people interested in the work done in each county to London, or to any other county than their own?

MIDLAND SUMMER CIRCUIT

On the first day of an assize the Courts always sit at 11 A.M. for the convenience of jurymen and of the officials.

<i>Aylesbury</i>	June 18th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 1.30 P.M.
June 15th, commission or travelling day.	The 18th was Bedford commission day, but as I had to sit at Aylesbury on this day to finish work, I travelled to Bedford afterwards.
16th, sat from 11 A.M. to 6.45 P.M.	
17th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6.30 P.M.	

Bedford

June 19th, sat from 11 A.M. to 7.15 P.M.
 20th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 1.45 P.M.
 21st, Sunday.

Northampton

June 22nd, commission or travelling day.
 23rd, sat from 11 A.M. to 5.15 P.M.
 24th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6 P.M.
 25th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 5.10 P.M.

Leicester

June 26th, commission or travelling day.
 27th, sat from 11 A.M. to 5.50 P.M.
 28th, Sunday.
 29th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 7.45 P.M.
 30th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 12.45 P.M.
 July 1st, spare day.

Oakham

July 2nd, did the work from Leicester, leaving 9.35 A.M., and returned at 6.30 P.M.

Lincoln

July 3rd, commission or travelling day.
 4th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 7.15 P.M.
 5th, Sunday.
 6th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6.40 P.M.

July 7th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 7.25 P.M.
 8th, sat from 10 A.M. to 5.45 P.M.
 9th, sat from 10.5 A.M. to 5.40 P.M.

The 9th was commission day for Derby, but I had it postponed till 10th; even then I had to sit at Lincoln on that day, and travel late to Derby.

July 10th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 1.45 P.M., and travelling to Derby.

Derby

July 11th, sat from 11 A.M. to 4.45 P.M.
 12th, Sunday.
 13th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 5.40 P.M.
 14th, sat from 10 A.M. to 8.7 P.M.
 15th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6.15 P.M.
 16th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 4.50 P.M.

Nottingham

July 17th, commission or travelling day.
 18th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 4.30 P.M.
 19th, Sunday.
 20th, sat from 11 A.M. to 6.15 P.M.
 21st, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 4.25 P.M.
 22nd, sat from 10 A.M. to 7.45 P.M.
 23rd, sat from 10 A.M. to 7.15 P.M.
 24th, end of Assize, and back to town.

OXFORD WINTER CIRCUIT

Reading

January 30th, commission or travelling day.
 31st, sat from 11 A.M. to 7.30 P.M.
 February 1st, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 7.30 P.M.
 2nd, sat from 10 A.M. to 1.30 P.M.
 2nd was Oxford commission day, but

I had to sit at Reading and travel to Oxford afterwards.

February 3rd, Sunday.

4th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 3.30 P.M.

5th, sat from 11.30 A.M. to 1.30 P.M.

Worcester

February 6th, commission or travelling day.

February 7th, sat from 11 A.M. to 4.45.

8th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6.15 P.M.

9th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

10th, Sunday.

11th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6.30 P.M.

12th, sat from 10.15 A.M. to 6.30 P.M. and travelling to Gloucester afterwards.

Gloucester commission day, but had to sit till 6.30 P.M. at Worcester.

Gloucester

February 13th, sat from 11 A.M. to 4.30 P.M.

14th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6.30 P.M.

15th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6.30 P.M.

16th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 5.30 P.M.

17th, Sunday.

18th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6.30 P.M.

Monmouth

February 19th, commission or travelling day.

20th, sat from 11 A.M. to 5.30 P.M.

21st, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 5.30 P.M.

22nd, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

23rd, sat from 10.15 A.M. to 3 P.M., and travelling to Hereford.

Hereford commission day, but had to sit at Monmouth till 3 P.M.

Hereford

February 24th, Sunday.

25th, sat from 11 A.M. to 5.30 P.M.

26th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

Shrewsbury

February 27th, commission or travelling day.

28th, sat from 11 A.M. to 5.30 P.M.

March 1st, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

2nd, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 5 P.M.

3rd, Sunday.

4th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 5.30 P.M.

5th, spare day.

Stafford

March 6th, commission or travelling day.

7th, sat from 11 A.M. to 5.30 P.M.

8th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6.30 P.M.

9th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 4.15 P.M.

10th, Sunday.

11th, sat from 11 A.M. to 6 P.M.

12th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 5 P.M.

13th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 6 P.M.

14th, sat from 10.30 A.M. to 4.15 P.M.

15th, back to London.

I claim therefore to have shown :—

1st. That the waste of commission days is purely imaginary and does not exist.

2nd. That the assize system is not a failure, nor is there any hopelessness of reform, for no reform has been shown to be needed.

3rd. That there is no waste of time or expense, but that every county cause sent to town or to a centre of grouped towns would cost the county and the suitors much more than if tried in its own county, and that under these circumstances I claim Sir Henry Fowler, honest man as he is, as an advocate of the present system which he so much condemned.

WILLIAM GRANTHAM.



BACK TO THE LAND—A SEQUEL

My article in the July number has brought forth a large amount of correspondence generally approving the suggestions I made, and accepting the principles I ventured to lay down.

Mr. Rider Haggard wrote: 'Really I have nothing to criticise, as I think I agree with everything you say in your valuable paper.'

But the most important remark made upon the article was from one who had long advocated the cause of bringing the people back to the land. 'You have hit the kernel of the whole question by demanding *security of tenure for the labourer*, which alone can give him a sense of home.' He points to this as the real secret why on the Continent they beat us in competition in the small industries. The reason generally given is the hard work at lower wage; that the labourer or small holder in Denmark or France gives willingly; but the real reason that he works for less money and with greater industry is because of the *security of his home*. My own past experience verifies this. For the first thirty years of my life long leases were the rule on all large farms, and the tenants, as a rule, went on from generation to generation. It was the same with the labourers, though in their case there was a short notice to quit. The fact was, the idea of a change of labourers was never thought of; men and their fathers and grandfathers had been in the same cottage for over a century, and though the wages were low they knew every field on the farm, and took a pride in the good produce of each field, because they had worked for generations on the property, and their *cottage* was their home, to all intents and purposes, as much as the squire's house was his.

Another writes (this gentleman is a Vice-President of the Agricultural Organisation Society):

To secure prosperity in the future to those who devote their capital and their abilities to the cultivation of the soil, the successful methods of foreign competitors must be closely studied and adapted to this country. These are 'combination,' or, as I prefer to call it, 'co-operation,' organisation, and a sound system of rural education such as is not at present provided in our Board or other rural schools. This education, to be effective, must not cease as now with the cessation of compulsory attendance at school in the early teens of a youth's existence. Further, there is an increasing demand for better facilities for the acquisition of land,

especially on the part of those who would be small holders. This, in my opinion, can only be met by a radical change in our present rural customs, as far as the hire and letting of land is concerned. In using the word 'radical' I entirely disassociate it from any political flavour. What I mean to convey is that such a change in the letting of land must be brought about which will altogether upset our present system.

I do not advocate any increase of small freeholds. Usually, the keen competition for small holdings forces up the agricultural value of the land offered, and tends to cripple purchasers, who are induced therefore to hang a millstone round their necks in the shape of a mortgage. They are in a worse condition than a tenant on a fairly well-conducted estate, inasmuch as they can never expect any reduction in a bad season of the yearly amount due which a tenant frequently receives from a considerate landlord. Also it is they who have all repairs and alterations to pay for, and not the landlord. I maintain that what is wanted is an increase of small tenant holders, but such on an estate must be thoroughly organised and hold their land under these conditions. They must not be individual tenants of the landowner, but must hold their land of a corporate body of which they are members, and such corporate body must be the tenant, and must hold with perfect security of tenure under conditions equable to both owner and tenant, with the assurance of fixity of rent as long as such conditions are observed.

I have also ventured to append the following interesting remarks on the whole question from one of the best land agents in England :

In the first place, I put the whole difficulty to the bad farming of the present day, because the farmers either would not, or could not, understand that the competition from America and elsewhere had come to stop, and the only way to meet it was to increase their returns by improved cultivation of the arable land, and by keeping better and more profitable stock, but the result has been just the opposite, and it is often said it does not pay to grow wheat, and instead of trying to increase the yield they have not even kept up to the average yield of previous years.

I hold that instead of growing say twenty-eight or thirty bushels of wheat, they could just as easily produce forty-six or forty-eight bushels, and I have proved this on the home farm, where I have grown fifty-six bushels of wheat to the acre, though the tenant in the next field, with exactly similar land, could only produce thirty bushels an acre.

Again, as to stock. I have lately attended the cattle markets at Rugby and Shrewsbury, but nine-tenths of the animals shown were rank bad ones, and with the best of treatment could not be expected to leave a good profit.

Cattle in only store condition are sent to the fat cattle markets, and the price of meat lowered most considerably to the producer.

Then there is the bad treatment by farmers of all their labourers : they will not pay a good man a fair wage, and they will turn him adrift if they think they can do without a man for a fortnight. I do not mean to say there are not some exceptions, but in the majority of cases I am not far wrong.

Then, again, the labourer knows about as much, if not more, than the farmer how the land should be farmed, and he is quite sensible enough to consider that if the land was properly farmed he could be paid a fair wage with constant employment.

How can we be surprised if the best labourers leave the country and seek employment elsewhere ?

I do not think the question of large or small farms of any importance, but a tenant must have sufficient capital to properly manage the land he occupies. I have three cases to the point now—farms of 250, 200, and 100 acres, but not one of the tenants had enough money to properly stock and cultivate the land he held, and the consequence is they have all failed. The crops this last season on the

250 acres were most miserable, and could not pay for seed and labour. I can give you another instance. Some few years ago I was obliged to take in hand a worn-out farm in Herefordshire, and the last crops grown by the tenant did not fill two barns, but in my second year I not only filled the two barns, but also the rick-yard, and I was obliged to put one stack of wheat in the fields, but I was able, after cultivating the land for two years, to let it at a considerable increase of rent, and the present tenant is doing well.

I could give you several similar instances, but the worst thing is that I am more often than not taken in by the new tenant, who contents himself with taking out of the land all the good I have done, and then wanting a reduction of rent.

I employ men in three different counties, and I have never had any trouble in obtaining all the men I want, though I make a point of only paying the wages current in the district.

We must raise the standard of the farming. My employer here has only a very small home farm, but from various causes we have gone in for a bit of experimental farming, and last year I was able to show the tenants on the estate some very fine crops of roots and wheat, and we had a field-day with some forty of the tenants and their friends present, and if I did not actually hear the words, I know the idea was that they could beat the agent, and some of them have tried their best to do so with more or less success.

I could show them crops of mangels up to over forty tons an acre without any extra manure, but with thoroughly good cultivation. We, this last season, arranged with four of the tenants to grow one half-acre of sugar beet, and I suggested that to show the value of the sugar beet as compared with mangels, that they should grow one half-acre of mangels on each side of the sugar beet, and the result is most satisfactory. They have all grown good paying crops of sugar beet, and up to thirty-five tons an acre of the mangels, and these weights are fair average ones, and not taken from a few rows of the best part of the crops, as is the practice of certain manure manufacturers who give prizes for the best roots grown with their manures.

May I trouble you with another incident? We have a Farmers' Club, and at one of the meetings deep cultivation was mentioned, and one or two of the tenants took the opportunity of speaking against the deep cultivation advocated by the agent, but another tenant said it was all very well to laugh at the deep cultivation, but he had tried it, and he was certain he had increased his corn crops one-third. There was, of course, an outcry: 'Mind you do not have your rent raised;' but the report came, 'No, I am not afraid of this, for our agent will never raise anyone's rent because he farms well, and it is you tenants who do not get the best out of your land who may be in fear of having to pay more rent.'

I must now venture on a remedy. In the first place, if it was possible, I would have any number of yeomen farmers occupying their own land, but this land must be free from all encumbrances, and with a short capital this is impossible, except in a very few isolated cases.

I detest the small proprietor who lets his land at the highest possible rent, and allows the land to be badly farmed. The glebe lands are an instance of this. I have a letter now on my table from a clergyman in Lincolnshire, and when he went to the living some eight years ago he found the glebe land let, and he left things as they were; but the tenant was robbing the land in every possible way, and he died last spring, with the result that the parson has the farm thrown on his hands, and in such a state that no one will take it except at a very low rent.

I should like to see large estates everywhere, and nothing under 2,000 acres and up to 10,000 acres. I would make it a matter of obligation that the landlord must farm one-tenth of the property himself. There might be exceptions, but it would be very seldom, where the landlord would not show how the arable land should be properly farmed, and he would also keep the best quality of stock, and

he would pay fair wages to the men, and also see that they had good houses to live in, and these examples must act on his tenants. They would also require good cottages for their labourers, and they would do their best not to be beaten by the farm management of their landlord.

Good cottages are indispensable, and they should have gardens immediately adjoining. I have had to build a good number of cottages, and in all cases with three bedrooms, and in most instances with a rood to one half-acre of garden; but most of these have been built where the tenant has a run for a cow and about two acres of meadow land, and there can be no question but that where a cottager can keep a cow it makes him much more content, and he does not think of moving without some serious cause.

The best labourers I have ever had to do with are those in Lincolnshire, and they all have good cottages and a cowgate. Two fields are let for these cowgates, one for the summer grazing, and the other for mowing. The rent would be about 5*l.* for each cow. There should also be a good pigsty, and it is very easy to understand that with a good house and up to half an acre of garden ground close to the cottage, and land for a cow, at a total rent of about 11*l.* a year, the life of a labourer, if fairly treated by his employer, is not one to be lightly given up for the attractions of a town.

One of the cowgate fields was kept entirely for grazing, and the other for mowing, and in the latter each man's plot was staked out. They were not allowed to graze the meadow after about the middle of March, and I encouraged them all I could not to put any stock in the meadow after the 1st of January. I think they were obliged to mow not later than about the second week in July, but as a rule they knew quite well that the best hay was made from early mowing, and there was never any difficulty about this. The aftermath was grazed by all the cows in the same way as the summer pasture.

Every man was obliged to manure his patch of mowing land every year, and under this treatment the crops improved every year, and I can say with absolute certainty that, under the rules I made, the quantity of hay was increased 50 per cent., and no meadow land in the parish looked so well as that belonging to the cowgaters.

You must remember that when men have a good house and garden and the keep of a cow for a reasonable rent, they must be good men, and will always do a fair day's work, and it was quite understood that no man would be allowed to have either his cottage or his cowgate unless he worked on the estate, unless there was some very good and urgent reason.

The above applied to three villages, and not one cottage in any one of these villages was let to a tenant holding a farm; but with outlying farms away from the village, the farmers all had cottages attached to their farms, and if there was a cottage and cowgate to let in the village, the applicant was invariably one of the men living at one of the farm cottages. These cottage tenants were all under a six months' notice to leave on the 6th of April in any year.

Here a good many of the cottage tenants keep cows, but most of them have small fields for mowing, and all the summer the cows graze in the roads, and these are very wide with plenty of good pasture; but we improved the herbage of the roads, and wanted more meadow land, so I found two or more fields for their accommodation. These cottagers only pay 5*s.* a year for the run of a cow on the roads, and this dry year there has been an abundance of grass, and it is very good and flourishing now.

My present practice is to have every cottager under one month's notice to leave, and this I believe to be the best. The landlord never wants to turn out a good tenant, and if he is a bad one the sooner you can get rid of him the better. The only vacant cottages are those attached to the farms, as men will not stand this bullying in the present day. It was only quite recently that a man who

lived in a cottage attached to a farm applied to me for a vacant cottage, and he was still to work for the farmer, so I suggested it was not worth while to change his house, but his reply was that he did not object to work for this farmer, but he would not live in one of the cottages under him if he would pay him 5s. a week more wages.

I may be wrong, but my advice always is to let as few cottages as possible to a farm tenant, and never to let him have one in the village. As a rule, a farmer changes his men every year; how can you expect the man to take any interest in his cottage or garden? There are exceptions, but these only prove the rule.

The owner of the property is the only one who should have power to turn a working man out of his cottage, and it is very seldom that this power is abused.

There can be no doubt that the solution of the difficulties about agriculture can only be met (1) by combination and co-operation; (2) by high farming; (3) by the fair day's work for a fair day's wage, which can only be got by giving the labourer a home.

It is worthy of note that if any of the great singers whom I can remember—Grisi, Patti, Jenny Lind—wished to bring the house down by singing an English song, it was *Home, sweet Home*, and this went to the hearts of all. But where under our present system is the home for agricultural labourers?

I grieve to say that only this year, on a neighbouring estate, a new farmer has demanded every cottage in the village to be put under his control.

To carry out this, I know one man has had notice to quit, whose family had held the cottage for 100 years!

It is a mad desire to solve the labour question by having a tyranny over the labourer by holding his cottage, but if you take away from the labourer the security of home he will never take an interest in the farm, and will be as eager to give you notice as you may be to give him.

I read the extracts I have given above to one of my largest tenants, and he entirely agreed with them.

To introduce the Lincolnshire system, which has been successfully introduced already in Northumberland and other parts of England, is the only true solution of the labour question. But how is it to be done?

My tenant corroborated what the land agent's paper so strongly stated, that the farmer will not give a good man a fair wage. But now comes the question, how is he to do it?

He allowed that two or three of his men were doing twice the work of others, and he helped them by piece-work as much as he could; but if he raised the regular wages every other labourer would give him notice unless he also raised theirs. I then suggested, let us arrange to give the good labourers a cowland. It practically came out that a cowland required a good wife, and two of these good labourers were squandering their money at the public, because they had no *thrifty wives* to make them a comfortable home.

Here were two backhanders to my scheme. Nevertheless, I believe the comfortable home is the true solution, and if, getting the good labourer and the thrifty wife, you could give them a ~~cowgate~~ and a safe holding, it would be an example, and induce the labourers on that farm to save money for a cow, and to work so as to deserve such an improved position and to regain a home and an interest in the land, which would go far to solve the difficulties of British agriculture, and unite landlord, tenant, and labourer in a joint interest in the improvement of the land.

NELSON.

'BIGODS'

It is not my intention to write an essay on the necessity for the re-organisation of our secondary school system. Enough speeches and educational pamphlets have been published on the subject. What I want to do is to take one phase of the question, and by describing a little experiment of my own to show how something may be done by individual effort to advance the cause of secondary education in the country. I may be a little too sanguine for the success of my scheme, which is in its infancy, but I cannot be too certain of the need which it attempts to meet, and my great hope is that it may help to do something to prevent that depopulation of the land which we all regret.

Even a slight knowledge of village life in England at the present time must bring the fact home that there is a great deficiency of education in almost all the rural districts. An excellent scholarship system in the towns has been devised to attract all the best intellects from the country-side and unfit them for rural occupations. In fact, all the best secondary schools are in the towns. Unhappily, too, a large number of children drift into the already crowded courts and alleys of our great cities with nothing but the village-school education to fit them for the struggle for existence. They consequently sink to the position of the casual labourer, and swell the ranks of that vast army of the unemployed which trade depression so constantly throws on the streets. It is not only the picked brains that the towns attract, but a great deal also of that raw material which the country so urgently needs.

It is useless for the farmer to say that that which was good enough for him is also good enough for his children. Free trade opens the flood-gates of competition wider every year, and foreign nations are using every resource of science and education to filch the bread from the toiler in this country. Our agricultural industries are especially suffering, and land can no longer be worked as it was in the days when wheat was 50s. a quarter. The farmer of to-day cannot afford to neglect that scientific and technical education which has given his rival so great an advantage. By starving the intellectual development of his sons and daughters he imperils their prospects in

life and lowers the national standard. The problem is to bring this danger home to the nation, which is, I am afraid, in this respect unpatriotic. Speeches and pamphlets may do something to arouse public opinion, but a practical illustration of what secondary education can do is the best way to educate that opinion.

It was with this idea that I founded my school at Dunmow in the spring of 1897. Essex was at that time very backward in the matter of rural secondary schools, and beyond the scanty efforts of the Essex County Council to give instruction in their technical classes no attempt had been made to establish any definite system of technical education in the rural districts of East Anglia. I do not wish to run down the work of the evening continuation schools, which existed of course long before Bigods, but such a scheme is little more than a useful stopgap. Results of lasting value can only be obtained by an organised course of systematic instruction, extending over three years at least from the time of leaving the elementary school. It was our aim to meet this want in the establishment of Bigods, and it was these considerations that guided Professor Meldola, who was my invaluable helper in the work of drawing up the curriculum that is at present in force there.

Our great problem was to devise a scheme suitable for such schools. This was a matter of great practical difficulty, for no hard-and-fast course can be forced on schools of science in rural districts. Had we been bound down by the rigorous official code of the directory, it would have been almost impossible to set up Bigods Hall as a school of science; but, thanks to Sir John Gorst, the Board of Education consented to a more elastic and more enlightened view of the situation, and there need be no hesitation in the future in making any rural school of this order into a school of science. But I should be wrong if I claimed any striking originality for my own school. After all, it does not differ essentially from any other school of science except in the fact that it is in the country and not in the town. Our object, however, was not to transport into the country the educational system which is adapted to the use of cities. That has been the great defect, if I may say so, of our rural education. Our aim was to adapt all that was best in the secondary schools to the requirements of the country, and our belief was that agricultural and rural industries depended for their success quite as much on careful and scientific training as the urban industries.

It thus became our fundamental idea to take the children after they had passed through the elementary schools, and to provide them with just that class of secondary and technical education that is required to make boys good farmers and gardeners, and to equip the girls with the knowledge of domestic economy and dairy work that a farmer's wife should have. We desired to reverse the tendency of the present system, which attracts the best intellects among the boys

and girls of the country-side into the counting-houses and workshops of our great towns. We hope to restore to the farmers those whom they naturally expect to find their best and most competent assistants. It is small wonder that the farmer and squire should view with deep-rooted suspicion the education which ends by sweeping the country bare of its supply of efficient labour, leaving behind only the derelicts of industry. Our aim, after all, was in the direction of that excellent Minute of the Board of Education upon the curriculum of secondary schools that was published last year at the instance of a Parliamentary Committee on the suggestion of the Duke of Devonshire and Sir John Gorst. Without going into the details of that Minute, I may say that the great drawback so far has been the lack of teachers to give the necessary direction to rural elementary instruction. It cannot be too often repeated that a sound system of general education is the only sure foundation for technical education. Indeed, it is the first condition of success in all industries.

Regarding the fact, therefore, that the education in the elementary schools is not adapted to this end, we determined to devote the first two years of the course at Bigods to a preliminary training on general lines, including of course, in accordance with the ideas which prompted the foundation of the school, a considerable amount of scientific instruction by the most approved methods. These first two years are devoted to giving the student when he comes to Bigods at twelve years old an efficient education, such as would equip him for almost any career in life. When the ground has been thus prepared, the pupil turns for the next one or two years to the more advanced science course, which has, as far as possible, been given a bias towards agricultural pursuits. It is hardly right to assume that in all such schools the children are necessarily destined for agriculture. At the same time, it is possible so to direct the science teaching as to bring out the living interest and the practical importance of the sciences as mental equipment for rural pursuits, in the same way that they have always been regarded in the preparation for manufacturing industries. I may here say that the importance of scientific training for rural industries is not yet realised by our educational experts to the same extent as is the value of such training in manufacturing centres. That is why there is such urgent need for schools of science in rural districts.

I will now come to the actual curriculum at Bigods. For the first two years the training is strictly that of a continuation school, in which the ordinary humanitarian subjects are carried to higher stages. Modern languages, French or German, are taught with geography, grammar, history, and our own much-neglected literature. In addition to these subjects some fifteen hours a week are devoted to science. The science subjects taught are chemistry, physics, botany, and the real work of observation is carried on by the pupils

themselves in the laboratories and fields. Thus the children, after making experiments in the laboratories, find in the gardens and fields around them natural illustration of the working of the subjects which they have been investigating. The boys receive instruction in wood and metal work by way of manual training, and the girls are taught needlework, cookery, and domestic economy. Every faculty which the child possesses is trained by this system. He learns to use his hand, his eye, and, above all, his mind. The child's reasoning power is thus developed by personal experiment and observations made by the pupils themselves, and his nature is given a trend which cannot fail to have a permanent effect on his or her future career.

So far, the training given in this school is adapted to any career that may be in store for the child. He will now be far better equipped than when he left the elementary school for any vocation in town or country that may be chosen for him. But if this elementary system is directed towards general requirements, it has a distinguishing feature in the time that is devoted to science and manual training and domestic subjects, which raises it out of antiquated and useless grooves and places it on a modern footing. And I would lay special stress on the advantages that girls receive under this system. They are given the same instruction in practical science as the boys, and they take quite as much interest and are no whit behind the boy in the end-of-term examinations. In botany the girls actually beat the boys, and they show an eagerness and industry to fit themselves for domestic work that is most encouraging.

The first two years are, however, only intended as the foundation of a subsequent course; and I am glad to say that most of the pupils who entered Bigods when it first opened have remained to reap the special advantages of a more prolonged stay. In the last two years the pupils receive a more distinctly agricultural and industrial training. They still pursue their general studies, as the time-table of the advanced course shows. Every day several hours are devoted to such general subjects as history, geography, French and drawing, book-keeping and geometry, and English literature. For instance, on Monday, Tuesday, and Friday the whole morning is devoted to these subjects and mathematics, while on Wednesdays and Thursdays further time is devoted to French. On Wednesday alone is the work of an entirely scientific nature; while on Saturday the day is spent in recreative gardening or the cleaning and management of poultry and care of bees, while in the afternoon games are the order.

A plot of ground has been bought near the school to give practical illustration to the lectures of class-room and laboratory. Thus the pupil learns for himself by the soundest of all methods, the direct appeal to Nature, how the scientific laws that he has been studying in theory work in practical agriculture.

After the pupil has learnt the properties of soils, seeds, and plants,

he is taught how best to apply this knowledge to the growth of grasses, clovers, forage, and corn crops. Thus he discovers the relative value of new varieties of cereals, and learns the result of various treatments in the effect of proportions of nitrogen, phosphoric acid, and potash, on patches of wheat, oats, barley, rye, and other cereals.

The third section of the agricultural experimental garden is laid out as a miniature farm, and is divided into four divisions, the object of which is to demonstrate the principles of rotation in cropping. In their visits to the experimental plots the pupils are accompanied by an agricultural lecturer, who explains in detail the lessons to be drawn from the operations at work. He also takes the pupils to farms near at hand, where they can see the work of the miniature home farm on a larger scale, and learn something of the use of farm implements, the management of live stock, and the measures taken to combat fungoid disease and insect pests.

The model dairy is provided with end-over-end churns, cream separator, butter-workers, milk-testing apparatuses, and all the necessary appliances for teaching the practical art of butter- and cheese-making; while the properties and composition of milk and the way to analyse and test milk—in fact, the scientific side of dairy-farming—is first taught in the laboratory and classroom. In the dairy work the girls find their special province, and they also acquire the very useful and necessary knowledge of how to pack the dairy produce for market and when and where to send it.

The same system of education is applied to botany, one of the most necessary sciences for every-day farming. After the properties and growth of seeds, plants, and flowers have been studied in the biological laboratory, the knowledge is put to practical use in the school garden, which is divided into a sufficient number of plots for every boy and girl, who vie with one another in raising the best vegetables and flowers. There is already a small plantation of bush fruit and some flourishing wall fruit, where practical knowledge in pruning and grafting can be gained. When the orchard has been planted, this side of the work at Bigods will develop.

The poultry-runs are provided with houses on the American system, and each pupil in turn undertakes the complete responsibility of feeding and housing the fowls, and raising chicks in their season by natural and artificial incubation. The bee-hives are in the same way handed over to the care of the pupils.

Manual training, as already stated, is not forgotten, and working in wood and metal forms an important branch of the education at Bigods. In addition to a carpenter's shop, there is now an engineering workshop, in which boys are taught a practical knowledge of welding, riveting, fitting, and soldering in metal, some acquaintance with which every practical farmer ought to possess.

The girls have their own course of domestic economy, which,

besides teaching them the art of household management, gives them practical instruction in dressmaking and cookery.

Bigods is not the only school of its sort that has been established with a similar object in the country. There is an excellent school of the same kind at Bruton, in Somersetshire, which has had a phenomenal success. Sexey's Trade School, as it is called, owed its inception to Mr. Henry Hobhouse, M.P., and was founded out of the old endowments of Sexey Hospital under a scheme of the Charity Commissioners with aid from the Somersetshire County Council. The initial course of studies is much the same as at Bigods, the boys receiving instruction in the ordinary subjects of a higher primary or secondary school. In the higher classes the scientific work is on the same lines as at Bigods; the instruction in technical subjects being throughout of a practical nature, and being given in the garden, fields, and workshops, as well as in the classrooms.

In the same way visits are occasionally paid to farms in the neighbourhood to inspect the farms, implements, buildings, and stock, and the boys are encouraged to make botanical collections of their own. Since 1896 Sexey's has been organised as a school of science, and the school has been accepted by the Somersetshire and Wiltshire County Councils as one of those at which juniors and intermediate county scholars may attend. The number of boys at the school is over one hundred, and a large proportion of them have taken to farming on leaving the school. The annual grants earned by the school have risen from 57*l.* in 1893 to 385*l.* in 1899, and this works out at an average of over 6*l.* a head, being almost double the general average earned per head by organised science schools. We hope indeed to emulate this standard at Bigods, where, as our work proceeds, the grants have also increased in a most satisfactory way. I am most grateful to the Essex County Council for its annual grant to Bigods, and I hope that, as our work grows, some of the money that is at present spent on sporadic agricultural instruction may come to us. In the case of Sexey's the local County Council has been most generous in its aid in building grants, and its capitation grant of 2*l.* for day scholars and 3*l.* for boarders has been of the greatest value in meeting expenses. The Bruton school started with the advantage of an endowment, so that the total income of the school is now some 1,200*l.* a year.

This brings me to the initial difficulty of establishing properly organised schools of science in rural districts. While the County Councils continue to devote most of their money to urban schools, the rural schools must depend very largely on voluntary contributions; and their efficiency is thus too often limited by insufficiency of means. Money that might be spent on assisting schools of science is too often devoted to sporadic attempts to educate the rural classes by weekly lectures in winter schools. Such work is

of very little permanent good, and the money would be much more usefully spent in helping to establish schools of science, where results of lasting value could be achieved by an organised course of systematic instruction extending over three years at least. It is not always necessary to set up new schools to impart this much-needed scientific training. The Sexey school is an instance of the conversion of an ordinary secondary school into an organised school of science without any essential change of curriculum or method.

This was accomplished in 1896, and since then, largely, I think, due to the efforts of the Agricultural Education Committee, the Government has adopted a more sympathetic attitude towards rural education. The policy of the Committee was amply recognised in the new Day-school Code issued in March 1900, which allowed a differentiation of the curricula for the rural elementary schools suitable to the circumstances of the children and the neighbourhood. In the same spirit was the circular of the new Board of Education in April 1900 to teachers and managers of rural elementary schools, impressing on the teachers the importance of making education in the village school 'more consonant with the environment of the scholars.' This was a right step in the direction of fostering in the children an intelligent interest in country pursuits. By such means much might be done to make the elementary schools stepping-stones for the rural schools of science, in which a much more elastic system, fitted to the special requirements of a rural district, has been rendered possible by a modification of the Directory of the secondary branch of the Board of Education. In this connection the Cambridge and County Education Committee deserve every credit for the new secondary school of science opened last year at Cambridge.

But, grateful as I am to the Government for having done so much, and fully conscious as I am of the efforts made by many secondary schools and local authorities to graft a scientific and agricultural side on to the present system, there still remains an enormous amount to be done.

It is beyond the scope of this article to describe the chaos, confusion, and overlapping that exist in secondary education, more especially on its technical and scientific side. The promised measure of reorganisation is still among election pledges the fulfilment of which seems to recede further into the distance the longer the war in South Africa continues. Meanwhile, it will not do to wait in expectation while every month the drain from the villages to the towns continues, and more land passes out of cultivation. Something may be done by individual effort, much by co-operation and co-education. I am a strong advocate of equal educational advantages for the sexes, and I believe that it is for the good of them both that boys and girls should be as far as possible educated together. It knocks off the rough edges from the boys, while it helps to remove

what is too often the chief cause of unhappiness in a woman's life, her misunderstanding of men.

The system has been tried with success in America and Germany, and more than one successful experiment in co-education has been made in this country.

If any one is doubtful of its advantages, I would advise him or her to visit Lady Manners' school at Bakewell, in Derbyshire, which is one of the largest of the secondary schools devoted to co-education. For myself, I can speak with certainty of the happy family life that the boys and girls lead at Bigods.

A great deal more might also be done by centralisation to meet the deficiency of education in rural districts. If those who have control of the various local charities and endowments scattered throughout the country could combine with the county councils in the establishment of good practical schools at convenient centres, a great work might be done without waiting for a Secondary Education Bill. But county councils alone could achieve much with the sums which are now paid in local taxation grants.

Suppose that the county councils and the educational centres, as Mr. Henry Hobhouse, M.P., has suggested, resolved to contribute half their annual grants from the Exchequer, together with any accumulations that they might have in hand, to the establishment of such schools as Sexey's Trade School at Bruton and the Cambridge and County School. If such a course were pursued there is no reason why in half a dozen years many schools of science should not be established in all parts of the country, in which both boys and girls could be given a good practical education, while the remainder of the money that the local authorities reserve for education would still be found sufficient for other branches of technical instruction. The result would be a general levelling up of the secondary education throughout the country, which would be an enormous gain to the nation at large.

FRANCES EVELYN WARWICK.

A NATIONAL THEATRE

AN APPEAL TO THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL

WHEN the illustrious William Charles Macready, who so long, so ably, and so nobly maintained the dignity of the British stage, had succeeded, with the aid of his friend, Edward Lytton Bulwer, in emancipating the poetic drama from its shameful bondage, a bondage which restricted its very existence in the Metropolis to the two patent houses (Drury Lane and Covent Garden), he threw open the doors of the minor theatres to receive the precious gift.

With this last boon to the art of which he was the most distinguished ornament, he retired from public life, bequeathing, like another Alexander, his crown and sceptre to the 'most worthy' among his followers.

The choice unanimously fell on Samuel Phelps.

How wisely and how well that admirable actor and enterprising manager fulfilled his trust the annals of Sadler's Wells Theatre for eighteen memorable years remain to attest.

I had the honour of being on terms of friendly intimacy with Mr. Phelps for many years; hence, when Salvini, the Italian actor—with whom I had unfortunately commenced my career at the Queen's Theatre—had involved me in considerable loss in consequence of his failure, and had also fled the country, leaving me in the lurch, my old friend came to the rescue, and in order to give *éclat* to my *début*, did me the honour to play my father in the scene from the second part of *Henry the Fourth* which, at his suggestion, I had taken the liberty to incorporate with my adaptation of *Henry the Fifth*.

Those who were present on the first night of that memorable production can scarcely have forgotten the roar which arose, which came back again, and yet again, until the whole audience burst forth into one mighty acclamation, when the tableau curtains revealed to view the war-worn lion of Lancaster lying beneath the shadow of death in the Jerusalem chamber.

It was a sight and a scene never to be forgotten.

During our prolonged intimacy Phelps confided to me that Macready had bequeathed to him another legacy, viz. a project for a National Theatre on the basis of the *Théâtre Français*.

Year in, year out, for hours and hours together, we built our theatre over and over again, endowed it, and managed it, 'in the air.'

Now it so happened that during his engagement with me the Lord Mayor (Sir William Cotton) gave a banquet at the Mansion House to the representatives of literature and art, and Phelps and I were among the invited guests.

It was within my recollection, for I was present on the historic occasion of the farewell dinner to Macready in the Hall of Commerce, that when he referred to Phelps, and nominated him as his successor, he (Phelps), attacked by a fit of nerves beyond his control, 'turned tail and bolted.'

Besides being a martyr to nervous irritation, he had a morbid horror of even appearing to exploit himself, and he positively loathed the ignoble artifices of the 'showman.' Apart from this, he was so petted and spoiled and coddled at home that society had few charms and no attractions for him. Hence he declined to accept the Lord Mayor's invitation, and it was only when I urged upon him that the position he occupied involved duties and responsibilities beyond its mere barren honours, and that he was bound to carry out the mission bequeathed him by Macready, that he at length yielded to my persuasions and consented to accompany me.

On this occasion his health was proposed by the Lord Mayor, in connection with the Shakespearean drama. His reply was of so remarkable a character that I transcribe it here in full:

I can say very little to you about the Shakespearean drama, beyond what I dare say the greater portion of you already know. But my object in speaking to you to-night is for a very different purpose.

The Lord Mayor has spoken much of the educational power of the drama. You will forgive me if I speak of myself more than good taste would suggest. If I do so, it is only as exemplifying what is to come after.

Some years ago I took an obscure theatre in the north of London called Sadler's Wells, and nearly the whole of my brethren in the profession, and many out of it, said it would not last a fortnight. It lasted eighteen years, and my stock-in-trade chiefly consisted of the plays of Shakespeare. Now, I determined to act, if possible, the whole of Shakespeare's plays. I acted thirty-one of all sorts, 'from aged Lear to youthful Pericles,' and the thought begotten in my mind latterly was, that if that theatre could be made to pay, as I did make it pay, not making a fortune certainly, but bringing up a large family and paying my way—well, ladies and gentlemen, I thought if I could do that for eighteen years, why could it not be done again? But, mark you, I found that about every five or six years I had fresh audiences, that plays would bear repeating again and again, and by a peculiar economic method of my own I was enabled to repeat them without any very great expense. Well, if that could be done by me as a humble individual, why could it not be done by the Government of this country? Why could not a subsidised theatre, upon a moderate scale of expense, be added to the late educational scheme by which children are forced somehow or other into school?

I maintain, from the experience of eighteen years, that the perpetual iteration of Shakespeare's words, if nothing more, going on daily for so many months in the year, must and would produce a great effect upon the public mind. Moreover,

I have at this moment in my possession hundreds of letters from men of all sorts and conditions, who came to see me at Sadler's Wells as boys, and who have written to me as men, to say that they received their first glimpse of education at that theatre. They have gone on improving in the world, doing this, and that, and the other, which I cannot tell, as I have not time, but I have those letters in my house in proof of what I say.

If I could find any member of Parliament (which I fear is hopeless), I would willingly devote what little of life remains to me, to point out the way in which this could be done, and I would willingly give evidence in the House of Commons to prove the truth of Shakespeare's educating powers.

I merely throw my bread upon the waters; it may float away and disappear for ever, but I throw out the hint in the earnest hope that it may gather strength, and that it may come back after many days.

When these words were spoken there sat in our immediate vicinity Alfred and Mrs. Wigan, Mrs. Keeley, Jenny Lind, Mrs. Coleman, Caroline Heath, Amy Sedgwick, Sir Robert Carden, Benjamin Webster, John Baldwin Buckstone, Frederick Balsir Chatterton, Walter Lacy, Henry Howe, Tom Robertson, H. J. Byron, George Augustus Sala, W. G. Wills, and H. L. Bateman, 'The Colonel.'

All were elate and jubilant then, but now, alas!

Macready passed on his long-cherished project to Phelps, and Phelps to me; hence I claim a right to be heard on the subject of a National Theatre for the cultivation—nay, the actual preservation—of the National Drama.

In France the Théâtre Français is regarded as the absolute standard of purity in the pronunciation of the French language; but this language of ours, which bids fair to be the language of the world, has no authorised standard, the art of elocution being scandalously neglected even at the bar, the pulpit, and the senate.

Formerly the actors were regarded as the supreme authorities on this subject. Sheridan, the father of Richard Brinsley, and the author of the Dictionary, was an actor; Walker, the author of the Pronouncing Dictionary (another actor) repeatedly quotes Garrick as an authority, and Laurence Sterne did not disdain to do so.

Leaving, however, this question aside, there can be no manner of doubt that the actual art of expressing the highest form of human emotion has steadily deteriorated, and is daily deteriorating, on the British stage, simply because the actors of to-day, through circumstances beyond their control, are not only condemned to a degraded form of art (if art it be!) but are absolutely debarred the possibilities of improvement—partly because there is no longer a school, and partly because of the prolonged runs of pieces, which make practice, variety, and as a natural consequence versatility impossible.

Formerly, in all the great provincial centres, there were important theatres, veritable academies with 'stock' companies, engaged usually for nine months in the year, in which the rising generation of actors

graduated, under experienced managers and accomplished stage managers, in the great works of the great masters, and the best examples of the modern school.

The curriculum was extensive, the conditions exacting, onerous, and laborious. Four and even as many as six hours were daily devoted to study, four at least to rehearsals, and five to the nightly performance.

Observe, fifteen hours out of the twenty-four daily devoted to the pursuit of perfection; and contrast the past with the conditions which obtain in the present.

When the writer was recently manager of Drury Lane Theatre, he desired to give a play in which he had an interest—a trial trip for a couple of nights.

The drama then being enacted had been *actually* running for twelve consecutive weeks, during which the company had not been called upon for a single rehearsal; yet, when requested to assist in the new play, they rebelled, and had it not been for the courtesy of Sir Henry Irving, who lent us one of his best comedians, the play could not have been done at all.

When my Drury Lane play was sent into the provinces, the troupe raised objections to giving even one rehearsal a week for the instruction of the local auxiliaries.

When the 'schools' were in existence, discipline was inflexibly maintained, and any attempt at insubordination of this description would have been met with immediate dismissal.

The managers, usually men of culture and ripe experience, ruled with a rod of iron.

The indolent and inept were speedily sent packing, the fittest alone survived, thrived, became actors, and when they ultimately reached their 'Mecca' they were duly qualified, perfect in the text and the 'business' of all the standard works, ready, and even anxious, to spring upon the stage and play them with a single rehearsal.

Edmund Kean had only one rehearsal for Shylock on his memorable *début* at Drury Lane, Phelps had only one rehearsal for the same part when he opened at the Haymarket.

Sir Joshua was right when he maintained that 'excellence was never granted to man except as the reward of labour,' and Macready was also right when, in the fruitless effort to keep a wilful schoolboy (myself) from going on the stage, he wrote, 'If you desire to gain any, the least degree of eminence, you must learn to scorn delights and live laborious days.'

The past system was by no means perfect, but it had certain advantages which the present system does not possess. For example, when the comedian of a former generation had served his apprenticeship in the 'smalls' he was promoted to the large cities of the provinces, where he was engaged all the year round in the study of

the great masters, in the interpretation of whose works he was frequently brought in contact with the distinguished actors of the day during their periodical visits to the provinces.

When he had passed this exacting ordeal, he was then, and not till then, deemed eligible for the great London theatres, where he was invariably engaged for a term of years at an annually increasing salary. Whereas now, when he has acquired a smattering of accomplishments he is engaged for the 'run of the piece,' which, if fortunate, may last for a season, if unfortunate, for a fortnight; or worse still, in the event of a failure, after giving a month's gratuitous services for rehearsals he may find himself left high and dry and destitute at a week's or even a moment's notice.

Under the old *régime* so deplorable a result could scarcely have occurred. An actor engaged at Drury Lane or Covent Garden was settled for life, and the same might almost have been said of the Princess's under Charles Kean, Sadler's Wells under Phelps, the Adelphi under Webster, and the Haymarket under Buckstone: while the all-round excellence of the productions at the Prince of Wales's and the Haymarket under the Bancrofts, at the Lyceum under Irving, and the wonderful record at the Gaiety under Hollingshead, could only have been achieved by the welding together of a compact, homogeneous body of artists who had all learned their business.

With the exception of an occasional relapse into the sensational, Covent Garden and Drury Lane were wont to be devoted to the higher drama in all its infinite variety; but alas! Covent Garden has been turned into an Italian opera house with intervals for masquerade balls; while at Drury Lane the National Drama has ceased to exist since the retirement of Chatterton, twenty-two years ago. This unfortunate but enterprising man surrounded himself with the best company of artists then in existence, led by Phelps, James Anderson, Barry Sullivan, Charles Dillon, Henry Irving, Walter Lacy, Mrs. Hermann Vezin, Margaret Kendal and Helen Faucit, who devoted themselves to the drama of the greatest living and dead authors; and although in the heat of the *Formosa* controversy Chatterton was indiscreet enough (an indiscretion bitterly repented and bitterly paid for!) to endorse Boucicault's cynical epigram—that 'Shakespeare spelt ruin, and Byron bankruptcy'—the fact remains that he (Chatterton), who actually commenced business on borrowed capital (for which he had to pay twenty and even a hundred per cent.), during his management paid 80,000*l.* in rent, expended an enormous sum on dilapidations, alterations and decorations, maintained a numerous and expensive company and never owed his artists a shilling; and when his 'Waterloo' came, he fell, not through the National Theatre or the National Drama, but through unfortunate and disastrous speculations elsewhere.

To his credit it must be recorded that during his sixteen years' reign his actors were engaged for a season of nine months in every year, while the dramatic season at Drury Lane is now restricted to a third of that time.

Nowadays, it is not infrequently announced that Mr. Brown, Jones or Robinson will appear for the first time (not for the first time in London, but for the first time on any stage) in one of those masterpieces to which the actors of the past devoted years, long years of study. These great men graduated in the country before they presumed to challenge the suffrages of the metropolis.

Garrick failed in Aboan (a secondary part in *Oronooko*) at Ipswich, began again, and came to Goodman's Fields to take the town by storm in that remote and unfashionable locality; Kemble failed at York, and elsewhere, before he became the Hamlet and Coriolanus of the age. His brother Charles, when serving his apprenticeship with the elder Macready in Sheffield, was stigmatised as a 'stick,' tried back, again, and yet again, till the world acknowledged him as *the* Faulconbridge, Marc Antony, Mercutio and Benedick beyond compare.

Even the matchless Siddons, upon her first appearance in town, failed and was banished to Bath, but returned to be the crowning glory of the British stage.

Edward Kean, who came, before he was ripe, to the Haymarket, failed utterly in the part of a flunkey, went back to learn his business in the country, and returned with ripened experience to carry everything before him at Drury Lane.

His son Charles told me himself that he too failed on his first appearance as a tyro, as Young Norval at Drury Lane, but 'out of the nettle danger, he plucked the rose safely,' and after a long provincial probation returned to triumph over all obstacles in the very theatre in which he had so ignominiously failed.

Phelps was years and years studying in the country before he arrived in London; and, to come to more recent times, Irving has himself told the pathetic story of the failure which his indomitable pluck enabled him to surmount; while Mrs. Kendal, who has never failed in *anything* (at least not in anything I have seen her attempt), learnt her business thoroughly in the country before she came to town—and came to stay. These historic incidents are cited to show—in point of fact, to prove—that since the academies have ceased to exist in the country it is necessary to provide one in town.

There is not a nation of Continental Europe which has not built and endowed its National Theatre.

In France (besides 44,000*l.* per annum granted to the Grand Opera and the Opéra Comique) substantial and indeed large subsidies are granted to the National Theatre (Théâtre Français) and the Odéon, &c.; Berlin, Vienna, St. Petersburg and Brussels are largely subsidised, partly by the State and partly by the reigning Sovereign. The

city of Geneva has not only provided and erected a National Theatre at a cost of 150,000*l.*, but allows the management 7,500*l.* per annum. The Saxe-Meiningen Theatre (whose Shakespearean performances are famous throughout the world) is presided over and liberally endowed by the reigning Duke (a relation of our own Royal Family), and the theatre at Weimar (so long famous from its association with the illustrious Goethe) has been subventioned for the past century. Scores of smaller theatres in France and Germany are also liberally endowed. For instance in Lyons, Bordeaux and Toulon the municipalities in each town grant a subsidy of 9,000*l.* a year to the manager, while even in Angoulême and Poitiers, with only 35,000 inhabitants each, substantial subsidies are granted.

In Breslau, a German town with a population of barely 100,000, the municipality have provided a splendid theatre and a subvention of 10,000*l.* per annum.

While investigating these figures it has reached my knowledge that three years ago, or, to be precise, on the 27th of June, 1898, a petition signed not only by all the eminent professors of music in this country, but by many social celebrities, including various distinguished authors and actors, was presented to the London County Council, proposing that a Municipal Opera House should be erected and endowed at the public expense 'for the purpose of bringing the highest class of music within reach of the mass of the people.'

This petition, however, omits to mention the following facts:

(1) There are already two important musical institutions, viz. the Royal Academy and the Royal College of Music, handsomely endowed by Act of Parliament, assisted by private munificence and provided with a liberally paid staff, and offices rent-free, &c., for the purpose proposed by the petition.

(2) The Guildhall School of Music is provided with offices and schoolrooms rent-free, besides which, all working expenses are guaranteed by the Corporation, who have also built a theatre for the free use of pupils, at a cost of 22,000*l.* Nay, more, the Lords of the Committee of Council on Education so far back as the 26th of November, 1898, authorised the Technical Education Board to include in their curriculum 'music, singing and musical notation, instrumental and orchestral music.'

(3) Besides these three institutions, there are the Musical Association, the Incorporated Society of Musicians, and a dozen or more similar institutions devoted to high-class music, notably the Philharmonic Society, in existence for eighty-seven years, and the Monday and Saturday 'Pops,' for forty-one years. Besides which, the Crystal Palace, with Mr. August Manns's famous band, his superb oratorios and his matchless Handel Festivals, has made the masses familiar with the highest class of music for upwards of half a century.

There are hundreds of classic concerts every season, and the

St. James's and the new Queen's Hall have earned a very high reputation for the very best work of the kind attainable. Then there are the choirs of the Chapel Royal, the Savoy, St. Paul's, Westminster Abbey, the Catholic Cathedrals, and no fewer than eighty-four choral societies in London and the suburbs.

(4) The Albert Hall for twenty-eight years has furnished exclusively high-class music, while the Imperial Institute has been more or less devoted to the same object.

(5) The Savoy Theatre is the permanent home for opera of a high class, and for upwards of twenty years has successfully supplied this want.

(6) There are three grand opera companies—the Carl Rosa, the Moody-Manners, and the Turner combination; and there are upwards of a score of opera bouffe and musical comedy companies performing in London or the provinces all the year round.

(7) There are no fewer than nine fashionable theatres in Central London devoted exclusively to musical performances.

(8) Three of the most magnificent variety theatres in the world, viz. the Palace, the Empire, and the Alhambra (to say nothing of the Oxford, the Pavilion, the Tivoli, the Canterbury, and a score of other places of a similar character), are all given up to musical entertainments.

(9) The Empire Syndicate with its capital of 1,400,000*l.* is almost entirely devoted to the erection of magnificent musical variety theatres in suburban London and the provinces.

(10) The Italian Opera, Covent Garden, confines itself exclusively to high-class music, and is supported by a large annual subsidy provided by private subscription.

If these statistics are reliable it would seem apparent that the 'mass of the people' have already ample opportunity for becoming familiar with 'the highest class of music.'

Amongst the signatures to the petition may be found the names of many eminent members of the dramatic profession, but amidst the numerous subsidies and endowments referred to, the very name of the drama is conspicuous by its absence; although, in the particular form of art advocated by the petitioners, music and drama are not only absolutely indissoluble, but drama actually comes first, inasmuch as without drama opera cannot exist.

Enough of facilities for the culture of music. Let us now take a glimpse of the facilities for the study of dramatic art.

A quarter of a century ago many metropolitan theatres were a disgrace to the metropolis.

Some of them remain so still, squalid, ugly, stifling places which are a never-ceasing peril to the lives of actors and auditors, and to the property of their neighbours. There is not a theatre in the suburbs which does not put to shame these dustholes.

Were fire to break out during a performance at some of these places, an incalculable loss of life and property would inevitably ensue.

Next to the existence of these death traps, the most amazing thing is that they ever came to be licensed. In the public interest they should be closed at once—with, of course, reasonable compensation to the owners and occupiers.

The era of reformation set in twenty years ago, and has continued steadily ever since. Many of our theatres are now both elegant and commodious, but there is still room for considerable improvement, and the theatre of the future, the National Theatre, has yet to be built. It should be erected in the heart of Central London. Externally, it ought to be an ornament to the metropolis. Internally, it should not only be beautiful, but it should be supplied with everything which improvement up to date can suggest for elegance and convenience. It should, of course, be built of fireproof material, and should be constructed to seat 2,500 auditors, who should be enabled to see every inch of the stage and to hear every word spoken.

The seats should be numbered and comfortably upholstered.

There should be ample means of entrance and exit, a lofty and commodious vestibule leading to a grand foyer adorned with statues and pictures of the celebrities of the stage, commencing with the master himself. The actors, at present too frequently relegated to rabbit-hutches and packing-cases beneath the stage, should be provided with spacious and elegant dressing-rooms, supplied with mirrors, gas and electric light, hot and cold water, baths and lavatories. There should be a library, dramatic, musical, and pictorial. The managerial staff should have offices before and behind the scenes. There should be a large saloon for rehearsals, or, preferably, a small theatre, such as Charles Mathews used to give his entertainment in at Her Majesty's, or such as formerly existed at the Theatre Royal, Dublin; a room for the ballet to practise in, another for the chorus, a third for the drilling of the 'supers'; greenrooms, painting-rooms, wardrobe-rooms, and spacious workshops for carpenters and property men.

There should be at least three complete stages, fully equipped with every modern scenic appliance. The stages and machinery should all be worked by hydraulic power, which would also ventilate the house, heating it in winter and cooling it in summer.

At Penarth there is a hydraulic hoist which lifts fifteen tons of coal aboard a vessel in one minute. If a motive power like this could be applied to the three stages proposed, marvels of scenic effect could be achieved at the maximum of speed and the minimum of cost.

Scores of competent artists can be secured at reasonable salaries

by guaranteeing engagements for a season of nine months, with options to terminate or renew for a term of years, subject to certain conditions. The old stock must be leavened with a copious infusion of new, young, and ambitious aspirants, destined under competent tuition to form the actors of the future. There should be an elementary college, to which no one should be admitted who had not passed the usual scholastic standard, and who was not already proficient in fencing, dancing, and calisthenics.

The candidate, having passed a satisfactory examination, would then be eligible for training in elocution, pantomime, stage deportment, &c., and would start immediately at the lowest rung of the ladder.

At least six months previous to the opening, the manager should begin to arrange his repertory, and should have at least six standard works ready, text, scenery, costumes and properties complete in every department, before he commences his season.

The building would cost 150,000*l.*; the site 50,000*l.* more, in all 200,000*l.* The authorities can get any amount of money at three per cent. or less—hence the rental should not exceed 6,000*l.* per annum; and a subsidy, to guarantee working expenses, should be made of not less than 15,000*l.* a year.

A penny in the pound on rateable property in London produces annually 150,411*l.* If the subsidy (like the bands in the parks) has to come out of the rates it may be roughly estimated that (subject to correction) a rate of a fifth of a penny would more than provide for this outlay; while as a *quid pro quo* the authorities should be entitled yearly to draw 30,000*l.* worth of tickets for distribution among students of the academies, pupils of the schools, post-office and telegraph clerks, soldiers, commissionaires, police and other public officials, with the privilege of admittance to the theatre at periods to be agreed upon.

The establishment of a National Theatre in London would not only be a source of delight, but, like the National Gallery, the British and South Kensington Museums, it would form a most potent centre of culture.

The need is imperative, and what every city on the Continent of Europe has done, surely the greatest city in the world can do and ought to do, and more,

' If it were done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well
It were done quickly.

If our National Drama is to be preserved as a living force to elevate, ennoble and instruct the rising generation, and generations yet to come, now is the time to erect a monument to the genius of our greatest poet, and consecrate it to his memory and the use of the nation—henceforth, and for ever.

JOHN COLEMAN.

SKETCHES IN A NORTHERN TOWN

II

IN these days of ever-shifting and changing conditions of trade and labour, it is obvious that the personal relations between the manufacturer and his hands must undergo many changes too, from causes quite outside their control, at times even outside their consciousness.

In the golden age of Milltown's prosperity, when the machines were running all the year round, turning out huge orders easily obtained at high profits, a pleasant patriarchal custom prevailed of workpeople often spending all their lives in the service of the same masters, in 'th' owd shop.' The little girl or lad passed from a simpler process to become a 'learner' at some one's loom downstairs, perhaps the father's or mother's, and remained amongst those same looms until old age or death stiffened the knee that worked the treadle.

Happily for us, it is now difficult to realise on what small shoulders the burden of life was allowed to descend in those old days, but it was brought home forcibly some time ago to a manufacturer who bought an old mill in the district. A long-disused workshop was stacked with hundreds of little wooden stands, very like milking-stools. It was difficult to guess what purpose they could have served, but an old workman smiled when he heard his employer puzzling over them; he knew well enough what they had been used for. He remembered the days when he and many others had stood on those stools because they were as yet too little to reach up to the machines at which they nevertheless had to spend their days, working like their fathers—often, I am afraid, working for their fathers. The past is past, and to-day the children have their sacred birthright of play and freedom, but there are many old people still alive in our town who stood on those stools to work for their living by the time they were six years old.

The passing of time is not often marked for the whole nation of workers by such epoch-making measures as the great Factory Acts; the silent changes that it brings, however, dig their own gulfs between one generation and another. Not more than fifteen or

sixteen years ago the lifelong and even hereditary service of one master, or family of successive masters, was still quite usual, and the veterans who had only worked in one mill were common enough. But a little later the evil days came, when our local industry began the unarmed struggle for its life which is still being desperately, if not hopelessly, waged against the tremendous odds of foreign tariffs, and of Japanese and Continental competitors, whose factory laws are far less strict than ours, and whose living wage would mean starvation to our Northern mill-hand.

One morning, about sixteen years ago, a manufacturer known from his boyhood to all his people, through long years of hard and successful work, was stopped many a time as he went through his mills, by eager old questioners.

'Eh, Mester! be it true what t' papers say, as Mester Richard 'll be gettin' 'e self a wife?'

'Mester Richard's' father nodded with a slow smile, in his usual quiet fashion, and passed from the weaving shops to where the old women, warpers and winders, were lying in wait for him, he knew, with the same question.

Here even greater excitement prevailed, and many quaint or exultant ejaculations were given utterance to, in tones some degrees harsher and more jerky even than you hear from their descendants now. For many of those knotted arms had fondly carried Mester Richard in his childhood away from the fascinations of the slowly twirling drum-like machines, to the home from which he had escaped; a small head had rested sleepily on many of the hard shoulders before its owner went to school and from thence into the big unknown world outside Milltown. Severe was the ordeal of critical and appraising eyes through which Mester Richard's *fiancée* passed, when brought through the mills on approval soon afterwards in answer to urgent demands, but the welcome finally accorded was none the less warm for its freedom from all rash precipitation!

It was not, in fact, really given until after the wedding ceremony had brought assurance that unusual speech and unwonted demonstrations could run no risk of being thrown away, and then it came with one of those rare outbursts which occasionally break down the habitual barrier of reserve and the cautious appearance of indifference which characterise these people. Messages were sent to the travellers, summoning them northwards, for 'it's sure, now, mester, doost a see,' said a bent old weaver in his slow speech, with that look of indescribable, immense sagacity which seldom has time to concentrate upon the faces of a more nimble-witted race. 'Us a'd like them to boom just now, when us 'as decorated t' mills, and made t' place a bit bright like for them.'

'Just now,' by the way, is one of the pitfalls of Milltown language; it simply means 'very soon,' and is never used in the sense of immediately,' as the ignorant stranger is apt to suppose, which mis-

apprehension sometimes leads to trouble. The 'place' was hardly recognisable when they did come. Many hands had toiled at the end of the day's work far into many nights, to construct the endless array of coloured paper or evergreen chains, elaborately festooned so as almost to cover the bare walls, and quite disguise the gaunt outlines of machinery, all up and down the long array of workshops. Scores of cottages had poured forth their choicest treasures and ornaments to transform these rooms into the likeness and similitude of infinitely magnified best parlours. Gaudy vases, wax flowers under glass cases, giant shells, brilliant wool mats, framed prints and illuminated texts, struggled for precedence on the shelving machines with more homely but equally cherished household gods offered up for the occasion, the best teapot, the home-made hearthrug, even a new bright saucepan! There were triumphs of constructive ingenuity, too, and portrait groups of dressed dolls, brides and bridegrooms, by the dozen. And since 'the late Mr. Wesley' (as they still often call him) is one of the principal patron saints of Milltown, he presided, too, in many shapes and forms over these festivities. There were terrible coloured 'pot' images of him in gown and bands, with starting eyes, poised on giddy resting-places, varied by innumerable pictures of scenes from his life. But since dearest of all to the hearts of his faithful followers of the older generation is a certain appalling print representing the departing leader in his last moments, so the late Mr. Wesley on his deathbed naturally confronted the guests of the hour from many frames, and over most doorways, where he was always proudly pointed out for special admiration.

Here and there groups of smaller dolls, gorgeously appressed, surrounded the inevitable bride and bridegroom. 'These are the bridesmaids, of course, are they not?' was asked unwarily at first by the stranger, all unacquainted as yet with the robust and matter-of-fact fashion in which Milltown looks forward as well as backward. They were not, and the mistake was cheerily explained, while she steered a less venturesome subsequent course through shoals of similar, more unmistakable tokens of guileless good wishes, for all that a long life could possibly bring in the way of domestic happiness.

The excuse for dwelling on the homely details of this festivity of welcome from working people is that such a *tableau de mœurs* belongs to a condition of things which has already passed away; it could scarcely be presented again now, so quickly has the inexorable wheel turned in the world of textile labour during the last fifteen years. The recollection of those particular demonstrations of good will, the individual interest, the almost proprietary claim to share in the domestic joys and sorrows of a master long served and known, even the rougher speech and habits smacking of the soil always so full of character, tend to inevitable regrets. But, after all, *rien n'est*

plus bête que de boudier l'avenir, as Anatole France says with profound truth; and indeed it is only that most irreclaimable of pessimists, the confirmed sentimentalist, who will not see the greater gains brought in by the new order of things along with all its losses.

'Well! things is changed too-by sure!' exclaimed an old winder the other day. 'What wi' th' schoolin' being that long, and th' hours so short, and all these treats and 'olidays, th' gells doos abve an easy time of it now compared to what us did when us was young!'

'All very well, missus,' said one of 'th' gells,' bending over a new embroidering machine, that clattered on with its two thousand stitches a minute while she spoke, 'but if we doos 'ave shorter hours, we mun' get through a proper bit of work, I'm thinking, while we're at it!' She glanced with a twinkle in her eye at the jug of tea the old woman was holding while she dawdled at the door on the way back to her own workshop, the veteran warpers and winders being privileged persons in the mill. They are, in fact, almost superfluous, and not a little embarrassing, since their methods of work have necessarily been superseded by others, rather different and far more effective in character, but rejected with scorn and rebellion by the old guard, who declare they would choose 'clemming' sooner than 'be moithered wi' new-fangled ideas and no sense in them!' And since clemming it would certainly be, their employers and those set over them are often sorely put to it to provide these obdurate old people with enough work for a bare and hard subsistence.

But in the work-girl's answer lies the whole gist of the difference between the working life of this generation and the last.

As a matter of fact, the fifty-six hours a week now allowed by the Factory Act represents harder, often far harder and more concentrated work than the old long days of toil indefinitely prolonged, when human nature revenged itself by many a dawdle and easy gossip for the time abstracted from its freedom. Costly new machines are constantly required to keep abreast of the fashions, and of strenuous rivals; the output of each of these must be carefully watched and kept up to a high standard to show any profit on the capital outlay. The worker who is given to spending golden minutes in 'passing the time of day' with her companions in a pleasant and sociable fashion does so at the manifest and quickly calculable expense of her employers. She must learn a more concentrated habit or speedily make way for some one else. Improved education, however faulty still, must certainly have done something for the mental disciplining required to meet such demands as are made by modern conditions of industry; it has brought, too, the wider outlook, the more intelligent enjoyment of the opportunities of change and movement afforded by the shorter hours, cheap locomotion, and more frequent holidays. With brighter and more varied lives, a decided progress towards gentler manners and a finer personal observance amongst the work-girls, and

therefore amongst the young men, is obvious to the onlooker. It is so at any rate in our little town, a clean little town, where the airy streets of comfortable cottages at low rents cluster round the mills. And ah! how vitally it is the little towns and small communities which make for the happiness and welfare of the industrial classes is a truism which becomes the most essential of truths when you meet it face to face in their daily lives. For them the huge cities are the caves of Giant Despair, all the more so that they seldom know it until they are set fast in one or other of his many gyves, and not always even then.

As remarked before, the present generation of workpeople in Milltown cannot attach their lives to the service of one master, because no one master can now supply large numbers with work all the year round, and they must go from the mill which is slack at one season to another which is busy, making a different class of goods. But if the old almost feudal feeling has necessarily died out, they remain at least as responsive to every sign of personal interest and sympathy which is shown them. Those who proclaim them hard and ungrateful because they are still inarticulate enough to depress and discourage the stranger until a long apprenticeship of acquaintance has been served, will find suddenly in some wholly unexpected fashion that, if anything, they are over-grateful, terribly grateful for any such small individual services as circumstances in these days make it possible for their employers to render them. A side-wind, a confidence to a third person, or a sudden momentary thawing of the outer frost, will reveal in force what may lie behind a rigid face and a forbidding manner. Nobody who has had such glimpses can ever doubt again whether seeds of real interest and real sympathy sown in this stiff soil are thrown away.

As Wordsworth exclaimed in one of those moments when truth did duty for his muse:

I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
With coldness still returning;
Alas! the gratitude of men
Hath oftner left me mourning.

I have a growing suspicion that some of them nowadays are becoming uneasily conscious of this same ancient disability to express themselves graciously or at all, and therefore the not infrequent sight of a little book of etiquette lurking under a whirring machine, or behind a window shutter, is ceasing to prove so dangerous to one's gravity. I catch a glimpse, along with it, of a dumb and rather desperate struggle, and of an aspiration in the main not vulgar. The consequences of this somewhat dreary and arduous study of the abstruse science contained in these books are occasionally obvious, when opportunity offers, and it is impossible to suppress a perhaps optimistic conviction that the self-imposed discipline, however

artificial, has its value for a class whose traditions are not those of severe self-restraint.

Some years ago handloom weavers, or 'wavers' as they call themselves in Milltown, still formed a class apart, a peculiar people, far more so than is, I think, at present the case. Popular opinion was curiously derisive of them, traditionally so in all probability, for it was difficult to arrive at any adequate explanation as to why the old-established inhabitant should speak of weavers as we do of the nine-and-twenty tailors who went out to catch a snail! But such was in fact exactly the attitude of the rest of the world towards this section of the community, and much laughter and mild derision generally accompanied the very mention of them. It took little short of a strike to impress their grievances or their opinions upon anybody, as matters deserving serious attention. Yet they have always held obstinately enough to their own opinions, and usually possess a larger collection of them than any other class of working people. Several fanatical and far-spreading religious movements, the Luddite amongst others, owe their rise to these handloom weavers, amongst whom certain marked types have a natural affinity for the gloomier forms of religious enthusiasm. The long hours spent in bending over the rattling loom, for ever throwing the shuttle on its recurrent course with a precision which hereditary skill and years of practice reduce almost to a mechanical process, afford time for that sombre brooding which is the natural tendency of the sedentary and half occupied, under the heavy lowering skies and eternal rains of our north-western slopes. If you loiter about in any large handloom workshop you are sure to notice a certain proportion of curious and striking faces, bearing the stamp of much solitary and concentrated thought, often of that fierce melancholy which marks the bigot or the fanatic. Here and there, in former years, it was no surprise to see a Hebrew grammar or a Greek Testament propped up on the loom in front of one of these strange faces. Many a weaver has contrived to teach himself enough of both to enjoy the soul-stirring denunciations of the Old Testament, as well as the (perhaps less appreciated) promises of the New. Others, less theologically inclined, have devoted themselves to the study of systems of philosophy, by no means to the detriment of that other intricate design which was growing under their hands all the while. I knew one man, a severe recluse, who taught himself many Oriental and European languages, living and dead, and worked through several systems of philosophy. He read the *Rig-Veda* in Sanscrit in bed at night for preference, he told me, and Hegel often in his dinner hour. He was fond of the French classics of the great age, but, having been his own teacher here also, he pronounced that language (like all the others of his *répertoire*) exactly as if it was his own; and I must confess to having passed through a time of hopeless bewilderment one day, before it

dawned upon me at last that it was Racine, and not a Persian or Arabic poet he was quoting.

The type of weaver who is a religious fanatic, or a hermit with a thirst for learning, is usually sparing of speech, of sombre and often forbidding aspect, little given to that light-hearted gossiping intercourse enjoyed by the more ordinary and frivolous members of his craft. These last, being far more numerous, are no doubt responsible for the unwonted levity with which traditional opinion has been used to regard them in Milltown, a region not as a rule characterised by lightness of spirit or an over-keen sense of the ludicrous! Forced by the exigencies of his occupation to keep his hands soft and flexible, and debarred thereby, as well as by his natural indolence, from taking part in football or other favourite local pastimes of a sturdy nature, the average handloom weaver finds his recreation in the study of his fellow men. He loves to stand in groups at street corners, gazing at all that passes, gossiping with his hands in his pockets, eagerly inquisitive about his neighbours' affairs great and small; endlessly, if idly, interested in the spectacle of the life that goes by. A very little experience enables you to pick out a handloom weaver from amongst other men a long way off, not only by his bent knees, but by a certain peaked look in the face which comes early in life, together with that vaguely observant expression characteristic of the lifelong spectator of activities not his own.

No one used to laugh more genially and habitually at handloom weavers than one who had employed many hundreds of them almost from his boyhood onwards, a prominent mill-owner of the generation that has almost disappeared. From him I gathered much characteristic and interesting information about industrial conditions and local peculiarities in an age which to all intents and purposes is separated by the gulf of centuries rather than the actual score or two of years from our own. But when we came to handloom weavers he always began to laugh; he never could take them seriously, or believe they were like other men, and to be reckoned with as such. Their soft hands, their dawdling groups, their very docility to any arbitrary rule, the timid fears and the general helplessness with which, at any rate, he was fond of crediting them, never ceased to call forth his mirth—in genial and kindly derision—to the end of his days. He certainly put them to strange uses sometimes, in his own quaintly patriarchal and high-handed fashion. Occasionally whole rows of pale-faced, crooked-kneed men would be discovered brushing his trim lawns and paths, weeding the flower beds, or engaged in some other rural occupation, menial indeed for highly-skilled artisans.

'Weavers again!' one of his family would exclaim indignantly, while his eyes twinkled merrily as he watched them and received with philosophy meanwhile the inevitable outburst of expostulation which had so often been called forth before.

'Do they *like* to come?' asked the south-country visitor with enlightened views about the rights and privileges of men and brothers.

'I am sure I don't know,' he would reply blandly.

'Did you just order them up here without giving them any choice then?'

He nodded imperturbably, and no flight of indignant eloquence on the part of the enlightened visitor ever banished the baffling twinkle from his eye, or at all affected that patriarchal autocrat, who continued placidly to pursue his course as of old, when pressure of work in the garden or scarcity of it at the mills inspired him to do so; yet it is not written that any weaver who worked for him was ever anxious to change his master. He is gone, and most of his generation with him; their successors have other methods, the weavers too have shared in the revolution of a new generation which has a way of stamping whole classes with a like image and superscription, and of obliterating individual and local characteristics. Certainly the weavers are not taken from their looms now and sent up to weed gardens, in all probability they would rightly refuse to go, but nevertheless many keep his memory green in their hearts, and it is doubtful whether they will feel again just that particular kind of affectionate and dutiful respect which they cherished for 'th' owd mester,' for whose death they made a great mourning. Once, when election riots were taking place, and political feeling ran very high in the town, one of these typical 'owd mesters' was warned that an angry mob of weavers had determined to storm his house on the night after the poll had been declared, since they considered that a member of his family was responsible for having turned the tide of the election. Nothing would induce this old gentleman to accept the police protection which the authorities endeavoured to thrust upon him, nor was it possible to take any but clandestine and back-door measures to ensure his safety.

'He thinks,' exclaimed one of his would-be protectors in despair, 'that he has only got to put his head out of the door, or even to blow through the key-hole, to send hundreds of weavers flying'; and this indeed was entirely his conviction. As a matter of fact even these demonstrations proved unnecessary, for the warlike intentions of the aggressors melted away long before they reached his garden gate, where nothing was seen or heard of them!

The weavers who work at home, and not at the mill, the 'out-sides' as they are called, have a more comfortable if a duller life than their fellows from the social point of view. When the weaver happens to be a woman the advantages to her house and family of this domestic branch of the industry are obvious. But these home-workers are the despair of the inspector and his time sheet, for who can say whether the loom that is clattering and clicking all through the evening is, really and truly, only making-up the actual time

spent in 'cleaning down t' kitchen this morning,' or in getting up 'my mester's shirt for t' week-end'? They are the objects of jealousy and distrust also to 't' insides,' when these are anxious to combine in order to bring pressure upon their employers; for the 'outsides' have little taste for such combinations, and no particular *esprit de corps*. When the home is the workshop too, and the day is spent there, the dread of despoiling it of its comforts and household gods is more present to the eye of its owner than the possible—or impossible—advantage to be gained in the long run, after weeks or months of scarcity.

The home-workers give the impression of being a specially cheery class, to the visitor. Here you may see two proud parents pausing, shuttle in hand, to smile triumphantly upon their first-born; a lad just promoted to work at the light loom set up between them.

'How a shapes to it, Joel, doesn't a!' cries the delighted mother to the father, probably for the fiftieth time, and the father answers more soberly, but with shining eyes: 'Eh! a's a likely lad, a seems to be shaping to it nicely, if so be as a'll stick to it, mother.'

In another garret half a dozen looms are clicking; a bird cage hangs before a window, and the canary is doing his shrill best to compete with their untiring noise; neither clatter seems to affect the people who are talking and laughing in voices not even raised, but adapted by long practice to the Babel. A gaunt old weaver with a stubbly chin, and a merry twinkle in the eyes behind the big spectacles, sits at the end of the room, beside a white-haired little woman with the usual large-boned face. It appears a matrimonial announcement has been made that morning by a couple of young weavers in the same garret.

'Well, Martha!' cries the old man hilariously to his neighbour, after having informed his visitors of the news of the day, 'well, Martha! It's surely us 's turn now, and when's the day to be, wilt a not say?' He looks round with a succession of portentous winks.

'Why, yes, for sure, Mester! When the day cooms as they marries off th' odd ones us'll not be left out!' retorts the old woman, nodding her head with a chuckle. The young people laugh appreciatively, though the joke is evidently a seasoned one, which has worn well. 'A'll never tire o' that, Matthew winna,' explains some one, in an audible aside.

Alas! even the 'outsides' are not always cheerful in Milltown; there are often long wintry months when work is slack everywhere in the town. Slacker even than it need be, by reason of a dragon in the path, a grim and tyrannical monster who once did a great and necessary work in his time. A couple of years ago, in a season of dearth, a mill-owner who could not obtain orders at any but cost prices or less, but eager to find employment for his hands which would carry them through the worst of the winter, until trade was brisker again, explained the state of affairs to his weavers. He

could not bear the thought of what lay before many families whose collective wages had made comfortable homes and warm hearths throughout the year until now, when the bitterest stress of weather was upon them, together with coal at famine prices, and one of those sudden cessations of business, apparently inexplicable, which traders know so well. It would only be possible, however, to set the looms going again if the weavers would agree to take wages something below those 'list' prices which had been decreed at the high tide of Milltown's prosperity; even so, at the reduction proposed, their employer would face at the best no profit, more often a loss. It was a question for them of three-quarters of a loaf or no bread, except such as a union heavily drained at the time could allow them, until a period of plenty returned. Those who are acquainted with the tyranny under which working-men live will not need to be told what was the result! Many individuals came under cover of darkness, and bewailed the times which had made them slaves to the hardest master of all; a few of the more courageous, or the more desperate, went further, and crept back to their looms by back-doors and side archways—but not for long, their self-assertion soon failed; life was made too bitter to them; silence descended again upon the workshops, and many grates remained fireless through the ice-bound days. The 'outsides,' free lances as they are for the most part, were held by no such iron laws, and joyfully accepted the terms which were offered them. There are industries in this country which are perishing not only from the stress of rivals without, but also under the weight of a cumbrous Juggernaut car which rolls over them regardless of the perpetual changes and chances of new conditions, of the struggle with ever-growing foreign rivals, and of the war with foreign tariffs.

Such a subject is, however, far beyond my scope; to approach its complications and tragedies would be to attempt the Götterdämmerung upon a toy zither. I can only offer a few glimpses of the ways and workings of a still somewhat characteristic community north of the Trent, whose existence circles round a doubtless expiring English industry. In speaking of these people it is impossible to pass over those dark and empty months which will and must recur, under present conditions, when so many bread-giving machines are silenced whose loud throbbing sounds might mean warmth and freedom from all besieging difficulty in so many homes. There are times when the problem is so pressing it is difficult to see it from another point of view than that which is bearing so hardly upon both employer and employed, arbitrarily condemned to run in sacks the race which is to the swift and to the strong. All these great questions are moving slowly towards their own solution, but what that solution may prove to be, no one, not even the inspired radical socialist, can foretell. The motive power which sets huge social forces and streams of tendency in motion all over the world

remains hidden ; who can say where the tidal wave gathers while sweeps, immense, resistless, over sea and land? Where do these vast changes take their rise? Not certainly in the minds of a few blind and bigoted persons, ineffective as the foam to direct, or to divert otherwise than momentarily, the great forces whose playthings they are. Like the wind of the spirit, vast changes sweep upon us, and no man can tell whence they come or whither they are bearing us. Surely all wisdom lies, for them as well as for us, in the line of least resistance to the boundless forces which shape the destiny of our industrious ant-hills, and cast the plastic mass of human clay into fresh moulds, whose outlines are too large for our vision, until they are broken again into little pieces, to make way for the next model.

But to dwell upon the darker days of our local life is to fall into the weaver's vein of sombre and unfruitful reflection. Pleasanter, and more profitable, than measuring ourselves against the immeasurable, is it to direct one's thoughts, as the working people often so courageously do, towards the festive and pleasant occasions which recur in all our years, fat or lean, to a greater or less extent. Little we reckon of the stereotyped bank holidays which set others dancing! We have our own time-honoured festivals, our 'Barnaby' in July and 'the Wakes' in October, when the mills are closed and the town pours out its thousands to Blackpool and the other sea-side places where they most love to congregate, while those whose means are not sufficient to carry them away by excursion trains are provided with all the merry-making of a noisy fair at home. The age of our 'Barnaby' rejoicings is sufficiently attested by the fact that they are kept according to the O.S. calendar, and eleven days, therefore, out of present-day reckoning for the commemoration of the saint, a difference which is decidedly perplexing to the stranger who happens to be within our gates, until the reason of the divergence from his almanac is explained to him. 'Barnaby' is a domestic as well as a public festival, and then, more than at Christmas in our town, do families plan to meet together, then too are the empty places more sadly perceptible! The new dresses, towards which special clubs have been receiving weekly subscriptions for many months past, appear in all their glory in these July days, and from 'Barnaby Saturday,' when the mills close at noon, all prepare to make merry and banish care and thought for the morrow, as far as possible, for several days until the doors of labour and dull reality open again to receive their troops of workers, passing through them with somewhat slow and reluctant feet and that 'day-after-the-holiday' expression which is apt to descend on all human creatures. And since the end of Barnaby is apt to turn greetings into farewells, it is but appropriate to close here our passing glimpse of the little town, with its cluster of tall chimneys, lying in the shelter of those grey-green northern hills.

MABEL C. BIRCHENOUGH.

WHY THE RELIGIOUS ORDERS LEAVE FRANCE

THE apologists in this country of the French Associations Law seek to justify the arbitrary action of the Government by a double plea. We are assured, in the first place, that the expulsion of, at least, some of the religious orders had become a matter of State necessity, owing to their unceasing intrigues against the Republic; and secondly, that the orders now going into exile are doing so under no compulsion, and chiefly because they prefer not to be controlled by the French bishops. Nowhere has this double theory been expounded with greater simplicity and boldness than in the pages of this Review, by Mr. Wilfranc Hubbard. He thus describes the evil the Government had to fight, and the need there was for an instant and drastic remedy:

The sedition that lurked underground and never came out into the open, that spent its time and its forces in unwearying efforts to undermine and subvert the authority to which it vowed no allegiance, that never lost an opportunity of fomenting troubles and stealthily encouraging conspiracy against that authority, how could it be dealt with? The question had to be solved, for every day increased the danger which rose from its neglect. Already wealthy, these communities were rapidly amassing more wealth, and the large means at their disposal were almost openly used for the furtherance of political ends. Entrusted with the education of the children of the most influential classes in France, they abused that trust by instilling principles of disloyalty to the State which their pupils might some day be called upon to serve. Wherever trouble arose, or any conflict in which the constituted authority of the State was concerned, they or their emissaries were to be found somewhere in the background watching to see if profit might be drawn for themselves by helping to defeat or thwart the side that the Government seemed to espouse.

If, all that were true, or even approximately true, the case for the Government would be amply made out—at least to the satisfaction of all those who regard expulsion and confiscation as the proper ways of getting rid of political opponents. It would seem, however, that in spite of the grievous provocation it has received, the French Government has taken no severe measures, and if during the last months thousands of men and women, members of the dispersed congregations, have set their faces to the frontier and the sea, in

search of a refuge in some freer land, the movement has been quite voluntary. Mr. Hubbard is aware of the exodus, but says 'it is only fair to put the responsibility for all the trouble and distress that it has involved upon the right shoulders, and those do not belong to the French Government.' He goes further, and in one passage at least seems to suggest that the Government has left it to the discretion of the bishops to decide which orders shall be authorised and which broken up. Speaking of the regulation published about the middle of August, he explains that what it does 'is to put the responsibility of authorisation and subsequent surveillance upon the shoulders of the Ordinary, making submission to the Ordinary one of the necessary statutes of all religious associations.'

On the face of it, this exposition leaves something to be desired, whether from the point of view of the Government, of the orders, or the bishops. Is it credible that a Government which believes the orders to be a menace to the very safety of the Republic should be content to leave it to the discretion of the bishops to determine whether authorisation should be granted or not? M. Waldeck-Rousseau has convulsed France and occupied a whole session to get this law, and yet the orders and the bishops between them are to decide whether and how far it is to come into force! Would the orders themselves choose to leave France if they thought they could honourably stay, or unless some vital issue was felt to be at stake? That passing from the old and the familiar to the strange and the new which we sum up in the word 'exile' is bitter enough to most men, and to none more bitter than to the average Frenchman, and among Frenchmen to none is it more terrible than to the ordinary member of a religious, and specially a monastic, order. There is a good deal of human nature even in monks and nuns, and it must have been a hard alternative which has made exile seem to so many a lesser evil. The chosen work of their lives has to be broken off, and begun again among strangers, under new and difficult conditions. No light pressure was needed to force the men and women of this new exodus to abandon not only their homes and friends and country, but their schools and hospitals, churches and orphanages and asylums—all the institutions which are spoken of as their 'wealth.' All they lived for they leave behind, and if their migration deserves to be called 'voluntary,' it is surely one of the strangest phenomena of the time. Then, consider the case from the point of view of the bishops. If the object of the law were indeed to strengthen episcopal authority, and to place upon the French Hierarchy, or the Ordinary of each diocese, what Mr. Hubbard calls 'the responsibility of authorisation,' surely the new legislation should have met with a welcome from the bishops. As a matter of fact, almost every bishop in France has denounced the law

...and direct attack upon the Church. Some of the bishops, against hope, and half in despair at the prospect of seeing so many works of charity in their dioceses discontinued, have implored the religious orders at least to ask for authorisation, and so to throw upon the Government the responsibility of refusing it. No one has urged the policy in more touching and moving terms than the Bishop of Albi, and his words have been widely quoted in England, almost as though he approved of the law, or thought that asking for authorisation was the same thing as obtaining it. Happily, in the same pastoral in which he urges the religious orders in his diocese not to anticipate events, but to leave the Government to do their own work of expulsion, he puts his opinion of the law itself on record :

Nothing like it, nothing so sad, has been witnessed in France since the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes. Ought not that sad experience, the wounds of which are not yet healed, to have been sufficient to teach us that a people has nothing to gain from making its country uninhabitable to a portion of its children? By forcing them by a veiled measure of proscription to seek abroad a refuge for conscience' sake, the intolerance of the authorities saps the vital forces of the nation, and enkindles in the heart rancours that cannot be quenched.

I will now endeavour to make clear what is the real object of the new law, and also the nature of the compulsion by which it is hoped this purpose may be achieved.

Never has M. Waldeck-Rousseau laid bare the policy of the Government he directs with greater frankness than in his famous speech at Toulouse :

Two bodies of youth are growing up in our midst ignorant of one another, and so unlike that they run the risk of not being able to understand one another. Little by little, two sections of society are thus prepared, one carried by the current of the Revolution further and further in the direction of democracy, and the other more and more deeply imbued with doctrines which one would have thought had not survived the great movement of the eighteenth century. Such a fact is not explained by the free play of opinion, but only by the existence of a power which is no longer even occult, and by the constitution in the State of a rival power. The situation is intolerable. All efforts will be fruitless as long as a rational, effective legislation has not superseded a legislation at once illogical, arbitrary, and inoperative. If we attach so much importance to a law on association it is also because it involves the solution of at least a portion of the education question. When the conditions under which a religious association may be formed shall have been strictly defined, there will be an end to the idea that the associations which have not fulfilled those conditions can pretend to train and teach the young, who would learn amongst them as their first lesson that they could break the most essential laws of the State with impunity. Thus the Bill on associations is in our eyes the point of departure in social evolution, and is the indispensable guarantee of the most necessary prerogatives of modern society.

“ It is true that there are growing up two *jeunesses* in France, and that the manhood of the nation is becoming divided between two hostile camps. It is hard for an Englishman, unschooled in the ways of thought common to the Frenchman of to-day, to understand

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by what an unbridgeable gulf the Catholic and secularist parties are divided in France. We have no counterpart to the conflict on this side of the Channel. With us indifferentism and infidelity take other forms. The average Englishman whose religious beliefs have slipped away from him simply does not trouble his head about the matter. It is a subject he is unwilling to discuss. He goes about his daily business and unconsciously acts up to Spinoza's aphorism, *Homo liber de nulla re minus quam de morte cogitat*. If asked to give his real opinion as to the probability of a future life, he would probably begin by resenting the question as something of an impertinence, and then dismiss it with a shrug of the shoulders, and perhaps with the observation that he 'hoped it would be all right.' If really forced to be frank he would give it as his opinion that the whole thing was a pathetic illusion. That is not the temper of the unbeliever in France, who is essentially a proselytiser. And precisely because he knows the schools of the religious orders, attracting the *élite* of the youth of France, are the strongholds of religion, he is minded to destroy them by any means in his power. And there you have the central purpose of the Associations Law.

But to effect this end it was necessary to tread very carefully. For amid the throng of broken idols with which modern France is strewn, one object of public worship has stood erect for fifty years. The *Loi Falloux* guaranteeing the liberty of teaching has till now stood unassailed. When the Bill dealing with associations first came before the Chamber, there was no word in it about education—neither was there any word in it about the religious orders. The essentials came later. The Bill at first had no appearance of being a law of exception, aimed only at the religious orders. M. Waldeck-Rousseau had discovered that the Code was unfamiliar with vows of celibacy, poverty, and obedience, and made no express recognition of practices older than Pepin. He declared that vows involving these things implied a self-suppression and an abnegation on the part of the individual which was intrinsically bad and contrary to the laws of France, and could not be tolerated. It was explained to him that these vows were common to all religious orders, and are just as binding upon the orders already authorised such as the Lazarists, Sulpicians and Christian Brothers, as upon the Dominicans or Jesuits. Moreover the abnegation implied in the vow of celibacy is common to the whole clergy of France. Then the ground was shifted, and it was proposed to ostracise 'all associations the members of which live in common.' This would not work because it was found to cover the case of certain workmen's associations the members of which club together to share the expenses of board and lodgings. Then some one had the happy thought to limit the prohibition to associations between Frenchmen and foreigners, or associations of Frenchmen having their headquarters or official

Centre abroad. This suggestion had the advantage of striking at all the great religious orders and at the same time affording an opening for much patriotic eloquence. Its promoters had overlooked the Socialists and perhaps the Freemasons. The former, at any rate, quickly gave the Government to understand that the meshes of the net were far too big. As M. Groussier put it in the Chamber with most impolite directness, 'You shall not under pretext of fighting the religious orders try to fight us at the same time. We will not stand it.' So there was nothing for it but to fall back upon the simple expedient of naming the selected victims, and so the religious orders came to find their place in the text of the Bill. It was only at a late stage of this process of amendment that clause XIV, the pivotal clause of the Bill, was drafted. This clause, which Mr. Hubbard omits even to mention, is from the Government point of view a decided improvement upon the famous decrees associated with the name of M. Jules Ferry. Then the Jesuits were driven as an organisation from France, but there was nothing to prevent them as individuals from offering their services in the Catholic schools. By the new law that liberty is taken away, and members of unauthorised orders are forbidden to teach in any capacity, and the *Loi Falloux* is at last overthrown. That this clause is at once the centre and the cause of the struggle is recognised by friend and foe, as readily by M. de Mun as by M. Waldeck-Rousseau. Says the former :

That which so alarms you to-day is that, face to face with the body of socialist youth growing up in your *lycées*, there is arising a body of Christian youth, more and more numerous every day. For there is the point, as you know well, there is the great fact of our epoch, which is sufficient to show the folly of your enterprises. For five-and-twenty years you have wielded your power without a rival ; you have had public instruction in your hands ; you have distributed employment and favours ; you have had the disposal of money grants. And after a quarter of a century of uninterrupted domination, with no serious opposition, you discover on a sudden—and this is the motive of your proposals—that the middle class is slipping from you, that your very officials—your solicitude and your hope—claim for their children the liberty of Christian education.

What is struck at by the new law is not freedom of teaching only but also liberty of thought, the right of the Christian parent to choose a school for the children about his knees. Thousands of French parents, and among them those of the first families of France, judging by the results before their eyes, have preferred for their boys the education given in the schools of the religious orders to that given in the *lycées* of the State—and so the too successful orders must go. It remains to consider the nature of the compulsion which is being applied to the proscribed orders.

• Every religious order is at liberty, and indeed invited, to apply for authorisation. Before doing so they will naturally consider the nature of the preliminary steps required by the law, and also the chances of a favourable reply. In the case of some orders, and

notably the Jesuits, the last consideration suffices. In no circumstances would they get authorisation. To grant it to them would be to frustrate the whole object of the law. Even Mr. Hubbard, who cannot imagine why the orders should leave France, has some suspicion of this truth in the case of the Jesuits. He says: 'Nor can one see any merit in their choice of martyrdom, for it is fairly certain that the French Government, if it were well advised, would refuse them authorisation.' Quite so—that is what the law is for. It may be taken for granted, then, that quite apart from any question of canonical exemption, the Jesuits would have accepted their fate and gone into exile.

And here it is necessary to remark that the position of an order which had unsuccessfully applied for authorisation would be distinctly unpleasant. As a preliminary to an application for authorisation every religious order is required to furnish the Government not only with a detailed statement as to its income and expenditure and an inventory of all its property, real and personal, but also a list of its members with their names, ages, nationality, &c. Receiving all this, the Government is under no sort of obligation to grant the desired authorisation. Even if the authorisation be granted the gift may be only in the nature of a reprieve. At any time by a simple decree of a *Conseil des Ministres* the permission to exist may be withdrawn. In a word, the orders are invited to put their heads into a sack and see what will happen to them. At the same time there is a strong probability that the majority of the 9,307 religious houses which have asked for authorisation will obtain it. This is eminently a case in which a judicious minister will elect to take two bites at his cherry. At the outset they get rid, as it were automatically, of the most dreaded of the great teaching orders, and the others may be humoured for the present, it being well understood that they may be devoured at leisure. Such orders as the Little Sisters of the Poor and the Sisters of Charity have probably little to fear. Their work among the very poor is a material guarantee for their safety, and they have little to do with the deep dividing line which parts the *jeunesse*, and, indeed, the manhood, of France.

It is now necessary to say a word as to the question of the canonical exemption of the orders. In the ministerial circular attached to the text of the Bill, we read:

Art. 3.—Les statuts devront faire connaître notamment l'objet assigné à la congrégation ou à ses établissements, son siège principal et celui des établissements qu'elle aurait formés ou se proposerait actuellement de former, les noms de ses administrateurs ou directeurs.

Ils devront contenir l'engagement par la congrégation et par ses membres de se soumettre à la juridiction de l'ordinaire du lieu.

Art. 4.—Il devra être justifié de l'approbation des statuts par l'évêque de chaque diocèse où se trouvent les établissements de la congrégation.

The intentions of the Government in issuing this decree are still

The subject of controversy and uncertainty. Some have interpreted it as a demand for the abandonment by the communities in question of the canonical exemptions they at present enjoy, and an acknowledgment of the plenary jurisdiction of the bishops, while others have interpreted it in a looser fashion, as meaning only that the statutes of the orders should be submitted for the inspection and approval of the Ordinary. And here it may be well to point out that in all that regards the care of souls, and the ordinary work of the pastorate, the religious orders are already in strictest subordination to the bishops. They may not set foot in a diocese without the consent of the bishop. The same consent is necessary before they can open a school or a church or even preach a sermon. To the day of his death Cardinal Manning refused to allow the Benedictines to establish themselves in the diocese of Westminster. Cardinal Vaughan, when Bishop of Salford, refused to let the Jesuits open a school in Manchester. Then the bishop, even if he have given a general permission to preach, may at any time object to an individual preacher. Speaking generally, it may be said that the orders depend absolutely upon the bishop for leave to hear confessions or do any sort of parish work, and for their own ordinations to the priesthood. On the other hand, in all that concerns their own domestic affairs, the orders are independent of the bishops and are governed by their own superiors, subject only to the Holy See. If the French Government really means to insist on the total abolition of all canonical exemption in this limited sense, it is hard to see how, in face of the direct instructions of the Holy See, some of the orders which have now applied for authorisation can hope to obtain it. Mr. Hubbard is very severe in his strictures upon these same instructions of the Holy See. They seem sufficiently harmless. Addressing grown men and women, Pope Leo leaves them free to decide for themselves whether or not to ask for authorisation. He lays down the guiding principle, and leaves its application to the orders themselves. Cardinal Gotti says:

Qu'il soit promis seulement à l'Ordinaire du lieu cette soumission qui est conforme au caractère de chaque Institut. Par conséquent, sans parler des Congrégations purement diocésaines qui dépendent complètement des évêques, que les congrégations approuvées par le S. Siège . . . promettent soumission aux évêques dans les termes du droit commun.

Mr. Hubbard complains of the cruelty and 'heartless ambiguity' of this reply. There seems little ground for the complaint. The Pope leaves the decision to the orders themselves, rightly thinking that, as their circumstances are so widely different, no common rule would fit them all. The Sisters of Charity, for instance, are almost certain to get authorisation for the asking, while it is quite certain that the Jesuits would never get it on any terms. Mr. Hubbard is also unhappy because Leo the Thirteenth 'neither gives permission to conform, nor expressly withholds it.' He has taken a simpler and

saner course. He has acted on the sound principle that each community is likely to know its own business best ; and so, after indicating one guiding rule, he leaves each order free to make its own decision whether to leave France or to take its chance of getting authorisation.¹

At the close of this paper, I am tempted to say one word as to the result of my own personal observations in regard to the alleged political activities of the Jesuits. Perhaps few laymen have had better or more intimate opportunities, whether through personal experience or family association, of forming an opinion as to the methods of the society. When, at the end of the last century, the armies of the Revolution overran the Low Countries it was my great-grandfather, Mr. Weld of Lulworth, who gave Stonyhurst to the Jesuits. Amongst the first batch of boys to arrive at the new school were my two grandfathers: my uncle was for six years the head of the Jesuit organisation in England: I myself was eight years at a Jesuit school, and since for years past as Editor of the *Tablet* have had abundant opportunities of watching their work both in England and abroad: my son, a boy of eight, was at a Jesuit school in France until the other day when his teachers were expelled from the country. In view of the often vaunted solidarity of the order, and its unity of aim and method all over the world, it may not be irrelevant in the circumstances to put on record my own personal conviction that the Jesuits mix not too much in contemporary politics, but too little. It may be a surprise to the readers of this Review to learn that a Jesuit never goes to the poll: that he is forbidden to canvass at elections; that he never discusses political questions even in the privacy of the community recreation room. Not once or twice at election times, when great issues were at stake, I have watched this aloofness from political struggles, and then wondered whether men who wish the end ought not also to will the means.

Those passing impatiences may be cited at least as witnesses against the popular belief that the life of the Jesuit is spent in a perpetual round of political intrigue. If, however, I were to speak of more abiding feelings, I should have to say something of that truest reverence—'the reverence which finds itself growing in proportion to the intimacy of its knowledge.'

J. G. SNEAD COX.

¹ This question of canonical exemption is of far more importance for some orders than for others. Dom Gasquet tells us that in England, up to the Reformation, only five abbeys of the Black Benedictine monks were exempt, the great majority, 'including some of the greatest and most wealthy monasteries of Christendom, being always under the jurisdiction of the Ordinary.' The dual jurisdiction would obviously work with less difficulty in the case of orders like the Benedictines, with whom each monastery has always been a separate unit. In the case of the Jesuits it would involve radical changes. For instance, each member of the society would henceforth belong to one particular diocese, and the mobility, and therefore an essential characteristic of the order, would be destroyed.

CHILD-SETTLERS FOR SOUTH AFRICA

THE conclusion of the war in South Africa and the termination of active hostilities and military operations on any large scale will do no more than end one chapter of the troubled history of British action in that part of the Empire, and the pages still to be written must record the wise or feeble dealing of our statesmen with a number of problems, political and administrative, which are visible and recognised as formidable already, while yet the full extent of the difficulties is only imperfectly discerned. Not the least pressing and perhaps the most important of these tasks is that which is summed up in a phrase as the need of strengthening the British element in South Africa. Its urgency will be felt to grow as fast as the pacification of the new colonies and of the disturbed districts in the old colonies is achieved, for then will commence a period of anxiety to those charged with the administration of affairs in South Africa and to the Imperial Government, the watching developments to see whether there is to be an acceptance of the new conditions on the part of the Boers, followed, as time heals the wounds of the war, and prosperity and contentment return, by an amalgamation of interests and ultimately of national aspirations with their British fellow-citizens, or whether there is to be merely a sullen submission to overwhelming force and the growth of the sentiment of bitter racial animosity, keeping alive a hope of one day reversing the issue and awaiting the longed-for occasion. There is, no doubt, among the general public in this country a widespread opinion that the Boers having proved themselves good fighters will 'know how to take a licking' and after shaking hands on submission will settle down in amity with their conquerors, intent only on repairing the ravages of the war and making the most of the expected boom of prosperity which is to carry South Africa to the forefront among British colonies. This view, it has been pointed out, finds its foundation not so much in any lessons of experience or reasoned probability as in the 'sporting' idea which dominates the mode of thought of a large proportion of this nation. Its votaries do not stop to ask whether they imagine that England, after being well thrashed by another Power, say by the United States, and forced to submit to the

loss of independence and to join the Federal Union, would become content and free from disaffection towards the Republic. Still do they pause to examine the meaning of the hatred, tempered in some cases by caution and in others inflamed by contempt, which a large section of the Dutch race throughout South Africa has cherished against the English intruders for a century past. But a good many people representing the opposite side do take these considerations into account, and from what they have learned of Boer history and of the Boer character, his impatience of administration, resentment of regular taxation, abhorrence of anything like legal equality of treatment with the natives, and dislike of English ways, these less optimistic observers believe that with the cessation of hostilities we shall be confronted with the harder and even more wearying task of governing a race that will not readily be reconciled and will be still more difficult to assimilate or amalgamate.

There is, however, one point on which nearly all—optimists or pessimists—are agreed as a matter of theory, and that is the desirableness and even the essential necessity of strengthening the British element in the population of South Africa. In the words of the report of the Lands Settlement Commission recently presented to Parliament—

A well-considered scheme of settlement in South Africa by men of British origin is of the most vital importance to the future prosperity of British South Africa. We find among those who wish to see British rule in South Africa maintained and its influence for good extended but one opinion upon this subject. There even seems reason to fear lest the vast expenditure of blood and treasure which has marked the war should be absolutely wasted unless some strenuous effort be made to establish in the country, at the close of the war, a thoroughly British population large enough to make a recurrence of division and disorder impossible.

And again :

It is impossible to examine the economical and political conditions of the two colonies (Orange River and Transvaal) without arriving at the conclusion that the settlement of a vigorous and well-affected population upon the land is absolutely essential, so essential that its accomplishment should be made possible, if necessary, by direct legislation.

These are emphatic words, but unfortunately when it comes to examining ways and means of giving effect to the objects and policy aimed at, a good deal of vagueness becomes apparent, and it is here that the division between the sanguine and the dubious-minded shows itself again. To the former nothing is easier than to fill up South Africa with British settlers; a sufficient leaven of loyalist immigrants is to be attracted by Government proclamation and free farms. 'Sturdy yeomen' are to flock from Home to the veldt, military settlements are to be formed from the abundant material afforded by reservists and time-expired men of the regular army and

forces, as well as by eager applicants from the Australian, Canadian, and New Zealand contingents, and grants-in-aid combined with land grants are to do the rest. The report of the Lands Settlement Commission has given a chill to these anticipations, however. It became evident, we are told, at an early stage of their inquiry that the great majority of the military applicants who desired to remain in South Africa at the close of the war had no previous experience in farming and no desire to become farmers on their discharge from the army. This, of course, was only what sober judgment expected. The ranks of the British army are filled nowadays almost entirely by town-bred recruits ignorant of country life and occupations, fond of society and variety, while the country lads who have enlisted to escape the dull round of such a life have lost touch and sympathy with husbandry too much to be attracted to the lonely veldt. Nor is there anything sufficiently promising in the still unoccupied pastoral and agricultural lands of South Africa, to draw colonists from the Dominion, the Commonwealth, or New Zealand. In fact, so far as military settlements go, the Commission seems to have thrown them over entirely, and 'cannot with confidence recommend any large expenditure upon the establishment of such colonies.' What they do regard as practicable is that the land suitable for settlement in the two new colonies should be acquired by the State, and on such land *bona fide* agricultural settlers (in nearly all cases non-military) should be encouraged to establish themselves. They are convinced that such settlement of British occupants on the land must be effected gradually, that the conditions must be exceedingly favourable if success is to be attained, but that the value of the object in view—the creation of a British preponderance in the population—warrants some sacrifice and pecuniary loss at the outset. No clear estimate of the cost of the measures indicated as practicable is given by the Commission, but other advocates of extensive settlements have been less reticent, and amounts varying from five to twelve millions sterling have been calculated on this or that basis as requisite to see the thing through. The net annual cost to the State in form of interest on a loan for the acquisition of sufficient suitable land and for stipends to military settlers has been put at anything between 300,000*l.* and 700,000*l.* a year according to the modest or ambitious character of the particular scheme. It is the vagueness in detail coupled with the stress laid on a heavy imperial grant-in-aid that infects doubting critics with their lack of faith. Like Mr. Arnold Forster's Commission they have no belief in military settlements of town-bred 'Tommies,' and they fail to see where the sturdy yeomen are nowadays to come from. We have become an urban people, they say, and whatever voluntary emigration flows towards South Africa will be attracted by the gold mines and by the wages of highly paid industries. The British therefore will

continue to concentrate in the towns and the Boers will stick to the country. Government agency may be evoked, no doubt, to pour a stream of settlers upon the soil, but these critics profess to recognise obstacles in the way of planting raw Britishers on the land with any certainty of such doubtfully qualified farmers and market-gardeners staying there and becoming self-supporting. Admitting the feasibility of a land loan and grants-in-aid, they are sceptical as to the resulting advantages to the Imperial connection.

However, it is the fate of such schemes on their inception to meet with head-shaking and prophecies of failure, and it remains yet to see whether land settlements in South Africa on various plans and perhaps on more modest lines may not meet with better success than the critics anticipate. The object of this article is not to discuss the prospects and soundness of any schemes of adult emigration to and settlement in South Africa, whether military or purely agricultural; its aim is to draw the attention of statesmen and public men to quite another class of possible colonists, hitherto overlooked, whose transference to South Africa would not only do all that is desired in the way of leavening the Afrikaner and strengthening the British element in the population, but would effect that result, as a consequence of perfectly natural development, at an almost nominal cost to the State and to the great benefit of the individuals directly concerned. It will be conceded that if these pretensions can be substantiated the case will have made out its claim to earnest consideration.

There are in this country many thousand destitute and neglected children, some deserted by their parents, others orphans, for whom the guardians of the poor make provision out of the rates, feeding, clothing, and educating them up to a certain age. Besides these 'children of the State,' as they have been termed, there are many thousands of orphans maintained in orphanages and institutes by the voluntary contributions and bequests of the charitable, by special funds and endowments—some of a semi-public kind—and by religious bodies as a branch of their ministrations. In the majority of cases these children are maintained and educated up to ages varying between thirteen and eighteen, are helped to obtain work or situations, and then have to make their own way in the world; in a few cases more enduring provision is made through apprenticeship or other means. The question is, Can we by a little co-operation and organisation make some better use of much of this mass of human material, open the prospect of a fuller and happier future to a large proportion of these young lives, and in so doing add to the security and prosperity of the Empire at a point where it needs buttressing? Can we not do in South Africa on a larger scale what Dr. Barnardo has been doing for many years in Canada with complete success, and transfer as many as possible of the children who are physically fitted

of suitable age to several specially founded 'homes' or settlements in South Africa, there to be educated and trained for colonial life? For the children the advantages are obvious of removal to the simpler life of such settlements from the town and country institutes of the United Kingdom with its cramped and crowded conditions of employment for the poor; they would be educated and trained practically to various branches of husbandry and crafts and domestic duties which would promise them a successful livelihood and ensure a wider, healthier life all round. The advantages to the Empire in general, and to South Africa in particular, are no less evident and confessed. To meet her well-understood special difficulties, South Africa stands in admittedly urgent need of settlers of British stock, and children brought up in a colony make the best settlers of all. There is the further notable advantage that this scheme makes full provision for the adequate natural representation of both sexes, a matter of grave difficulty in many schemes of adult emigration, and the girls among the children would grow up to maidenhood carefully trained to colonial usefulness, imbued with English ideas, and destined as wives and mothers to have a far-reaching influence of the best kind for the interests of our race.

We may now examine in more detail the two classes of orphan and destitute children proposed to be benefited by the transfer to South Africa—those for whom the guardians of the poor now make provision out of the rates, and those maintained by charitable contributions and endowments. According to Mr. C. S. Loch's exhaustive 'Introduction' to the *Annual Charities Register and Digest* (1901), from which the statistical information quoted here is drawn, we find that for orphan and deserted children chargeable on the rates the guardians of the poor may provide accommodation in the workhouse up to the age of fifteen, or in cottage homes, large and well-equipped schools being attached in both cases for the education and training of the children. Or they may adopt the 'boarding out' system, an elaborately regulated means of provision which has many advocates and many opponents. The controversy does not affect us here; Mr. Loch's verdict is that the suitability of the method varies with the circumstances, and that 'the village home or small school and boarding-out should be considered supplementary each of the other.' In addition, other resources at the disposal of the guardians are training-ships for boys and apprenticeship and service for both boys and girls. There would, of course, be no desire to curtail the number of children for whom the guardians find careers and the promise of settled employment; there would also be prohibition on transfer to South Africa of any orphans and destitute children without the express sanction of relatives entitled to a voice in the matter. These and other restrictive regulations as to age and physical suitability would largely reduce the number capable of being sent out.

What those numbers would be it is almost impossible to estimate present in the absence of available statistics regarding children supported and educated at homes out of the public funds. But after making liberal deductions and excluding the inmates of all industrial schools and reformatories there must be several thousand eligible and suitable throughout the kingdom. Guardians of the poor may spend money in maintaining and educating children in institutions beyond the limits of their own union, and, as Mr. Loch remarks, they have almost unlimited powers; but legislation might perhaps be necessary to enable them to send children or contribute to the cost of sending them to South Africa and there educating them; in any case details regarding the amount and limitations of their contributions and their control would have to be settled. It would be obviously unfair to a colony on the one hand and a shirking of obligations by the guardians on the other hand to land a shipful of children, too young to work, at some colonial settlement and leave them there, repudiating all further liability for their support and education. The guardians should be bound to pay over a fixed amount per head, calculated after due consideration, for every child passed as eligible for transfer to South Africa, and the balance of this, after payment of the expenses of the journey, would be available for the upkeep of the home or institution in which the child was thenceforth maintained. Whether the guardians should retain any further control or voice in the management of such homes—whether, indeed, they should be permitted in association among the unions to found and manage homes in the colony themselves—are points which cannot be confidently decided at this stage.

We now come to the orphanages maintained by charitable institutions and endowments, and as to these also no very precise statistics are available, although a good deal of information can be gleaned. In the first place it is necessary to state that in making the very rough estimate which alone is possible of the number of children eligible for transfer to South Africa, and in taking stock of the institutions that might send them, sweeping deductions have been made. None of the many institutions which are branches or affiliated with the National Incorporated Waif Association (Dr. Barnardo's Homes) are included, because these are already engaged in sending out every year selected children to Canada. Nor are any charity-supported training-ships taken account of, nor the Gordon Boys' Home or other military schools preparing lads for the army, nor certain class and professional institutions which may be supposed to look after the careers of their protégés in a special fashion, such as Greenwich Royal Hospital, various Masonic, Seamen's, Artists', Bank Clerks', Commercial Travellers', Licensed Victuallers', Police, Teachers', and other similar orphanages, as well as several endowed societies and schools restricted in their scope and making exceptional

on for their beneficiaries. Training homes for young servants, are not counted in, nor the many homes for working boys and working girls the residents in which, as a rule, contribute a small sum towards their own keep. Shoeblocks' societies and homes and all institutions dealing with crippled and afflicted children are also excluded. Very possibly many in the above list would show good reason to be entitled to share the advantages of any working scheme of emigration, and there is no reason why the terms of admission should not actually be liberal and the benefits open to all applicants who satisfied the conditions; but in the preliminary survey it is desirable that all the calculations should be cautious and moderate.

After ruling out so many there remain the charitable institutions, some entirely free and others requiring small payments for entry and maintenance, which provide home for varying periods and education and training for the general mass of orphan and destitute children not supported out of the rates controlled by the guardians of the poor. But it is not possible even then to get at the numbers of such children, for in the register for 1901 some of the institutions have not sent in returns, others give only their accommodation without stating the actual numbers of inmates, others give the total number dealt with since their operations began, others again confine their information to vague 'average numbers.' Taking such imperfect figures for a single year as are available, we find that in the charitable institutions, restricted as explained, there were being maintained and educated over 22,000 children, the greater proportion orphans and friendless. It is not possible to differentiate closely as regards the sexes. In the orphanages for boys there were nearly 5,500 on the imperfect list, in those for girls over 6,200, and in those for both boys and girls close on 11,000. We can glean a little more, but not much. Speaking broadly, among the institutions with which we are concerned the only religious distinction is the wide one of Protestants and Roman Catholics; no other denominational discrimination worth considering here is insisted on. In the Roman Catholic institutions there were more than 4,000 children (over 2,100 boys, some 1,600 girls, and 300 or so mixed), and the balance consisted of Protestant children among whom there was practically no sectarian test or conditions of admission. In organising, therefore, any charitable orphanage settlements in South Africa it would not appear to be necessary to have more than three separate institutions, one under purely Anglican educational control, one under entirely Roman Catholic control, and one for children of any Protestant denomination, due facilities being given as a matter of course for religious teaching; in other words there need be no sectarian stumbling-block to encounter. Nor is it easy to see how any obstacles arising from party feeling are to be created in the case of a scheme which makes no heavy demand

on the public treasury, which deals with a question of social imperial concern altogether beyond the pale of parliamentary politics and which affects classes and individuals who have neither vote nor influence. Some opposition, however, may perhaps be raised on the part of those controlling and administering the numerous orphanages and institutions at present maintained at home from charitable resources, who might see cause to fear that their status or vested interest would be affected by changes which tended to reduce the numbers and importance of the institutions with which they had concern. But it would be a particular aim of any organising body charged with the details of the scheme to guard against the infliction of hardship on any individual officials of existing staffs and committees and to treat vested interests with every consideration. It must not be forgotten that the settlements in South Africa would probably have to look to the institutions at home for much of their income as well as for their inmates, although the precise system to be followed must necessarily be determined when the working arrangements are drawn up. There is no present clue to arriving at any clear notion of the average incomes of the charitable institutions in this country, and for that reason alone it is not possible to estimate the annual amount which would be required from the charitable public or other sources to support the settlements in South Africa. It may be taken for granted that the Colonial Governments would not be able or inclined to do much beyond offering suitable and ample sites for the settlements and the necessary surrounding lands. These would unquestionably be given, and the schools would also be eligible for their full share of colonial educational grants, but the financial conditions of South Africa do not hold out the promise of much more than that. The home charitable institutions which transferred the children would naturally be expected to make some provision for their support, at least for a time, and, as the whole scheme aims at imperial as well as individual advantages, the Imperial Government may reasonably be asked to do its part to the extent of building, furnishing, and equipping the homes and schools at the start. Whether anything further in the shape of an annual grant-in-aid would be required depends mainly on the lines on which the scheme is laid and the extent to which the support of the charitable public at home can be enlisted. It is not an over-sanguine hope to expect that if it were launched under favourable auspices, and advocated by men in whose counsel the nation has confidence, it would win recognition as an enterprise deserving strenuous support on patriotic as well as philanthropic grounds, and so supported there would be little difficulty in raising a capital fund the interest on which would suffice to maintain the settlements on an adequate scale. It is probable that at first the cost per head of upkeep and living in South Africa would have to be put at a higher rate than the

in town and country orphanages in the United Kingdom, this excess ought in no long time to disappear, and the colonial institutions should go far towards becoming self-supporting. We may suppose that places in the outdoor staff would gradually be filled by lads and young men trained in the settlements; market-garden and farm produce grown by the inmates should be cheaply raised with plenty of young hands to do the labour, while many of the girls would find occupation in spinning and dairy work for the homes. The settlements would be essentially places of training for all branches of livelihood, agricultural and industrial, in request in the colonies—simple engineering and irrigation, well-sinking, milling, rearing of stock, and many other pursuits might all be taught practically, and if the often-advocated experiment of imperial horse-runs for breeding remounts is ever established in South Africa, scores of young hands grounded in the elements of the work might be drawn from these orphan settlements. It is not easy to set a limit to the activities that might be encouraged, and town avocations would as readily find a place in the curriculum as rural occupations, and a steady stream of girls and boys should flow from the settlements to all parts of South Africa. This in itself must be noted as a matter of great importance, and in this respect the children's settlements would have a far greater value than any composed of men, whether military settlers or agriculturists, rooted to one locality. The need of permeating the new colonies with residents of British blood is already seen to be a vital point not sufficiently provided for in any scheme of military settlements, and the political necessity of a distribution of British settlers has been urged as the real solution of the language difficulty. As a recent writer in the *Times* has said, 'if we can see the colonies well permeated in their principal parts by new blood, the language will soon be English everywhere.' This the efflux from the children's settlements would thoroughly achieve, and indeed one of the early developments would be the opening of branch homes in all the chief towns of South Africa at which the working lads and working girls from the institutions would find foothold.

To sum up and recapitulate the chief points that have been roughly sketched out. We are confronted by general admission with the great and difficult problem of strengthening the British element in the population of South Africa—a thing essential to assuring the future prosperity of territories which must either be knit firmly to the Empire or continue a dangerous drain on its strength. What hinders us from finding the solution in transplanting the very best sort of colonists, children brought up and trained in the colony for the careers which the colony has to offer? We have among the thousands of orphan and destitute children supported at home by the public or by charitable funds an ample supply of suitable material, and to the children selected the transfer would mean the favourable chance of more

prosperous livelihoods and more attractive conditions of life. Not only the material but the money also is available, and there is no reason to doubt that, were the matter taken in hand seriously by men in whose judgment and sympathy the nation had confidence, abundant means would be forthcoming for assuring success without any cost to the taxpayer worth mentioning. There are initial difficulties, but none that tact and business organisation may not surmount, and surely the attainment is worth attempting—the boon of a brighter and more useful life to many children, the effacement of the race troubles of a great group of colonies, and a lasting advantage to the Empire.

FRANCIS STEVENSON.

OFFICERS' EXPENSES

I OFFER a few remarks on this very serious subject in the hope that one or two of them may be found worth consideration.

Quarters.—These should be provided with a few necessary articles of furniture, bedstead, bath, carpet, curtains, &c., which officers have now to buy or to hire for themselves. Any deterioration, beyond fair wear and tear, would of course be charged to the officer concerned.

Messes.—Messes should also be supplied with a fair amount of suitable furniture, and extra articles should be obtainable on hire from Government stores. Rations, or allowance in lieu, should be issued to officers at all times and, in addition, such a fixed allowance as would enable an officer to enjoy three good meals a day at very small cost. All mess servants should be paid by Government, and plain clothes, or allowance in lieu, issued for them. Wine should be obtainable duty free. Where possible, ground should be allotted to messes for vegetable gardens, fowl-runs, &c., and every assistance and encouragement given for the maintenance of these.

Officers' Servants.—These should receive extra pay, as such, from Government, and plain clothes should be issued for them.

Uniform and Equipment.—It should be a point of honour that the pattern of uniforms, &c., should not be altered except for some really good reason. If possible, notice should be given of intended or probable changes, so that officers may not be caught with a stock of practically new articles suddenly rendered obsolete. This hardship is especially felt by officers who have lately gone abroad, with a good outfit of uniform, to a station where English clothing is seldom worn, and where it would ordinarily last many years. It would make changes less unpopular if a proposed new article were issued on trial and the opinion of those for whom it is intended were taken before final approval, the cost of such experimental issues to be borne by the public. Officers should be enabled to obtain from Government Departments, on payment, supplies of ordinary 'working' uniform, boots, belts, swords, saddlery, &c. There is no reason whatever why these should not be made to Government order, of really good cut and material, at a very much lower price than

that at which the military outfitter can supply them. For full it would probably be preferable for officers to employ civilian fitters, and, of course, those who wished to do so for their working kit could please themselves.

Facilities for Professional Education.—We hear a great deal nowadays about the ignorance of officers. It is not for me to say with how much truth. But, undoubtedly, nearly any officer who may be considered really well educated from a professional standpoint, *i.e.* who has a good knowledge of foreign languages and military history besides more technical subjects, and who is generally well informed and up to date, must have spent a considerable sum of money on the acquirement of these attainments. This is especially the case with officers who serve abroad at obscure stations where there are no good libraries and few good newspapers. Full proof of this is to be found in the fact that a very large proportion of intending competitors for the Staff College find it necessary to resort to crammers. To rectify this, I propose that garrison libraries, stocked with the best professional works, should be made more numerous, in fact that every station in the world at which British troops are quartered should be in touch with one of these. They should be prepared to supply ideas for courses of reading in Military History and other subjects, and to issue, on loan, all suitable books and maps. At present, I don't know how an officer can get such assistance unless he is quartered in one of a few stations in England or is a subscriber to the United Service Institution.

More encouragement, monetarily and otherwise, should be given to officers to travel abroad and learn foreign languages. A certain number of officers might be given special leave for foreign travel every year, and reimbursed a part of their expenses on sending in reports showing that they had used their leave for purposes of intelligent observation and had profited thereby. Any officer producing information of value from a military point of view should be reimbursed his total expenses and perhaps granted a monetary reward in addition.

Sketching and surveying instruments and appliances, as well as books and maps, should be obtainable from Government stores at cheap rates.

Horses and Riding.—All mounted officers should be entitled to ride public horses. Officers of all branches of the Service should be allowed to obtain forage at Government contract rates, and every facility and encouragement should be given them to keep horses and to ride. I go so far as to suggest that an allowance should be made to officers of dismounted units who keep horses, provided they pass a fairly high test in riding. We expect senior officers of infantry to ride, and, of course, all staff officers should be good riders, yet we give them next to no facilities for learning, and those of limited means

ord to begin until they are really too old to learn. That, of these disadvantages, infantry officers are, as a rule, at least ably good riders is most creditable to them.

Travelling Expenses.—The present system of recovering travelling expenses is intricate and inconvenient. Officers should send in a simple statement of expenses incurred. In case of junior officers this might be passed by a senior, who would remark on it whether he thought the amount fair or otherwise, and pass it to the paymaster, who would issue the sum expended together with the allowance due. The paymaster could of course take action in case of any claim which he considered extravagant, and a certain number of claims might be carefully checked, item by item, as is done at present with every one. Officers who have served under the Foreign Office have often told me that the system pursued by that office is much more convenient.

It always seems to us regimental officers that the system of checking all our accounts is based on the supposition that we are generally dishonest, and that the cost of the upkeep of the checking staffs must be much greater than would be the loss by petty frauds if a start were made on the supposition that we were honest folk! Further, if cases of fraud, when detected, as no doubt they occasionally are, were ruthlessly exposed and punished, the innocent would profit instead of being made to suffer for the guilty by numerous petty restrictions, as they now feel that they do. The whole Allowance Regulations might, with advantage, be revised and simplified. They are now so intricate, and require the production of so many vouchers, counter-signatures, &c., that times out of number officers omit to claim and draw money to which their services have justly entitled them, and which in many cases they can ill afford to forego. I wonder how many officers of the South African Field Force have drawn all the travelling allowances to which they are entitled from the time of leaving their stations in England. Probably the Government has profited to the extent of thousands of pounds over this one item alone, to the detriment of many deserving and indigent officers.

Change of Station.—Movements from one station to another involve expense upon individuals and mess funds. More liberal allowances might be authorised to meet this, especially if the movements are frequent.

Bands, Regimental Funds, &c.—Officers habitually pay subscriptions towards the upkeep of bands and to other regimental funds, such as that for providing materials for cleaning saddlery, &c. Nearly all such expenditure might fairly be borne by the public.

Good Service Rewards.—Monetary rewards for good service are now confined to the higher ranks. I would propose that these should be extended to all commissioned ranks. A comparatively

small amount would make an appreciable addition to the junior officer; 10,000*l.* per annum would not be a very large sum in the Army Estimates and would provide for, say, one hundred rewards of 50*l.* each and two hundred of 25*l.* each. I would have these granted for periods of five years, ten years, or for life, according to circumstances. The great majority would naturally be for the shortest period, so that they would be sufficiently numerous for officers to realise that they were not accessible only to the especially brilliant or fortunate among them.

Extra Pay for Foreign Service.—It would certainly benefit poor men, on the whole, if increased pay were authorised, during home service, for those officers who have done a certain proportion of their service abroad. This is an intricate question which I cannot undertake to thresh out, but it is undeniable that, for the requirements of our extended Empire, an officer who has spent some years in India and the colonies is, *ceteris paribus*, a more useful man than another who has served exclusively in the British Isles.

Ideas and Inventions.—An officer who invents or is instrumental in introducing any new and useful article or arrangement of kit or equipment should receive a bonus. At present, many useful ideas are lost or lie dormant because their originators either do not care or do not know how to put them forward. On other occasions, I fear, the credit is taken by a not too conscientious C.O. who will brazenly enunciate as his own some brilliant conception of one of his juniors. It would, I am sure, be worth while to encourage officers to ventilate their ideas and to reward them if they produced anything worthy of reward.

Newspaper Correspondents.—Competent officers should be encouraged and assisted to act as special correspondents for newspapers, whenever they can be spared, during our own small campaigns, wars between foreign nations, and also during manœuvres at home and abroad. In the regulations for special correspondents at the seat of war, it is notified that retired officers are preferred (by the War Office) for such employment. Why not extend this to officers on the active list? There is probably no position which affords such facilities for observing the operations of a campaign as that of a newspaper correspondent. I would suggest that a list should be kept of officers who desire to undertake and are recommended for such work, and notification made to the press that they will be allowed to act as far as possible. In Indian frontier campaigns, especially, where the regular correspondents of London papers cannot get out in time or where the operations are not of sufficient importance for them to be sent, the services of military officers would often be gladly accepted, and they could generally be well spared at such times.

Votes.—A word on the subject of votes. A private individual who has acquired, by inheritance, a small income and who lives, by

this, an utterly useless and possibly a somewhat mischievous force, is entitled to a voice in the management of the affairs of the Empire, to the building up or support of which he has not contributed one iota except under compulsion in the shape of taxes. An officer who has spent the best years of his life in the service of his country and has undergone parlous risks in time of war, plague, and pestilence in all parts of the globe, has no right to a vote except in the very unlikely event of having occupied a certain quarter for a certain period at the exact time when an election is on hand. And yet income tax is deducted from his slender pay before it is issued to him! Surely some reform is needed here.

Conclusion.—The main objection to most of my suggestions will probably be that they cost money. If equally good ones are obtainable that will cost nothing, so much the better, but this is at least doubtful. For mine I claim :

(1) *Simplicity.* There is not one that could not be brought into being in a short time without any great trouble.

(2) *Comparative Cheapness.* Even if every one were accepted and introduced in full, the total cost would not be enormous.

(3) *Probable Effect.* This would be to render the Army a profession in which a man without any, or at any rate with very small, private means could not only exist but could hope to compete on fairly level terms with his richer brother officers, who at present enjoy great advantages through their ability to travel and thus possibly to take part in small campaigns, and also in other ways that I have indicated. An officer whose narrow means tie him down to the neighbourhood of barracks, with the variation of an occasional spell of leave at a quiet country home, cannot, unless he be a real genius, develop his intelligence and powers of observation to anything like their full capacity.

I have particularly endeavoured to suggest nothing which would, in any way, interfere with the general tenor of regimental life as it now exists, as I feel very strongly that the attempt to do so in any but the most delicate manner would be a serious mistake, and would cause the Army to lose numbers of really good men whom it could ill spare. What is required is to make the Army possible and desirable for rich men and poor men alike. It has need of both.

G. F. HERBERT.

Hatfield, O.R.C.

CADET CORPS FOR SCHOOLBOYS OF ALL CLASSES

THE war between Prussia and Austria and that between Germany and France clearly demonstrated that for a nation to retain its position as one of the leading Powers in Europe a small standing army was no longer sufficient. An army must have at its back a strong reserve of men trained and ready to take their place in the ranks. This lesson was realised by our Government, and short service with the colours was introduced, and the men having served a certain time in the Army were passed into the Reserve.

Under our system of voluntary enlistment, and having regard to the fact that a large proportion of our Army must of necessity serve abroad, the Continental system of passing men to the Reserve after three years' service in the ranks was manifestly unsuitable. Such a system would have entailed so heavy a drain on the Army that it was more than doubtful if a requisite number of recruits would be forthcoming to fill the ranks, and so short a period of service would not have allowed the men to serve in India and our other foreign stations. A compromise was made, and the term of service was fixed at seven years with the colours and five years with the Reserve. It was hoped that under this system a sufficiently large Reserve would be formed to fill the ranks of the Army depleted by the wear and tear of any war in which we might be engaged. There were not wanting critics, however, who held that, since the immature lads who enlisted were unfit for active service, this Reserve would have to be tapped at the outset of hostilities and a large proportion drafted into the battalions proceeding to the front—in fact, that the title 'Reserve' was a misnomer.

This view has been fully justified by the course of events in South Africa—the first war of any magnitude in which we have been engaged since the substitution of the above organisation for the old long-service Army. In order to despatch a force of 47,000 men on the outbreak of war some 23,000 reserve men had to be called up to fill the ranks of the battalions sent on active service and to replace those physically unfit. After the operations had lasted some two

and our arms had suffered a series of reverses, it became evident that a much larger force than was at first anticipated would be required. Our Army with its Reserve was unequal to the strain. The patriotic offer of the Volunteers, a force intended solely for home service, to furnish contingents for South Africa was accepted, and a large number of Militia battalions were embodied. Moreover the Government was compelled to appeal to the untrained manhood of the country to come forward and enrol in the Imperial Yeomanry and other irregular corps. Our so-called Reserve had ceased to exist. It was already in the first line.

Fortunately for ourselves, owing to want of enterprise on the part of the Boers, time was allowed us to train these corps, in many cases at the scene of operations. It is a matter of history that large numbers of men were under instruction in camps in the Cape Colony and Orange River Colony before they were allowed to proceed to the front. Can we, however, depend on such good fortune in some future war waged against a Continental Power? Surely not. If there is one lesson to be learnt from the war that is not yet finished, it is that, in some way or other, we must have a large reserve of men trained and ready to take their place in the ranks should the occasion for their services arise, and it seems quite clear that the present system fails to give us this.

From many expressions let drop by Mr. Brodrick, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Stanley, it would appear that the Government is fully aware of the necessity of such a reserve, and some form of compulsory home service appears to be contemplated should the number of recruits obtained under the voluntary system fail to meet our requirements. Lord Stanley in the House of Commons on the 1st of May last, referring to compulsory service or conscription, stated that:

he could not disguise the fact that, to a certain extent, he was a supporter of such a system. He could not help thinking that it was the duty of every man in this or any other country to be prepared to take up arms in defence of that country. That was a duty imposed by citizenship, and he admitted freely that at some period of a man's life he would like to see him instructed in such a way that, if called upon, he should be able to place himself with the greatest advantage to his country.

Without doubt it is the duty of every man to be prepared to take up arms in defence of his country should the occasion require it. There are, however, grave objections to compulsory training for adults in England. Such compulsory training would undoubtedly interfere with the commercial activity of the country and its colonising power. Moreover, there is a distinct prejudice in the minds of the majority of Englishmen against anything in the shape of conscription for adults. But no such objection can be raised against the training of boys between the ages of 14 and 17. This

could be no hindrance either to the commercial industry of the country or to its colonial expansion.

Some three years ago Lord Roberts was asked his opinion as to the value of such training. He replied that: 'Lads who have been efficiently trained would probably become quite as effective soldiers in an equally short space of time as would the Reserve men after they had been away from the colours for three or four years.' This opinion of Lord Roberts was fully borne out in the South African war. No troops did better service than the Colonial contingents, the majority of whom had received their training as cadets. In Victoria drill is obligatory in all State-aided schools, and cadet corps are established in connection with the majority of these schools, the Government granting a certain amount of financial assistance, and some such system is general throughout our colonies.

At the review of the Victorian troops before H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall some 5,000 of these cadets paraded. An eye-witness, standing in a group of foreign officers viewing the parade, is particular to state that the latter were more especially struck with the appearance of the cadets, and he proceeds to give further evidence of the excellence of the movement, and of its popularity with both parents and boys of all classes.

The democracy of Australia has no fear of the bugbear of militarism. On the contrary, Australians realise that it is the duty of a nation to train its children to be true patriots, and, as such, ready and able to take their part in the defence of their country. Dr. Morrison, Principal of the Presbyterian College, Melbourne, in an address presented to H.R.H. embodied the feeling of our colonies in these words:

We have striven to send forth from our schools good and true men, loyal and patriotic citizens, who will not only do their work well in every social, civil, and religious capacity, but will fight, if need be, for their King and country as so many of our old boys recently have fought.

In his farewell letter to Australia H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall refers to the cadets in the following terms:

I have been much interested in the cadet corps, many of which have a particularly smart and soldier-like bearing. . . . It seems to me that in this excellent movement lies a strong power for good, for, besides the benefit of physical training, it inculcates into the coming generation that spirit of subordination and *esprit de corps* which is so essential, not merely in the soldier, but in the development of national character.

It should be noted that of the 2,445 officers and men sent from Victoria to South Africa, Sir F. Sargood reports that two-thirds had passed through the cadet force, and Colonel Bingham, who served as Staff officer in Australia for fifteen years, speaks of the great advantage the early training as cadets proved when Australia sent her contingent to South Africa.

In Natal, Government schools are established in all important towns, and each school has its complement of cadets. Every boy must enrol as soon as he is ten years of age, and every boy of fourteen must go to the butts to make himself a proficient marksman. Boys between the ages of six and ten, though not cadets, regularly receive preliminary drill and exercises. The Government practically bears all the expense of this training. Some of the bigger lads in the Durban Model School abandoned their books at the first word of the Boer invasion, and were in the saddle in a few hours. Field-Marshal Earl Roberts, on his return from the Transvaal, made use of the following words, when addressing the cadets and schoolboys at Pietermaritzburg : 'I hope the Old Country will follow the example of one of her children, and insist upon all boys joining cadet corps.'

On leaving Natal H.R.H. the Duke of Cornwall addressed a letter to the Governor, in which he expressed his high appreciation of the appearance of the colonial cadets. H.R.H. suggests that a scheme might be drawn up, and adopted, by which the cadets, when they pass the age of boyhood, would be drafted to some permanent corps, and in this way the whole male white population might be trained to the use of arms and be available for service in case of emergency.

Could not some such scheme be carried out in the Old Country, furnishing, as it would, an invaluable reserve of trained men on which we could depend in time of national danger? Were such a scheme in existence we should be in a better position than we are at present, relying, as we do, mainly on a reserve that is called upon, and practically exhausted, on the outbreak of hostilities.

Failure of the Reserve of our rank and file was not, however, the only shortcoming disclosed by the South African war. The supply of officers to replace the vacancies caused by death or sickness at the front, and to fill the commissioned ranks of those irregular forces raised by the Government, soon became a serious and difficult matter. Young men were hurriedly passed through a nominal training with the Militia and Volunteers, and were given commissions and sent out to the front. This, however, did not prove sufficient to keep up the supply necessary, and the Government was compelled to offer direct commissions to students at our different colleges and boys at our public schools, the majority of the recipients having had no military training whatever. The danger of such procedure is evident when it is remembered that many of the young fellows were sent straight out on active service, and thus placed in positions of responsibility where it might very possibly happen that their own lives, and the lives of the men under their command, depended on their action at some critical moment. The want of some system

whereby elder boys of the class from which our officers are [REDACTED] should receive the elements of military training became apparent.

This subject attracted the attention of the headmasters of the bigger public schools and was recently discussed at one of their conferences. They suggested that at all public schools instructional corps should be formed in which the boys would receive instruction suitable for the future officers. These corps should be independent of the local Volunteer corps. At present the majority of the public schools have cadet corps, but, with one exception, these corps are attached to the local Volunteer battalion, and are under the orders of the officer commanding that battalion. In the opinion of the headmasters this arrangement is not the most suitable for the military education of boys who, if they join any branch of His Majesty's forces, would join as officers. In order to make the most of the material offered by the public schools as the training ground of our future officers, it is obvious that instructional corps should be separately organised, with adjutants and instructors who would understand the requirements and opportunities of such corps.

At present one school, Eton, has such a corps, and it is the desire of the headmasters of other public schools that they should be organised on similar lines. Were this done the country would possess a reserve of young men of suitable social position imbued with the first principles of military knowledge and to some extent prepared to take their places in the commissioned ranks of the regular Army or auxiliary forces in times of national emergency.

The advantages of some such system would not, however, be confined to the time when the country is engaged in active operations. One of the most serious military problems that confront us is the deficiency of officers in the auxiliary forces, and, as stated by Lieutenant-General Lord W. Seymour in his letter to *The Times* of the 3rd of August last, one of the chief reasons for the disinclination evinced by so many young men to accept commissions in these forces is to be found in the dislike to go, as it were, to school again and learn the elements of military training. Had military education commenced at school it is certain that the majority of young men would be willing to continue the same by accepting commissions in the Militia, Yeomanry, or Volunteers. It might easily be arranged that a list of boys who, at school, had proved themselves likely to become useful officers should be sent to the General Officer Commanding the district in which they resided. This list would prove invaluable to such an officer in his selection of candidates for commissions in the auxiliary forces under his command.

It was to further the views expressed above, *i.e.* to encourage the training of our boys so that they should form a reserve both for the commissioned ranks and for the rank and file, that the Military Instruction Bill was introduced into the House of Lords last session

Lord Viscount Frankfort, K.C.B. This Bill dealt with the instruction of boys of all classes.

In the large public schools it was proposed that instructional corps should be formed on the lines advocated above, and called Public School Rifle Volunteer Corps. These corps would consist of all boys at such schools, over fourteen years of age, able and willing to bear arms. They would remain members of these corps until such time as they left the school, drawing the full capitation grant of 35s. after they had passed the age of seventeen as members of the corps. At present to become eligible for this capitation grant a member of a school cadet corps has to be enrolled a member of the Volunteer battalion to which his corps is affiliated, and so, strictly speaking, no longer belongs to his school corps, but becomes an ordinary volunteer. Many schools decline to have their elder boys enrolled, preferring to forego the grant.

In the large public secondary day-schools, and in the less wealthy boarding-schools, it was proposed that Public School Junior Volunteer Corps should be formed. These corps would consist of all boys over twelve years of age whose parents or guardians consented to their becoming members. Uniform would not be compulsory owing to the expense it involves. The age of joining these corps was fixed at twelve, instead of fourteen, as in Public School Rifle Volunteer Corps, owing to the fact that so many boys leave these schools at fifteen. The military training would be given in school time as part of the boys' ordinary education. The system suggested is carried on with success in the colonies, and the Headmasters' Association are anxious that some such system should be in force in the schools they represent. It has been tried in one school in England, the Grocers' School at Hackney, with excellent results, and Lord Frankfort in the debate in the House of Lords on the 18th of July last paid a warm tribute of praise to the training carried out at this school. For the system to become general, however, it is necessary that these bodies should be recognised by the War Office.

Dealing with the working lads who have left the elementary schools, the Bill proposed that they should be organised in cadet battalions.

The promoters of the Bill claim that the scheme suggested would place the military training of our youth on a sound and intelligent basis, and if established would go far to create a reserve of both officers and men. Such a system, however, is impracticable without some financial assistance from the Government. Consequently under the provisions of the Bill it was proposed that every cadet over fourteen years of age, passed as efficient, should receive an annual capitation grant of ten shillings; and, in addition, free arms and ammunition should be issued to the members of the different corps; also, that as many instructors as might be deemed necessary by

the Secretary of State for War should be provided at the expense.

The Government, while expressing the warmest approval of the object of the Bill, opposed it, not only on the ground of the heavy expense which they considered it would entail, but also because in their opinion it was not right that money should be paid from the sum voted for the Army estimates in aid of those who, by reason of their youth, would be unable at once to take their place in the ranks, and for whom there was no guarantee that they would be willing to do so in the future. With reference to the latter objection, it surely cannot be seriously argued that money is only expended on those able to give present service in actual warfare. The fact that many thousands of men serving in the Army were rejected as unfit to proceed to South Africa on the outbreak of hostilities, owing to their youth and other causes, would conclusively prove the fallacy of this argument. A visit to any of our depôts, or an inspection of the ranks of our Militia, which are largely composed of boys nominally seventeen years of age, but really younger, would be sufficient evidence if further proof were needed. It is true that boys trained as cadets would enter into no formal agreement that their services would be available in time of national danger, but no one who witnessed the ready and enthusiastic response made by the manhood of our country when called upon in the dark hours of the South African war can doubt that an equally ready response would be forthcoming in any future crisis. The patriotism of our citizens would prove as strong a guarantee as any mere formal oath or obligation.

It is undoubtedly true that the general training of our lads would entail expense on the country. Such training is a national duty, and, as such, it should be undertaken by the State. It is not proposed in this article to enter into details as to the probable expenditure that would be incurred under the provisions of the Military Instruction Bill: it is sufficient to state that the cost to the country as calculated by the promoters of the Bill, after careful consideration, differed very considerably from the large sum estimated by the Government speakers. In a question of this sort, however, calculations of expense necessarily based on supposition are always open to argument. The main point the promoters of this Bill wish to emphasise is the desirability, nay, the necessity, of some systematic military training for our youth. If this necessity be acknowledged, the question of the cost of such training to the country is one that ought to offer no great difficulty in solution. It has been satisfactorily solved in Natal, where, as noted above, military training is compulsory on all boys over ten years of age, and the cost to the colony for the year 1899-1900 was 2,695*l.* In New South Wales, for the year ending June 1900, 4,310*l.* was expended under the head of 'Cadet Branch.' We have seen the excellent results of the cadet training in the colonies,

the figures quoted above do not bear out the Government's theory that such a system would seriously add to the expense of the country.

The systematic military training of our youth is advocated by the present Commander-in-Chief and many other eminent men. The Headmasters' Conference and the Association of Headmasters have declared themselves strongly in its favour. Our colonies have demonstrated that such training is feasible and productive of excellent results. Surely then it is a question that deserves the most serious and careful consideration on the part of the Government. If the financial proposals embodied in the Military Instruction Bill appear to those in authority calculated to entail too heavy an expense on the country, they could be modified. Encouragement and assistance could be afforded in many ways with little or no expenditure. The desirability of the formation of instructional corps in schools, strongly recommended by the Headmasters' Conference and the Association of Headmasters, was brought to the notice of the Secretary of State for War in an interview granted by him to a deputation from the Lads' Drill Association in July last. This reform would not cost the country a penny! Will it be carried into effect?

W. ELLIOT.

THE WHITE PERIL

A LITTLE paper volume published by Mr. Brimley Johnson, containing 'Letters from John Chinaman,' merits more general attention than it has yet received. 'John Chinaman' examines in these letters the question how far his fatherland will be improved by the introduction of modern industrialism; but even to persons not interested in the Far Eastern problem his remarkable pamphlet, written with an excellence of style fast disappearing from our literature, gives food for reflection on the value of the life which we ourselves lead in England, by comparing it with the life which we have all hitherto agreed in despising, the life even of the abhorred Chinese.

You are accustomed [he says] to regard us as barbarians, and not unnaturally, for it is only on the occasions when we murder your compatriots that your attention is powerfully drawn towards us. From such spasmodic outbreaks you are apt over-hastily to infer that we are a nation of cold-blooded assassins; a conclusion as reasonable as would be an inference from the present conduct of your troops in China to the general character of Western civilisation.

Our civilisation is the oldest in the world. It does not follow that it is the best; but neither, I submit, does it follow that it is the worst. On the contrary, such antiquity is, at any rate, a proof that our institutions have guaranteed to us a stability for which we search in vain among the nations of Europe. But not only is our civilisation stable—it also embodies, as we think, a moral order; while in yours we detect only an economic chaos. Whether your religion be better than ours, I do not at present dispute; but it is certain that it has less influence on your society.

. . . We measure the degree of civilisation, not by accumulation of the means of living, but by the character and value of the life lived. Where there are no humane and stable relations, no reverence for the past, no respect even for the present, but only a cupidinous ravishment of the future, there, we think, there is no true society.

. . . Admitting that we are not what you call a progressive people, we yet perceive that progress may be bought too dear.

After an exquisite picture of the great valleys where the millions of China dwell, he draws the deduction—

. . . beauty pressing in from without, moulds the spirit and mind insensibly to harmony with herself. If in China we have manners, if we have art, if we have morals, the reason, to those who can see, is not far to seek. Nature has taught us.

. . . To feel, and in order to feel to express, or at least to understand the expression of all that is lovely in Nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in

itself a sufficient end. A rose in a moonlit garden, the shadow
 of the turf, almond bloom, scent of pine, the wine-cup and the guitar;
 the pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out
 in the moment that glides for ever away, with its freight of music and light,
 the shadow and hush of the haunted past, all that we have, all that eludes
 a bird on the wing, a perfume escaped on the gale—to all these things we are
 fain to respond, and the response is what we call literature. This we have;
 as you cannot give us; but this you may so easily take away. Amid the roar
 of the mills it cannot be heard; it cannot be seen in the smoke of factories; it is
 led by the wear and the whirl of Western life. And when I look at your
 business men, the men whom you most admire; when I see them hour after hour,
 year after day, year after year, toiling in the mill of their forced and undelighted
 hours; when I see them importing the anxieties of the day into their scant and
 adding leisure, and wearing themselves out less by toil than by carking and
 beral cares, I reflect, I confess, with satisfaction on the simpler routine of our
 ancient industry, and prize, above all your new and dangerous routes, the beaten
 track so familiar to our accustomed feet that we have leisure, even while we pace
 to turn our gaze up to the eternal stars.

quotation from Sir Robert Hart, praising Chinese life, literature,
 and morals, on the same grounds and with the same degree of
 enthusiasm, is introduced to prevent the untravelled reader from
 rashly rejecting this picture as fanciful.

Yet it is not necessary, in order to call ourselves to judgment, to
 accept without qualification this wholly favourable view of Chinese
 life. Even if, trusting Sir Robert Hart's power of observation, we
 attribute morality, gentleness, artistic and literary sensibility to
 millions living within the Chinese Empire, we may wonder how
 much their morality is not custom, their gentleness weakness, and
 how far their artistic and literary sensibility may not have paled in
 the course of motionless centuries into a habit now scarcely conscious.
 The best China is the mild Heaven which the rebel angels rejected;
 the worst London is the Hell which they preferred. China is main-
 tained by custom; Europe by force—that is, by the perpetual strife
 of new interests and greeds. Neither custom nor strife can lead man
 out of the brute; but strife can at least keep alive in him the active
 principle. Whenever that active principle, alive in the European,
 combines, as at times and places it has done, with the sense of
 duty, or with the love of good, things far nobler have on such
 occasions been produced than any which China can now supply.

'John Chinaman' were to stand in contemplative mood in the
 bosom of the Tuscan Apennines, under that forest of war-towers that
 rises from the winding streets of San Gimignano, he would read in
 their grey stones the history of civic blood feuds within those
 ancient walls, and of perpetual strife between the furious little city
 and the neighbouring market towns; yet if he were to enter the
 churches and palaces that stand in the shadow of those same towers
 he would read on the painted walls, in the Franciscan legends, in the
 life of Dante, what manner of men and women that uneasy genera-

tion brought forth; and would learn what things come and strife, as long as the surroundings of life are beautiful and as the age is not cut off from imagination. If he would try to compare the amount and the variety of human worth produced by the very instability of our English institutions in the seventeenth century, he could scarcely any longer maintain that custom, even hallowed custom, is the only source of what is most noble. Or if, again, he had known England as she was in the first half of the nineteenth century, when the country-side was still inhabited by a vigorous population of all classes, who knew nature in all the beauty that she puts on in our island; when commercial life in the towns, not yet corrupted by overgrowth, seemed to serve as a foundation for morality, common sense, and the things of the intellect; when our great men, poets, artists, men of science, men of letters, and even our statesmen, sent back across the ages a challenge to the great men of Italy and Greece; if he had known England then, he would see how a society undergoing rapid change may be far more excellent than China.

It is, indeed, only during the last generation that we have lost a national character as strong as it was healthy, and a national culture as deep as it was broad. At the time of the Great Exhibition of 1851 England was in the highest sense of the word a very great country. But the sudden destruction of rural life, which never was more prosperous than it was fifty years ago; the substitution of life in 'great cities' for life in large towns; the rapid diffusion of the vulgarity bred in those great cities into every corner of our island by locomotion and the cheap press, has destroyed all that was characteristic of Old England.

As long as we continue to believe the professional deceivers of our populace, when they tell us that we have the same national characteristics as we had in the days of the Stuarts, of Waterloo, or even of the Indian Mutiny, so long shall we misjudge every imperial, every political, every social, every educational question. How can a population living a wholly artificial life in great cities be the same as a population living in country cottages and small towns? How can a population in which every man daily soaks his mind in modern journalism be the same as a population of whom some read the Bible and a few sound books, and the rest nothing at all? Before the industrial revolution, the ordinary working of economic law left the majority of manual labourers unenlightened indeed, but natural in mind, habits, and emotion; delighting in sports in which they themselves took part; and cheered by songs, ballads, and stories of their own country-side that were never vulgar and often exquisite. Meanwhile that large minority, on whom education was then bestowed, had religion, imagination, intellect. But all seem to have possessed natural taste in arts and crafts (as all their surviving houses, furniture, and utensils show). And these qualities, 'in widest commonalty

... were the general conditions that produced in individual the high triumphs of English literature. So long as man tended his business in cottage, farm, mansion, and shop, English life was vigorous and beautiful. But how can it now be beautiful, and how even vigorous for anything except material ends? For it is the common sights and sounds of daily life which stimulate or deaden the imagination, awaken or stifle the æsthetic and the moral qualities. No one has ever attempted to deny this principle since Plato laid it down as the reason why the artists in his Republic should

... by the power of genius trace out the nature of the fair and the graceful, that our young men, dwelling as it were in a healthful region, may drink in good from every quarter, whence any emanation from noble works may strike upon their eye or their ear, like a gale wafting health from salubrious lands, and win them imperceptibly from their earliest childhood into resemblance, love, and harmony with the true beauty of reason.

What a ghastly satire are these old Athenian words on the sights and sounds that now pursue our distracted city race from 'earliest childhood' through a life that is in its externals like one long journey by the Underground! The law that the surroundings of life mould the mind has been applied by our scientists and historians to every other civilisation. Why, then, should we suppose that its operation will be suspended for our own benefit? Because we are the English, are we to suffer no change? are we alone to escape the action of eternal laws?

Jactes et genus et nomen inutile.

The inevitable result is thus described by 'John Chinaman':

... Your triumphs in the mechanical arts are the obverse of your failure in all that calls for spiritual insight. Machinery of every kind you can make and use to perfection; but you cannot build a house or write a poem or paint a picture; still less can you worship or aspire. Look at your streets. Row upon row of little boxes, one like another, lacking in all that is essential, loaded with all that is superfluous—this is what passes among you for architecture. Your literature is the daily press, with its stream of solemn fatuity, of anecdotes, puzzles, puns, and police-court scandal. Your pictures are stories in paint, transcripts of all that is banal, clumsily botched by amateurs as devoid of tradition as of genius. Your outer sense as well as your inner is dead; you are blind and deaf. Ratiocination has taken the place of perception; and your whole life is an infinite syllogism from premises you have not examined, to conclusions you have not anticipated or willed. Everywhere means, nowhere an end! Society a huge engine, and that engine itself out of gear!

The type of average Englishman whom 'John Chinaman' describes, without culture, without ideal, without personality, has but little in common with the Puritan apprentice and yeoman of Cromwell's day, and scarcely more with the vigorous children of earth that peopled our island at the beginning of the nineteenth century, the men of Scott, Borrow, Dickens. Where is the modern novelist to find such individual types? The uniform modern man

is born of his conditions, bred up either in the great cities, or at best in districts that have lost their own character, and draw their ideas from the manners and literature of the cities. Only in the few parts of the country and a few departments of the country, still more or less remote from this atmosphere, among sailors, fishermen, farmers, or in households still attached to old ideals of life, are the old English to be found. But we cannot put our trust in their survival. We cannot go back. There is a way forward, out of our present life and culture worse than the old, into a state that may by taking thought be made better. By modern machinery mankind is moulded for good or for evil with a rapidity of change unknown at any previous epoch. In this sense 'modern progress' has a meaning. But hitherto the 'progression', being left unguided in the hands of the great material interests, has been gravely for the worse. There will be no national effort to deflect its course, until it is recognised that we have deteriorated; until modern progress is judged not by trade returns and the quantity of victuals consumed per head, but by its results on the thoughts and characters of men.

Fifty years back, when Ruskin began to point out that modern city life was injurious to taste and imagination, our cheerful grandfathers, unwilling either on the one hand to confess themselves materialists, or on the other to entertain suspicions of the 'progress of humanity,' made reply to the prophet of evil: 'Our houses, we regret to hear you say, are ugly; our streets, we can see for ourselves, are sordid; our occupations are mechanical; the outward appearance of our towns is stultifying. But it is only the appearance which is bad. We have in the printing-press an instrument by which the inner life of the mind can be ennobled, by which intellect and art can be diffused among classes that never knew them before.' In those days this reply contained much truth. But since then a serious blow has been inflicted on the prospects of the human race. The printing-press itself has been carried over into the enemy's camp. The Philistines have captured the Ark of the Covenant and have learnt to work their own miracles through its power. 'The pen,' as our grandfathers optimistically observed, 'is mightier than the sword.' Mightier indeed, but, as we now have learnt, no whit more likely to be in good hands.

Fifty years ago the majority of those who could read were in some real sense educated. Therefore the press, following the law of supply and demand, was so used as to appeal to an educated public. Even those readers who were essentially vulgar, then read books and newspapers a little above their intellectual level, since these came most easily to hand. Now these conditions have been reversed. The number of people who can read is enormous; the proportion of those who are educated is small. The printing-press, following the law of supply and demand, now appeals to the uneducated mass of all classes. Many

educated, too lazy to observe that a book or a newspaper does not mean the same thing as a book or a newspaper in join in the universal nettle-feast, and 'know not eating death.' or indifferent literature is thrust into men's hands, the noise of is dinned into their ears with a persistency against which the rest are proof. Not only does the vulgar read nothing but vulgarity, sacrificing the chance of gradual improvement which he used to joy, but the man with better capabilities reads so constantly below the true level of his taste and intellect, that his ideals are gradually shaped and he takes no pains to recommend good books and journals to his children. Until the reading of nonsense comes to be regarded by respectable families in the same light as dram-drinking, the press will do more universal harm than the public-house.

The effect of the book-world upon the intellectual and moral tone of an age depends chiefly on the quality of those contemporary books, which are most in the mouths of men, whose appearance is most eagerly expected and whose contents are most frequently discussed. Two generations back, the authors whose works answered to this description were Ruskin, Carlyle, Macaulay, Browning, Dickens, Darwin, Mill, Tennyson, Thackeray, together with a host of men who, with less splendid literary powers, had much to say to their age, like Maurice, Martineau, or Kingsley. Their names were household words, their doctrines were the staple of every debate. Through the clever, their ideas filtered through to the stupid. But even the stupidest was fed directly on wholesome stuff; the commonest of the books of the time were *Uncle Tom's Cabin* and *Martin Tupper*; but even such books as these, if they were written now, would rightly be regarded as exceptionally good in their influence. Tupper's poems on the Great Exhibition are nobler in tone than those of any English writer who is equally influential to-day. He popularised the ideas that education, domestic virtue, international peace, the things of the mind and of the spirit, were the ends for which society existed. the only reasons why material prosperity was to be valued. His dusty volumes standing on the shelf of some modest parlour next to Motley's *Dutch Republic*, the relics of the grandfather's library, swamped by the garbage which the simple now have thrust upon them, are a melancholy monument of our educational progress. But while the simple were digesting Tupper, people capable of thought had constantly forced on to their consideration the ideals of the great writers of which we gave an incomplete list above.

To-day, largely owing to the different influence exerted by the book-world, men conceive very differently of the ends toward which individual and national life should be directed. The greatest writer of our age, who embodies its spirit with no mean ingenuity, is Mr. Rudyard Kipling. Whatever his own intentions may be, his works spread the doctrine that force is the only means, national wealth the

only end, courage and application the only human virtue who, by the pen set the intellectual standard and the measure of this generation, in no way superior to Tupper in literary power, surpass him by an impudence and a vulgarity of spirit which lie to the morality which their works sometimes pretend to inculcate. Our most popular writers preach one of two ideas—either materialism or sensational sentimentality.¹

True, there is a highly educated public, whose taste, we are told, is improving. But, faster than their taste improves, their ability to produce good literature decays. The more exquisite they become, the more learned they make themselves, the smaller grows their power of influencing others. Works of learning and criticism may be on the increase, but works of true art and literature are on the decrease. It is art and literature, not learning, that can appeal to any besides the scholar. What good art and literature there is in England now is for the initiated, and appeals to ever narrowing circles. People who know what is good are beginning, here as in America, to stand aside from the fray, and make to themselves a garden of Epicurus.

In journalism the same causes have produced the same results as in literature.

The magazines and journals of fifty and twenty-five years back were written for an educated public, but had a large overflow sale among other classes, who thereby were beginning to develop the power of thought. That process has now stopped. Our most typical and influential papers (the halfpenny journal, and that constant flow of thrice diluted anecdote which, under the name of 'magazine' or 'popular weekly paper,' is everywhere hawked for a few pence) are indeed written for the uneducated, but are fast becoming the reading of the educated also. In consequence, the 'respectable' dailies and weeklies are racing after their new rivals. Discussion is being abandoned for the accumulation of all facts, true or false, all arguments, good or bad, which will confirm people in their prejudices. It is largely because the papers have lost the power of looking at facts as they are that we are failing to recover from our errors in South Africa as we recovered from errors in the Crimea and Indian Mutiny.

Journals, magazines, and the continued spawn of bad novels, constitute our national culture, for it is on these that the vast majority of all classes employ their power of reading. How does it concern our culture that Shakespeare, Milton, Ruskin, in times gone by wrote in our language, if for all the countless weary ages to come

¹ Yet men have we whom we revere,
Now names, and men still housing here,

veterans of the age gone by, true products of 'old England' What they think of the spirit of our age may be seen in Mr. Meredith's 'Foresight and Patience,' in his recent volume, *A Reading of Life*.

that we breed and send out to swamp the world shall have an ever-increasing appetite on the thin swollen stuff that science has now learnt to supply for England's spiritual and mental food? To what purpose, even, shall the good old books sometimes be dutifully read by generations that shall have lost all power to prefer them heartily to the bad products of their own time? What good is it that the door guarding the stores of knowledge is now left open to all, if the way to it is concealed by rubbish-heaps that in one generation have grown sky-high? The halls of intellect are no longer locked and barred, but their vast corridors are empty of folk; so it was open to all to win Dante's heaven, but none the less hell was filled with

Le genti dolorose,
Oh' hanno perduto 'l ben dell' intelletto.²

What remedies can be adopted to avert the uprooting of taste and reason by the printing-press?

I. First, as a condition of all other remedies, the evil must be recognised as one of the gravest that has ever threatened the human race; it must be understood that it is the nature of this evil to go on increasing. owing to the assimilative power of modern machinery, unless that machinery gets into better hands and is used for other purposes besides making money by gigantic sales. Before anything can be done to effect this change, good people must cease to tell themselves the lazy cowardly falsehood that 'It does not really matter what the cheap press says; no one takes it seriously.' Most people take their opinions from what they read, as they have little time and less zeal for discussion. But even those who do not take their opinions direct from leading articles have their intellectual standard and their power of reasoning coloured by bad papers and worthless novels, especially if they look at nothing else. If a man reads every day nothing but nonsense or brutality, he ceases to be able to detect brutality and nonsense. If he sees nothing but what is ugly and reads nothing but what is tasteless, he loses his sense of beauty and his taste. The refusal of educated people to believe that the state of the press is of any serious account still prevents united effort to save the mind of man from the corruption that is advancing on it apace.

II. Secondly, if once the magnitude of the danger is recognised, people can take measures to save themselves and their children from the contagion. The best fortress against evil of all kinds has been and ever will be the home. Unfortunately 'the spirit of ancient times,' in which religious families of evangelicals, quakers, or nonconformists used to protect themselves against outside influence, has broken down, just at the moment when our new cheap press

² The unhappy people,
Who have lost the good of the intellect.

rendered that spirit more necessary than ever before. The stern duties of choice and rejection must be revived in not only against sin, which is as prevalent as ever, not only against luxury, which is far more prevalent and is no longer thought wrong but also against an evil that previously did not exist, the mere fatuity and vulgarity of all the commonest reading. The change of conditions has scarcely been realised. In old days youth could with comparative safety have been invited to range at will through all printed matter, except what was indecent; but now that three-quarters of printed matter is vulgar or fatuous, such a law of freedom is fatal. No doubt actual prohibition is more difficult than of old, and may not itself be altogether good. But if boys and girls were brought up with the knowledge of the prime fact that most of what they see about them in the shops and stalls is nonsense, if nothing but what was worth reading was put into their hands, if as they grew up they were taught to regard the choice of books and of newspapers as one of the most important duties in life, future generations might yet preserve taste and understanding. We cannot indeed expect that in England we shall ever obtain a movement against levity and vulgarity, such as now in Wales prevents the inroad of worthless novels, excludes betting, sporting and bad police news from the popular press, and induces the working men not only to use but even to endow by subscription their national universities. As a national movement, intellectual puritanism must be left to the despised Welsh, for the English as a race never cared about intellect and have now ceased to be puritan. But there is no reason why many individual families in every class should not set up a standard of home reading to exclude much that is now wrongly considered innocuous—the unbroken year-long supply of bad new novels—the halfpenny paper, the fatuous magazine—the base literature whose art is snap-shot photography and whose theme is paltry anecdote. In the English language there are good books enough for the most voracious student, good novels enough for the greediest novel-reader, good fun enough for the most light-hearted. The frequent editions of our best classical authors are a sign of hope. But the sale of these books is kept down, and their good effect on the reader is in many cases expunged, by the constant perusal of modern rubbish, generally advertised in exactly inverse proportion to its merits. The movement towards good literature will certainly not make head against its noisier rival unless something of the old religious feeling is revived to protect the homes of rich and poor alike against vulgarity and inanity, as well as against sin.

So, too, the music hall and the musical farce are regarded as innocuous by respectable persons. But are they innocuous merely because they are not grossly indecent? Even if we lay aside the question of 'double entendre' which is often an important element,

more certain than that constant attendance at mere folly kills the taste for what is higher, or even for what is more noble, and gradually renders the mind incapable of response to an appeal of reason or of real emotion. 'The laughter of fools' is the most killing influence against which good feeling and good sense have to struggle. It is quite incompatible with a lofty or even a serious life.

The favourite entertainment of the modern English is vulgarity itself. Even a musical farce which is just passable in London becomes appalling as it is rendered in the provinces. These influences, previously confined to a few, are now being brought within reach of nearly all the inhabitants of the island; they are everywhere advertised, praised, discussed; they supply the sentiment and the songs of the nation. If it is true that a people's ballads are more important than its laws, on what road have we travelled from *Hearts of Oak* to the *Soldiers of the Queen*, from the *Lover and his Lass* and *Tom Herchard's Wooing* to the *Belle of New York*? The influence of the music halls has spoilt not only English fun but English patriotism. The Union Jack, the rare sight of which once made the heart swell, has become an idle rag in our streets, the companion of the peacock-feather. The old feeling against theatre-going, which kept our ancestors away from simpler and less vulgar performances, is fast dying out now that it is more needed. May it not be long before such a feeling revives among those who are incapable of choosing good entertainments and rejecting bad!

III. The third remedy for the evil of the press is more education. The mass of men have been taught to read without being educated. They are now setting the tone to those few who have enjoyed an education. Since we have given everyone the key to the house of knowledge, we must show them the door. It is fatal to turn people out with the dangerous power of reading in such a welter of the waters as literature has now become if we leave them wholly without guide. The chief task of education, more important even than technical education, is to train the mind to think, the eye to see, the judgment to choose, the spirit to be exalted. It is to this sort of education, imperfect and pedantic as it is in Germany, that the Germans attribute their recent commercial success, even more than to technical instruction. But beyond its use for material ends, the humanist education alone can save the world from barbarism of taste and materialism of spirit, more truly to be dreaded than anything from which man suffered, when he lived on the bosom of nature, even in the most despised ages of faith, fable, and imagination.

There are two parts of education, each of which will need to be very highly developed before human beings can be compensated for their separation from nature and the disruption of the old culture and traditions.

The first of these two is the instruction of youth : the first which modern industrialism and labour-saving machines confer on society would be that most men should have leisure to continue their education uninterrupted up to the threshold of manhood. Only so can industrialism undo the harm it has effected by divorcing the English from nature and spreading the cheap press.

The second part of education consists not in the definite instruction of youth, but in the provision of facilities to men and women for good reading, good music, good theatres, good discussion. For this purpose too, our industrial society and our command over nature afford new opportunities almost without limit. But will the State, will the municipality, will associations of patriotic individuals set their hands to the gigantic task of using these opportunities? If they will not, commercialism will continue, by natural working of the law of competition and *laissez-faire*, to supply ever vaster quantities of stuff, that will grow more squalid and inane as the public taste progressively deteriorates. Against the advertising power of the cheap press, of bad authors, of music halls and silly theatres, no private efforts or domestic resistance will in the end avail, without organised and common effort to make the good as presentable, as obvious, as cheap, as much in evidence as the bad is to-day. It is the spirit of *laissez-faire* that has permitted commercialism to buy up our press, our theatres, our culture. It is the spirit of private combination and State enterprise that alone can fight the gigantic organisations of evil.

IV. The last of the remedies is to apply the same kind of reconstruction to journalism. The principle of journalism is purely commercial; the object is to supply an article that will command the largest possible market. It is regarded as fatal to admit into the paper anything better than what the average man is supposed to want, to argue against his prejudices, or to refuse him the sensational stuff which he is supposed to like best. A few papers are resisting this tendency. One particular evening paper, endeavouring first to be a good paper, and, secondly, by every right means to be popular, has proved two important facts. First, that it is possible now to have a paper as good as any paper in the past. Secondly, that a good paper can get a large public. But when will these principles be applied to the morning journals, and more especially to the all-powerful morning halfpenny paper? The politics and the culture of England alike depend, in the long run, on the press. Will our daily instruction fall with increasing rapidity into the hands of commercialism, that has no object but to force a sale or to uphold corrupt interests? Or will good men of different parties, opinions, and types of mind be energetic enough to establish a rival popular press whose aim is good?

The material aspects of decadence in great cities—drink,

—are at least recognised as problems to which we know that it is their duty to attend, although they continually put off the performance of that duty with fine words. Bodies meanwhile are actually doing something in these matters, here a little and there a little. Whether such efforts will be made on a large scale early enough to check physical degeneration now that country life has been destroyed, yet remains to be seen. But the object of the present article is to point out that, side by side with these recognised material evils, are unrecognised evils of an equally serious nature. In the last generation intellectual, moral, and spiritual degeneration has set in, due to causes in the world of thought analogous and even related to those corresponding causes of physical degeneration, such as overcrowding, drink, and want of country air and exercise. Neither the physical nor the mental problem will mend itself if left to time. Both require active measures on a large scale to change conditions and to set up new standards. State, or at least municipal, assistance will eventually be necessary; but till that day comes, and in order that it may come, individual effort and private combination require a stimulus lacking at this moment. That the rising generation should recognise its danger and cease to be contented with purely material and economic ends, is the first condition of such a movement.

Men talk of the Yellow Peril. It is impossible yet to tell whether that danger exists, whether Europe's provocations will, indeed, 'civilise' the Chinese, and 'awaken their activities,' not to devise new thought, new religion, new art, but to come against the white man armed with his own weapons, in hordes more numerous but as cruel as the armies of civilisation who lately in the plains of Peking violated their women and murdered their infants. But the more certain, the more terrible peril is another. It is the White Peril.

Into every corner of our island, into every corner of the world, ugliness, vulgarity, materialism, the insipid negation of everything that has been accounted good in the past history of man, 'post o'er land and ocean without rest,' armed with powers to destroy the old and propagate the new, far more powerful than the means of destruction and assimilation with which the Greek colonist, the Elizabethan adventurer, and the religious refugee went forth across the seas in the days of old. All that is good in the world is threatened. Art, literature, religious leadership, political common sense, have in our island gone down before the tide in one generation. Material luxury alone seems likely to survive the general wreck, and the relation that luxury bears to the higher efforts of mind and spirit is inverse.

We are mortgaging the whole future of mankind. Such is the problem of the age. But how is it being met? It is not even regarded as a problem at all. The energy, the money, the public attention, the combined and individual effort, the State assistance which alone

can check the grand destruction, are all turned to the fusion of nations, brought closer than ever to each other's locomotion, and stirred up to hatred more fierce and general ever by a press that in every country finds 'nationalism' the easiest tune to play. In rabid competition for new markets, of which modern industrialism, howling on for more, demands a new supply from the governments every few years, all politics are directed by the great interests towards that one end of satiating the insatiable, all objects save material prosperity have been banished from the national ideals. Even education can plead for itself only as a business training, and even so pleads to the State in vain. Where nothing more is sought by the community, nothing more will, under the new economy, be found. For, divorced from the healthy influences of nature and of a simple economy, nothing can reclaim us now but machinery, organisation, definite intention, common effort, directed not merely to force expansion at the extremes, but to check corruption at the core—not solely to accumulate means of living, but to restore a value to life.

G. M. TREVELYAN.

LIGHT-WEIGHTS TO FINISH THE WAR

DURING the last twelve months, since it became evident that our difficulty in South Africa was not to beat the Boer forces in fair and square fighting, but to get close enough to them to compel them either to fight or to surrender, I have asked many of my friends who have had experience in matters connected with horses the same question :—

‘Supposing there were a Great Mogul in this country and that he were to send for you and to say : “I am tired of this war, I believe you have good knowledge of horses and how to get the best work out of them. I am going to send you out to South Africa. You will have to use the horses that are there, and that we are sending out ; they are the best we can get, but as for the men, you shall have a free hand. Choose any 10,000 men you like in this country, train them, and take them with you. If you succeed in ending the war within six months after you get there, honours and riches will be yours ; if you do not succeed, your head will come off.”’

‘Now,’ I asked them, ‘under these circumstances should you take out the class of men that we have in our cavalry regiments ?’ And the answer has invariably been ‘Certainly not ! I should choose the very lightest men that could do the work.’

We have had great experience in this country of the stamp of man who is able to get the best work out of horses. Many of us can remember some of the old postboys and postillions. They were invariably small, light, wiry men. Why did not the livery-stable-keeper or the private owner put men of the stamp of our cavalry soldiers in the saddle ? Simply because they knew that if they did their carriages would go slow and their horses would break down.

With regard to hunt servants long experience has taught us that, as far at any rate as the whips are concerned, it is absolutely necessary to have light men. It has happened over and over again that a light youth has got a place as whip ; that he has turned out quick, active, and intelligent, so that the hunt has rejoiced in having found a man so well fitted for his post ; but that gradually

good food and a healthy life have caused him, in spite of [REDACTED] he may make, to grow heavier and heavier.

Loath to part with him on account of his other excellent qualities, he has been retained until it was found that lightness was the quality that could not be dispensed with, and that it was impossible for his horses to do their work properly; and yet the weight of the regretted, but necessarily discarded, whip would be far below that of the average cavalry soldier!

The case would be exactly the same for a huntsman, but in that case there are exceptions, as some hunts are rich enough to afford their huntsmen very expensive horses, and send him out one, or even two, spare horses a day.

Any one who has many hunting friends must have known men who put themselves in regular training during the hunting season, ate little when they were hungry, drank little when they were thirsty, and took every means they knew of to keep down their weight. Were they foolish to undertake all this trouble and self-denial? No, because they knew that even the few pounds difference that they were able to reduce would make all the difference to their horse and enable him to carry them brilliantly and in comfort, whereas a few pounds extra would overdo and distress him, even if he succeeded in carrying them safely.

The only people who seem absolutely to disregard the question of weight, and give one the impression that they consider it a good thing that you cannot have too much of, are the War Office and our military authorities.

It might be allowable to doubt whether everybody else's experience were not wrong and the military authorities the only ones in the right if we had not so vast an experience of racing, both flat racing and steeplechasing, in this country—racing which proves beyond the possibility of doubt that the speed and endurance of horses can be controlled and limited with almost mathematical certainty by the weight which you place on their backs.

We are told that the Boers have adopted 'guerrilla tactics.' What does that mean? It means that, instead of trying to overwhelm our forces in pitched battles and destroy or capture our troops, they are trying to exhaust the supplies of men, money, and patience of the Empire by spinning out and protracting the campaign, and by inflicting in the meantime all the loss they can upon us by capturing convoys, destroying trains, and taking our troops at a disadvantage as often as possible.

To carry on guerrilla warfare successfully you must be able to move faster than your opponent. The hare can carry on guerrilla warfare against the tortoise, but the tortoise cannot against the hare.

No one can deny that throughout this campaign we have been the tortoise and the Boers the hare. The question is whether our

slowness is a necessity,—a misfortune inflicted upon us by circumstances which we cannot remedy—or is it due to our own inability and want of quickness in adapting ourselves to novel circumstances?

Let us examine the question a little. Is there any difference between the horses we ride and the horses the Boers are mounted on? Practically I believe there is none. Many of the horses they are riding they captured from us, and many of our horses are either captured from them or bought in South Africa; at any rate there would have been no difficulty in getting together a large number of South African horses for the purpose of mounting a light corps which would have been just as good as those of the Boers. Our horses have had during the late winter a great advantage in the way of forage. I do not believe that it is the superiority of their horses that enables the Boers to move so much quicker about the country than we do. What then is the reason?

I believe the reason is mainly due to the different weights we put on our horses. After all, whether you call it 'comparative mobility,' or any other high-sounding name, it is really only a race between two sets of men, when they try which can go fastest; whether it is a race of one mile or five hundred miles makes no difference. When each is struggling to get over the ground quickest there is a race, and as soon as you realise that it is a race, everyone will realise also that the weight carried by the horses is the most important consideration.

A short time ago I was talking to an officer of Yeomanry about the probability of more Yeomanry going out, and I suggested to him that I hoped the lightest men would be selected. This seemed quite a new idea to him, and evidently he had never seen the paramount importance of it.

But supposing instead of talking about men for South Africa I had said to him, 'A prize of 2,000*l.* will be offered for a Yeomanry competition open to all regiments of Yeomanry in this country. Each regiment may select twenty men who were at the last training, and twenty horses who were ridden by troopers at the last training. They will have to ride from Aldershot to Edinburgh and back, each twenty keeping together; and the twenty who get back first will have the 2,000*l.*' Would not the first thought of adjutant, colonel, and everyone else connected with the regiment be, 'Have we twenty men light enough to give us a chance of winning?'

An officer of Yeomanry told me lately that one of the men under his command in South Africa was so heavy that he broke down every horse he was put on, so that eventually he had to walk with the wagons. Now if this man wished to compete in a race of the kind above mentioned his comrades would laugh him to scorn. Here you have three degrees of comparison: first, the very heavy man who

was thought good enough to catch Boers though he laughed at if he wanted to compete in jogging along. Secondly, his stalwart fellow-troopers of the usual stamp of men who would themselves be laughed at equally if they applied for the places as jockeys, postillions or second horsemen: thirdly, the men who get the places as jockeys, postillions and second horsemen, who are the men we want to bring the war to an end, but whom we must exclude altogether, and forbid to serve the country in South Africa. They cannot join the regular cavalry, as any man over twenty (and men under twenty are too young) must be 5 feet 6 inches to get even into the Hussars, who have the lowest standard of height, and though there may be no theoretical standard for Yeomen, yet I should like to know what chance a man of say 5 feet 2 inches would have, in practice, of being admitted to any regular Yeomanry regiment? However strong, well made, and active he might be, he would be supposed to spoil the look of the troop and would have no chance whatever of being accepted. Of the horses we are sending out, the majority are not fit to carry more than 13 stone if you are to get good work out of them, and if they are to go really fast and far many of them ought to carry much less.

But as the result of the utter disregard of their carrying capacity, what are the actual weights we have been putting on them in South Africa? The following table was given in the *Times* of the 7th of March last by an officer who had ascertained the actual weights that the horses of his troop in South Africa were carrying. I have had it verified here, and believe it to be a fair average.

Articles	Weight lb. oz.
Saddle complete with wallets, shoe case, stirrup irons and leathers, carbine bucket and lance buckets, and all straps	31 5
Head collar, rope, bit and bridle complete with reins	7 0
Two shoes and nails	2 0
Lance, average weight	4 8
Carbine	8 0
Sword and scabbard	3 11
Ammunition 150 rounds = 15 packets at 10 oz.	9 6
Bandolier (empty), haversack, mess tin, water-bottle full of water	7 4
Knife, fork, spoon, towel, and soap	0 8
Two days' grocery and biscuit, one day's meat (about)	3 4
One day's corn	10 0
Coat, forage, nets, waterproof sheet, built up rope, iron pug, nosebag, man's blanket, munnah saddle blanket	27 0
Average weight of man dressed in khaki and boots and spurs =	166 0
11st. 12lb.	1 0
Emergency ration	1 0
	281 1
	= 20st. 11lb. 1oz.
	st. lb. oz.
Average weight of men stripped	11 2 0
Coat (warm British)	0 4 9
Blanket	0 4 12
Waterproof sheet	0 3 6

added to the weight of the men stripped, it must be remembered that 11st. 2lb. is the *average*, and as there will be a considerable difference in the weight of the men, some of the horses must be carrying much more than 20st. 1lb. of all this material, human and otherwise, which makes up the 11lb., what is the irreducible minimum?

It is evident that you cannot put half a man on a horse, and that he must wear clothes, even in South Africa; so with the man himself, his saddle and bridle, his carbine and ammunition, the horse *must* carry 15st. 11lb. 11oz.: some of the other things he must carry, such as his water-bottle and emergency ration, even if he only left the wagons for a few hours' expedition; so that it is evident that with the present men and the present saddles and bridles, which are the only ones we have given them to use, our mounted men cannot leave the wagons even for a few hours with their horses carrying less than between 16 and 17 stone; and that if they are to be away for a day or two they have to carry immensely more. Whatever pack-horses or Cape carts you use, the horse must carry the man, his saddle, bridle, carbine and ammunition, and only 150 rounds are here allowed for. How can we reduce the weight of some of these items?

The man is the chief offender, averaging 11st. 2lb. stripped. Now I have been urging ever since the war began that we should endeavour to get a corps of men who would not average more than 9st. 2lb. stripped. I am convinced they could be got and could do the work. For these light men armed only with rifle or carbine 20lb. saddles would be ample, including a carbine or rifle bucket, thus saving 11lb. 5oz. Headcollar, rope, bit, bridoon and reins, put down at 7lb., could be reduced to 4½lb., a hemp halter and short rope weighing merely 1lb. and a bridle and reins suitable for South African work should not weigh more than 3½lb. We here have a saving of 2st. 13lb. 13oz., bringing the absolutely irreducible minimum of man, saddle and bridle, carbine and ammunition down to 12st. 11lb. 14oz. Of course with any system of pack-horses some things in addition, such as a picket rope, must be carried on the saddle, so that I am afraid unless we can get men lighter than 9st. 12lb. in their clothes the ideal of a maximum of 13st. will seldom be reached, but every pound over 13st. we put on the class of horse we are sending out will immensely decrease their efficiency, increase the risk of their breaking down, and help to lengthen the war, even if every man has a spare horse.

If the War Office doubts this, why cannot they try some experiments here? The horses we are sending out are here: the men we are sending out are here: this is the place for experiments—not South Africa in the face of the enemy. Why cannot they tell our buyers in this country to send them 200 horses, a fair average of the

horses they are buying to send out, put on twenty or 20 stone; on twenty, 19 stone; and so on down to 11, different classes each carrying different weights beginning and ending at 20 stone: start them from Aldershot to Glasgow and back, and see what the difference would be in the time they would take. It would be a most interesting experiment and we should all be wiser after the event. I believe the results would be startling to most people, and I am quite sure that it would put an end for ever to the practice of starting horses to pursue Boers with 20 stone on their backs.

The present state of things is most humiliating to this country. Here we have a nation that prides itself upon its horsemanship. Nothing annoys an Englishman more than any doubt as to his being able to ride. We have had the best blood, and our horses and mares have been sought for by all the world. Our system of racing and handicapping has been almost universally adopted, and we ought to understand horses and weights better than other people.

Yet we see day after day our horses in South Africa breaking down by thousands, and our horsemen defied and derided by the Boers! We are told that it is a difficult country—but it is just as difficult for the Boers! After all, it is horsemen pursuing horsemen, and not goats or birds. And not only horsemen, but we pursue wagons moving fifteen miles a day, about half what a man could do comfortably on his own feet, and we cannot catch them! Still more, the Boers drive flocks and herds with them as well, and in many cases we have failed to overtake or get in front of them.

We ought to have had an enormous advantage over the Boers—an advantage which would have far more than counterbalanced the advantage they have from their knowledge of the country. The Boers are obliged to use all the men they have, and many of them are big heavy men. They cannot grade their commandos into light and heavy troops; there must be heavy men in every commando, and the pace of a commando is regulated, not by the average weight, but by the weight of the heaviest members of it. They could not alter the irreducible minimum of weight of man, saddle, bridle, rifle and ammunition. We, on the contrary, had 42,000,000 of population in these islands, and all the Colonies to search among for the light men. They could not get light men: we could have had them with ease! What can we think of the wisdom which wantonly throws away this advantage, and deliberately excludes, and forbids to enter the army, the very men we want—the men who would not break down our horses, and who could end the war by outdoing the Boers in their own game?

The Boers have never been hustled: they could hustle them. They have never been sniped, or harried, or outridden: but the light men could do all these things. I am, of course, not suggesting

that all our troops could be replaced by light men ; 1,000 men in South Africa, and we must use them. They are of them men worthy of the Empire, and of them the Empire has to be proud. But they cannot do the impossible. Our men cannot carry the heavy men, and the heavy men cannot change themselves into light ones.

What I want to do is to place the Boers between the upper and the nether millstone, between the nether millstone of our strong, brave, patient, but slow-moving troops, and the upper millstone of a few corps of light, active, quick-moving troops who could outride and outlast them, and would be more fitted for guerrilla warfare than they are themselves.

Again, after the war we are told that we shall have to continue to spend untold sums in maintaining an enormous army in South Africa. Would not the maintenance of some light active corps be the cheapest thing we could do? I should like to see after the war five corps of 1,000 men, in five different centres ; the men and the horses to be kept in such training that 500 of each corps should always be ready to start at a moment's notice for any part of their district where there was any rising or disturbance. I should like to see them with their own railway carriages for men and horses always waiting for them in their own siding. Expensive, you say?—but a rising, successful only for a short time, would cost you a million pounds for every thousand you would spend in this way, say an insurance of one-tenth per cent.

If you were a Boer thinking of rising in rebellion, which would you be more frightened of? A large army which would come crawling after you with wagons moving fifteen miles a day, and horses carrying 20 stone on their backs, or 500 men who would be on you before you would have time to organise or get your forces together, men who could outride you because they would be lighter, who could outwalk you because they would be in training and condition, and who could outshoot you because they would be in constant practice which the Boer would not be, for practising on a large scale would excite suspicion? Would not the knowledge that 500 of these troops could come down on you at a moment's notice, to be followed immediately by 4,500 more, be the most effectual deterrent to any recrudescence of trouble that could possibly be devised?

I utterly and entirely decline to believe that Englishmen are inferior to Dutchmen in riding or endurance, or power of moving quickly ; or that our slowness and incapacity for getting about the country are a misfortune imposed upon us by Providence. On the contrary, I believe that Providence has given us an immense advantage in having the light men, if we had the sense to use them, and that Englishmen, if allowed a free hand, would show themselves more than a match for the Boers.

We are told that the Boers have 'billtong' and ~~very few~~ few supplies; but have we not in addition to ~~billtong~~ supplies of the world at our disposal and all the discoveries ~~of~~ for carrying about food in small compass? But are we ~~not~~ these discoveries? Are we making continual experiments here in country as to what condensed foods are most sustaining and palatable to the men? This is the place for experiments: we have all these foods on the spot: the men who are to eat them are many of them here, either returned from the war or starting for it. Experiments should be tried here: they are too costly in the face of the enemy!

You cannot have everything in this world: you must make up your mind in every case what is the essential. Our military authorities seem to me to begin at the wrong end. They seem to say, 'We must have big men to look well on parade and in the streets. These men and their horses must carry everything that can possibly be wanted for perfect efficiency;' you then get a 20 stone man for a 13 stone horse. If it be pointed out to them that many horses must break down, their attitude of mind seems to be 'so much the worse for the horses:' if that the war will be indefinitely prolonged, 'so much the worse for the taxpayer!' I want them to begin at the other end: to say 'the war *shall* end quickly: it can only be ended quickly by having troops which can move fast about the country; to move quickly the horses must carry light weights: therefore they *shall* carry light weights and their necessaries shall be supplied by packhorses or light carts; we *will* find a way somehow.' After all it would only be asking light men to accomplish what heavier men, the Boers, are already accomplishing.

It must not be thought that I am blaming our officers in South Africa: they have to use what we send them and make the best of it. If we send them nothing but heavy men, heavy saddles, heavy bits and bridoons, well, they must use them. No one could dream of blaming Lord Kitchener. Think what his life must be! of the letters, the telegrams, the interviews; the wearing nature of some of his duties, deciding whether death-penalties shall be carried out, for instance; all this in a hot and enervating climate like Pretoria! No one would dream of suggesting that he ought to decide who were the lightest men obtainable in England, or what were the concentrated foods most nourishing and easiest carried and prepared. No! these are matters which should exercise the brains of our authorities here.

The puzzle to us who have been giving attention to the subject, is why our authorities object to enlisting the small men. Two objections have been suggested by responsible persons: one was that if after the war we wanted to send the small men to India it might give the Indian native a bad idea of the physique of the Anglo-